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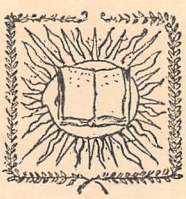

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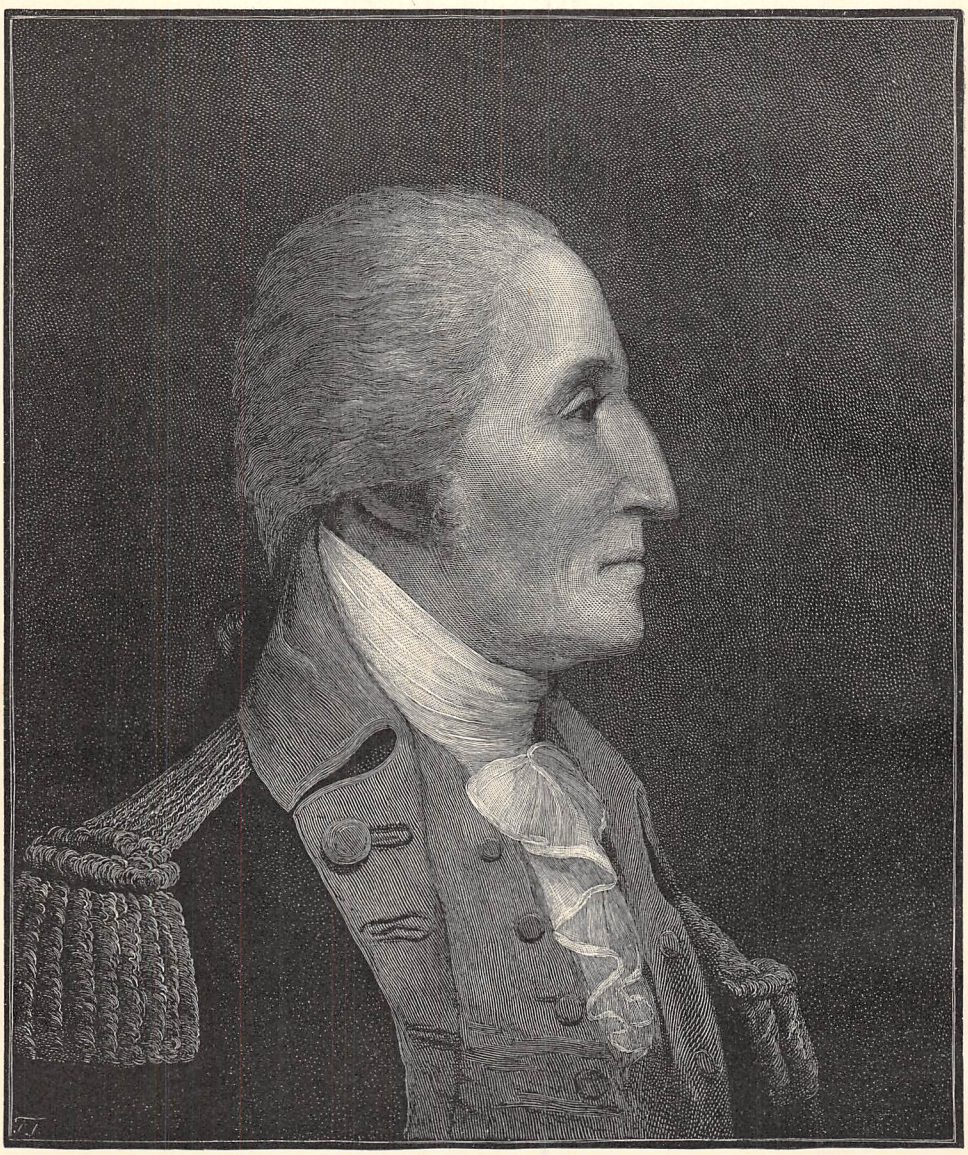

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON,

AND HIS PORTRAITS OF THE WASHINGTONS.

BORN, 1765; DIED, 1835.

PROBABLY the career of no one among the pioneers of American art is so little known to the present generation as that of Archibald Robertson. Yet in the beginning of this century no name was more familiar to New Yorkers than his. This is the first comprehensive sketch of his life that has been made since Dunlap, years ago, wrote of his friend in eulogistic terms. The present article is founded upon original manuscripts in the possession of Robertson's youngest and only surviving son.

AMONG the remarkable phenomena in the physical geography of Scotland are the numerous conical-shaped hills and mountains, generally insulated and often of dizzy height, that are found in the low countries and almost level plains as well as in the mountainous regions. One of the best known is North Berwick Law, situated on the mainland on the south entrance to the Firth of Forth, and terminating the vista seen down the length of the King street of Edinburgh. On the west side of Scotland, and on the same parallel of latitude, the island of Ailsa, washed at its base by the tides of the Firth of Clyde, lifts its craggy apex to the clouds. Many others might be mentioned, such as the Rock of Dumbarton, Arthur's Seat, etc.

About thirty miles west of Aberdeen, and two miles south of the river Dee, is a conical mountain called Clokh-na-Bain, from a large rock on its northern brow. Some distance beyond this stony-crested mount stands Ben-ak-hise, a more gigantic cone. These two mountains not only are celebrated landmarks on shore, but are useful to those mariners who frequent the German Ocean.

One of the most beautiful and regular of these conical eminences, which, although not as high, is far more interesting, lies nearly in the center of a line drawn due north and south between Clokh-na-Bain and Ben-ak-hise. This is the Mount of Danes-Dykes, so termed from the remains of the Danish camp on its summit.

On the west of Drumnahoy a semicircle formed of Grampians makes a complete amphitheater, sweeping from the mountain at the base of which lies Paradise on the Don to Blackhall on the Dee. Northward, on the bank of the river Don, once stood the castellated mansion of Monymusk in the midst of its parks and plantations, its neighboring village, its wildernesses, and its highly cultivated gardens. Scattered within a radius of a few miles were castles Fraser and Cluny (there pronounced Cleeny) and the house of the Earl of Fife. Thus we have the topography of Kinarney, the homestead of the maternal grandfather of Archibald Robertson; of Drumnahoy, that of his paternal ancestors; and of Monymusk, the estate of Sir Archibald Grant, to whom he was indebted for his name.

Amid these historic surroundings was born in the village of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, on the 8th of May, 1765, the subject of this sketch.

Archibald Robertson was a lineal descendant of Baron Alexander Robertson, Viscount Struan or Strowan. This nobleman through a long life actively supported the Jacobite cause. History records that four days after the remarkable battle of Killiecrankie the clan of Robertsons were fallen upon by the enemy, who killed 120 and took 30 prisoners, with the loss of but one soldier. Alexander escaped to

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France; his Scottish estates were confiscated; but on the accession of Queen Anne a pardon was granted to him on condition that he swear fealty and disperse his clan. As the opposition had already practically disposed of the latter, the Highland chief readily accepted the terms. He returned to his birthplace, and passed his leisure hours in writing a volume of political pasquils. Macaulay condemns these poems as "very stupid, and often very profligate." However, they acquired a high degree of notice at the time, and are now numbered among the literary curiosities of that period. A contemporary writer speaks of the author as "a considerable man among the Highlanders, a man of excellent sense, and every way a complete gentleman."[1]

The descendants of the baron inherited his literary tastes and many of his prominent personal characteristics. From father to son they received a fair smattering of letters, principally at the University of St. Andrews.

Robertson's parents removed when he was a child to Aberdeen, where he obtained an excellent education at King's College. In early youth he manifested a decided preference for the fine arts. His first preceptor was a deaf mute, a pupil of the celebrated Braidwood, who was one of the first to teach the dumb to speak. This afflicted gentleman had considerable talent, and had acquired perhaps as much knowledge as though in full possession of his lost senses. His manner of tuition was to give a model to his pupil to do what he could with it, and where faults were made he corrected them without explanation. The boy, having no defined rules, after some time passed in this manner found himself just where he began. The absurdity of this mechanical method left an indelible impression on Archibald's mind. When in after life he himself became a professor, he invariably explained the principles on which every point was formed, and to this incident he attributed his success as an instructor.

In 1782 he went to Edinburgh, where he remained several years studying the art of painting. His associates were Henry Raeburn, Walter Weir, and George Watson. There was then no Academy of Fine Arts in Edinburgh, and these young painters formed themselves into a class for mutual improvement. In 1784 or 1785 Robertson returned to Aberdeen on account of his health, and there completed his academic studies. It was at this time that he painted a small miniature of his father—the earliest production of his brush that has been preserved. The Scotch characteristics are strongly depicted on the countenance.

[1] *Vide* Chambers, "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen."

In 1786 he went to London to study at the Royal Academy, and there formed his taste upon the best models of ancient and modern art. It was during his residence in this city that he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds by Sir William Chambers, the architect. Robertson was at once admitted into the artist's studio as a pupil. An exquisite miniature of the master is the result of this experience. It imitates the more youthful portrait of Sir Joshua, by himself, in the possession of the Northcote family, in London. Reynolds is arrayed in his scarlet cloak of Doctor of Laws. A century has passed since the colors were laid, yet to-day they are as bright as any modern production. This is believed to be the only miniature of Sir Joshua in existence. It is owned by Robertson's granddaughter, Mrs. J. Warren Goddard, of New York.

Robertson has left the following description of the great founder of the English school of painting:

> He [Sir Joshua] was in stature rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, and a lively and pleasing aspect, well made and extremely active. His appearance at first sight impressed the spectator with the idea of a well-born and well-bred English gentleman, with an uncommon equability of temper, which, however, never degenerated into insipidity or apathy. He possessed a constant flow of spirits, which rendered him at all times the most pleasing companion; always cheerful, and ready to be amused with whatever was going forward, and, from an ardent thirst of knowledge, anxious to obtain information on every subject that was presented to his mind. In conversation his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. If it should be asked, amidst so many excellent and amiable qualities, were there no failings, I wish to answer the inquiry in the words of Mr. Burke: "I do not know a fault or a weakness of his that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of vice."

Robertson also profited by lessons from Benjamin West. To such an extent did he apply himself to the cultivation of his natural talent that before he was thirty years of age he was known in the Court of St. James under the appellation of "The Reynolds of Scotland." A series of original paintings from Ossian, produced at this period of his career, received royal commendation.

No biography of Robertson would be complete without mention of the intimacy existing between his own family and that of the Grants. For generations the two households had lived in close proximity, and a similarity of tastes and congenial ages had fostered a spirit of genuine affection. Sir Archibald Grant represented the lords, lairds, and other freeholders of Aberdeenshire in Parliament

NEIL GOW, A SCOTCH FIDDLER. (PAINTED ON IVORY BY ANDREW ROBERTSON, ABOUT 1780.)

for a period of thirty years, in the reigns of the first three Georges and during the ministries of Walpole, Chatham, and Bute. He married the rich widow of Andrew Miller, the famous bookseller, and his only son, afterwards Sir Archibald II., as he was called, married the still richer daughter. It was the father whom Foote, the actor, turned into ridicule as *Sir Archy McSarcasm* in Macklin's play "The Man of the World."

When the Robertsons removed to Aberdeen the friends took turns in periodical visits to each other's homes. At the mansion of Monymusk Archibald spent every summer from the age of fifteen years until he sailed for the New World, in 1791. He has left a water-color of this country-seat, together with the following account of the supervision of the neighborhood, which suggests a veritable Utopia:

"Sir Archibald allowed no suffering poor in the parish or on the estate of Monymusk; the landlord, his family, and steward took care to prevent that. There was no lawyer but Mr. Young, the factor, whose sole business was to draw leases and collect the rents. Sir Archibald took care to have always a respectable minister in the kirk of the parish, a learned dominie in the schoolhouse, and a skilled physician to aid the sick. In short, the whole parish — that is, the estate of Monymusk — was one large family, under the paternal inspection and guidance of a wise, good, and benevolent friend. They might have heard of knavery, thievery, and worse crimes in other parts of the world, but they knew nothing about them amongst themselves." The writer naïvely adds, "They were totally ignorant of the nature and uses of police officers."

After his London success Robertson returned to practice his profession at his native home. There, while in the extensive exercise of his art, he was "invited by the venerable Dr. Gordon, of King's College, Old Aberdeen, at the request of Dr. Kemp, of Columbia College, New York, at the particular solicitation of Chancellor Livingston and the venerable Dr. Samuel Bard, to cross the Atlantic to New York."[1] He was reluctant at first even to consider the proposition. The United States rose to his imagination as the home of a semi-civilized race. This feeling was accentuated by a

[1] Robertson's personal account.

conversation held with a lady whose husband had been taken prisoner by Burgoyne. She had just returned from America, and told Archibald, among other things, that New Englanders were accustomed to join their garments with thorns, and that fabulous sums had been offered her by the natives for the small stock of pins and needles she had happened to possess. Robertson failed to reflect that America then depended upon Great Britain for the products of her manufactories, and was at the time cut off from all foreign commerce by the war.

COMMODORE THOMAS TRUXTON.
(PAINTED BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, 1802. OWNED BY A. J. ROBERTSON.)

It was therefore in the spirit of adventure, and not with any serious intention to remain, that he crossed the ocean, and arrived at New York the 2d of October, 1791. He found the country, contrary to his expectations, anything but a scene of savagery. So agreeably was he surprised, in fact, that he soon came to the resolution to make it his home.

Peculiarly fortunate circumstances heralded Robertson's advent to the Western continent. The Earl of Buchan, hearing of his intended departure, requested an interview at Edinburgh.[1] The object of this meeting was to confide to the artist two important commissions, viz.: to obtain the portrait of General Washington to add to the Earl's private collection in Dryburgh Abbey, and to present to the new President of the United States the celebrated Wallace box as a token of the donor's high personal esteem. Robertson fully appreciated the compliment. He readily undertook the trust, and four months later was presented to General Washington at Philadelphia, the then seat of government, by Tench Coxe, Esq., who had previously prepared the way for his reception. The Wallace box, within which was inclosed the letter of introduction, was about four inches long, three broad, two deep, and one-eighth of an inch thick. It was made of six pieces of the heart of the oak tree that sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. The outside was finely varnished. An elegant silver binding united the whole; and the lid, opening upon hinges one-third the way down the side, had a silver plate inside, inscribed: "Presented by the Goldsmiths of Edinburgh to David Stuart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, with the freedom of their Corporation, by their Deacon, 1791."

The written inclosure ran as follows:

DRYBURGH ABBEY, June 28th, 1791.

SIR: I had the honor to receive your Excellency's letter relating to the advertisement of Dr. Ander-

[1] Robertson's personal account.

son's periodical publication in the "Gazette of the United States"; which attention to my recommendation I feel very sensibly, and return you my grateful acknowledgments. In the twenty-first number of that literary miscellany I inserted a monitory paper respecting America, which I flatter myself may, if attended to on the other side of the Atlantic, be productive of good consequences. To use your own emphatic words, may that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aid can supply every human defect, consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the American people a government instituted by themselves for public and private security, upon the basis of law and equal administration of justice, preserving to every individual as much civil and political freedom as is consistent with the safety of the nation; and may he be pleased to continue your life and strength as long as you can be in any way useful to your country.

I have intrusted this sheet, inclosed in a box made of the oak that sheltered our great Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk, to Mr. Robertson of Aberdeen, a painter, with the hope of his having the honor of delivering it into your hands, recommending him as an able artist, seeking for fortune and fame in the New World. This box was presented to me by the Goldsmiths' Company at Edinburgh, to whom, feeling my own unworthiness to receive this magnificently significant present, I requested and obtained leave to make it over to the man in the world to whom I thought it most justly due. Into your hands I commit it, requesting of you to pass it, in the event of your decease, to the man in your own country who shall appear to your judgment to merit it best upon the same considerations that have induced me to send it to your Excellency.

I am with the highest esteem, Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient
And obliged humble servant,
BUCHAN.

GENERAL WASHINGTON,
President of the United States of America.

P. S. — I beg your Excellency will have the goodness to send me your portrait, that I may place it among those I most honor, and I would wish it from the pencil of Mr. Robertson. I beg leave to recommend him to your countenance, as he has been mentioned to me favorably by my worthy friend Professor Ogilvie, of King's College, Aberdeen.

Robertson has left an account of this first interview and subsequent work, in the following words:

The bearer of Lord Buchan's compliments, although familiarly accustomed to intimate intercourse with those of the highest rank and station in his native country, never felt as he did on his first introduction to the American hero. The excitation in the mind of the stranger was evidently obvious to Washington, for from his ordinary cold and distant address he declined into the most easy and familiar intercourse in conversation, with a view to disembarrass his visitor from the agitation excited by the presence of a man whose exalted character had impressed him with highest sentiments of respect and veneration for such lofty virtue. Washington easily penetrated into the heart and feelings of Lord Buchan's friend, and he left no means untried to make him feel perfectly at ease in his company during the period he intended to spend with him in Philadelphia. The General, not finding his efforts altogether successful, introduced him to Mrs. Washington, whose easy, polished, and familiar gaiety, and ceaseless cheerfulness, almost accomplished a cure, by the aid

MARTHA WASHINGTON.
(FROM THE MINIATURE FROM LIFE BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, 1791–92. OWNED BY THE ARTIST'S GRANDDAUGHTER.)

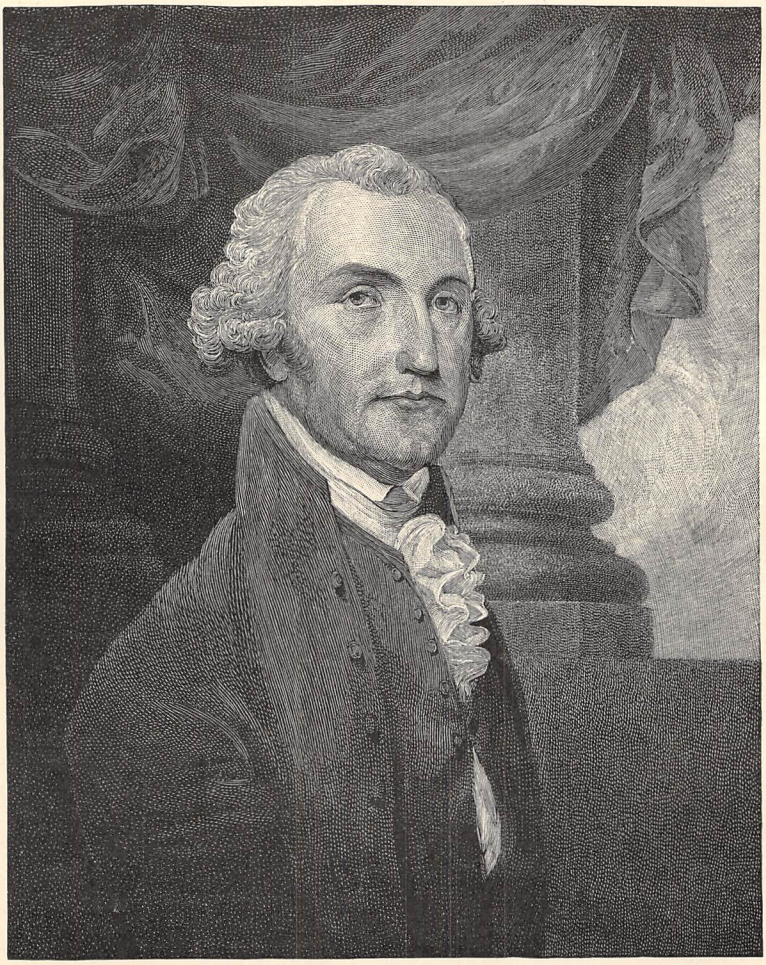
of her grandchildren, G. W. P. Custis and Miss Eleanor Custis, afterwards Mrs. Lewis and wife to the nephew of General Washington.

Another effort of the first President to compose his guest was at a family dinner party, in which the General, contrary to his usual habits, engrossed most of the conversation at the table, and so delighted the company with humorous anecdotes that he repeatedly set the table in a roar; the result of these attentions the General now perceived had nearly produced a radical change, and to have the desired effect of fitting the artist for the task he had undertaken for Lord Buchan, in making as good a likeness of Washington as he possibly could. The artist being now prepared, and left to his own direction in the manner and way he should proceed in his process, preferred making his original first attempt in miniature, on ivory, in water-colors. *Pari passu,* he at the same time painted a likeness of Mrs. Washington as a mate to the General's.

The original one painted for Lord Buchan was in oils, and of a size corresponding to those of the collection of portraits of the most celebrated worthies in liberal principles and in useful literature in the possession of his lordship at Dryburgh Abbey, near Melrose, on the borders of Scotland.[1]

The only other outsiders at the family dinner party just described were the two secretaries of the General, Major Jackson and Colonel Lear, and Colonel John Trumbull, who after-

[1] Extract from original manuscript of Archibald Robertson, in possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. C. W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y.



GEORGE WASHINGTON. (WATER-COLOR PAINTING ON MARBLE, FROM LIFE, BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, 1791. OWNED BY THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.)

wards became a stanch friend and admirer of the Scotchman. Robertson writes further of the event:

The dinner at three o'clock was plain, but suitable for a family in genteel circumstances. There was nothing especially remarkable at the table but that the General and Mrs. Washington sat side by side — he on the right of his lady, the gentlemen on his right hand, and the ladies on his left. It being on Saturday, the first course was mostly of Eastern cod and fresh fish. A few glasses of wine were drank during dinner, with other beverage. The whole closed with a few glasses of sparkling champagne, in about three quarters of an hour; when the General and Colonel Lear retired, leaving the ladies in high glee about Lord Buchan and the Wallace box.

It was nearly a year before the following reply to the Earl's epistle was dictated:

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1792.

MY LORD: I should have had the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 28th of June last, had I not concluded to defer doing it till I could announce to you the transmission of my portrait, which has just been finished by Mr. Robertson (of New York), who has also undertaken to forward it. The manner of the execution of it does no discredit, I am told, to the artist, of whose skill favorable mention has been made to me. I was further induced to intrust the execution to Mr. Robertson, from his having informed me that he had drawn others for your Lordship and knew the size which best suited your collection. I accept with sensibility and satisfaction the significant present of the box which accompanied your Lordship's letter.

In yielding the tribute due from every lover of mankind to the patriotic and heroic virtues of which it is commemorative, I estimate as I ought the additional value which it derives from the hand that sent it, and my obligation for the sentiments that induced the transfer. I will, however, ask that you will exempt me from compliance with the request relating to its eventual destination. In an attempt to execute your wish in this particular I should feel embarrassment from a just comparison of relative pretensions, and fear to risk injustice by so marked a preference.

With sentiments of the truest esteem and consideration, I remain your Lordship's

Most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

EARL OF BUCHAN.

In passing it may be said that the Wallace box was ultimately returned to its donor by the terms of Washington's will. The Earl afterwards sent it again to America. On its way from New York to Philadelphia the trunk in which it was placed was stolen from the back of the stage. Advertisements and the offer of liberal reward failed to restore the missing treasure, and no clue was ever found to the thieves.

For some reason the delivery of the portrait and the letter was delayed. In April of the next year Robertson was the recipient of the following note from Washington's secretary:

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1793.

SIR: The President of the United States received a letter a few days ago from the Earl of Buchan, though of an old date,—October, 1792,—in which he acknowledges the receipt of a letter from the President, dated in June, but observes that he has not received that which had been written on the 1st of May preceding, and committed to your care to be forwarded with the Earl's picture; neither had the picture reached his hands at the time of writing his letter in October.

The President directs me to give you this information in order that, if it should be in your power, you may endeavor to find out what has been the fate of the picture, if sent, and the President's letter.

I am, Sir,

Your most obed. serv't,

TOBIAS LEAR.

MR. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON.[1]

The portrait of Washington for Lord Buchan was eventually committed to the charge of Colonel Lear, then occupied on a mission to Europe. The following letter accompanied the gift:

MY LORD: With pleasure I take the opportunity which now offers to transmit to your Lordship the portrait of the President, the Illustrious Hero of America, the brave Washington. Tobias Lear, Esqr., his Secretary, a gentleman of the most amiable and respectable character, is the person who now favors me in transmitting this, with the picture, to your Lordship, who I hope will arrive safe in Europe. The short notice I have had of his intended voyage has prevented me having it in my power to prepare some other matters for your Lordship, but I shall embrace the first opportunity. As Mr. Lear will have the pleasure to see your Lordship, it prevents me mentioning matters of importance with which he is better acquainted. As I esteem the picture as the best likeness of General Washington I have attempted, I should be proud to be informed of your Lordship's opinion of it, and whether you can trace anything of the sublime character of the original in this humble copy. I have endeavored not only to convey the form of the features, but the characteristic look of the countenance; and the expression of the eyes, with the particular character of each, as well as the *tout ensemble* of the expression. His countenance possesses an open, benignant look, which is a very attractive characteristic; at the same time that the dignity of his manners commands the highest respect. But words are wanted to convey to you the idea of a person whose person and character are the objects of so high veneration and esteem.

I remain, My Lord, your Lordship's

Most Respectfully,

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON.

89 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1793.

Colonel Lear delivered the picture safely at its destination. In a subsequent letter of thanks to the artist the Earl expressed his entire satisfaction with the result.

During the time that Robertson remained at the Executive Mansion he painted, besides the miniatures of General and Mrs. Washington and the large oil-portrait, a smaller one of the General.[2] This is in water-colors on a marble slab, measuring 9 x 12 inches. It is owned by the only surviving daughter of the artist, Mrs. M. M. Craft, of New York. This likeness is one of the finest originals extant. Its softness and delicacy of tone are unrivaled. The subject is a three-quarter view, clad in a peach-blow coat, with broad white ruffle down the front. Mention of it thus appears in Trumbull's list of authenticated originals:

Robertson, 1792, painted one—in his own possession, 79 Liberty Street, New York.

Trumbull was president of the Academy of Fine Arts in 1824. In that year, under date of September 20, appeared in a journal a criticism by him upon original portraits of Washington, from which the following lines are extracted:

If we would behold the countenance of Washington in his best days, we must seek it in Houdon's bust; . . . if we desire to know his aspect when he began to wane and had lost his teeth, Robertson's portrait is the best; he and Stuart only make him looking at the spectator.

This opinion is of peculiar value, as being the decision of one who was brought into constant and intimate relations with Washington.

In removing the picture of Washington from its frame in order to prepare it for illustration, there was discovered in the back the original

[1] Copy of original letter in joint possession of the granddaughters of Archibald Robertson — Mrs. S. M. Mygatt, of Paris, France, and Mrs. C. W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y. In accordance with the custom of the times, the letter-sheet is simply folded, and on the outer side is inscribed, "Mr. Archibald Robertson, New York." In the lower left-hand corner is written, "President, U. S."

[2] That these three of Washington were all painted from life is the statement of Robertson himself, as related by both his son and daughter now living (March, 1890).

draught of Robertson's letter to the Earl of Buchan, containing his personal estimate of his own work. Also an odd affidavit of the present of two locks of hair from the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Washington, with the hair itself curiously preserved. Two circles were cut in the paper in which the hair was inserted, the latter being protected by a piece of transparent oily material on the surface with black silk underneath. This discovery was a surprise to the writer. The document had probably been placed there by Judge Robertson, who, thirty years ago, was the owner of the portrait. It reads as follows:

WASHINGTON AND WIFE'S HAIR, JUNE, 1783.

The locks of hair below is part of that which was sent to Major Billings of Poughkeepsie, inclosed in a letter, of which the following is an exact copy. The original is in possession of the Major's grandson, W. J. Street, counselor at law, of this city, who gave me the hair.

T. W. C. MOORE.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1857.

NEWBURG, June 17, 1783.

SIR, By some mistake or other the Horse was not sent for yesterday. The Dragoon comes up for him now and those small tools which you conceived might be useful to me — among which I pray you to send me a small file or two,— one of which to be very thin, so much so as to pass between the teeth if occasion should require it, another one round.

Have you been able to satisfy yourself of the practicability and means of coloring sealing-wax? If so, can you bring the stick I now send to the complexion which is wanted?

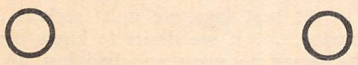
Mrs. Washington sends you a lock of both our hair. (Inclosed.)

I am with much regard
Sir, your very Hble. Serv.
Go. WASHINGTON.

"Private." Major Billings at Poughkeepsy.

HAIR OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON. MARTHA WASHINGTON.



Popular opinion has been somewhat at variance in regard to the exact number of Washington miniatures produced by Robertson.

The first sittings for the first miniatures of the General and his wife which Archibald Robertson painted were held in the latter part of December, 1791, and were completed the next month. These miniatures were carefully preserved by the artist, as he himself records, "to remain in his family as an heirloom, and memorial of his veneration for the great and successful champion of American liberty." His wishes were respected, and these exquisite gems, set as brooches, are among the most cherished possessions of his granddaughters, Mrs. S. M. Mygatt and Mrs. C. W. Darling.

In Dunlap's biography of Robertson he mentions that the larger portrait of Washington, painted for the Earl of Buchan, was enlarged from the miniature just mentioned. The artist's son says that the only explanation he can make of this statement is that, as Washington was a notoriously bad sitter, Robertson used his "first attempt" as the basis for his work, and gave the finishing touches from life. This explanation would reconcile the apparent contradiction of two authorities.

An original of Martha Washington is in the possession of the Custis family.

The authenticity of other supposed "Robertsons" is questionable.

Soon after his arrival Archibald wrote to his brother Alexander, whom he had left behind studying the same art under Shelley, to follow him. This invitation was accepted the next year (1792), and the brothers immediately opened the Columbian Academy of Painting, at 79 Liberty street, New York. Here were taught the fine arts, including architecture, in which Archibald had been grounded by his father, who was an architect by profession. The school flourished with unvarying success for upwards of thirty years. Among its pupils was John Vanderlyn. Alexander Robertson was one of the original incorporators of what afterwards became the gigantic public-school system of New York City.

At the time these two brothers came to America, a third and elder brother, named Andrew, was already establishing a reputation for himself in London. He had previously taken his degree at Marischal College in Aberdeen, where Dr. Beattie held the position of Professor of Natural Philosophy. A fine miniature of the poet by Andrew is in the possession of a niece of the artist, Mrs. M. M. Craft. In it the allegorical conception is evidently borrowed from Reynolds's treatment of the same subject, in which Beattie is seen seated beside an angel representing Truth, who is pushing down Ignorance, Error, and Superstition. The portrait, however, has the advantage of a personal intimacy between sitter and delineator. At the outset of his career Andrew won the particular approbation of Benjamin West. West sat to him for his portrait, and advised and encouraged him in his studies. Andrew justified his patron's partiality. For over twenty years he was regarded as one of the first rank in his art, his practice at court being extensive. He was formally appointed painter to the Duke of Sussex, and in 1812 painted the princesses at Windsor and the Prince Regent. A collection of miniatures by

his hand is now in the Kensington Museum. Andrew was a creditable performer on the violin, and this bond of sympathy cemented a friendship between himself and Niel Gow, the somewhat eccentric character who for years was regarded as a necessary adjunct to all fashionable routs in the great metropolis. Gow's execution of Scotch tunes was considered inimitable, and the artist has left on ivory an appropriate production of the minstrel plying his vocation. This was painted about 1780, and is owned by Mrs. M. M. Craft. Upon retiring from practice, the foremost miniature painters in London united in presenting Andrew with a piece of plate, and unanimously termed him "the father of their profession." A valuable treatise on miniature painting, detailing every part of the process, with illustrations for each successive sitting, was composed by Andrew for his brothers. This work was published in America, and became an authority on the art.

It was in the New World that Archibald Robertson met Miss Eliza Abramse, whom he married in December, 1794. A pastel of the young lady, made by him at the time, shows that she possessed much charm of feature. This conclusion is corroborated by several other portraits of his wife painted by Robertson in the early years of their marriage, one of which — a water-color on marble — is considered among his best efforts. This portrait is on a slab measuring eight by nine inches. Unfortunately, it was broken some years ago, but the parts were skillfully reunited. It is owned by Mrs. Craft, who has also in her possession two delicate miniatures of her parents, painted by Archibald in 1797. Robertson has reproduced himself in the domestic costume of the day, with powdered queue. But the best likeness of the artist which he has transmitted to his descendants is an oil portrait on wood, painted about 1830 by his friend Waldo. A three-quarters life-size canvas of Mrs. Robertson was completed about the same date by Waldo and Jewett together.

In 1833 a memorandum relating to Mrs. Robertson's ancestry was made by her husband. It is interesting as an authentic account of the condition of New York City in the early part of the present century, by one on the spot. It also corroborates the origin of the nomenclature of several of its best-known streets.

> Jacob Abramse, Jr., father of Mrs. Robertson, . . . was son of Jacob Abramse, Sr., and Magdalena Lispenard. . Jacob, Jr., was the last male that held the surname of Abramse, of an ancient Dutch family, who were among the original settlers of New York. Their homestead was located in Wall Street, a portion of which is now known as numbers 52, 54, 56, 58, etc., at that period reaching through to Pine Street, nearly opposite the Merchants' Exchange, and now owned by the Mutual and Howard Insurance companies and others. . . .
>
> Magdalena Lispenard, mother of Jacob Abramse, Jr., was a daughter of one of the French Protestant exiles who came to New Rochelle after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her brother, Anthony Leonard Lispenard, who married Alicia Rutgers, owned the tract of land so long called Lispenard's Meadows, which was bounded south by the New York Hospital and St. John's Park, east by Broadway, north by Spring Street, and west by the North River. In the year 1815 it was an open out-of-town meadow, with a large pond in the midst; but now, 1833, it is fitted up with streets, the principal of which is Canal Street, that now stands on the site of the brook which flowed from the Collect, where the arsenal now is, into Lispenard's Pond, which ran into a creek from the North River; all being at this time nearly in the center of the city.
>
> The Common Council of the city have, although having overlooked the name of Abramse, done ample justice to the memory of Lispenard, in Anthony, and Leonard, and Lispenard streets, which are located on the site of the family homestead, a portion of which is still in the possession of the descendants in female line of old Uncle Lispenard, chiefly in that of Alexander L. Stewart, who married a granddaughter of his.
>
> Abigail Lispenard, sister of Magdalena and Anthony, was the wife of Jacobus Bleecker of New Rochelle, and grandmother of James Bleecker, the auctioneer, and of the numerous family of Bleeckers of New York, the memorial of whose surname is recorded in that of Bleecker Street.

Five sons and three daughters were born to the couple. Of these, two sons attained public prominence — Anthony Lispenard,[1] who was chosen Chief-Justice of the Superior Court in 1866, having for twenty years held various public offices; and Alexander Hamilton, who became Deputy Register and afterwards Deputy County Clerk. At the time of the latter's death, in 1846, he was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons in the State of New York. His funeral was the occasion of unusual and impressive Masonic solemnities.

This son was named after the eminent statesman, whom Archibald highly esteemed. Robertson considered a portrait of Hamilton to be a fitting companion piece to his production on marble of Washington. Shortly before the fatal duel of 1804 he painted Hamilton's features on a similar slab. For many years the portraits of these two representative men of a great nation hung either side of the wide fireplace in

[1] Anthony Lispenard Robertson was Assistant Vice Chancellor in 1846–48; Surrogate of New York City in 1848; and in 1859 was elected a judge of the Superior Court. In 1864 he was elected for a second term, and in 1866 he was chosen Chief-Justice of the court. In 1867 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and took an active part in its proceedings. He died December 18, 1868.

the reception-room of the artist. That of Washington still remains, carefully preserved by his descendants. The fate of the other is unknown.[1]

At the beginning of this century there was little to forward the progress of painting in the United States. With the exception of Peale's Columbianum and the Columbian Academy of Fine Arts, no attempt had been made to encourage emulation among artists. The subject had not, however, been overlooked. Earnest deliberations by the foremost men of the day were held. In 1802 Robertson was called upon to advise with regard to the contemplated art union. But it was not until six years later that the American Academy of Arts — the forerunner of our present Academy of Design — was incorporated.

The history of the vicissitudes of this parent institution spreads over a quarter of a century. It began as an experiment, and, like all such, had advocates for several methods of procedure. In 1818 its affairs were in a turbulent state. John Trumbull was then president; John R. Murray held the vice-presidency. Its directors consisted of the following well-known names: Cadwallader D. Colden, William Cutting, John C. Bogert, David Hosack, Archibald Bruce, Archibald Robertson, William Dunlap, John McComb, Samuel L. Waldo, and James Renwick. Alexander Robertson was secretary, and John Pintard, treasurer.

A contest arose as to the advisability of combining instruction with the exhibition of pictures. Archibald Robertson strenuously maintained the necessity for such a course. The opposition, led by Trumbull, as obstinately combated it. The latter party triumphed, but the victory proved to be dearly won. When dissension had so divided the body that its fall was merely a question of time, the necessity for a new organization governed by new laws was recognized. That "the president opposed the opening of schools" was quoted as the principal cause of the failure of this institution, which was finally to end a melancholy existence under the hammer of the auctioneer. Our National Academy of Design, incorporated in 1826, was the direct result of the discontent created by the mistakes of its predecessor.

The last public enterprise in which Robertson participated was in 1825 on the occasion of the formal opening of the Erie Canal.

Probably no event in the history of the State ever excited greater enthusiasm than this triumph of human labor. The long-contemplated union of the waters of the lakes with the Atlantic Ocean had, after years of toil, been brought to a successful consummation. Extensive preparations were made for the grand fête to celebrate the arrival of the first canal-boat, which was to start from Buffalo, coming straight through to Sandy Hook. The city of New York was aroused to special effort, and the superintendence of the whole was in the hands of the most prominent men of the time. Charles Rhind,[2] cousin of Robertson, occupied the responsible position of "Admiral of the Day."

The entire charge of such works of art as the event required was left to the discretion of Robertson. It was he who designed the badge worn by the guests on the day of the ceremonials. This device was afterwards adopted for the commemorative medals which were presented by the city to those gentlemen distinguished for public services. Gold facsimiles were forwarded to the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams. Also to John Quincy Adams, Monroe, Madison, and Lafayette. The medals were inclosed in boxes made of curious woods brought from the lakes. Accompanying this gift was a copy of the "Memoir of the Grand Canal Celebration," compiled by Cadwallader D. Colden.

Mr. Colden had prepared this work, by request of the corporation, as a fitting memento of the occasion to be deposited in the city archives. The illustrations were under Robertson's care. They are curious as being the first impressions made from the first lithographic press ever put into effectual operation on this side of the Atlantic. Robertson considered the discovery of the new art of lithographic printing, with which the Bavarian inventor, Alois Senefelder, had already awakened the interest of Europe, as "a most invaluable gift to mankind in multiplying with facility the works of the first-rate artists." He was especially desirous to have the process obtain a permanent foothold in America. Some abortive attempts had been previously made, but until Anthony Imbert crossed the ocean no practical success had been attained. M. Imbert was a French naval officer who had undergone a long imprisonment in England. During his captivity he employed his enforced leisure in the cultivation of his talent for the fine arts. The result was seen in the lithographic office he was later enabled to open in New York. Through the influence of Robertson, Imbert was permitted to essay the illustrations for the memoir.

Robertson's personal contributions to this

1 The writer has been unable to trace the present owner of this portrait. It disappeared at the time of the death of A. H. Robertson. Information on the subject would be gratefully received.

2 The plenipotentiary who, in 1829, made the treaty with the Grand Turk by which the Black Sea was opened to the commerce of the United States.

work were: "A View of the Fleet Preparing to Form in Line," made on the spot on its return from the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and two maps — one exhibiting the course of the canal, the other showing its connection with the water-courses of the Northern continent. For these, and for his able supervision of the Department of the Fine Arts, the thanks of the city corporation, through the common council, were formally tendered to him. As a further testimony of their approbation, they awarded him a silver medal, a maple box, and a copy of Mr. Colden's memoir.

Robertson spent the last decade of his life in quiet retirement with his family. The taxing requirements of his profession had left him nearly blind. Some miniatures of his children, essayed at this period, pathetically record his affliction in their crude shadings and uncertain lines. He was seized with apoplexy in his seventy-first year, and died suddenly on the 6th of December, 1835. His widow survived him for thirty years.

Archibald Robertson was afflicted with that peculiar bent of mind that is so often an attribute of genius — the depreciation of his actual talent, and the erroneous belief in his superiority in another direction. His skill as a miniature painter, which ranked him among the foremost in that most delicate of fine arts, he accepted as a matter of course. But his hobby was scribbling. Literary pursuits during the whole progress of his life had employed his time as much as the exercise of his profession. He was conversant with the English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, besides, as he modestly affirms, "being not altogether unacquainted with the construction of shipbuilding." In 1802 he edited a treatise for the use of his scholars at the Columbian Academy, entitled "Elements of the Graphic Arts."[1] Otherwise few of his productions were ever published, but stray sheets of mazy rhetoric, dyed with a century's dust, are still preserved by his descendants.

Only a preface remains of the one work he meditated which would have been of general interest. This was a personal memoir. His renown as an artist brought him into intimate contact with many contemporary celebrities. In this respect he was peculiarly fitted to shine by reason of his early associations and his polished manners. He was, to use the quaint epithet, a gentleman and a scholar, having studied the art of bowing, as he himself informs us, under Mr. Francis Peacock. It was to this same Mr. Peacock that he owed his first, and, as he always maintained, his best, lessons in miniature painting; the principles of water-coloring being taught him by Mr. Nesbitt, while to "Mr. William Wales, an excellent portrait painter, his first acquaintance with oil was due."

Robertson was a prolific painter. His scope was varied, and included widely differing subjects. In the minute details of his drawings he was exceedingly exact. This characteristic adds peculiar value to his early maps of the city of New York, one of the finest of which is now owned by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. He was also among those who presented designs for the City Hall and other public buildings.

A characteristic remark has been preserved touching the artist's experience with human nature. Of himself he writes:

> Prior to his adopting the art of painting as his profession he was extolled as a great genius. How much he was puffed up by applause he will not disclose, but from the moment he adopted the profession not a single word of praise has he received, and the only way he could discover that he performed well was by the prices he received, and the practice he had for upwards of forty years on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

It is impossible at this date to give a list of the portraits of the various well-known persons whom Robertson was called upon to paint. A fine example of his skill, in the possession of his son, is a miniature, painted in 1802, of Commodore Truxton, commander of the *Constellation*, whose victories over French frigates gained for him the award of a gold medal by Congress. In this, as in all the productions of Robertson, the Scotch origin of the painter is betrayed in what, for want of a better word, we may term a Scotch rendering of his subject. The colors are laid with minute delicacy. The purity and freshness of the tints are remarkably preserved, considering the lapse of time. This characteristic leads to the conjecture that the original brilliancy of tone was purposely exaggerated, in order that the miniatures might fade to the correct appearance when viewed by posterity.

The name of Archibald Robertson has been occasionally confounded with that of Walter Robertson, an Irish artist of the same date. The two were not related.[2]

Edith Robertson Cleveland.

[1] Published by David Longworth, "at the Shakespeare Gallery, near the Theatre."

[2] The writer's authority for the statements regarding the portraits on canvas and marble is based upon information furnished by Robertson's only surviving daughter and son, and upon the artist's own memoranda.

SOME NEW WASHINGTON RELICS.

I.—FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. B. W. KENNON.

T the beautiful old mansion of Tudor Place, Georgetown, D. C., is preserved a most interesting collection of relics of Martha Washington; a collection considerably enhanced in value by the fact that the owner, Mrs. Brittania W. Kennon, is the oldest living descendant of Mrs. Washington, and therefore nearly allied, not only by right of kinship, but of years, to that especial period which gave to these articles an historic value —this relationship affording indeed a direct source of information, obtained from Mrs. Kennon's mother, Mrs. Martha Peter (*née* Custis), of much that otherwise had been lost, or rendered less certain through successive tradition.

In the will of Mrs. Washington occurs the following, "*Item:* I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Martha Peter, my writing-table and the seat to it, standing in my chamber." This little writing-table is of mahogany, quite plain in design, according to the fashion of the period, and fitted above with sliding doors disclosing oddly shaped compartments. The accompanying stool is about two feet square, and raised only eleven inches from the floor; the seat is worked in wools upon coarse canvas, the monogram "M. W.," done in browns and yellows, appearing upon a black background. In this desk, at the time of Mrs. Washington's death, were found the only two existing autograph letters written to her by General Washington after their marriage. Sparks, the historian, was permitted to copy one of these letters for publication, while the other and pendant, written on the eve of General Washington's departure from Philadelphia to Boston, to take command of the Continental army, is now first made public:

PHILADELPHIA, June 23d, 1775.

MY DEAREST: As I am within a few minutes of leaving this city, I could not think of departing from it without dropping you a line; especially as I do not know whether it may be in my power to write again til I get to the camp at Boston. I go fully trusting in that Providence, which has been more bountiful to me than I deserve, and in full confidence of a happy meeting with you some time in the fall.

I have not time to add more as I am surrounded with company to take leave of me. I retain an unalterable affection for you, which neither time or distance can change. My best love to Jack and Nelly, and regards to the rest of the Family, concludes me with the utmost truth and sincerity

Yr entire

G. WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Kennon's collection contains also some notable portraits from life of General and Mrs. Washington and John Parke Custis. These portraits, which are done in miniature, and the interesting articles here shown, are now engraved for the first time.

G. W. P. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," says: "Washington was a bad sitter. It annoyed him exceedingly to sit at all, and after every sitting he was wont to declare this must be the last." It is, therefore, no slight tribute to Mrs. Washington, or shallow compliment to her gentle finesse, that the credit for so large a number of his portraitures is due her. While to Mme. de Brienne, Mrs. Powell, and the indefatigable Mrs. Bingham is given rightful meed of thanks for overcoming this natural inclination, to these names is added still another in presenting this hitherto unknown miniature by Robertson, the execution of which was inspired by a request made on the part of Miss Martha Custis upon the eve of her marriage to Colonel Peter in 1794, when she wrote to General Washington at Philadelphia that the wish nearest her heart was to possess his likeness—a declaration calling forth an exquisite sense of humor in the reply that he would, with pleasure, comply with her request and sit for his miniature, but he never could think the wish nearest a young girl's heart on the eve of marriage was to possess an old man's picture. This sense of humor is again made evident in his answer to a letter containing a similar request from her sister, Miss Eliza Parke Custis, bearing date of Philadelphia, September 14, 1794, and beginning, "When you are as near the *pinnacle* of happiness as your sister Patsy conceives herself to be"; and again: "It not being within the bounds of probability that the contemplation of an inanimate thing, whatever might be the reflections arising from the possession of it, can be the only wish of your heart."

The Peter miniature, painted upon ivory, is given with an exquisite delicacy and coloring, especially in the treatment of the eyes, which are of light grayish-blue, accurately according with Stuart's remark, as quoted by G. W. P. Custis, regarding his own portraiture of Washington in oil, that he would paint them of a

deeper blue, and "in a hundred years they will have faded to the right color." The coloring of the complexion, generally of a delicate tinting in miniatures, is slightly deepened, corroborating the authority of Mr. Custis, who asserted his complexion to have been "both fair and florid." The Washington portraits have one noticeable characteristic: the nationality — the atmosphere, so to speak — of the artist has ever left unmistakable trace in varying subtlety. The Ceracchi bust is like that of a Roman conqueror; the De Brienne portrait bears the air of the Louis; the medallion of silver, set in crystal, presented to Mrs. Peter by Mme. Greuhm, widow of the Prussian minister, although a copy, acquires an unmistakably Teutonic cast; while this new miniature by Robertson, which Mrs. Peter pronounced good except for a certain sternness of expression, bears the impress of its Scotch delineator. The loss of General Washington's teeth gave a different appearance to the mouth, and the under lip is far less prominent than in the Stuart portrait. The President had discarded the set of sea-horse ivory teeth, which produced this disfigurement in Stuart's picture. Indeed, Prince de Broglie, recording the personal appearance of Washington, says, "The face is much more agreeable than represented in his portrait." Again, a contemporary writer in the London "New Monthly Magazine" says, "It was observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking"; remarking later, "His mouth was like no other that I ever saw; the lips firm, the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if the muscles were in full action when he sat still."

Taken, therefore, together with the facts that he was both a loath and a bad sitter, one can more readily account for the sternness of expression in Robertson's miniature, as well as in other portraits. Yet withal the work bears an expression of calm benignity and command, and reflects great moral character, perfect repose and self-containment — qualities notably attributable to Washington. The miniature shows him in the Continental uniform of blue and buff, with powdered hair, and with the fine white ruffles which Washington always wore in preference to lace. The reverse is of enamel of a deep blue, holding a pearl-encircled reliquary containing locks of the hair of Nelly Custis and of G. W. P. Custis, the whole being finished with a band of gold, which originally was clasped with a conforming circlet of pearls, since reset in other form.

The two miniatures of Mrs. Washington in Mrs. Kennon's collection were painted at widely varying periods in her eventful life, and together with the Stuart portrait — which in point of time forms, as it were, a connecting link — afford a most interesting study in transition in a notably interesting physiognomy. One, by an unknown artist, — and many artists of excellence in both miniature and oil portraiture found their way to the colonies, — depicts her at about the time of her marriage to Colonel Washington. The coloring indicates the lightened mourning of her first widowhood: the gown is of lavender, of that peculiar tinge accentuating to a pure complexion, with a draping of rich lace, large in pattern, after the fashion of flamboyant brocades then in vogue; clasping this lace at the breast is a butterfly with outstretched wings; while a veil of lavender net, caught with a single strand of pearls, falls from the slightly powdered hair. The fleckings of a darker color on the veil are of a peculiar shade of green, repeated upon the creamy wings of the butterfly.

On the reverse of this miniature is depicted the face of Mrs. Washington's son, John Parke Custis, whose untimely death at the age of twenty-seven, of camp fever contracted while he was serving as aide-de-camp to General Washington at the siege of Yorktown, proved as deep an affliction to the noble commander as to the devoted mother. In strong contrast to the obverse is the treatment in this miniature, delicacy yielding to depth — a handling well admissible, because of the olive, health-tinged complexion, deep blue eyes, and dark, unpowdered hair of the subject. The coat is of myrtle green velvet, with red collar and gold buttons, the same glittering material outlining the arabesqued embroidery upon the high white satin vest, while full crêped frills of sheer white muslin add lightness and accentuation of effect. The excellent business qualities developed by John Parke Custis, and doubtless inherited from his mother, who ably directed the management of the large estates on the Pamunkey, were held in high esteem by General Washington. He confided much to his stepson's discretion, but took pains to send him advice from time to time with characteristic clearness. Among numerous letters between them appears the following, dated Philadelphia, June 19, 1775, which has direct relation to the foregoing letter, written to Mrs. Washington just four days later, announcing his immediate departure to Boston.

My great concern upon this occasion is the thought of leaving your mother under the uneasiness which I fear this affair will throw her into; I therefore hope, expect, and indeed have no doubt of your using every means in your power to keep up her spirits, by doing everything in your power to promote her quiet.

I have, I must confess, very uneasy feelings on her account, but as it has been a kind of unavoid-

able necessity which has led me into this appointment, I shall more readily hope that success will attend it and crown our meetings with happiness.

At any time, I hope it unnecessary for me to say that I am always pleased with your's and Nelly's abidance at Mt. Vernon, much less upon this occasion, when I think it absolutely necessary for the peace and satisfaction of your mother—a consideration which I have no doubt will have due weight with you both and require no arguments to enforce.

We now turn to the miniature of Mrs. Washington here engraved, painted at the request of Mrs. Peter of Tudor Place, and for which she sat to R. Field at Mount Vernon in 1801, just one year after the death of General Washington and one year before her own. We find her at the time of the painting of this miniature, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, still directing all domestic affairs, presiding at her table as formerly, and receiving the many distinguished people who came to do homage at the tomb of Washington and pay honor to his widow.[1]

Notwithstanding her numerous duties and her advanced age, Mrs. Washington found opportunity to undertake a great deal of handiwork, of which, among other specimens extant, are twelve embroidered chair-cushions, four of which she gave to each of her three granddaughters, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Peter, and Mrs. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis gave one of these to Lafayette during his last visit to this country, and it was placed in the American Room at La Grange. These cushions are executed upon coarse canvas in a design of shells, done in brown and yellow wools, the high lights being flecked in gold-colored silk. The netting of fringe also continued to be a favorite handiwork and was applied to the trimming of counterpanes, one of which is at Tudor Place. Ample and charming illustration of the beautiful home life at Mount Vernon, and of its domestic requirements, is given by the appended letter, of which only extracts have previously been made public. It was written by the wife of Colonel Edward Carrington to her sister, Mrs. Fisher, at Richmond, to whose son, George D. Fisher, Esq., the writer is indebted for the privilege of printing it.

MOUNT VERNON, November 22, 1799.

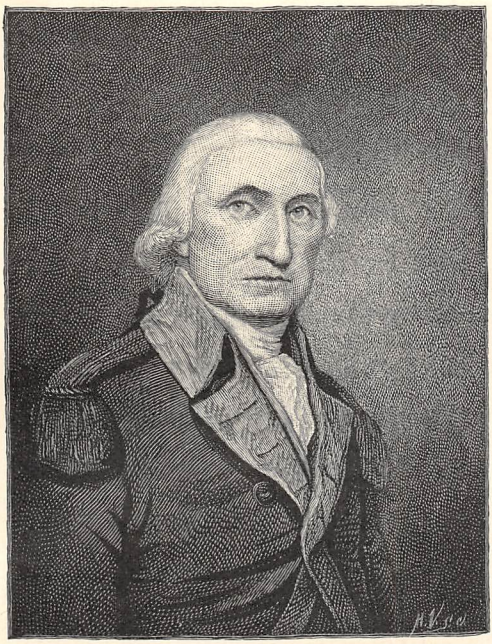
When near you, my dear Nancy, I have often a great passion to express my feelings in an epistolary way: how can it be wondered at, then, that now, when more than a hundred miles from you, this propensity should still exist, particularly when seated at a spot of all others best calculated to produce a letter most acceptable to you? We arrived here on the 20th, just in time for dinner, after a pleasant journey, made more than ordinarily agreeable by a continuation of fair weather, which enabled us to make several pleasant calls on my friends who are agreeably scattered on the way from Fredericksburg to Alexandria (that is to say, if you take the road up the Potomac). Yes, we arrived at this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality and kindness that the good old General's continued friendship to Colonel Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was that of a brother. He took us each by the hand, and, with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine, and told me that I had conferred a favor never to be forgotten in bringing his old friend to see him; then, bidding a servant to call the ladies, entertained us most facetiously till they appeared.

Mrs. W——, venerable and kind and resembling very much our Aunt A——; Mrs. Stewart, her daughter-in-law, once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses S——, all pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Miss P——d, of Richmond; and last, though not least, Mrs. L. Lewis. But how describe *her?* Once I had heard my neighbor, Mrs. Tucker, give a romantic account of her when Miss Custis,—how her lovely figure, made doubly interesting by a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had entwined and an apron full she had selected, came in to throw at her grandmother's feet,—all which I considered as a fanciful effusion of my friend's romantic turn of mind; but now when I see her the matron,—for such her situation makes her appear,—lovely as nature could form her, improved in every female accomplishment, and, what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in every department that makes woman lovely and charming, particularly in her conduct to her aged grandmother and the General, whom she always calls Grandpa, I seem actually transported on beholding her! Having once seen her as she passed through our town seemed to give me a claim to her kindness, and her attentions are unremitting.

. . . . . .

November 27.—After visiting most charmingly for a week my numerous friends in and about the city, we returned to this revered mansion. I am well pleased that my letter was not ready for the post, as I have much to say and am really delighted that our first visit was shortened, so that our pres-

[1] By the kindness of Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston we are permitted to quote the following paragraph referring to this portrait, from the diary of John Pintard, who visited Mount Vernon on the 31st of July, 1801: "The left-hand room as you enter contains a portrait of Colonel Washington, drawn by Peale in 1775, in his provincial uniform—blue, red facings, and silver lace; a small cocked hat disfigures the countenance, which bears striking traits of the Washington features; Mrs. Washington is an accompaniment, ¾ length; a family piece of the Lafayette family—the lady mutilated on the left side of the face, the marquis a striking resemblance—a present from him; Savage's profile of the President and Mrs. Washington; young Custis and Lafayette. There are several prints, medallions, and miniatures of the President in the house, none of which please Mrs. W. She does not think Stuart's celebrated painting a true resemblance. A miniature drawn last winter or spring by a Mr. Robert Field, now in Washington, of Mrs. W. is a striking likeness. She is drawn to please her grandchildren in her usual long-eared cap and neckerchief, that they may see her, as she expressed it, in her everyday face. Mr. Field executes capital large miniatures of the President at $50 each without the framing."

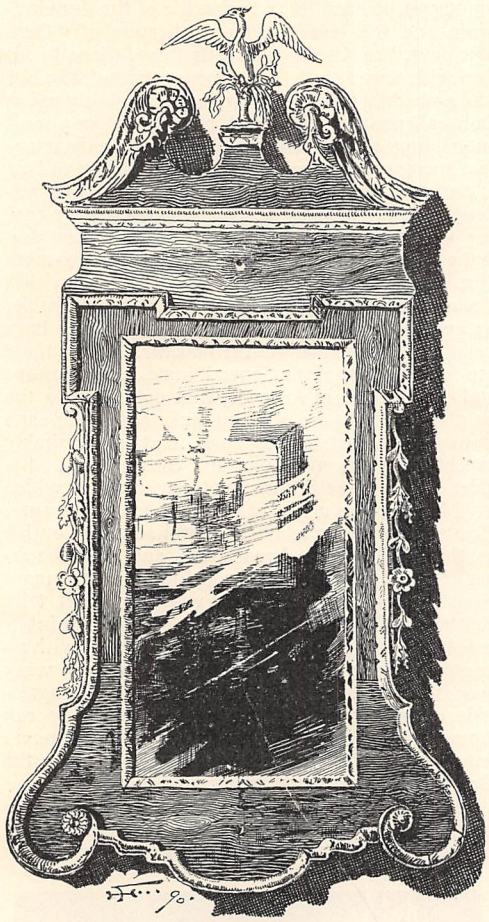


MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON IN CONTINENTAL UNIFORM ON IVORY.

ence is of more consequence to this amiable family than it would have been before.

It is really an enjoyment to be here to witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house, except when now and then a little bustle is occasioned by the young Squire Custis when he returns from hunting, bringing in a "valiant deer," as he terms it, that Grandpa and the Colonel will devour: nice venison I assure you it is, and my taste in seasoning the stew is not passed unnoticed, while the whole party, I won't say devour it, but do it ample justice. My mornings are spent charmingly, alternately in the different chambers; first, an hour after breakfast in the room of the invalid, dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the grandmama. Then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely on the same style of our good old aunt's, that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other side a little colored pet learning to sew; an old, decent woman with her table and shears cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself, and pointing out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presenting me with a pair half done, begs me to finish and wear them for her sake. Her netting, too, is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are fond of trimming their dresses with it, and I have furnished me with a whole suit so that I shall appear *à la domestique* at the first party we have when we get home. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them in retirement assume domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but a year since they were forced to forego all these innocent delights which are so congenial to their years and tastes, to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing-room and the levee. The recollection of "these lost days," as Mrs. W—— calls them, seems to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most interesting companion, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century. The weather is too wintry to enjoy out-door scenes, but as far as I can judge in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Wood's drawing-room furnishes a good specimen. Everything within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable, except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talents. I think there are five portraits of the General, some done in Europe and some done in America, that do honor to the painters. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world, that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation. Besides these, there is a complete greenhouse, which at this season is a vast, a great source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in this neatly finished apartment, and from the arrangement of the whole I conclude that it is managed by a skillful hand, but whose I cannot tell: neither the General nor Mrs. W—— seem more interested in it than their visitors. We have met with no company here, but am told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is agreeable or convenient. Transient persons, who call from curiosity, are treated with civility, but never interfere with the order of the house, or with the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends who make a point of visiting him are left much to themselves; indeed, scarcely see

MINIATURE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON, PAINTED IN 1801, SIGNED "R. F."



MIRROR FROM MT. VERNON, FRAMED IN MAHOGANY AND GILT.

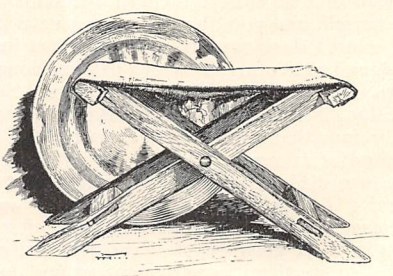
him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner to tea our time is most charmingly spent; indeed, one evening the General was so fascinating, and drew my husband out into so many old stories relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends, particularly Kosciusko and Pulaski, who have always corresponded with Colonel C——, whose characters afford great interest, that it was long past twelve when we separated. At breakfast I feel quite at home, everything is so plain.

The remainder of this interesting letter is unfortunately missing. But the pen picture given is elaborately minute in order to supply the most exacting detail of those peaceful days.

Relics of the handsome gowns worn by Mrs. Washington upon state occasions, and now carefully preserved at Tudor Place, show her taste to have been striking and effective, but governed by a sense of artistic propriety which yielded to harmoniousness of general effect, though partaking, as was the vogue, of the vividness of coloring emanating from the court of Versailles. Especially observable is this in her wedding gown, a costume of yellow brocade, flamboyant in pattern, rich in texture, the loopings of the skirt outlined by falls of fine white lace of a now obsolete pattern, while the petticoat was of white silk interwoven with silver. The shoes worn with this splendid drapery were of purple satin trimmed with silver. Among the relics of gowns worn by Mrs. Washington during the first presidency, and which still retain a notable freshness of coloring notwithstanding the lapse of years, is one with a ground of golden brown, just escaping tan, traced in a rich brocading of deep scarlet roses, pale blue forget-me-nots, and tulips shading through rose-madders to a reddish purple. A portion of this superb gown was used to cover a low arm-chair of walnut, studded with brass nails, which Mrs. Washington sent to Mrs. Peter upon the birth of her first child, and her own first great-grandchild, M. E. Eleanor Peter. General Washington noted his personal appreciation of the event by presenting to the little great-grandchild herself a coral with golden bells.

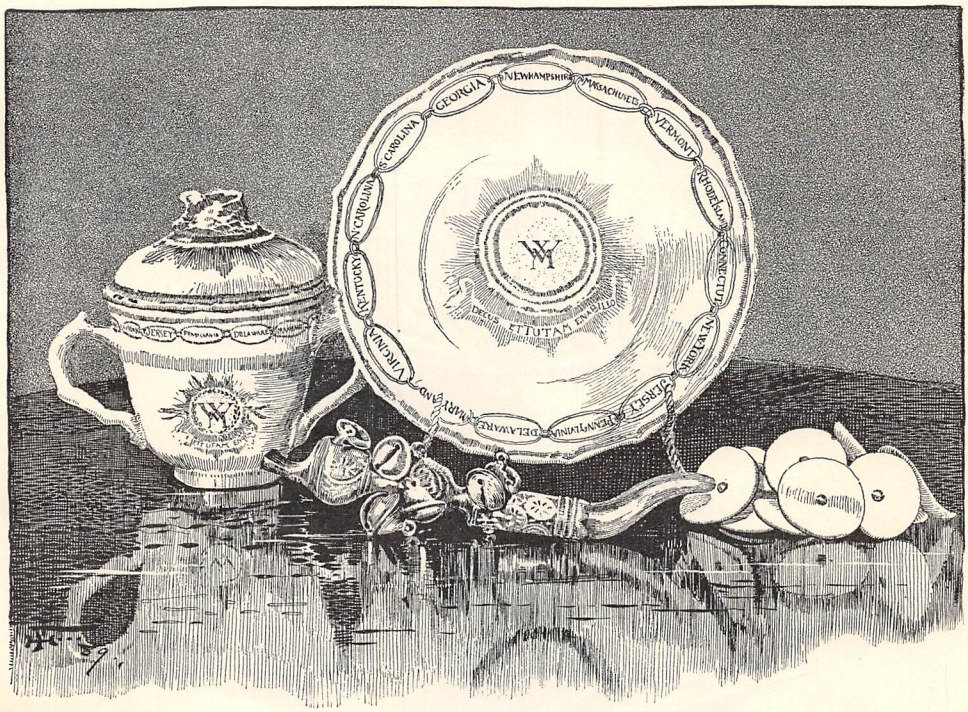
The remnant of another gown is brocade of a rich and scintillant, though not vivid, green. A portion of this same gown was used to cover a quaintly shaped mahogany fire-screen formerly in service at Mount Vernon, and still doing duty in a like capacity at Tudor Place, although the silk thus used is so faded that it bears no resemblance to the original stuff except in the figures of the brocading. That simplicity also held place in Mrs. Washington's taste is shown by a bit of India muslin delicately sprayed with embroidery and now yellow with age. This material is so fine in texture that the whole robe might easily have been compressed within the grasp of two small hands.

Three dainty fans, once used by Mrs. Washington, grace the cabinet at Tudor Place. The mounts of these are all of French de-



CAMP-STOOL AND PEWTER DISH USED BY WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR.

sign, while the carved ivory sticks are of Chinese workmanship. One portrays in delicate water-colors a "Watteau-Olympian" scene of goddesses and mortals; the reverse is a maiden beneath a fruit tree. Another holds a design in tulips and old-fashioned garden glories, which lend themselves so well to decoration in natural colors. The third and last, done in the style of a frieze, bears a portrayal of the



CUP AND SAUCER OF THE "M. W." CHINA.— CONCH-SHELL BUTTONS FROM WASHINGTON'S COAT.— CORAL AND BELLS GIVEN BY WASHINGTON TO HIS GREAT-GRANDCHILD.

of affectionate remembrance to General and Mrs. Washington by the French officers of the Revolution. The "Cincinnati" and the "M. W." china both came from this source; and a beautiful set was presented to General Washington by the unfortunate Count de Custine, which was made upon his estates in France. The graceful ornamentation upon this last-mentioned service is done in gold arabesques and garlands of delicate pink roses and fine blue flowers; the monogram "G. W.," also in gold, is upon a background of yellow clouds, and is surmounted by a wreath—an allegory, after the florid fashion of the day, to represent Washington, crowned with roses, rising through the clouds.

arts and handicrafts; the reverse is an arabesque in gold. The ground in each is of parchment.

The table service in Mrs. Kennon's possession is not less interesting. In a letter to Dr. Cochran, inviting Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with him at headquarters at West Point, and dated August 16, 1779, General Washington says in frank amusement:

> When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be nearly twelve feet apart.

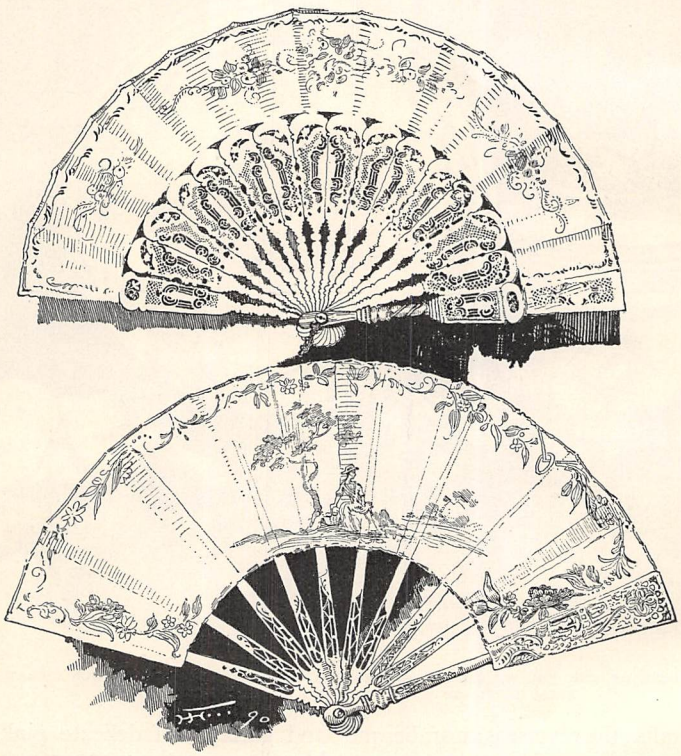
A pewter platter held at Tudor Place as a part of the General's camp equipage measures thirty inches across.

Indeed the bonhomie inspired by Mount Vernon hospitality may have led, in part, to the frequent selection of sets of china as a form

Very similar to the set sent to Mrs. Washington by the French officers is the "M. W." china presented to her by the General's early friend Mr. Van Braam, but the latter service is, if possible, the more tasteful and elaborate of the two. Within each of the fifteen elliptical double links enchaining these pieces is painted the name of one of the first fifteen States, each link being outlined in delicate color, while upon a ground of gold, defined by a green laurel wreath and thence diverging to a sunburst, is the entwined monogram "M. W."; beneath is traced, in colored letters, "Decus et Tutam enabillo." The cups in this

set, in contradistinction to the other "M. W." china, have double handles and lids; these lids are surmounted by gilded ornaments, from which radiate diverging rays.

The state dinner and tea services in white and gold, used by General Washington during the presidency in New York and Philadelphia, and later at Mount Vernon, show plainly his simplicity of taste — a quality recorded at length in numerous letters directing the selection of furniture and table appointments,



TWO OF MRS. WASHINGTON'S FANS.

and especially made evident during the first presidency, when increased social obligations, as part of the official duties assumed, rendered necessary an establishment in accord.

It was early in the autumn of 1789 that General Washington relegated to Gouverneur Morris, then in Paris, the final choice of a suitable plateau to be used upon the occasion of state dinners, within these accurate bounds:

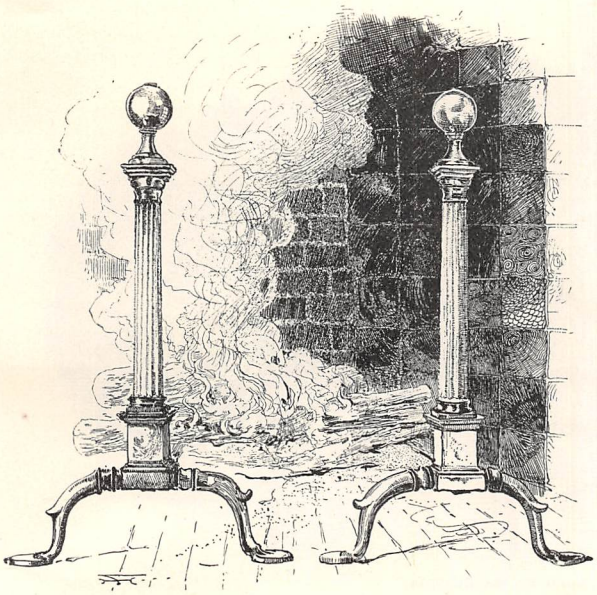
> Will you then, my good sir, permit me to ask the favor of you to provide and send to me, by the first ship bound to this place or Philadelphia, mirrors for a table, with neat and fashionable, but not expensive, ornaments for them, such as will do credit to your taste? The mirrors will, of course, be in pieces, that they may be adapted to the company (the size of it, I mean). The aggregate length of them may be ten feet; the breadth two feet; the panels may be plated ware, or anything else more fashionable, but not more expensive. If I am defective, recur to what you have seen on Mr. Morris's table for my ideas generally.

And later, under date of March 1, 1790:

> Since my last to you, dated the 13th of October, I have removed to a larger house (the one lately occupied by the Count de Moustier), enlarged my table and, of course, my guests; let me, therefore, request the favor of you to add two pieces to the number of plateaux required in the above letter, and ornaments equivalent, for it will take these *in addition* to what I before asked to decorate the present table.

The writer further requests that "fourteen of what I believe are called 'patent lamps,' together with accompanying glasses, also be sent, the same not to cost more than three guineas apiece"; recording, with evident sense of gratification, "These lamps, it is said, consume their own smoke, do no injury to the furniture, give more light, and are cheaper than candles."

The required lamps, which, together with the other articles, duly arrived, were of brass, neat in design, and decorated with an Ionic border. A number of these lamps are treasured at Tudor Place, where in years past they were intermingled with groups of potted plants and



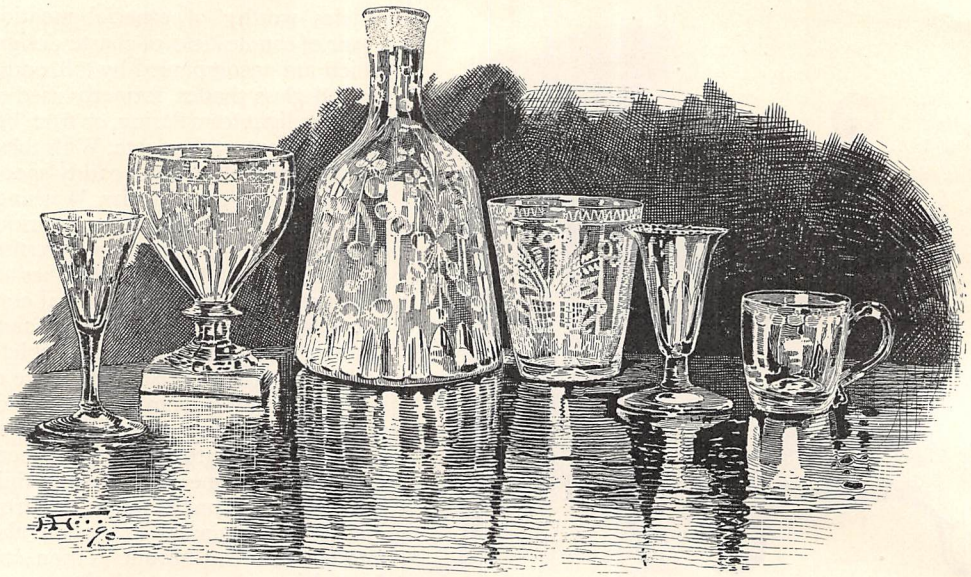
ANDIRONS FROM MOUNT VERNON.

used as a decoration upon the occasion of balls. Here also are preserved the ornaments selected by Mr. Morris and accompanying the plateau, and which consist of three large groups done in a white composition capable of very high polish, together with numerous lesser single figures of Parian marble. The plateau itself is described as consisting of "six large silver-plated waiters, those at the ends being a half-oval to conform in arrangement with the end of the table; the waiters between the end were in the form of parallelograms, the ends about one-third part of the length of the sides. On the outside of the oval formed by these waiters were placed the various dishes, always without covers, and outside the dishes were the plates." General Washington deeming this plateau as not in consonance with the simpler style of his retirement, he disposed of it, retaining, however, the ornaments, which were used at Mount Vernon upon a plateau consisting of an oblong mirror set in a frame of carved rosewood, which extended some two inches above the surface of the glass. The plateau and its accompanying figures, together with the numerous articles of Washington plate, crystal, and china at Tudor Place, allow of an almost exact reproduction of the table at Mount Vernon.

The Washington silver owned by Mrs. Kennon is, in most instances, engraved with the family crest, is of English workmanship, and numbers among the articles worthy of especial mention a pair of candlesticks of chaste design, which are accompanied by tall, oddly shaped glass shades, formerly used to keep the light from flaring, or from being blown out by draughts. With these may also be included the caddy-spoon and cream-jug used by Mrs. Washington, a pair of salt-cellars, and various waiters, oval in shape and resting upon claw feet, for holding dishes of preserves. The articles of crystal consist of wine-glasses of a now obsolete pattern, tumblers, decanters, goblets, and water-glasses. In the fireplace of the east drawing-room at Tudor Place rest the brass andirons which were in General Washington's room at Mount Vernon at the time of his death, while in another apartment hangs a mirror, one of two dissimilar in design, also formerly in use at Mount Vernon, and framed in mahogany and gilt.

In connection with the conch-shell buttons shown in an accompanying illustration, the story is told of General Washington that one day, while walking alone in the streets of Philadelphia, he was accosted by a poor Italian, who, ignorant of the personality addressed, continued to follow and importune

CREAM-JUG, SALT-CELLAR, CANDLESTICK, AND CADDY-SPOON USED AT MOUNT VERNON.



GLASS USED BY WASHINGTON.

him to buy some of the conch shells which he carried in a basket on his arm, and which he persisted were the only things that he had in the world to dispose of. "But, my good man," remonstrated General Washington, "what would I do with your conch shells? I have no use for them." "Oh, yes, you have," came the ready rejoinder. "You might have them made into buttons for your coat." Smiling at his prompt reply, Washington not only purchased the shells, but, the better to further the advice, took them at once to his tailor, and, directing them to be riveted, ordered a brown velvet coat, that their especial usefulness might be straightway demonstrated.

William Armstrong.

WASHINGTON'S DRAWING INSTRUMENTS.

II.—FROM THE COLLECTION OF EDMUND LAW ROGERS, ESQ.

AT the request of the editor of THE CENTURY I have selected from a large collection of souvenirs of Mount Vernon left me by my mother, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, a few portraits to be here reproduced. I regret that time does not admit of the engraving of the portrait of Washington painted by Trumbull as a present, and, as the artist says in his letter, "painted *con amore* in my best days as an offering of grateful respect to Mrs. Washington." It is specially mentioned by Washington in his diary as intended for Mrs. Washington, and is the only portrait of the General which she mentions in her will. She bequeathed it to her eldest granddaughter, Mrs. Law. It was her favorite portrait, and was considered by her grandson, the late G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, the best. It was much admired by the venerable president of the National Academy when exhibited in the Loan Exhibition in New York last April, who said that Trumbull was most successful in portraits of that size — 20 by 30 inches, full length. It is the original from which the artist made his life-size portrait for the city of New York. Want of space prevents an engraving of it on this occasion.

An interesting miniature of Washington — shown on page 17 — was inherited by Mrs. B. W. Kennon, of Georgetown, D. C., from her mother, Mrs. Martha Parke Peter, *née* Custis, the second of the three granddaughters of Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Peter was married at the age of seventeen, at Hope Park, in Fairfax County, Virginia, 6th January, 1795. Several months before her marriage Mrs. Peter had

asked the General for his portrait. He sent her his miniature accompanied by a letter, which has, unfortunately, been lost. It is not known positively by whom the miniature owned by Mrs. Kennon was painted.

Finding that the request of her younger sister had been so graciously granted, Eliza Parke Custis, the eldest granddaughter, four months before her sister's marriage and nineteen before her own marriage to Mr. Thomas Law, wrote the following letter to her grandmother's noble husband :

HOPE PARK September 7th, 1794.

DEAR & HONRD SIR. My Sister's success in her application to you for your Picture, gives me courage to make the same request, and as *I* have *no other wish* nearer my *heart* than that of possessing your likeness; I *hope* you will believe me sincere when I assure you, it is my first wish to have it in my power to contemplate, at all times, the features of one, who, I so highly respect as the Father of his Country and look up to with grateful affection as a parent to myself and family.

We are, Dear Sir, at present, in distress, which must be my apology for this short letter. Mamma and Patty join me in affection to you with ardent wishes for your health and happiness, I am

Honrd Sir your grateful
Grand Daughter ELIZA P. CUSTIS.

To this letter General Washington replied in the following remarkable and most admirable letter, in which he treats of the subjects of love and matrimony:

GERMANTOWN Sept. 14 1794.

MY DEAR BETSEY. Shall I, in answer to your letter of the 7th instant say — when you are as near the *pinnacle* of happiness as your sister Patsy conceives herself to be; or when your candour shines more conspicuously than it does in that letter, that I will then comply with the request you have made for my Picture?

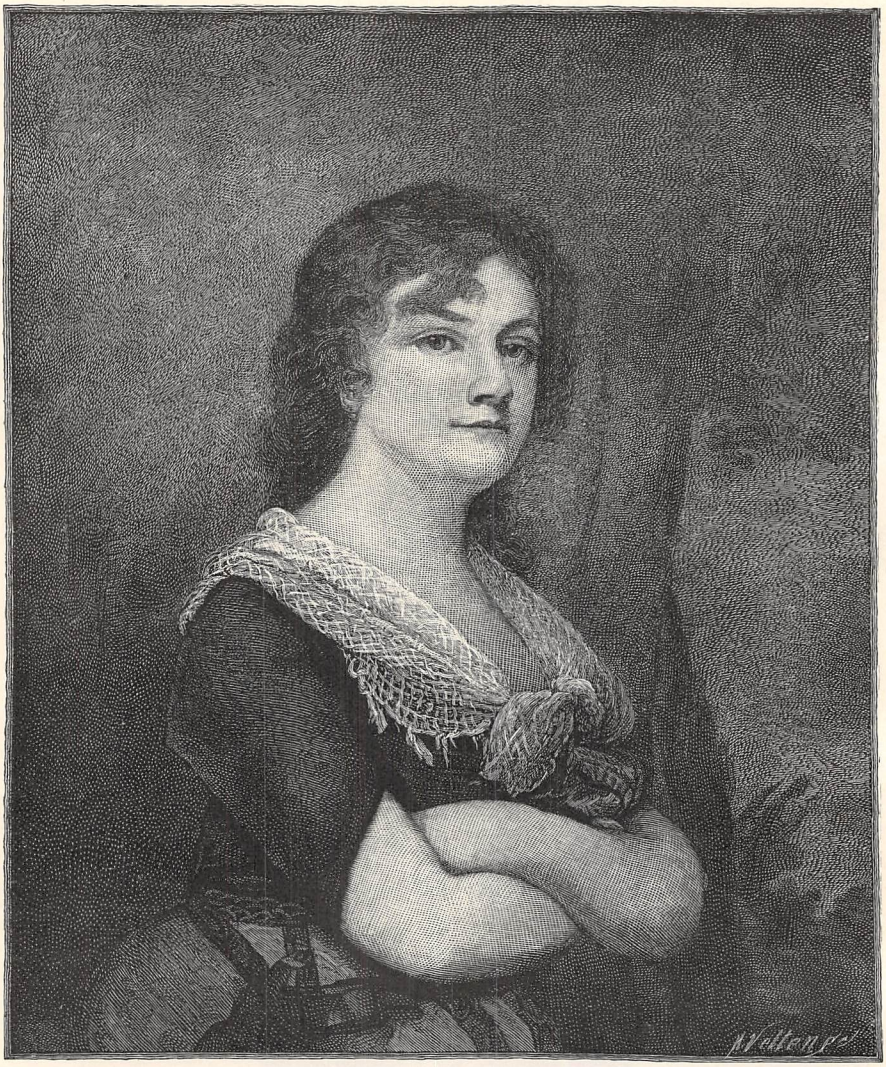
No — I will grant it without either: — for if the latter were to be a preliminary, it would be some time, I apprehend, before *that* Picture would be found pendant *at* your breast; it not being within the bounds of probability that the contemplation of an inanimate thing, whatever might be the reflections arising from the possession of it, can be the *only* wish of your heart.

Respect may place it among the desirable objects of it, but there are emotions of a softer kind to which the heart of a girl turned of eighteen is susceptible, that must have generated much warmer ideas, although the fruition of them may apparently be more distant than those of your sister.

Having (by way of a hint) delivered a sentiment to Patty which may be useful (if it be remembered after the change that it is contemplated is consummated) I will suggest another more applicable to yourself.

Do not then in your contemplation of the marriage state look for perfect felicity, before you consent to wed; nor conceive, from the fine tales of the Poets, and lovers of old of the transports of mutual love, that heaven has taken its abode on earth; — nor do not deceive yourself in supposing that the only means by which these are to be obtained, is to drink deep of the cup, and revel in an ocean of love.

MINIATURE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON ON IVORY. (FROM ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND LAW ROGERS.)



ELIZA PARKE CUSTIS. (FROM MISS PEALE'S COPY OF THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

Love is a mighty pretty thing, but like all other delicious things, it is cloying; and when the first transport of the passion begins to subside, which it assuredly will do, and yield — oftentimes too late — to more sober reflections, it serves to evince, that love is too dainty a food to live upon *alone*, and ought not to be considered further than as a necessary ingredient for that matrimonial happiness which results from a combination of causes; none of which are of greater importance than that the object on whom it is placed should possess good sense,— good dispositions,— and the means of supporting you in the way you have been brought up, and who, at the same time, has a claim to the respect of the circle in which he moves.

Such qualifications cannot fail to attract (after marriage) your esteem and regard — into which or into disgust, sooner or later, love naturally resolves itself.—Without these, whatever may be your first impressions of the man they will end in disappointment, for, be assured, and experience will convince you of it, that there is no truth more certain that all our enjoyments fall short of our expectations and to none does the observation apply with more force than the gratification of the passions.

You may believe me to be always
and sincerely —
Your affectionate

MISS BETSY CUSTIS. GEO. WASHINGTON.

As a pendant to the above letter it may not be inappropriate to add the following joint note of General and Mrs. Washington to the husband of the lady to whom that letter was addressed, Mr. Thomas Law, whom she married not many months after the letter was written. The note is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA 28th March 1796.

DEAR SIR — By letters rec^{d} from Hope Park dated

the 22d inst, we are informed that your marriage with Miss Custis was celebrated the day before.

On this pleasing occasion we offer you and Eliza our sincere and affectionate congratulations; and vows for the perfect happiness of you both, in the union you have formed.

Whether here, or at Mount Vernon we shall always be happy to see you, and at either place, when you are there we pray you to consider yourselves at home.

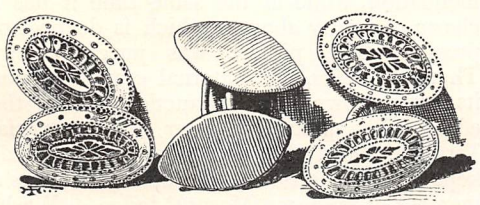
With great and sincere regard we remain

Your affectionate

GEO. WASHINGTON —
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

The miniature of General Washington referred to in his letter to Eliza Parke Custis, and given to her by him, is now the property of the writer, her only grandson.[1] It is painted on ivory in an oval, the longest diameter being two and seven-eighths inches, and the shortest two and three-quarters inches. The face is nearly three-quarters, and turned to the right; the eyes are blue; the hair is powdered and very carefully brushed; and a portion of the black silk queue is visible over the right shoulder. The figure is not quite half-length. The uniform is the Continental buff and blue; the cravat is of fine white cambric; the shirt is ruffled; the coat is fastened with only one button; there is a vest of yellow cloth; and the buff collar of the coat is very broad. The miniature is set in gold; the back consists of a gold rim, within which is a broad band of blue enamel, encircling an oval of brilliants which incloses the hair of General Washington. There is a ring attached to the upper end of the gold setting for passing through it a chain or a ribbon to hang the miniature around the neck. The red morocco case, lined with white satin, in which the portrait is kept, was given at the same time with the miniature.

In my possession also are miniatures of Mrs. Washington and of her only son, John Parke Custis, the father of the Miss Custis to whom General Washington wrote the letter and gave his miniature. These two miniatures of mother and son are in one locket, obverse



COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS.

and reverse. They are exquisitely painted, but it is not known by whom. They are set in oval filigree-work frames of gold, and measure one and seven-eighths inch for the longest and one and one-half inch for shortest diameter. Mrs. Washington's portrait is not quite quarter-length. She wears a dark-colored dress, and over it a very fine transparent white lace neckerchief; her hair is rolled back, apparently on a cushion, and powdered; her eyes are brown; she wears no jewels; her cap is of lace, white, and in three rows of very close

MINIATURE OF JOHN PARKE CUSTIS ON IVORY. (FROM ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND LAW ROGERS.

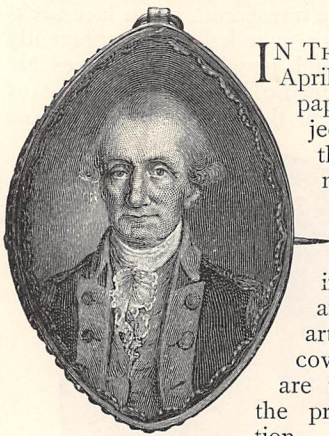
plaits. The miniature of her son represents a young man of about twenty with a beautiful head of hair falling in heavy dark curls on each side and parted on the left. His coat has a collar with a broad roll, and is of green cloth — only the top button is visible; his vest is of white cloth or silk, has white pearl or covered buttons, and is embroidered with a small red vine running down the front edge; he wears a white cravat; and the ruffles of his shirt are of the finest transparent lace.

The little pocket-case of instruments engraved for this magazine is of red morocco, and fastens with a tuck, the tongue of which is shown thrown open in the engraving. The picture shows the little ivory scale in the center; on one side the small pair of dividers, half brass and half steel; and on the other side the little pencil — all just as Washington left them, and as he used them before the Revolution when surveying in what is now West Virginia. The two pairs of cuff-buttons are beautifully enameled upon gold, and are of oval shape, the outer band being of white enamel with twelve minute gold stars; this band incloses another of dark blue enamel, which surrounds a center of white enamel on which is a lozenge-shaped decoration of gold. These were worn on the cuffs of the General's shirt, while the third pair, of plain gold, were used at the collar.

Edmund Law Rogers.

[1] This miniature is evidently by the same hand as that shown on page 17, and is so similar that it has not been engraved for this article. — EDITOR.

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.



THE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON BY RAMAGE.

IN THE CENTURY for April, 1889, a first paper on this subject appeared. At that time I had no intention of following it with a second; but the widespread interest that was aroused by the article, and the discoveries it elicited, are the occasion of the present contribution.

The loan exhibition of historical portraits and relics in connection with the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States was opened at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City on April 17, and to it nearly fifty portraits of Washington were contributed. Perhaps the most interesting one there — for the reason that before that time its existence was unknown — was the original miniature painted by John Ramage, which the publication of the article discovered in the possession of Mrs. M. S. Beach, of Peekskill, N. Y. It was found in 1884, in Montreal, Canada, by its present owner, belonging to the daughter of the man in whose house Ramage died, and to whom the artist had presented it shortly before his death in recognition of the kindly care he had received during his last illness. The exact date of Ramage's death cannot be ascertained, but the person from whom Mrs. Beach purchased it had had it in her personal ownership for more than sixty years. As the accompanying engraving shows, Washington is represented full face, with powdered hair, and in uniform. The miniature is beautifully painted, and is set as a breastpin. The face bears many of the well-known characteristics of Washington's features, while at the same time it is quite unlike any other known portrait. All we know of the artist personally we get from the garrulous, gossiping, unreliable Dunlap,[1] and it is as follows:

> This was an Irish gentleman, who painted miniatures in Boston, and married there. He left it with the British troops, and was as early as 1777 established in William street, New York, and continued to paint all the military heroes or beaux of the garrison, and all the belles of the place. He did not accompany the army when it left our shores, but continued the best artist in his branch for many years after. Mr. Ramage occasionally painted in crayons or pastel, the size of life. His miniatures were in the line style, as opposed to the dotted. I admired them much in the days of youth, and my opinion of their merit is confirmed by seeing some of them recently. Mr. Ramage was a handsome man of the middle size, with an intelligent countenance and lively eye. He dressed fashionably, and, according to the time, beauishly. A scarlet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, a white silk waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers, black satin breeches and paste knee-buckles, white silk stockings, large silver buckles in his shoes, a small cocked-hat, covering the upper portion of his well-powdered locks, leaving the curls at the ears displayed, a gold-headed cane, and gold snuff-box completed his costume. When the writer returned from Europe, in 1787, Mr. Ramage introduced to him a second wife, but he was changed, and evidently declining through fast living.

1 "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," New York, 1834.

Another very interesting portrait of Washington, contributed by Mr. George L. McKean, of Chicago, to the same exhibition, was the profile by Joseph Wright, from which is engraved the frontispiece of this number. Where and when this portrait was painted is not known, but it is unmistakably the work of this artist. Wright drew and etched a profile portrait of Washington in 1790, and, it is stated, painted him the same year. This may be that portrait. The head is the same in the etching and the painting, but in the former the body as well as the head is in profile, while in the latter the body is three-quarters to the right, with the head only turned in profile. The simple, placid dignity of this portrait is its highest commendation, while at the same time it has a charm of reality about it which is deeply impressive. This picture was purchased by Thomas Shields, the maternal grandfather of its present owner, at an auction sale of the effects of a picture restorer in Alexandria, Virginia, about the year 1815. Mr. Shields kept a public house in Alexandria, and was a member of the same Masons' lodge as Washington, and was perfectly familiar with the face of the original. He always esteemed it a most excellent likeness, and his opinion in later years was emphatically indorsed by G. W. Parke Custis. When this painting was shown to him, shortly before his death, he is reported to have said: "Yes, this is the General. It is a

most true and faithful likeness. It gives a more correct and perfect expression of his countenance than any other I have ever seen, and I believe I have seen all of the portraits for which the General sat,— Stuart's, Peale's, and others,— but none of them are as correct. They make his forehead too straight and massive, while the General's receded in a line with his nose, as may be seen in Houdon's statue at the Capitol in Richmond. You see the same in this portrait. Houdon took a cast from off the General's face, from which was modeled the statue." Clark Mills, the sculptor, claimed that its measurements agreed with those of the Houdon cast.

The several portraits of Washington by Wright are among the most important and interesting that have been transmitted to the present generation.

To the same loan collection Mrs. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia, sent the original bust portrait, three-quarters to the right, painted by Charles Wilson Peale in 1787, which Washington mentions in his diary as being wanted by the artist "to make a print or mezzotinto by." A year ago we could not locate it.

This exhibition proved also our error in classing the full-length by Trumbull, in the City Hall, New York, as an *original* portrait; the original from which the City Hall portrait was painted being a cabinet picture, twenty inches by thirty inches, painted by Trumbull in July, 1790, and presented by him to Mrs. Washington. It now belongs to Mrs. Washington's great-great-grandson, Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore. The head is exquisitely painted. Mr. Rogers owns the miniature by Walter Robertson, which was also at the loan exhibition.

An extract from THE CENTURY'S article quoted in the "Stockholm Dagblad" brought a communication to the Swedish newspaper, claiming that the *original* portrait of Washington by Wertmüller, signed by the artist, is in the possession of Mr. W. J. Dannstrom, 36 Sturegatan, Stockholm; and a recent examination of the Peter Force collection, in the Library of Congress, has revealed the manuscript note-books of Pierre Eugene du Simitière, from which we transcribe this entry:

Paintings and Drawings done 1779.— Feby. 1st, a drawing in black lead of a likeness in profile of his Excellency General Washington, form of a medal for my collection.

N. B.—The General, at the request of the Hon. Mr. Jay, President of Congress, came with him to my house this morning and condescended with great good nature to sit about three-fourths of an hour for the above likeness, having but little time to spare, being the last day of his stay in town.

Thus the date is fixed which heretofore was only approximated.

It is hoped that these additional notes may be the means of bringing additional information.

Charles Henry Hart.

A TWILIGHT SONG

For unknown buried soldiers, North and South.

AS I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak-flame,
Musing on long-past war scenes — of the countless buried unknown soldiers,
Of the vacant names, as unindented air's and sea's — the unreturn'd,
The brief truce after battle, with grim burial-squads, and the deep-filled trenches
Of gather'd dead from all America, North, South, East, West, whence they came up,
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
From the measureless West, Virginia, the South, the Carolinas, Texas;
(Even here in my room-shadows and half-lights, in the noiseless, flickering flames,
Again I see the stalwart ranks on-filing, rising — I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies);
You million unwrit names, all, all — you dark bequest from all the war,
A special verse for you — a flash of duty long neglected — your mystic roll strangely gather'd here,
Each name recall'd by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,
Henceforth to be, deep, deep, within my heart, recording, for many a future year,
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or North or South,
Embalm'd with love in this twilight song.

Walt Whitman.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TWO VIEWS OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

I

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF has shot like a flame across the sky. Six months ago her name had scarcely been spoken; to-day it is well-nigh a household word, and around it hot discussion has waged, and the most violent extremes of opinion have been called forth, ranging from a sort of cult to the most indignant protest and denunciation. Difficult indeed is it to fix the gaze calmly and steadily upon so meteor-like an apparition — to scan its orbit and take into account the eccentricities and aberrations of its course. Each of us must be content to see in Marie Bashkirtseff what we are capable of seeing. She has a personality that fairly exasperates some susceptibilities, and it is probably her own sex who will be most lenient to her; for the generality of men do not easily pardon an egotism which encroaches upon their own, an ambition which measures itself with theirs, and an absence of reserve which seems the very abdication of womanhood. To state the case against her: we must look upon her almost as a monstrosity — an abnormal and irrational being, entirely unworthy of our attention, sympathy, or respect; devoid of the natural affections and of every instinct of moderation and restraint; actually feeding upon self, and in turn devoured by self. On the other hand we may range ourselves with Mr. Gladstone, who bids us be careful how we deal with these same "abnormal beings, who seem to warn us common mortals," he says, "how we handle them roughly or lightly, because they are above and beyond us; our arms do not encompass them." From this point of view we may perhaps find in Marie, not alone that which repels and is to be dreaded and shunned, but that which supremely attracts, which animates and inspires us — so glowing and redundant a vitality that our own faculties are intensified, our perceptions quickened, and our energies reënforced. Centered in self as she was, there revolves around Marie a whole world of possibility and suggestion — a world that is so often blank and inert to our dull sense, but that to her was luminous, plastic, and full of revelation; visions of beauty beckon and invite her, lovely sounds woo her, and on all sides she is called out to the infinite. Like an Æolian harp her resonant nature vibrated at every touch. Art, music, books, nature, the whole gamut of the emotions swept over the strings that rang and finally snapped with the effort to express the ardent, concentrated, insatiable individuality that burned within her.

Call this selfishness if you will. Fortunately

for mankind, there are many unselfish women in the world — so many, that we understand how Marie comes to be looked upon as an anomaly, a *lusus naturæ* even. There are good daughters, good wives, and good mothers, to whom all honor and reverence, for the world could not exist without them. But in justification of Marie let us apply a broader test to these as well, and ask to how many of the most exemplary women does a larger unselfishness appeal? How many of them are capable of abstract and disinterested ideas — of motives and aims in no wise connected with their personal affections and the narrow circle of their routine and domestic experience? Marie is not a model in the household (Heaven forbid that we should suggest it!), but even here she may supply an element that is lacking, and that, under more favorable circumstances and conditions, could be put to noble service and win worthy report. For, if not in justification, in charity, at least, let us remember what was her training, what the influences that surrounded her, and the moral and religious ideals into which she was born. Had she lived longer, who has the right to say that she might not have redeemed her faults, and have risen out of self into higher spiritual growth? Such as she was, the tragic figure of Marie Bashkirtseff has flitted across the scene and passed into silence and rest. Twenty-four years had not gone over her head, and her face looks out upon us, in its immortal freshness and youth, with surprised and unanswered eyes. Whom the gods love, die young. Did the gods then love Marie? Many gifts were showered upon her, but much was denied her. Of sorrow she had her full measure, and of happiness only the dream unfulfilled, the divine expectation. May peace be with her now. *Ave atque Vale, Maria!*

* * *

II.

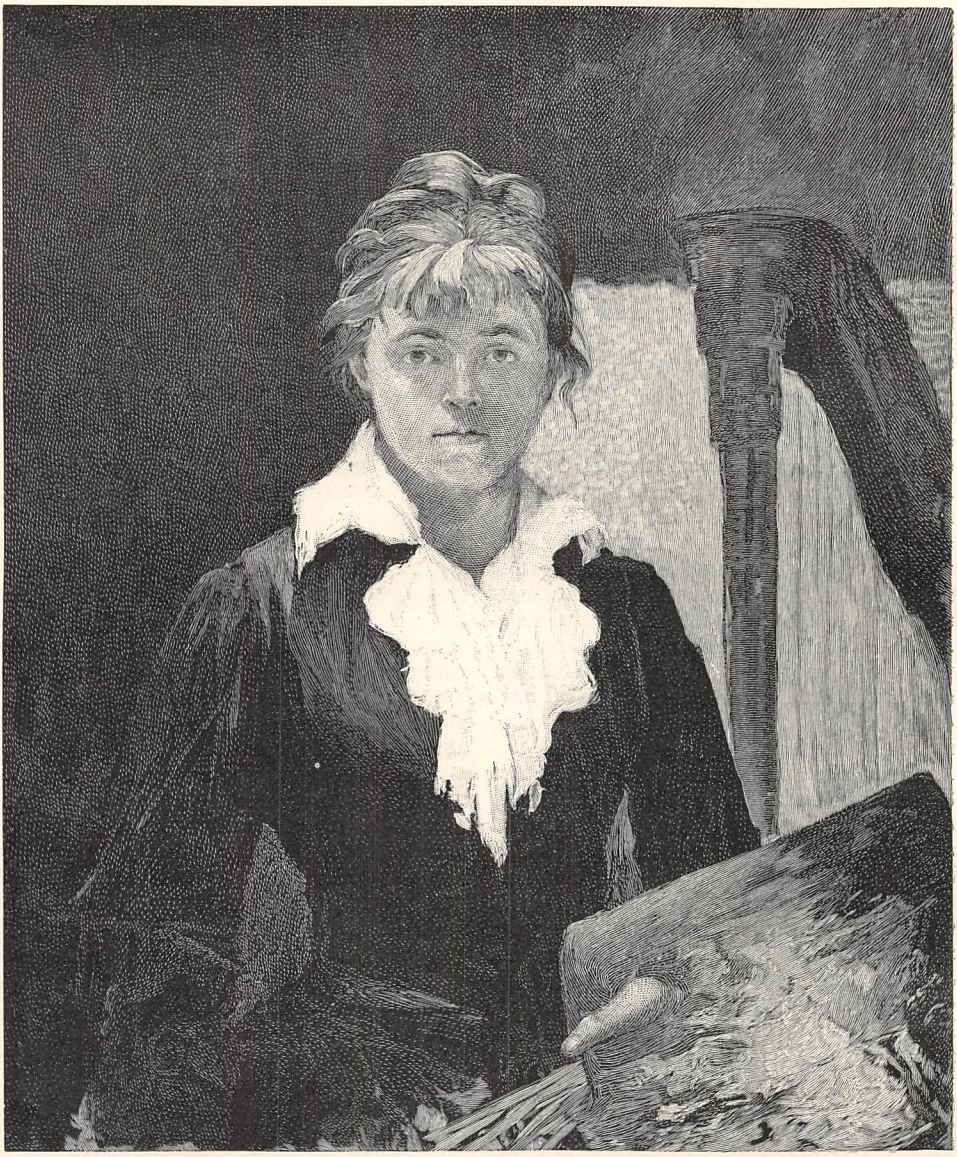
LA RUE.

THE end of the last century and the beginning of this produced a vast number of letter-writing and autobiographical ladies. It was the fashion for the young lady to look upon herself as an "object of interest," and carefully to describe her emotions and actions when brought in contact with Genius or Royalty or Superior Intelligence. That literature was often charming, and though not especially accurate or natural, it sometimes gave us side lights upon Great People which help us to understand their almost miraculous power.

The so-called naturalistic method changes all this. A young and gifted girl, full of ardor and enthusiasm, takes up her journal to relate at length her own sensations; analyzing her impulses, dissecting her emotions, and leaving us in the end ignorant of the most important factor in a woman's life — the impression which she made on others. What use to us are the details of her dress, or the color of her hair or eyes, if by dint of iteration of trivialities we are made to forget the impression of the whole? The fatal element of disintegration in the photographic method is the habit of accenting everything equally: the effect is monotonous, and the result is that the mind, having no point of especial interest to dwell upon, loses tone, and gradually grows to dislike the subject under consideration. We may be scientific, and, according to the theory of some writers, we are bound to feel as little for a girl who breaks her heart as for one whose new gloves have torn in pulling them on. But we all know that we do not and cannot feel so; and though we may read for the sake of the writer, we also protest for the sake of the writer — who does not dare give his theory full sway. Marie has attempted a photograph of her daily life, going into the least agreeable details; yet, for that very reason, she wearies the reader and gives us little of her best self. The things which to her seem of no moment are to us soul-searching, as when she tells, without a word of compunction, of her unsealing a letter from one doctor to another — a piece of dishonesty which even the law punishes severely, but which she does not appear to think wrong. Her attitude towards marriage would interest an American from its business-like tone in contrast to her visionary hopes and plans for her accomplishments and fame. *Fame* is her constant desire and cry from childhood. She thinks of it as a thing to be *done*, not as the result of something better done for itself or for humanity.

In reading this journal one cannot help asking one's self if the self-analysis which it attempts is a possible thing, or a useful experiment. Goethe called his confessions "Poesy and Truth"; and Marie Bashkirtseff, though she has no sense of poetry and strives after truth, gives us really a less vivid and less sympathetic view of herself than if she had fused her journal into an artistic form — as perhaps George Eliot did in her painting of Maggie Tulliver.

"It is curious," she says in the preface; "it



IN POSSESSION OF HER MOTHER. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY HERSELF.)

M. Bashkirtseff

is the life of a woman, day by day, without veil and without affectation; it is very interesting, merely as human statistics: ask M. Zola, and even M. de Goncourt or Maupassant." It is unusual and it is interesting; but it can hardly be instructive as "human statistics," in the sense in which Marie uses the word. It interests women more than men: men do not like to see the machinery by which they are to be captivated; and with all her analysis and her powers of charming, she seems not to have possessed that mysterious power, "the eternal femininity" of Goethe, which "draws us onward." Her admirers do not seem to have been lovers. In Paris and London groups of "scientific" people, especially those affiliated with the French naturalists of to-day, have thought it useful to write out their experiences, telling everything, as they understand everything,—that is, everything that should not be told,—to be read after death; or, if it makes a salable book, to be brought out without that artistic finale. Does not this method place the public in the attitude of the *valet de chambre*, before whom the greatest is unheroic? What gain to have this adage verified? We are still ignorant of the Hero, the exceptional being who can what others would. His own essence escapes himself. He can never understand himself dramatically as the actor of a comedy ending alway in a tragedy —death.

With this poor girl our interest rises as the gloom of the approaching fate begins to spread over the pages. Now comes the drama; and now the character, before vague and piecemeal, begins to develop. We are never deceived; we always know the fair, young, foolish thing must die, and her cries for fame, for love, for life, fill us with painful sympathies; her indifference and heartlessness to her family make us groan: we long to say, "Child, love your mother, do not criticize her; caress your poor aunt, who thinks only of you; do not turn from her to analyze her and your own feelings for her." Love is and ought to be blind, that it may have the heavenly sight unmarred by the accidents of human imperfection. Too caustic even towards herself, she never felt love in this sense; she was always watching and longing for it, but she never even guessed its "pure realm over sun and star."

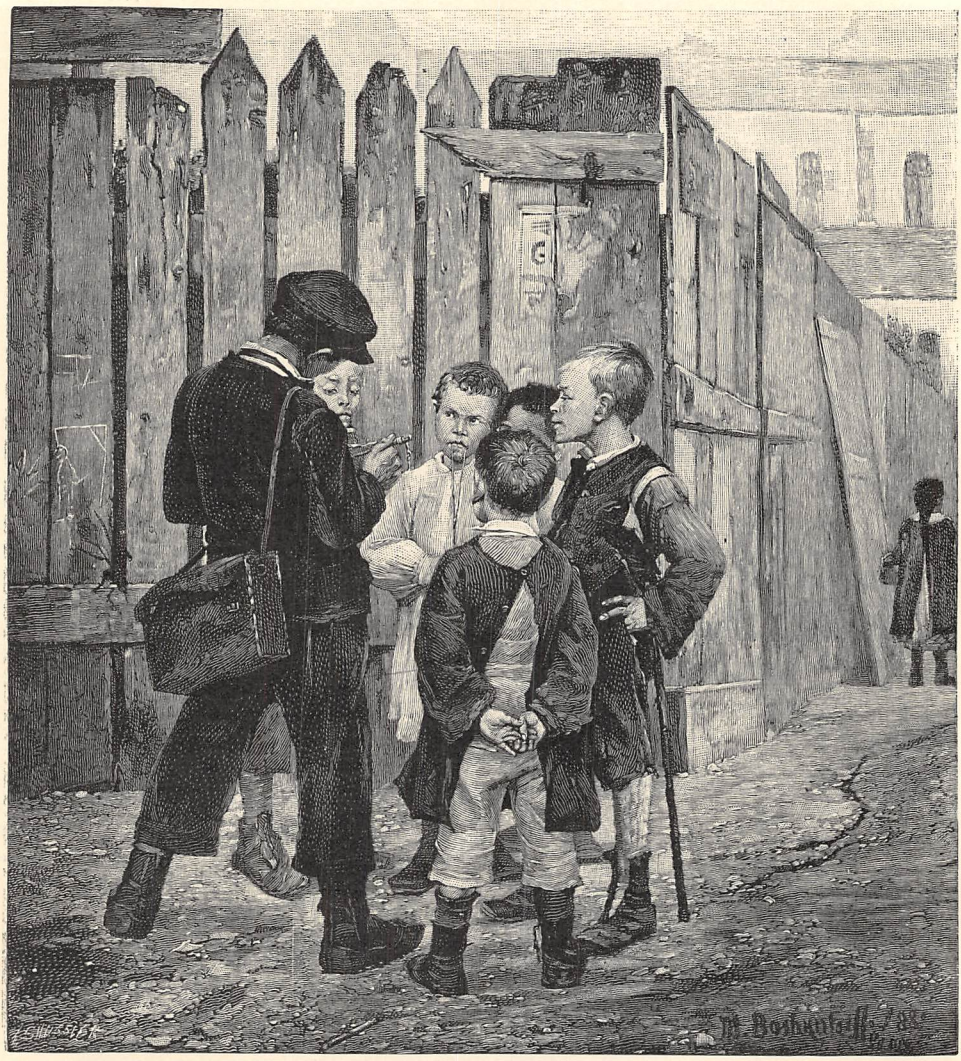
The girl who leaves these two thick volumes behind her, together with a great quantity of studies and a number of clever finished pictures, as the result of a brief, precocious life, was Russian to the core. Immensely gifted,—with a lovely voice, wealth, beauty, and position,—she had all that could be given or gained by the usage of society, the freedom of unlimited money, a devoted and indulgent family, a very remarkable power of application. That she should die early was a constant thought, and it is curious to trace back her fears and "visions of the night," dreams and anxieties, lest she should die and leave no sign. Yet here comes the impossibility to a human, living, breathing creature to think itself dead. "I shall die young," is a favorite phrase of young people,—it makes them interesting,—and she says, "It is a 'pose,' an emotion; I inclose a mystery; Death has touched me with his finger; there is a charm about it; besides, it is something new." But she does not believe it. She hesitates to spoil her *skin* to cure her lung!

The thread of savage blood, ever to be noted in the Russian, shows often in the early pages—rage, and fierce denunciations of people and things, an astonishing familiarity (at twelve years old) with the immoralities about her in Nice; and at sixteen, in Russia, where nothing is left unsaid, a lack of maidenliness (for want of a better word) in her treatment of her own soul and body — those liftings of the veil which the sensitive soul does not make even to itself. These seem to me to indicate a rank soil of savagery which the hot-house atmosphere of Nice and Paris covers with brilliant flowers.

We often see in persons of high birth, especially among women, a total lack of education,—in the sense of a drawing out of the faculties and a philosophical method in acquiring knowledge,—in spite of an appearance of having great advantages. The only sequence is, that all subserves to vanity. The men escape because their schools and colleges bring them perforce in contact with other kinds of people, and the world outside forces itself upon them. Deference was never taught this poor little princess, or the knowledge that there can be a higher joy than to get a Salon medal, be an admired singer, marry a duke with a mistress, or the nephew of a cardinal who may be pope, or set a fashion in a circle of the *beau monde*. Humanity, contemporary history, does not exist for her or her circle, and it is when she goes into the atelier with other girls that she first discovers with rage and jealous misery that others have a right to life, place, fame, and joys.

To any art student, especially to any girl studying art, the atelier part of the book is interesting; and in spite of the writer's crudeness, and her lack of nobility in her relations with her fellow-pupils and her masters, it is much the most sympathetic.

We feel as we do before the life-drawing of some of the French students, as if the ugly had too large a space — was insisted on with viru-



A "MEETING."

lence; that the lesson of nature could be taught better by choosing beauty and nobility to record, than by a minute attention to the hideous, the disgusting, and the ignoble. We feel sure that Marie did not show so selfish, so jealous, and so unwomanly a side to her young companions as she would have us believe, but that, when alone with her journal, she made an unconscious confession of the bad and forgot the good of her nature.

It could hardly be expected that her pictures should be great,—the mechanical difficulties of painting and sculpture are enormous,—but they are very fair student work. She is greatly under the influence of Lepage, and has little relish or understanding of the subtleties of form and color in the great art of the past.

The most interesting part to the world is her affection for and kindness to Bastien-Lepage, who died a few weeks after her death. When he was too ill to walk he was often carried to her house, where he and she sat, stretched out on two lounges, silent, dull with pain, letting their young lives drift away, seeming to have no outlook, no hope, and at the last no apparent desire for another and a purer, more ideal, life.

The book is a lesson in literary art read backwards, for it leaves us, by dint of explaining and detail, uncertain as to the real being beneath the appearance.

D.

THE FALLEN.

(IN MEMORIAM: MAY 30.)

I.

TOLL the slow bell,
Toll the low bell,
Toll, toll,
Make dole
For them that wrought so well;
To them that fought and fell,
Once more, farewell, farewell,
Once more, farewell.

Come, come,
Bid the dull drum
Hush all gladness dumb,
While dolorous horn and death-remembering bell
The steady voice of sorrow swell.
Solemn measures slow
Toll and beat and blow;
Rebuke it, darken, blight
This bright, unpitying light;
Put out all glories that adorn
This sweet, unheeding morn.
Toll — toll —
Toll — toll —
For them, our beauty and our might,
Gone on the unreturning way,
For them that took the night
That we might have the day.
Blow the sad horn
This glad May morn;
Knell, knell,
Let the slow bell
Be struck, and the troubled drum.

Come, come,
Sound on — since we must weep on — for their sleep
Who had not time to weep,
And our high honor keep.
Blow the sad horns,
Bring flowers for them that took the thorns.

The sacred scroll — let it once more be read,
Victors and vanquished, all the fallen together;
Here in the warm May weather,
Number once more the well-beloved dead.
Love, love forgets no brother
Born of our common mother;
Here in the warm May weather,
Bow we in grief together,
Kneel we in grief together:
To them that wrought so well,
To all that fought and fell,
Once more, farewell, farewell,
Once more, farewell.

II.

Death — Death! Whence cometh he
Who said that he should be?
Oh, if Death were, these were his foremost foes,
Who, though henceforth they tent
Beyond the firmament,
Deliver still their undiminished blows;
Who, marching bright and far
As flames the farthest star,
Along the fadeless field of light,
The ringing field of life and right,
Forever gather to the fight.

No more let Grief with his pale face
Offend the splendor and the grace,
The promise, of this place.
Bid hither cringing Doubt,
And drive his devil out:
The Lord our God, once more He saith,
"This hand made all; it made not Death."

Sepulchered not, but sown
In virtuous mold, the hardy seed
For harvest of th' enduring deed,
Here live and thrive God's own.
The brute goes down into his darkened gate,
Content with that unlovely ultimate;
But them we laid here side by side,
Scorned the mean clod, and, risen, abide.

Here did our soldiers, one by one,—
The last grand duty grandly done,—
These acres of green martyr sward
Add to the garden of our Lord.
Live words, swift words, and joyous, break
From these still mounds:
"Wake, Freedom, wake!
Blow the glad horn
This bright May morn,
This white May morn;
Strike up the martial stave;
Say, where those colors wave
Believed and battled they
Whose face was towards the day;
Say, there nor cowl nor crown
Shall strike you, Freedom, down;
Say on till Hell itself shall hear,
Men are that falter not nor fear;
Say, for th' unwavering brave
There is no grave."

Ay, stanch undaunted measures blow,
Still gath'ring courage as they go;
High, defiant measures sound,
Send the echoes round and round
Honor's utmost bound:

Again and yet again say for this land,
Still her soldier's sword is in his hand.
Say, these can yet the stiff sword thrust
Up through the dust.

The sinew and the rib of Liberty,
Who being gave to what was but a name —
Lift for them mightily
The voice of long acclaim;
Sound their true worth,
Sound their new birth,
Over the earth:
Blow through all the habitation of the brave
Their clear, eternal challenge to the grave.

John Vance Cheney.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XII.

ANASTASIA'S MARRIAGE.

"Good smiters when help is needed, though the feeble bend to the blow;
Men who when evil bares before them his hindmost teeth, fly gaily to meet him, in companies or alone."

"No wailer before ill-luck, one mindful in all he did
To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow's tale."

"Marriage a slavery beyond enduring
But that 't was of her own procuring."

"Women are governed by a stubborn fate:
No merit their aversion can remove,
No ill requital can efface their love."

AFTER the receipt of Olivia's letter Nathaniel was at Sandys every day. Lady Kelder showed her disapproval in many familiar ways; but, as she complained to Jael, "he bows to me and then takes the road. If it had been Mary Bellingham, or Alice Singleton, or Ruby Halliday, I could have made shift to endure it."

"Nay, my Lady. You would have thought Mistress Bellingham gave my young master but half a heart, the other half being with Charles Stuart; and Mistress Singleton is full cousin, and not to be thought of; and Mistress Halliday hath the dream of the Fifth Monarchy Men, and would be like enough to keep us all in hot water with the Commonwealth."

"Then a God's mercy! why should he marry any one? And here also is the baron dallying his time away at Oliver's court — a fine court truly — and I a poor lonely lady as ever bore the name."

"The Lord General delays the baron from kind memories. Few that push themselves into high places are so humble-minded, my Lady."

"High places! Yes, he hath a high place. And I wish him as much joy in it as he has right to it. Those Cromwells patron to Kelder! It passes my understanding."

"To be sure 't is so, but in worst extremes we may remember ourselves that blow wind ever so fast it will have to lower itself ere long. To-morrow is untouched, my Lady."

"It is not untouched, Jael. To-day propheseies for to-morrow. To-day we love and we plan, and to-morrow we have the outcome. Yes, indeed; and the thing intended brings with it many a thing not intended. I have had sorrows, Jael, in the past; and I know how past sorrows breed present ones."

"My Lady, I would n't carry next year, and the year after, on your heart. Wherever to-day's comforts come from, to-morrow's will come also. There is always the 'wherewith' for the want. And many a God's-penny you have for the days to come; so I would n't take on over miscomforts clear and sheer gone forever. All of us stand in hand to look forward, and not backward. 'T was yesterday only, when young master sat making the flies for his trout-fishing, I heard him singing some words that set me thinking so."

"Your young master hath the song ever on his tongue now; that is because he is thinking of — somebody."

"I should n't wonder, my Lady. I never knew any one sing that thought about themselves. Dismal work that, and nothing to sing about. My young master hath a fine voice, and I warrant he made a sweet music to the words as ever I heard."

"Love words, doubtless, Jael?"

"Not they; but wise words, as you shall hear, my Lady:

"'Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.'

"And anon he tuned up gaily, and sang of

"'Spring, the sweet spring,
The year's pleasant king,
And the lark's silver
Leer-a-leer! Leer-a-leer!'

"'T was a good sight to me, and I stood idling a ten minutes watching and listening to him."

"Ah, Jael, my son hath a sweet temper and a noble heart."

"And a noble presence, my Lady. As he sat there, singing in the sunshine, he looked wondrous like you."

"He hath truly a look of me, and it does not hurt him. He is away to Sandys again, Jael."

"I fear, then, he will get a wetting ere he get back. Listen to the quails in the juicy corn, crying, 'Wet my feet!' If they 'd satin slippers on, they could n't make more fuss about a drop of rain. Come, my Lady, be well at ease. The baron will be here anon; and for the other matter, as you cannot manage it, you may just as well leave it."

She had been dressing her lady's hair as she talked, and with these final words she handed her a little silver-framed mirror to inspect her arrangement.

"I think it will do, Jael. Bring me my second-best house-gown; surely the baron will arrive to-night." And in this hope she dressed herself, letting her jealous, angry thoughts of Nathaniel drift away on its happier tide.

It was on this afternoon — the fifth after the receipt of Olivia's letter — that Nathaniel saw her waiting for him. The sky had become cloudy, and the quail's fretful fear was on the point of being realized. But Nathaniel thought the slight, white-robed figure, standing with uncovered head in the gray light, fairer for the somber atmosphere surrounding it.

They met without words, for their eyes had a quicker speech. But oh, how full were the hours that followed! What confidences! What silences! Nathaniel learned over again every changing light and shadow on her sweet face. And his love-fraught gaze upon her was like sunshine on flowers. It brought the rose into her cheeks, the light into her eyes. It suffused her smiles, her low words, her shy looks with such responsive love that the afternoon went like a moment, and it was sunset, dark and rainy, before they had well begun their story.

On that same afternoon the baron said his farewell to Cromwell. He was then at Whitehall, and thither Kelder went, with a melancholy sense that it was the last earthly interview with his old comrade. In London the day was fine and clear, but Cromwell was in one of the darkest of those dark moods which clouded the latter part of his life. The baron found him wandering through the empty rooms of Whitehall, musing upon the discord and disunion in the ranks of his party, and he said bitterly to Kelder, "All is but vanity — vanity and vexation of spirit."

"His loving-kindness faileth not."

"I am in the shadows, Odinel; soul-shadows, if I may say so: they fall where they please, without regard to the sun. Many things press sore on me. I live as it were in the fire." And he began to complain sadly of the religious chaos of the time — the Solemn League and Covenant Men, the Fifth Monarchy Men, the Presbyterians, the prelates and the Independents, all asking but one question, Who shall get the living? "Truly, Odinel, the burden is heavy on me."

"Perhaps, then, Quakers are not so foolish as we deem them. Sure 't is the part of peace and wisdom to retreat from all these confusions to the Light Within. Perhaps, also, these men may weary of their contentions, and at eventide you may have the peace you have truly wrought for."

"'T is not to be hoped for; 't is not, indeed. Many dogs have never killed their own mutton, but those who have begun to do so will not cease the bad charge of themselves. So 't is with men; many have meddled not with plots and politics, but those who have but once done so, 't will be extraordinary indeed if they cease their troubling."

Thus conversing they left the palace and walked into that royal avenue of elms which then adorned St. James's Park; and after a while they came to "that pretty garden house" which was then the abode of Milton, and in later days of Hazlitt and Jeremy Bentham. There were five persons present, and among them Sir Roger L'Estrange, a bitter royalist but a great lover of music. He was playing the viol with Mr. Milton, and all singing Shirley's grand lyric:

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Cromwell sat down, and at the last two lines his face kindled, and he sang them with a solemn enthusiasm. Then Mr. Milton went to the organ and there was sung a madrigal, and a canon of Lock's, and at the last the "Orpheus Hymn." And strange it was to see how even Sir Roger forgot his enmity in the fine harmonious sounds, and how men were at one in a musical part who were at sixes and

sevens when it came to theology and politics.

The Protector and Kelder left before the impromptu concert was ended, and at the little gate on the Westminster side they bid each other farewell. Cromwell had become gloomy and silent as soon as they lost the last echo of the music. He said his farewell like one who was tired, and who felt the sudden return of some swift-gathering sorrow which he might forget for a moment, but never escape. Yet in spite of his gloom the man's parting smile was an actual phenomenon. It came from some sunny depth in his nature, and remained forever in the heart of the man who caught it; a wonderful smile, though he said with it:

"If it be a last farewell, Kelder, I say it truly without grieving. Whenever He shall be pleased to call me I am prepared to dislodge. I am everywhere free."

And as the clashing gate parted them Kelder whispered: "I have seen the last of him. O my old captain! Shall we meet again among the hosts of heaven? Truly, Michael the chief will welcome you for a brave comrade."

He hardly understood the passion of grief and admiration which melted his heart within him. But he felt how dear those are who have been our associates in any good or great work, and how specially dear if that memory is set in those noon-days of life when we were happy of heart and strong and willing in the day of our power.

He went thoughtfully through the city, noticing very little, and so by easy stages to Kelderby. Between Lancashire and Westmoreland there is a bleak country, so wild and desolate that even at this day the manufacturing villages perched on the hilltops affront its natural loneliness. Few people in Cromwell's time crossed it, but Kelder's nearest way home lay through the western portion. As his horse painfully picked his steps among bogs and boulders, he saw four men toiling along before him. They were grave in gait, and, but for the want of swords, looked like disbanded Ironsides. They walked, too, like men having some earnest purpose, and when Kelder overtook them he asked if they had business that way.

"We have a great business on God's earth, yet not in men's market-places"; and then, walking by Kelder's side, they reasoned with him of righteousness and of judgment to come, and specially of that attractive doctrine of the Inward Light, alluring men by the infallibility of its guidance and the independence of its individuality.

One of the men was John Audland, a young Independent minister of great learning, who had joined Fox at his first appearing, and Kelder had some knowledge both of him and of his wife, the beautiful, wealthy, and pious Anne Newby. He gladly talked with him until they came to a lonely farm-house at which the evangelists were to stay, and he never forgot John's parting words:

"Odinel Kelder, if a prophet told thee to do some great thing, thou wouldst gladly obey him. Thou wouldst draw up truth from the deep, or bring it down from the heavens; but thou canst not believe it is within thee. Stretching out thy hands to an unknown God, thou heedest not the God in whom thou livest, and movest, and hast thy being."

It was sunset when they parted, and Kelder rode on, full of thought, until the gray hills and the gray clouds met, and the horizon was like a still sea. A lonely hostelry received him, and he was weary enough to have slept soundly. But neither weariness nor the thought of home, now only a day's journey distant, could put aside the seriously transcendent words of John Audland. True, he had not Fox's imperial logic, but he had Paul's faith in his heart and Paul's words on his tongue; and Kelder, do as he would, could not rid himself of the great apostle's manifesto, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

And then the wailing of a babe in the next room recalled the mystery of the Incarnation, and it was gray dawn when he went to sleep, with that same wonder in his heart that Richard Crashaw had just so eloquently expressed for him:

That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old
Eternal Word would be a child, and weep;
That He who made the fire should feel the cold;
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controlled:
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears:
And free Eternity submit to years.

In the evening of the following day the baron reached Kelderby. There all things were as usual, but he heard that a small body of cavalry had taken up their quarters in Kendal. They had offered no information concerning their visit, and Kelder, though suspecting it, was equally reticent. The generality knew that Kendal and its vicinity was the home of many active royalists. Lord Derwent had recently fled to the king in France, and so men with bad consciences concerning their affection to the Commonwealth walked very softly, and kept their tongues even from good, while those stern-looking Artegals walked silent and watchful up and down the quiet streets of their town.

De Burg heeded them very little. He knew more of forbidden knowledge than most of the citizens, and he was confident they were watch-

ing Strickland. For this young man had a certain bravery of his opinions, and a contempt for any equivocal hiding of them, which De Burg had often foretold would bring him into trouble. He expected every morning to hear of his arrest, and he was happy in the expectation. For he had not forgotten Strickland's contemptuous treatment, neither was he so much the friend of the king as to put the safety of his friends before the punishment of De Burg's enemies.

He had no knowledge of the baron's visit to London. Events happening in Silverdale took a long time to reach Kendal, especially in the haying season, and he saw Nathaniel frequently about the town, or on the highways. Even if a visit to Cromwell had suggested itself to his mind, he would have been certain that only Nathaniel could take it; but such an event never occurred to him as probable. He could break faith as suited his desire or his convenience, but he did not reflect that his own breach of honor canceled the obligations of others.

Also, he had plenty of private business to attend to: Anastasia required more conciliation than he had ever before considered it necessary to give to any woman, and Chenage, having in a manner arranged his own happiness, was not concerned to redeem his promises to De Burg as promptly as De Burg expected and desired. He had been compelled to let the vessel belonging to Le Tall's friend sail without him, and in consequence had had to make two secret journeys to Whitehaven, in order to arrange with another captain.

But at length the £200 was paid, the ship waiting, and Anastasia gave that reluctant consent which necessity wrings from the unwilling heart. Chenage and De Burg wished the ceremony to be as private as possible, but Anastasia's nature demanded the support which a crowd of fellow-creatures was sure to give her. She felt that if she must transact this business of marriage it could be done with the least suffering to herself if the whole town was present to give her its admiration and approval.

And when she appeared on her bridal morning King Solomon in all his glory might well have been astonished at this young woman. Her dress of silver brocade had a stomacher of pearls. Three rows of pearls encircled her throat. Bracelets of pearls were around her arms. A golden comb set with pearls held back the veil of her flowing hair. Her neck and bosom were partly covered with a scarf of French lace, and a little apron of the same material was full of white roses. The moonlight radiance, the soft shimmer of her whole toilet, but intensified the brilliance of her beauty — of eyes that flashed or languished as it pleased her; of cheeks that glowed like carnations; of an air at once resolved, daring, cajoling, and fascinating.

The sun shone with a brilliance that went to the heart; the bells were ringing as if each separate bell had a conscious jubilant voice; the town had the air of a holiday, and as she went through it hearty hurrahs answered the bells, and women and children threw flowers into her coach, with loud-spoken admiration and good wishes.

All this tumult of bride-blessing was seriously disliked by Chenage. What had these crowds of men and women to do with his Anastasia? He was jealously angry that they should appropriate any portion of his joy, or assume the right to look at his bride and express their interest in her beauty and happiness. A sullen gloom was in his eyes, even as he walked to the altar; but when Anastasia scattered her roses before it, and then turned to him with a smile, he forgot everything but the loveliness of the girl whose hand he took.

De Burg watched him with hearty suspicion and dislike. He had learned both to doubt and to detest him, and there had been hours lately in which Anastasia, had she known it, could have changed her fate by a tear or a caress. So near in life do two destinies often meet. The quiver of an eyelid might enable a soul to pass from misery to happiness; but ignorance of the fact makes the barrier insurmountable, beyond effort, and beyond hope. Anastasia would gladly have broken the chain of circumstances in which she was bound, but her evil genius stood watching her with sarcastic approval, always choosing the wrong moment, always taking the wrong method, in any effort she made for this end. And at last it was too late. She was the wife of Roger Chenage, and he soon let her understand her new position. In the church, with the wedding guests standing around, his first words to her had the tone of a command.

"Come, Asia!"

Only two words, but they were uttered with the peremptory air of a master, and De Burg looked at his daughter with a quick and angry inquiry. Did she wish him, even then and there, to answer for her? Anastasia met the unspoken sympathy with eyes full of meaning; there was defiance and strength and satisfaction in them, and for many a doubtful day De Burg rested himself in the confidence of that quick, assuring glance.

Wedding breakfasts are often but sorry affairs; how often is their mirth fictitious, how often at the bottom of the laugh and the wine cup is there some pretense, disappointment, or uncertainty. But there was at least the semblance of joy in De Burg Hall while An-

astasia queened it a few hours longer in her father's house. She sat at the head of the feast, and all drank to her loveliness, and all praised her past and gave her good wishes for her future.

Chenage was little pleased at the secondary part he had to play. For he also was splendidly attired in ruby velvet and white satin, with ruby brooches fastening the white feathers in his hat and the satin points of his doublet. However there are times when the surliest of mortals are compelled to pretend to the virtue they do not possess, and a man has an obligation at least to affect happiness on his wedding day. So Chenage drank deeply, and laughed loudly, and complimented himself, until he attained a comfortable state of self-complaisance.

Early in the afternoon his carriage, drawn by six horses, drove up to De Burg for his bride. Anastasia saw it coming, and her heart sank within her. To hide her tears she fled to her room. There was some excuse made of necessary changes in her toilet, but with or without excuse she felt she could no longer play her part unless she were permitted a little space for entire abandonment of it. When she was surely alone and the bolt drawn between her and the world what a transformation there was! She wrung her hands, she whispered passionate words of wrong and misery and hate. She forgot the waiting coach and the impatient bridegroom; she felt nothing and cared for nothing but the outrageous and cruel mockery which had deprived her of freedom and driven her from the home where at least she had been loved and indulged far beyond the women of her generation.

In such a tempest of sorrow she forgot time, she forgot the ostensible purpose for which she had sought her room. She was recalled to the facts of her present state by a sudden sense of tumult in the hall where the feast was spread. She stood up and listened intently, never doubting but that her father and her husband had at length found a good opportunity for the quarrel latent between them. A feeling of satisfaction sent smiles to her lips and a wicked dancing light to her eyes. She began to unfasten the white knot on her brocaded shoe, and to count the pearls with which the instep was ornamented, asking herself the while, "What need to hurry?" If Chenage was getting his first lesson, she would give her father time to make it a very thorough one.

"One, two, three, four large pearls, and eleven small ones. I must have lost one. What is the matter? I swear they are fighting! That is my father's voice, and, by my soul! I like not its tone."

She instantly clasped the shoe on her foot again and went swiftly back to the wedding guests. All was in an uproar, and De Burg stood foaming with passion under the iron grip of two soldiers. Six others stood at the door, and their captain, a stern old man, insensible to all earthly voices but such as gave an order, was reading to De Burg the particular one under which he was acting. It was Cromwell's own, and De Burg in his fury spit at it.

Anastasia needed no explanation. She clung to her father with tears and passionate outcries, and when Chenage would have taken her in his own arms she turned on him with inconceivable rage, and vowed that "he, and only he, had been the deceiver and the betrayer of her father." Her beauty, her rich apparel, her despairing love and grief for her father, her withering contempt for her husband, her reckless scorn for Cromwell and all of Cromwell's doings, her vehement expressions of loyalty to the king, invested the girl with an insolence and a splendor of defiance which touched nearly every man in the room.

Le Tall fidgeted from window to window. The soldiers glanced from under dropped eyelids, and were as sorry for her as they dared be for such an incarnation of the world and the flesh. Only the grim Ironside reading Cromwell's order was indifferent to the vision of carnal loveliness. He indeed looked at Anastasia for a moment, but it was with repulsion; and though she turned to him with eyes swimming with tears, he gave the order for De Burg's removal as resolutely as if he had been made invulnerable to the sweet influences of womankind.

There were reasons for such insensibility. During his stay in Kendal he had made himself familiar with the nature, the history, and the life of the De Burgs. He read Anastasia as if her face was a printed book. He had watched all of De Burg's movements. He had fathomed the depth of his turpitude. He had heard and comprehended the whole affair relating to Roger Prideaux. He thought no better of Anastasia than of her father. Her beauty was the devil's beauty, and he saw behind it the cruel heart and the false tongue. Silly men might fall into her snares, but Captain Giles Quarritch — never!

Having read aloud the order under which he acted, he gave the word of command. Then Le Tall stepped forward and said:

"Captain, consider if herein bail may not be taken. I would myself do much."

"It may not even be put to the question, sir. I act upon first orders."

"At leastwise suffer your prisoner to see his daughter away, and to make some arrangements concerning his household."

"There needs no more ordering of it. He was ready to leave England for France this sunset had he not been interrupted in his intentions."

"Take you him to Lancaster Castle or to London?"

"He goeth to Appleby jail, until the assize settle the quality of his guilt."

There was a moment of high-strung silence, a sharp cry, and Anastasia fell senseless at her father's feet. Some women-servants were called, and they carried the insensible bride into an adjoining room.

She came back to consciousness in a fit of hysterical weeping which she was unable to control. It ended in a deep sleep, and the afternoon was far advanced when she awakened. An ominous stillness was in the house. Refusing all assistance, she rose and went to the dividing door and opened it. The table was still covered with the remains of the feast, but the guests had all gone. The hateful Parliamentary soldiers had also left—and they had taken her father away with them. To Appleby! The word rung in her ears as if it was beat upon a thousand anvils. Pale and distraught, she stood in the doorway gazing upon the deserted banquet. Chenage soon disturbed her reverie.

"Come, mistress," he said. "If you are yourself again, we will go home. This house is worse than a nightmare."

"I will stay here until my father comes back."

"I promise you will be at Chenage before you eat or sleep again. Three of my men are on the coach; be pleased to say if you will use their feet or your own."

Then she resolutely called her soul to duty. She saw that he would willingly humiliate her if she permitted him the opportunity, and she answered: "I am ready. Go when you will."

"Take off that finery; pearls are not bought for a penny or two. You may lose them."

"You bought them not. They are the De Burg pearls."

"They were. They are now mine."

"If they are now yours, then I will never wear them more. Here!" And she snatched them from her neck and arms and bosom, and flung them on the floor at his feet. Then turning from him, she sent one of her women for her cloak and another for her hood, and before Chenage had gathered and put safely into his pockets the precious beads she was ready for the journey.

The afternoon was well on, and the road rough and lonely. The hills soon shut them in, and as the sun set the mist came swooping down and wrapped them in its damp, depressing atmosphere. Anastasia sat gazing inward, backward, forward, anywhere but on the man at her side; and the servants, who had expected wine and mirth and wedding gifts, sat silent also, wondering and disappointed. Chenage made several attempts to conciliate his bride, for he felt both wounded and mortified, but Anastasia was as one who heard not. Her fine wedding-dress gleamed in the gathering darkness, but she took no heed of it, though it caught the dust of the highway and the damp and tarnish of the mist and the mud and water of the rocky becks.

It was nine o'clock when they reached Chenage Grange, but the summer twilight cast a pallid, mournful light, making all things unreal and shadowy. She glanced up at the house as they approached it and sighed heavily. It stood gauntly among melancholy moors in the midst of a grove of decaying trees. There was a garden in front of it, but it was fallen into neglect, and made sorrowful by the shuddering gloom of its numerous yew trees. A doleful house, haunted by memories of evil-doing and wraiths of unredeemed wrong.

A number of servants, old men and women, stood in the hall to receive their new mistress. There were some candles in the wall sconces, but they made only a dull light in the large empty place. Still it was enough for Anastasia to see the gray stooping figures of her new domestics as they parted to let her pass between them.

Trailing her lustrous dress, with a head proudly lifted, and sad eyes seeing nothing but the steep stairway up which Chenage preceded her, Anastasia entered her new home. Two old men soon afterwards put out the lights, and as they did so they shook their heads at each other with a prophetic intelligence of sorrow. When this duty was done they hobbled back to the kitchen fire, where the women, not yet too old to be envious of the bride's beauty, and angry at her for neglecting their special claim upon her notice, sat muttering of evil portents.

But Anastasia had at this hour no thought of conciliation, no wish for sympathy. The presumption of youth had told her that she should "always dwell in painless towers," and it was hard for her all at once to be forced to endure both the present and the oncoming pang, and to acknowledge to herself that she must bear her destiny as best she could, knowing well the resistless might of necessity.

XIII.

OLIVIA AND ANASTASIA WANTED.

"When a wrong idea possesses any woman much bitterness flows from her."

"See how faithless is the female race—and ye are partners in what has been done."

To be content with little is hard; to be content with a great deal is almost impossible.

While Kelderby was nearly lost, Lady Kelder had made but very modest demands upon the future; now that there was no strange finger upon its title-deeds, she was conscious of more comprehensive expectations. After the baron's return she went about her fair old home with something of the same elation which had made her as a bride so proudly happy, so gratefully aware of her fine position. Then the care that had been second became prime, and she felt that it was impossible to be content unless Nathaniel could be induced to give up Olivia.

"And I look to fight this battle alone, Jael," she said; "for as the baron grows old, he grows more careless in particulars. I trow he would make the narrow road to heaven wide enough for all sorts of men, even such as the Quakers."

"I think, my Lady, you are such an one as would like a great company with you on heaven's highway. Maybe them as wants to go there alone won't get there at all."

"Jael, I am not a bigot, and you know it. But I do like people to be either saints or sinners."

"Not in nature, my Lady. There be plenty of shades between white and black, and twilight comes between day and night. Middling kinds everywhere."

"Then I will none of them. The Rev. Mr. Duttred says that Quakers have neither churches nor priests nor creeds, being all in themselves. If a man is a Christian he has a creed. You know that, Jael."

"Indeed, my Lady, if men must learn theology ere they learn Christ our blessed heaven will be empty. I know that, and 't is most sure that the Quakers pattern their lives after Christ. On Prideaux's estate there be none poor, and the old and the sick want neither help nor comfort. Mistress Prideaux taught old John of Scraffel Fell to read his Bible, and 't is a common report that she pays Dame Boyd to teach the lads and lassies day by day."

"Small thanks to her. I like not people educated above their wits. Fill a cup beyond what it will hold, and it slops over to no decent purpose; and I can tell you this, Jael, the little cups are very plenty."

"True, my Lady."

On the very night of his return home the baron had told Lady Kelder of Olivia's interview with the Protector. "A lovely girl," he said, "who affected his spiritual nature in the same way as a beautiful view affected his eye."

"Who was with her? How was she dressed? What was her behavior?"

"She came into the presence with George Fox. Her dress was of a rich, dark satin; her head was uncovered; her hands were dropped and lightly clasped. She hath a very comely face, and great wisdom and composure."

"I will warrant the 'composure,' for I must tell you I went to call upon her, being anxious, for Nathaniel's sake, to see if there was any good thing in her. Composure! Faith! she was like a marble woman, and I vow, as I am Lady Kelder, that she almost dismissed me her presence."

"Nay, then—"

"Oh, I mean not in so many words, but she rose up and asked if I would eat or drink, and the motion so fit into my own mood that I followed it and rose also without consideration. I have had a spite at myself ever since."

"I think, indeed, that Nathaniel might seek farther for a wife and find worse."

"I would rather he never married at all."

"Joan! Who, then, comes after him? Would you have Kelderby go to my second cousin Nicholas and his sons?"

"I hate Nicholas Kelder, but he is better than Olivia."

"Joan, you talk only from your lips outwards. The girl is lovely and good, and hath the likelihood of a fine estate. For my part, I wish no greater ill may ever come to Nathaniel than his full wish in the matter of Olivia Prideaux."

"I think she casts a spell over every man. If good King James were yet alive she would be counted a witch. And if she hath you on one side and Nathaniel on the other, pray shall I walk behind her?"

"You and I are one, Joan."

"Not if the Quakeress comes between us. And I tell you plainly, Odinel, I will not have her under this roof, nor yet will I give Swaffham for her use, nor will I ever give her welcome as Nathaniel's wife. Faith! for one so wondrous fair and wise the place is too small for her deserts."

This was the keynote of Lady Kelder's domestic mood, as that mood affected Nathaniel and Olivia. But Nathaniel was a wise young man, and knew how to guide his affairs without making any offensive parade of his independence. Affection and reflection had alike taught him that there was neither honor nor self-respect in a victory of any kind over his mother. He could, despite of her, take his own way; but how unblessed and sad a way it would be if, in order to take it, he must tread under his feet even the prejudices of a heart so dear to him!

So though he went to see Olivia constantly, there was as little remark as might be concerning the visits. For life at Sandys had fallen into orderly grooves. Hannah Mettelane would suffer no usual duty to be neglected. The farmmen went about the haymaking and shearing

and harvesting, as if Roger was only on a journey and might be home at any hour. The confections and sweet waters were made in their order and season. The still-room was crowded with bowls and platters holding sweet herbs and brews. The atmosphere of the house was like a spice-garden, and the garden itself as gay as if it was an outgarth of Paradise.

Roger wrote once a week to his daughter and his sister. He made no complaint of suffering or ill-usage, and it was so natural to hope for the best that perhaps more was hoped than there was warrant for. But Roger's trial was to take place in September, and the time was always spoken of as that of "Roger's return."

One day, towards the end of August, Nathaniel went to Sandys early in the afternoon. It was a hot day, full of brilliant sunshine. The shadows were diaphanously purplish, the winds were all at peace, and a mysterious calm brooded over the lonely land. Never had the long, rambling house had an air so homelike and so ancient. It seemed as much a part of the landscape as the distant hills or the brawling trout-stream which was one of its boundaries.

Between the garden and the park there was a row of sycamore trees, and in their amber shadows he tied his horse; for he expected Olivia to be in the garden, and he went up and down it looking for her. There was not a sound except the busy murmur of the bees round their hives — straw skeps, full of the scent of mountain flowers and the aroma of pine woods. Near them was a trickling spring, and like sentinels around it the August lilies stood, virgin flowers exhaling the airs of heaven, and clad in the lawn of almost naked light.

As he gazed at them, spellbound by their sweet purity, he saw Olivia coming towards him. She also was clothed in white, and her tall, slight form, and pale, radiant face gave her a strange similitude to the flowers. He hastened to meet her; he took her hands in his, and led her to the shaded seat beside the fountain and the lilies. How full of meaning were their common words of courtesy! How eloquent her speaking face, her clear, candid eyes, the light touch of her hand upon his arm!

He spoke to her first of those ordinary mutual interests which he always found it well to use as introductory. For Olivia was no babbler and no complainer. The tendency of women with their lovers is to meet them with some tale of sorrow or of petty tyranny, and so to enlist either a true or an affected sympathy. Olivia would not so wrong herself; she was just, and would not wrong others; she trusted Nathaniel's love, and knew that it could not be increased by sentimental complaining, nor made more tender by fictitious opposition. She would have scorned the love which required nurturing by means so false and contemptible.

So hitherto their courtship had been undimmed by unnecessary complaining and tears. As for their real sorrows, they were discussed simply, without exaggeration, and in confidence with all who shared them. This afternoon, however, Nathaniel felt, rather than saw, some new cause of distress; but he waited patiently for Olivia to open her heart to him, and she was not in a hurry to cloud the calm rapture of their meeting. She listened to all his doings and plans — his hopes of a return to Parliament, his militia honors and annoyances, his anxieties about his father's health, his pleasant sympathies in his mother's successes with her cosmetics and confections.

Then there was a little pause. Her head lay backwards against the green wall of privet. Nathaniel clasped her hand. The warm, sweet garden was full of peace and fragrance; it was all their own; in their simple nearness to each other they were blissfully happy. But they did not tell each other so; for the sense of happiness which makes us silent is far superior to that which makes us eloquent, and Joy is shyer than Grief — the heavenly visitant but flutters a moment between two hearts, and is gone. Olivia broke the spell with a sigh, and then he heard the words he had been half fearing to hear:

"Nathaniel, there hath been a sad letter from my father."

"My dear heart! I felt it. Surely he is not ill?"

"My father is well, but Asa Bevin is very sick indeed. I fear that he will not recover. Also, De Burg hath an inflammation, and is out of reason and beyond management."

"De Burg 'sick and in prison.' That concerns me, Olivia."

"I think so. My father is caring for him, but Asa is also in his charge, and I fear that the labor will be too great for him. Nathaniel, I think that I ought to go to Appleby."

"I will go for you. 'T is beyond reason that you should go. Also, I do not think that you would be let behind bars. And, my dear one, how could you bear it, if you were?"

"There are more than fifty women Friends now in common jails for conscience' sake. Many of them are even more delicately nurtured than I. And Asa is not only Asa. There is One who deigns to hold Asa's sufferings as his own. I cannot have him say to my heart, 'I was sick, and ye visited me not.' How could I bear such a reproach?"

"What says Mistress Mettelane?"

"She thinks that going before our set time is but a forcing of Providence. But, Nathaniel, my dear one, she hath the making of the elder-

flower wine on her hands, and she cannot see how a greater duty must put by a lesser one. Her conscience is very tender, but it is near-sighted. What is far off, or what is far away, troubles it not."

"In general it is a good spirit. Sufficient unto the day is the care of the day. And in this matter I think you may be guided by your aunt. I will go to Appleby. I will go at once."

"I cannot take 'think.' I must be sure. And not any one, not even *thee*, dear Nathaniel, *can* do my duty for me."

"Well, then?"

"I will seek clearness and counsel this night, and the way He shows me I will take, however strait it be."

"O Olivia! You do not know what a jail is; even to see its horrors will terrify you."

"Many of my sisters are living in its horrors. I wish not to pass my days more at ease in this world than Christ passed his — than those bearing his testimony have the measure of."

"But, dearest, this jail is a very Valley of Death."

"The snares of life are greater than the fears of death. And thou knowest that there is a life unknown, hid from men, but most intimate with God. This life is indifferent to its surroundings. It is as possible in Appleby jail as in this fair garden of Sandys. A dear friend who visited my father told him that while lying in the common jail at Dover Castle he knew the glory of this hidden life. 'Roger,' he said, 'as I lay upon my bed of straw in a comfortable sleep and rest, the hand of my God fell upon me, and his sweet and comforting presence awakened me, and so continued with me unto the morning watch; and my soul was filled with his living presence, as with a mighty river, so that nothing appeared but joy and gladness.' This also is my God, and I have waited for him. So thou seest this life hid with God is not dependent on outward circumstances. And if I would keep peace at home — that is, in my own soul — I must not wrong my conscience. In the morning, come, and I will go with thee, or send by thee; I am ready, as the way is opened."

"I will come. What are the particulars concerning my cousin De Burg?"

"He hath been unmanageable from the first, and hath drunk much wine. Now he knows not anything, and my father thinks him to be in a very bad condition."

"A sharp sauce has De Burg got himself with the cursedness of his own way."

"Thou shouldst not reproach the unhappy. The hand of God is upon them."

He could oppose her will no longer. Her holy eyes pleaded with him — nay, they commanded him, and he felt obliged to heed them.

But it was with an anxious and sorrowful heart that he returned to Kelderby. The baron and Lady Kelder had been talking of their son and Olivia Prideaux, and Lady Kelder was angry at what she considered the sinful indifference of her husband. But Kelder had come to that time of life when he did not care to be continually meddling with what he could not mend. And he knew his son well enough to be sure that passionate disapproval and sharp words would not change him.

"Dear heart!" he said, "you are wide and foolish in your conjectures when you guess at Nathaniel's temper. You would succeed better with fewer and kinder words, constantly yet not perversely urged. Where one cannot drive a nail, Joan, it is often possible to put in a screw."

But women, as a rule, prefer to fasten their opinions with the nail, and on this night the method appeared a peculiarly good one to Lady Kelder. She was in that impatient mood which cannot endure suspense. She wanted to know the best and the worst of the matter,— if there was any best in it,— and when she turned to the opening door which admitted Nathaniel, the inquiry in all its aggressive indignation was on her face.

Nathaniel was dusty and weary, for he had ridden hard, and there was in his countenance and air a sense of trouble which displeased and piqued his mother. She felt at once that it referred to Sandys. Nathaniel always brought trouble home by that way. She looked pointedly at his disordered toilet, and Nathaniel nervously announced his intention of renewing it before he ate. She permitted him to do so without dissent. He would have given the Quakeress so much respect, she was sure, and she would not have one tittle less for her own part. But she atoned for this strict demand of the anise and cummin due to affection by ordering him just the refreshment she knew he would enjoy. And she welcomed him to it with smiles, and served the food with her own hands.

Nathaniel showed his pleasure and gratitude by lifting her face to his own and kissing it. She almost forgave him everything in that gentle act, until she reflected that he had probably just kissed also "that Quaker girl." The thought chilled her at once. She sat down, and waited for her opportunity.

The baron had laid aside his book, and was walking up and down the fast-darkening room. Something in his son's face and manner had impressed him, as well as Lady Kelder, with a sense of unpleasant news; and he had been

listening to her anticipations of more trouble with a presentiment that they were true.

"Where have you been, Nathaniel?"

"I have been to Sandys, father."

"Of course. His horse goes as naturally to Sandys, Baron, as it goes to its manger."

Nathaniel glanced at his mother's darkening face, but made no answer. The baron said "Chut!" impatiently, and stood in the middle of the room, looking at his son.

"We are expecting ill news from you, Nathaniel, and, as all seasons are seasonable for men to be anxious and unhappy, deliver it without preliminaries."

"De Burg is very ill. He has lost his reason, and is, I think, like to die."

"Well, then, only death restrains wicked men from doing more mischief."

"Dear mother, he is of our kin. He is alone, and sick, and in prison. You know what I ought to do."

"You ought to leave him alone, and sick, and in prison. Never does God Almighty give the wicked their desert in this world but some one, out of a spurious and unrighteous pity, must interfere with the Almighty's justice. Leave De Burg alone. There are poisonous families as there are poisonous reptiles; the De Burgs hurt all who come nigh them."

"What is your thought, Nathaniel?"

"I think, father, that I ought to go to Appleby, and see that our cousin hath proper care. If a good man is sick, God makes his bed for him, and then how can it choose but be well made, and be made to please him? But the sick-bed of a bad man, without earthly friends or heavenly friends! Sure, it is a piteous case, father. What say you?"

"If your conscience bids you go, Nathaniel, you get your orders from headquarters. I dare not give you counter-orders. Only be sure that you feel what you think, or else you lie to yourself."

"It seems to me, Baron, that your religion is for use in some other life than this one. When God punishes our enemies we have plenty of warrant for rejoicing in their punishment."

"An eye for an eye, truly, in the Old Testament. But, Joan, we have come not unto Sinai, but unto Mount Zion and the gospel of peace and good-will."

"Was it indeed good-will that made Paul strike Elymas blind? and St. Peter slay Ananias and Sapphira for a sin which Peter himself had been guilty of in a worse kind? Was it a gospel of good-will that made the disciples forbid the Syro-Phenician woman? Yet they also had come under the dispensation of Mount Zion."

"They were but men, dear Joan. Let us look higher. What of the works of Jesus Christ? Were they not all saving works? It is not Paul, not Peter, but Christ, that we must copy."

"It seemeth to me that it goes harder with saints than sinners on all hands."

Neither Nathaniel nor the baron answered her. They were both capable of that restraint which is characteristic of real strength. Nathaniel was sure of his duty, and the baron was not inclined to tamper with either his own or his son's conscience. He had come to those reasonable years when the forces of the senses and the body retire into the mind. For the evening of a good life brings its lamp with it, and by this light Baron Kelder saw many things clearly that he had not seen at all when his natural sight was keen and undimmed. So, understanding there was no wisdom like silence, he held his peace, and continued his soft, slow walk up and down the room. But his manner was that of one who has examined a subject and decided upon it.

"Our good is what does us good, and we are not innocent if we harm ourselves. I don't think the Almighty objects if we care a little for our own welfare. There is always fever in a jail, and I think, Baron, you and Nathaniel ought to remember that."

"Asa Bevin is very ill with jail fever."

The words cost Nathaniel an effort. He felt that he ought to have spoken of Asa, and of Olivia's desire to go to Appleby, before he discussed the case of De Burg. Now he must suffer — almost righteously — the suspicion sure to follow his belated honesty. Lady Kelder looked quickly at him, and he was still innocent and ingenuous enough to blush for his want of candor.

"Is the Quaker Prideaux sick also?"

"He is well, but he is worn out with nursing both Asa and De Burg."

"Is the Quakeress going to Appleby?"

"'T is yet uncertain. Her aunt is opposed to the journey until the set time arrives. Olivia Prideaux has not yet heard 'the Voice' she waits for."

"Notify the girl by day-dawning that you are going. You will see then that she will hear what she desires to hear. Nathaniel, I would have taken the shame and wrong more easily had you given it to me with honesty. 'T is a most evil journey that De Burg has to be cloak for."

She felt that there was enough of truth in this accusation to warrant it. It gave her a justifiable cause of reproach, and honorable exit from a position hard to maintain. Yet she left the room dissatisfied with herself, and convinced — though she had prevented Nathaniel from convincing her — that her son

was innocent of the deception she affected to believe in.

Silence followed her departure. The baron sat down in his chair and closed his eyes. He had the attitude of a man who, having come near to his journey's end, has ceased to interest himself about the peculiarities of the road. Nathaniel moved away from the table. A servant came in with lights, another carried out the used platters and broken meat. There was not a word spoken, but the silence was a restful one: it made no impression of ill-feeling upon those who were unconcerned in it; it fell upon Nathaniel's fretted heart like a cool shadow.

He was the first to break its spell. "Father, I shall leave early in the morning. To my mother say all for me that you think kind and right."

"Yes, yes. But she loves you, Nathaniel — and she suffers."

"I wish she would not take or make trouble on this subject."

"If she could forget that you are her son, it would be possible. Would you wish it?"

"God forbid! Do you object to my caring for De Burg?"

"I thank you for it. If you go not, then I shall go myself. I was wondering if Mistress Chenage knew of her father's sickness."

"I deem it unlikely. Roger Prideaux would not write to her. There is no one else to do so."

"I will write her a letter to-morrow. Luke Tyson can carry it."

"'T is a kind thought. Since her marriage I have not seen her. Before, 't was a strange day if she was not on Kendal streets."

"I know not Roger Chenage, but his father had an ill name. Hard men are the Chenages — and have been."

He said the words musingly, and Nathaniel did not reply to them. A reluctance to converse, a disposition to reflection, would not be put aside by any matter of conversation. And both men were so frank with themselves and with each other as to admit and welcome this strange central longing for rest. For as the whirlwind has its heart of peace, so the truest life, though in a vortex of wheeling, restless cares, has also its innermost cell into which it retires when it is weary, in order that it may be alone with that — call it by whatever name we will — which is not self.

Nathaniel left Kelderby so early next morning that he was at Sandys in time for breakfast. He had no need to ask for Olivia's decision; the preparations for the journey were evident. Aunt Hannah, a little flustered and worried, with her best dress turned back and pinned at the waist, was giving directions to the servants. The coach was at the door, and two men were packing into it a number of those trivialities without which women do not travel. Olivia soon appeared in a gray duffle dress and cloak, and a hood of black silk upon her head.

"My dear Nathaniel!"

"You are going, then, Olivia?"

"I am sure it is my duty to go."

"Maybe you are a bit opinion-tied in such matters, Olivia. Surely to goodness, if God Almighty wanted some help for Roger and Asa Bevin, he would be as likely to think of a middle-aged woman like Hannah Mettelane as of a slip of a girl who has n't got her full strength yet. And I must say that the Lord has not given me any orders about going to Appleby."

"Didst thou ask him for any, Aunt Hannah?"

"Nay, my dear lass, I did not. I do my day-by-day duty, content with the charge of it. Many shoulders ask for burdens they are n't fit to bear."

"But the cross is not to be passed, Aunt Hannah."

"To be sure it is n't. I never pass a cross that is in my way, Olivia; and I never go out of my way to find a cross. But you take after your father; you cannot be satisfied unless you are helping other people to bear their crosses. There now! say no more. I am ready to go with you, though it is a bit hard to leave a house like this with servants. You know how they go hugger-muggering about, doing naught at all they can help doing, and doing everything wrong they have to put their hands to. However, we must do right, whatever happens, and may we prosper!"

"I think, Mistress Mettelane, that we cannot be wrong in a work of charity and human kindness."

"True, Captain. Charity is a great thing, but there is a deal to be said for the little household graces that never go to church and market, but just stay at home and make a quiet, joyful life possible. Dear me! we should be on the move now. Come, Olivia! We must take time while time is, for time will away."

"I think we shall have a good journey."

"Well, Captain, I think so, too. I always hope for the best, and we never know where a blessing may light. Jeffrey threw his staff this morning when he brought the coach to the door, and it fell the way we are to take,— Appleby way,— and that is a good sign for any journey."

They were making their last preparations as Hannah Mettelane talked. With her pleasant garrulousness she was trying to put aside that sense of leave-taking which, under the circumstances, could not be void of many fears and anxieties; and Olivia perceived and

seconded her kind intention as well as she was able. As she stood tying her hood and cloak, she said:

"John Duttred called last night, Nathaniel, and said many kind things."

"And some that were n't as kind as might have been. But I let him feel that ministers have n't a monopoly of sharp talk, for when he began about the Good Samaritan, I said: 'If I was a minister, John Duttred, I would let that parable lie quiet. It sets ministers in a bad light — it does that!'" And Hannah laughed good-naturedly, and with the laugh put her first foot into the coach.

While the two ladies, accompanied by Nathaniel, traveled the hot, dusty highway which led to Appleby, Luke Tyson was going at a comfortable speed towards Chenage Grange. The baron had given him no special orders to hurry, and Luke was naturally of a grave and deliberate temper. He staid at various farmhouses for a drink of milk, and he had two long religious discussions — one with a Quaker laying a stone wall, and the other with a dreamy Fifth Monarchy fanatic, who was singing "Jerusalem the Golden" as he rode slowly through the ferns and heather of Chenage Moor.

It was about seven in the evening when he reached the Grange. The doors were open, and the sun still above the horizon. But nevertheless the house had a lonely, inhospitable look, and he had to wait several minutes before any servant appeared to inquire his errand. They were all at meat, and pleasantly employed in masticating their mutton and discussing the attitude of their master and mistress to each other, as reported by the old steward Gilbert.

"She be a Tartar, she be that! I wonder Master bides her airs and her tempers as well as he do."

"Master allays speaks middling sharp like to her. He speaks so all day long and every day. As for her temper, it 's past all; and I don't wonder it breeds temper. Master never was a peaceable sort of a fellow. There is somebody halloing, and has been for five minutes. One never can get time to eat a bit of meat and have a comfortable talk without being put about one way or another. Thomas Hodges, go and see whatever that fool is halloing for."

Thomas was detained at least ten minutes, and curiosity was greatly excited. When he returned to the kitchen there were plenty of questions for him to answer.

"Why, Thomas, whatever has been the matter?"

"A letter for Mistress's own hand."

"Who brought it?"

"One of the men from Kelderby."

"'T would be from the young captain, I 'll warrant. He was her servant for long years, and sick with love for her. Stephen of Tiptoe, De Burg's old shepherd, told me that much."

"What did Master say? Out with it, Thomas."

"He said nothing. But lass-a-day! I would n't be Mistress Chenage when he comes to his tongue."

"Had n't you better ask Kelder's man in to a bite? He 'll maybe know what message he brought."

"He is gone. Master bid me send him off, or loose the dogs on him. He went pretty quickly. I say it is hard on us. If ever a caller comes to our gates, it is 'Be off! or the dogs will know the reason why.'"

"I 'd like to hear what 's going on."

"How was Master?"

"A good bit foxed. He had drunk a bottle."

In fact Chenage was so far "foxed" that for a moment or two he did not realize the full importance of Thomas's message. But Anastasia did. Before her husband could collect his sottish senses, she had taken the letter and left the room. Then Chenage could but make inquiries, and give the brutal and inhospitable order which hurried Luke Tyson beyond his boundaries. The door shut, he stood hesitating whether to finish his wine or to follow his wife and take the letter from her.

Really he was beyond hesitation: he had got to a point where he was the slave of the bottle, and he sat down and drew it closer to him. "She has read every cursed word in it by this time," he muttered; "and I will make her give it to me when I am ready for it. I 'll wager a crown it was from Nat Kelder. I 'll say it was, and swear it too! Oh, oh, Mistress! wait till I am ready to read the letter to you. 'T will be a pretty pastime!" And he refilled his glass and drank to the anticipation.

In the mean time Anastasia, having possessed herself of the letter, ran rapidly with it to her room. She bolted the door, and then stood listening with the white paper pressed tightly against her breast. She had the air of a woman prepared to defend it to the last extremity and then destroy it. But as the moments flew by, and there were no blundering, heavy footsteps upon the stairs or corridor, the hunted look died out of her eyes. She sank into a chair, pale and trembling. Her heart beat wildly with hope, and then sickened with the fear of disappointment. She sat gazing at the seal, desiring yet fearing the revelation which would follow the breaking of it.

"If it should be from John!" The writing was not John's writing, and the messenger was not John's messenger, but "if it should be!"

She flushed scarlet with the hopes such a thought bred in her.

The few weeks of married life had made a great change. Fear lurked in the bright darkness of her eyes, and her once gay, thoughtless face had become hard and watchful. Her sunny stream of song was frozen. Her lips had grown unfamiliar with smiles, and she habitually, often very provokingly, took refuge in a stubborn silence. Even her dress had the pathos of apathetic beauty. She delighted in jewels, yet in her present case disdained to wear them. Her brocades and ribbons and laces were out of tone with her mood and surroundings; she could no more adorn herself in them than she could touch the lute or sing her old merry ballads.

This night her dress was of white flax-cloth, falling away from her throat and elbows in cascades of lace; and some remnant of inextinguishable vanity had made her put clove carnations in her bosom. But the gown was crumpled, and it was not as becoming to her as the vivid colors she had been accustomed to wear. She was a tropical bird in the plumage of a sparrow.

With the letter in her hand, and her dark curling hair falling over her white throat and her white garment, she sat still for a few moments, and then suddenly, with a swift movement, broke the seal and spread the open paper before her. It contained so few lines that its address "To Mistress Chenage" and its superscription of "Odinel Kelder" met her eyes at the same moment.

To Mistress Chenage: Your father, my cousin, Stephen de Burg, is very ill. I thought you might like to go to him at once. My son Nathaniel left for Appleby this morning. He will care for him in the mean time. With respect and well-wishing, your servant, Odinel Kelder.

That was the burden of it, and oh, how heavy a burden! Anastasia loved her father with her whole heart. She felt as if the wings of a dove would be too slow to carry her to his sick-bed. "My father! my father!" she murmured as she walked restlessly, miserably, about the room, uncertainly planning, because doubtful of all realization of her plans. Her head ached and throbbed; she was soon conquered by sheer physical suffering. It would be impossible to discuss the circumstance with Chenage until the morning, and she resolved to seek in sleep oblivion from her pain and sorrow.

Mechanically, from mere force of habit, she went to her mirror and began to remove her dress before it. She looked with a sad pity at her wan face, and then in a moment her whole expression changed. She had bared her arm and neck, and on the white flesh there were bruises from a brutal hand. She looked steadily at them; she counted every mark; she touched the wounded flesh with a tender hand; and, before she was aware, tears—a slow, heavy rain of tears — fell in pity for her hard fate. When we weep for ourselves we find either self-evolved consolation, or else the idea of retribution grows with magical swiftness under that bitter rain. Retribution! It was the one idea which Anastasia nourished. Everything was made to feed it. She kept a strict account against Roger Chenage. Scorn, insult, cruelty, wrong — every manifestation of them was clear in her memory. One event was to balance all — one event for which she eagerly longed and watched. "When John comes!" These three words were her solace for every indignity.

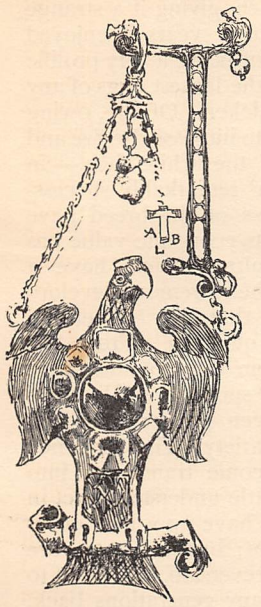
And John was coming quickly; of that she was unquestionably, indisputably convinced. The whistle of the winds in his sails, the rattle of the cordage, the hoarse cries of the sailors — she heard them as she lay dreaming by day and night; and though generally the prophesying cards lay with "delay" and "disappointment," she trusted to the divination of her heart.

So, whether it was the hand or the tongue that struck her, she possessed her soul in such a strange silence as would have rendered any man less stupid than Chenage watchful and suspicious. He made her delicate flesh wince with shameful pain and her hot blood boil with passion, but she pacified the raging soul within her by a whisper pregnant with vengeful retribution — "*When John comes!*"

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

CHICKENS FOR USE AND BEAUTY.[1]



THERE has been, during the last quarter of a century, a remarkable improvement in domestic poultry. The motley array of fowls varying in size and color, as uncertain in marking as the pattern of a crazy-quilt, and creating an impression as distinctively favorable as that which the ragged followers of Falstaff produced, has given place to well-defined breeds, carefully differentiated into varieties, with colors as rich in hue and as regularly disposed as if laid on by the hand of the artist. The fancier, to whom we are indebted for this wonderful transformation, is indeed an artist, working not in lifeless clay and dead pigments, but in animate bodies and living colors. Under his hand the unattractive has become attractive, ugliness has yielded to beauty. But his work has not ended with this external transformation: the inner and practical qualities have undergone a similar change; productiveness has been increased, weight augmented, fattening power improved. Such fowls as are bred to-day are not only more beautiful but more profitable than those of twenty-five years ago. This increased profitableness has produced a new industry — the raising of chickens and eggs for market as a sole employment. With the old-time fowls such an industry would have been folly, but with the modern fowl it has proved a success. This improvement in external characteristics and useful qualities has been made possible through that mysterious power of indefinite variation which the hen possesses. Fanciers by employing this power, by carefully studying to preserve every beneficial and to avoid every injurious variation, by studying to mate so as to increase desirable variations, have with patient and persevering effort molded to their will the modern domestic fowl.

That all the distinct varieties of the domestic hen, differing in size, color, and particular characteristics, should be descendants of a common ancestor, the *Gallus bankivus*, at first seems incredible. To this conclusion, however, the best informed naturalists have come. It is true that the almost infinite plasticity of the chicken, even at the present day, after it has been sought to fix its characteristics by careful selection through many generations, prepares the mind to accept more readily the scientific conclusion of a common origin. The *Gallus bankivus* is a bird of compact form, broad across the back and shoulders, with an erect carriage, protruding breast, and tail borne nearly horizontal, the tips of the sickle-feathers barely clearing the ground. The plumage is abundant, and the hackles, or feathers of the neck, and upper tail-coverts are linear, pointed, and drooping. The head and face are bare, the comb is high and serrated, two wattles depend from the base of the bill, and similar but smaller excrescences exist under each ear. The colors of the males are: upon the head and neck bright orange, fading to pale and golden towards the back; upon the back a rich, deep vinous rust color; the tail-coverts fiery orange, golden tipped; the tail, upper coverts, and sickle-feathers black with a green gloss; wing-coverts like the back, but the last two rows black with a green gloss; the secondaries of the wing chestnut on the outer or exposed web and dusky within; the primaries dusky; and all the lower parts black. The plumage of the female is more somber — the neck golden or tawny, every feather centered with brownish-black, all the upper parts of a burnt umber, and all the under parts reddish-brown. The general aspect and characteristics of the *Gallus bankivus* are closely preserved among its domesticated descendants in the black-breasted red game fowl, of the pit or fighting type. In size the wild fowl is about midway between the ordinary pit fowl and the game Bantam.

So great a difference in appearance and so great a similarity in qualities exist among the domesticated descendants of the *Gallus bankivus*, that any classification of breeds must be considered a matter rather of convenience than of scientific exactness. If it is sought to divide the varieties into two classes, the useful and the ornamental, such classification will necessarily be imperfect, for all the useful varieties are

[1] The illustrations in this article are from photographs of birds belonging to Thomas W. Ludlow, Esq.

more or less ornamental, and all the ornamental varieties are, at least to some degree, useful. Yet such a classification is serviceable, as leading to a more comprehensive grasp of the subject. The first class, the useful chickens, may be subdivided into three minor classes, the first embracing those varieties which are the most prolific layers; the second, those which are deemed the best for the table; and the third, those which combine the qualities of the two former divisions, are at once good layers and good as table poultry, and are often designated "general purpose fowls." The first of these divisions is the choice of those whose primary object in poultry-keeping is the production of eggs for market; the second, of those who desire to raise the finest dressed poultry; and the third, of those who keep fowls for the supply of their own tables. In the ornamental class are included those breeds which are admired for the symmetry of their forms, the beauty of their plumage, or the oddity of their appearance. The most prolific layers are found among the Spanish or Mediterranean breeds, a group of fowls possessing in common (with a single exception noted below) the following characteristics: a high single comb, deeply serrated, which in the male is erect and in the female droops to one side; long, pendulous wattles; white ear-lobes; a full, round breast, carried prominently forward; a rather long and slender body; a full, upright tail, which in the male is furnished with long, flowing sickle-feathers; and a nervous, restless disposition, which makes them, when at liberty, excellent foragers, and thus economical to keep. Whether these characteristics have been developed by careful selection, or whether they are the result of climate and surroundings, is not known. There are traditions, more or less misty, that the monks who inhabited the ancient monasteries in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean were ardent poultry-fanciers, and that to their skillful breeding is due the uniformity of type of the chickens of this region; but the foundations for such traditions are at best uncertain. It is more probable that the characteristics in question result from natural causes acting through long stretches of time; for we know that in warm climates there is always a tendency to increase in the size of combs and wattles, and to a profuse plumage, and it is reasonable to suppose that this tendency, operating for many centuries, would produce spontaneously most of the characteristics of the Mediterranean group. Nature is quite as skillful and original a breeder as man; and though she usually works more slowly, she produces more permanent results.

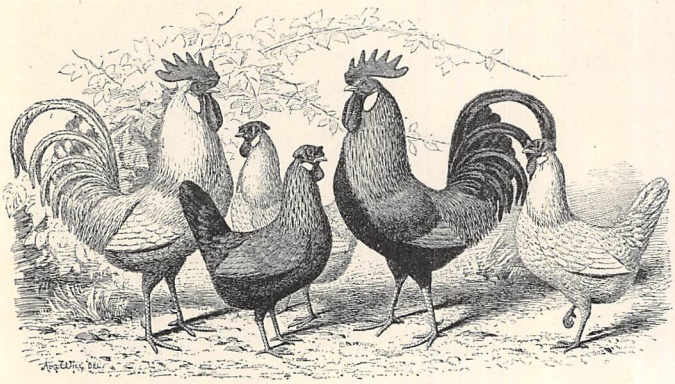
The Mediterranean group includes the White-faced Black Spanish, the Minorcas, the Andalusian, and the Leghorns. The White-faced Black Spanish is a tall fowl, with long, clean, dark legs, a plumage of intense black, and a white face, covering the space about the eyes, and extending down the sides of the head for a considerable distance, giving it a strange and weird look. For many years it enjoyed the distinction not only of being a very prolific layer, but of producing the largest eggs of any recognized variety of chicken. Of late, owing to the efforts of fanciers to increase the size and improve the quality of the white face,— in which they have been remarkably successful,— the useful qualities of the breed have been lost sight of, and its economic value has steadily declined. Poultry-fanciers have a strong leaning towards the extreme of development; and in securing that they sometimes forget more practical qualities. From the Black Spanish have from time to time come snow-white specimens ("sports"), and by some breeders these have been preserved as the foundation of a new variety. The tendency of black plumage to become transmuted into white is a familiar but little understood fact in breeding. White sports have appeared occasionally from other colors; but such sports are generally traceable to a reversion, and point to a white ancestor not many generations back. But among black fowls, whose pedigree has been carefully preserved for a long period of time, and which have had no opportunity for mixing with other colors, white sports are more common than among fowls of any other color. The White Spanish have never attained any great popularity, and probably never will, for the startling contrast between the color of the face and that of the plumage, which is the distinguishing mark of the black variety, is, of course, wanting in the Whites.

The Minorcas, of which there are two varieties, the Black and the White, in general characteristics closely resemble the Spanish, and indeed were known, many years ago, as Red-faced Spanish. They differ chiefly in having the white on the face confined to the ear-lobe, or deaf ear, and in being rather shorter in leg and heavier in body than the Spanish. This breed has but recently been imported into the United States, though it has long been highly prized in England as furnishing great layers.

The Andalusian might without impropriety be called a blue Minorca. Its plumage is of a slaty blue,— a somewhat rare color in fowls,— each feather having around the outer edge a delicate lacing of a darker shade of blue, sometimes nearly or quite black. The hackle and saddle feathers are usually darker than the under parts,— in the cock being sometimes glossy black,— and often show purple reflections in the sunlight.

SILVER-SPANGLED HAMBURGS.

The most widespread and popular breed of chickens in the Mediterranean class is the Leghorn, so named from the Italian port from which the fowls were first exported. The earliest importation into this country was of the Brown, then called Red, Leghorns, by Mr. N. P. Ward of New York City, about the year 1835. The chicks bred from this importation were scattered among Mr. Ward's friends, and soon became hopelessly mixed with the common fowls of the country. In 1852 a second importation of Brown Leghorns was made, the fowls being brought to Mystic, Connecticut; and during the next year a third importation came to the same place. With the importations of 1852 and 1853 the history of the Leghorn in the United States really begins. It was not until 1858, when the so-called "Lord importation," and 1863, when the "Stetson birds" arrived, that the White Leghorn made its appearance. The chickens of the Lord importation had, it is said, white legs like White Minorcas, and it is possible that they were Minorcas and not Leghorns; but the Stetson birds had the yellow legs and the trim bodies which are now recognized as characteristic of the Leghorn. England, though she has contributed not a few varieties of fowls to this country, is indebted to the United States for the Leghorn, having imported the White variety from here in 1870 and the Brown two years later. The Leghorn breed includes six varieties: four with single combs, Brown, White, Black, and Dominique or Cuckoo; and two with rose-combs, Brown and White. The rose-comb is an anomaly among the Mediterranean breeds, and many have held it to be evidence of a recent cross. There is little doubt that many so-called rose-combed Leghorns were produced by crossing the single-combed Leghorn with the Hamburg, which has the rose-comb, but there is unimpeachable testimony that rose-combed chicks appeared among the earliest broods from imported Leghorns. Whether this indicates a reversion to a long-forgotten cross with a rose-combed ancestor, or whether it is merely a noteworthy instance of variation, we cannot determine; but the fact justifies the breeders of rose-combed Leghorns in asserting the purity of their fowls. The Brown variety is of the typical Game or *Gallus bankivus* coloring, the male having hackle and saddle of a brilliant red or orange, with a black stripe through the middle of every feather; dark red back; black breast, body, and tail; and a glossy black bar across the wings. The female is of a brown hue over the greater part of the body, the feathers being finely penciled, and has a deep-



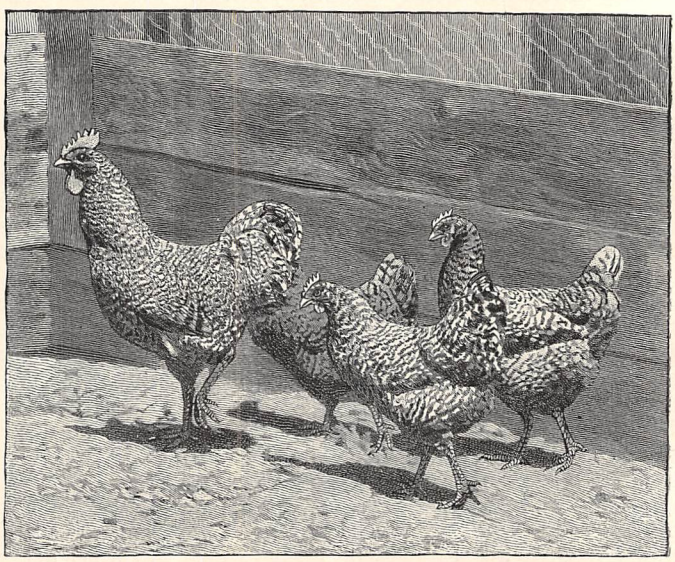
SINGLE-COMBED BROWN AND WHITE LEGHORNS.

salmon breast. The White and Black Leghorns are solid-colored birds, though the males of the Whites have a tendency to show a yellow tinge upon the upper parts — a tendency which is found in all white-plumaged fowls having yellow legs and skin. The plumage of the Dominique or Cuckoo Leghorn looks, at a distance, as if made up of alternate bars of two shades of blue; but upon examining the separate feathers the body color is found to be a grayish white, crossed by transverse bars of black. The rose-combed varieties differ from the single-combed only in the character of the combs.

Ranking next or even superior to the Mediterranean class as egg-producers stands the graceful Hamburg family. The Hamburg proves the impossibility of an exact classification of chickens upon economic grounds, for it is not only one of the most useful but also one of the most ornamental of domestic fowls. This family includes two breeds: the Hamburg with its six varieties, Golden and Silver-Spangled, Golden and Silver-Penciled, Black and White; and the Red-cap. The Hamburg family is characterized by rose-combs, slender, clean-cut bodies, and well-developed tails. It has masqueraded under a great variety of names, such as Penciled Dutch, Everlasting Layers, Dutch Everyday Layers, Chitteprats, Bolton Grays, Creoles, Corals, Creels, Bolton Bays, Silver Pheasants, Silver Mooneys, Silver Moss, Golden Pheasants, Golden Mooneys, Copper Moss, and the like; but, under whatever name, it has always won a host of admirers. The Hamburgs have an authentic history reaching back three centuries, and a mythical one that connects them with the "Morning Star" of English song. Chaucer, in "The Nun's Tale," describes with considerable detail a fowl which may have been a Hamburg:

His coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailled as it were a castel wal;
His byle was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
Lyk asure were hise legges and his toon;
Hise nayles whiter than the lylye flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.

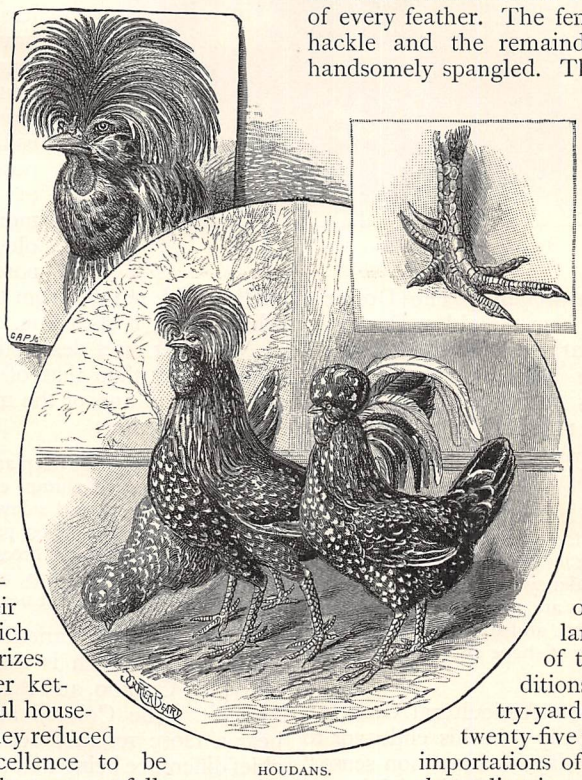
Whether this description should be applied to the Hamburg or to a game fowl, it is certain that the celebrated naturalist Aldrovandi, who wrote in Latin some three hundred years ago, was familiar with the breed, which he describes under the name of *Gallina turcica*. "The cock whose likeness we give," he says, "is called the Turkish cock. His whole body is in a manner inclined to white. Still, the wing feathers are partly black. The tail consists of feathers that are partly green, partly black; some, also, are half green, some half black. His whole body is exquisitely adorned with lines that are sometimes golden, sometimes silver, and it is wonderful how beautiful an effect this produces. His legs and feet are tinged with blue. The hen, which also is



SINGLE-COMBED BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

called Turkish, is all white, sprinkled over with black spots; she has the feet tinged with blue, and the wattles short when compared with those of the male. Another hen presents the same appearance, except that her neck is yellowish; she carries a sharp point on the top of her head, her feet are altogether blue, and her tail is immaculate."

Tested by the standards of to-day, this description is somewhat confused; yet it presents a union of Hamburg characteristics — the lines of penciling, the spots or spangles, the silver or golden colors, the blue legs, the projecting spike or point of the rose-comb.

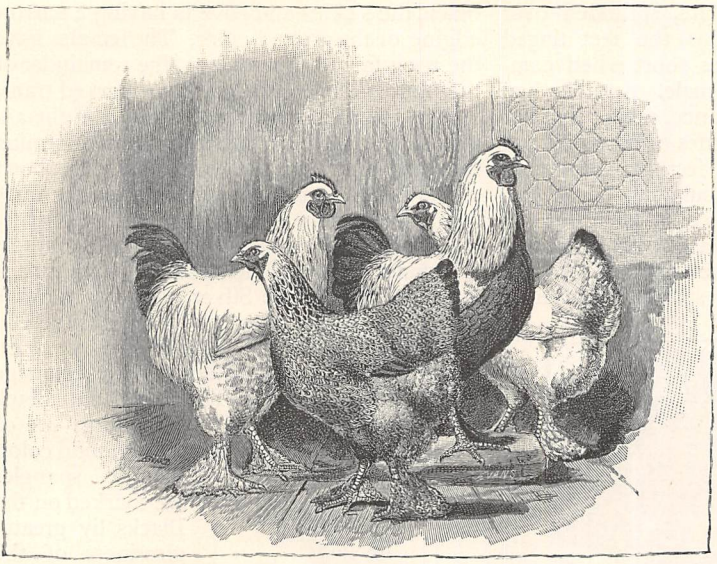


HOUDANS.

At the date of our author, it is hardly to be expected either that descriptions of fowls should be strictly accurate, or that the modern varieties of a breed of chickens could be definitely differentiated; but a century later both results had been accomplished. The old breeders in Lancashire and Yorkshire established exhibitions of their Hamburgs, at which they competed for prizes consisting of copper kettles and other useful household articles, and they reduced the points of excellence to be prized in their fowls to a carefully written description, thus anticipating the poultry-show and the "Standard of Excellence for Exhibition Poultry" of our day.

The Penciled Hamburgs were probably perfected in Holland, while the Spangled varieties are clearly of English origin. In size the Blacks take the lead, and the Penciled are the smallest. Originally the Penciled varieties were of a somewhat finer build than the others, but since all have been brought under a common name, and thus more closely associated with one another, they have been brought to a nearly uniform shape. The Penciled varieties show either a silvery-white or a golden-bay ground-color, both varieties being similarly marked. The male bird is nearly uniform in color throughout, except the tail, which is black, the sickles and coverts having a narrow edging of the ground-color. The females have the neck free from markings, the remainder of the plumage being penciled, or marked transversely, with narrow black lines at right angles to the shaft of the feather, and forming together nearly parallel bars about the body of the fowl. In the Spangled variety the male has a beautifully spangled breast, a slightly striped hackle and saddle, a double bar across the wings, and in the Golden Hamburg a black tail, while the Silver cock has a white tail with a black moon or spangle at the end of every feather. The females have a striped hackle and the remainder of the plumage handsomely spangled. The White and Black Hamburgs are of a pure, solid color, though spangles are marked on the Blacks by greater glossiness of the tips of the feathers. The Red-cap, so called from the excessive development of its comb, which resembles a red cap, and is often so large as to hang to one side in a manner which for a fowl is not at all jaunty, has long been a favorite in Derbyshire and other districts of England, although it is one of the most recent additions to American poultry-yards. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago there were importations of this breed, but, like the earliest importations of the Leghorn, these became intermingled with other fowls, and soon disappeared. In general appearance the Red-cap resembles a Golden Spangled Hamburg of poor color, its body-color being less rich and its markings less regular. It is probable that it stands to the Golden Spangled Hamburg in the relationship of a descendant or an ancestor — more probably the latter. It is considerably larger than the Hamburg, which it equals in the number and surpasses in the size of its eggs. Such popularity as it enjoys has been won not by its appearance, but by its excellent reputation as a layer.

Among the fowls most prized for their table qualities there are none that surpass the Dorking and the Indian — or, as it is sometimes called,



DARK AND LIGHT BRAHMAS.

the Cornish Indian—Game. The Dorking, whose name comes from the old market town in Surrey where great numbers of this fowl are annually reared, has been for generations the model of all that is desirable in a table fowl. A volume might be made up of quotations in praise of this breed. Mr. Baily, an experienced London poultry judge, says:

> There is no breed to be compared with the Dorking, which unites in itself, more than any other, all the properties requisite for supplying the table. . . . There is a natural tendency in the breed to fatten, so that the young ones are made to attain to eight or nine pounds weight, and at table they surpass all others in symmetry of shape and whiteness and delicacy of flesh.

The editor of the "Agricultural Gazette" commended Mr. Baily "in his endeavor to bring us back to Dorkings and common sense." The Rev. E. S. Dixon, in speaking of the excellence of this breed, said:

> The breeder and the farmer's wife behold with delight their broad breast, the small proportion of offal, and the large quantity of profitable flesh. The cockerels may be brought to considerable weights, and the flavor and appearance of the meat are inferior to none.

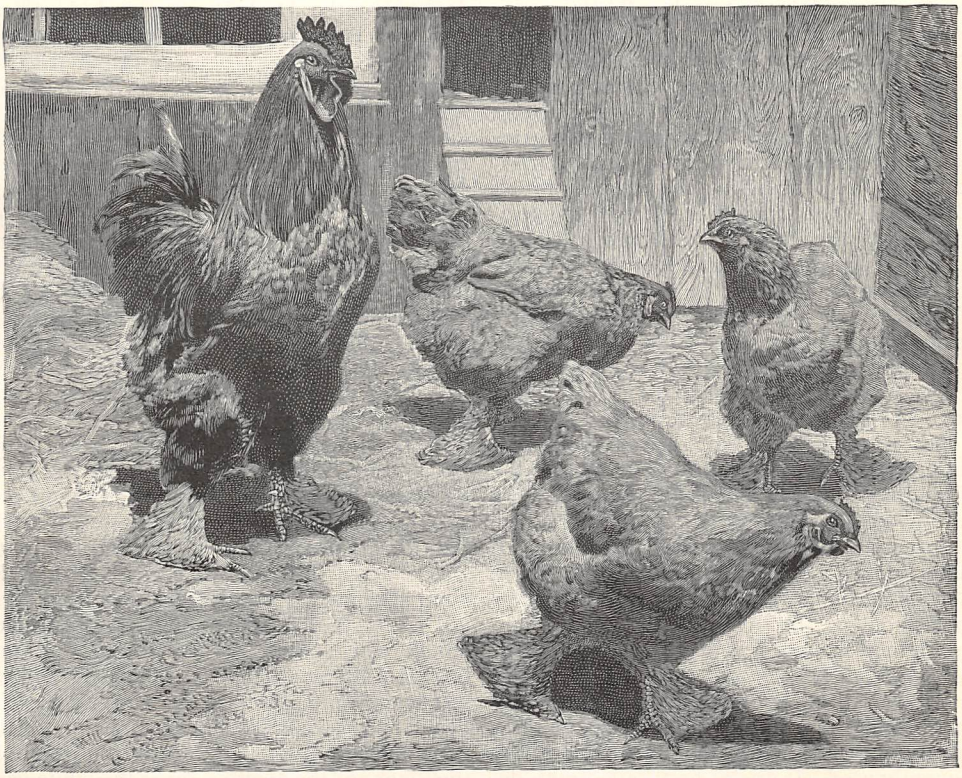
The Dorking boasts of great antiquity. The Latin writer Columella describes a fowl to which the admirers of this breed point as proof that the Dorking antedates English civilization—that before William the Conqueror the Dorking had won popularity, and that along with the conquering cohorts of Cæsar the equally victorious fowl invaded Britain. Columella's description will certainly pass if applied to this famous breed. "Let them," he says, "be of reddish or dark plumage, with black wings. . . . Let the breeding hens be of robust body, square-built, full-breasted, with large heads, and upright and bright-red combs. . . . Those bred with five toes are held to be the best." There are, however, skeptics, of the ruthless mold of those who have already destroyed many of the cherished illusions of our younger days, who would have us believe that this supposedly ancient breed of Dorkings is little more than a century old, and that it originated, not in Rome, but in England, not far from the quiet little town which gives it its name.

No better brief description of this fowl has been written than that of Mr. Lewis Wright, the author of one of the most comprehensive books on poultry.

> The body should be deep and full, the breast being protuberant and plump, especially in the cock, whose breast, as viewed sideways, ought to form a right angle with the lower part of his body. Both back and breast must be broad, the latter showing no approach to hollowness, and the entire general make full and plump, but neat and compact.

There are four varieties of the Dorking: the Colored, which is the largest, the Silver Gray, the Cuckoo, and the White, which is the smallest. The Colored and the Silver Gray bear a close resemblance to each other, the chief difference being that the latter throughout is lighter in plumage. The Colored male has a white hackle and saddle striped with black, a black-and-white back, a black breast, body, and tail, and a wing with a broad black bar. The female is of a dark reddish-brown marked with black, and has a deep salmon breast. The Colored variety is bred with either single or rose combs, the Silver Gray with single-combs only, and the White with rose-combs only. The Cuckoos are barred with white-and-black like the Cuckoo Leghorn. All varieties have a white or flesh-colored leg, and five toes upon each foot. The Indian Game is with us a much more modern breed, having come into notice in America only within the last two or three years, though it has been extensively bred in England for a longer period. The first fowls of this breed were imported into the

United States in 1887. At the great English poultry exhibitions, the Indian Game, whether bred pure or crossed upon some other fowl, has for the last two or three years won all, or nearly all, of the prizes in the department of dressed poultry, a practical department which always forms one of the chief exhibits in foreign poultry-shows. It has the requisites of the best table-fowl — size, reaching the weight of nine or ten pounds; a thin, delicate skin; a plump, meaty carcass; great breast development; and, what is of prime importance to the American poultryman, shanks of a rich yellow color. It may seem ridiculous that the color of the legs should affect the sale of dressed poultry; but the mind of the American housewife is wedded to the yellow shank, and for some inscrutable reason she regards it as evidence of superior quality of flesh. The Indian Game is not only a thoroughly practical but also a very beautiful fowl. It is graceful in shape, having a symmetrical body supported by stout legs, a finely carried neck, and a somewhat drooping tail. The male has a black hackle, every feather having a crimson shaft; a crimson-and-black back and saddle; a handsome wing, with black bar and chestnut wing-bay; and the remainder of the plumage of an intense black. The feathers are short, hard, and glossy, and in the sunlight gleam like precious stones. The female is of a rich, warm brown body-color, beautifully penciled with V-shaped black markings that appear as if embossed, and are scarcely less iridescent than the plumage of the male. A flock of hens of this breed might be mistaken at a distance for a covey of English pheasants, the plumage being very similar.



BUFF COCHINS.

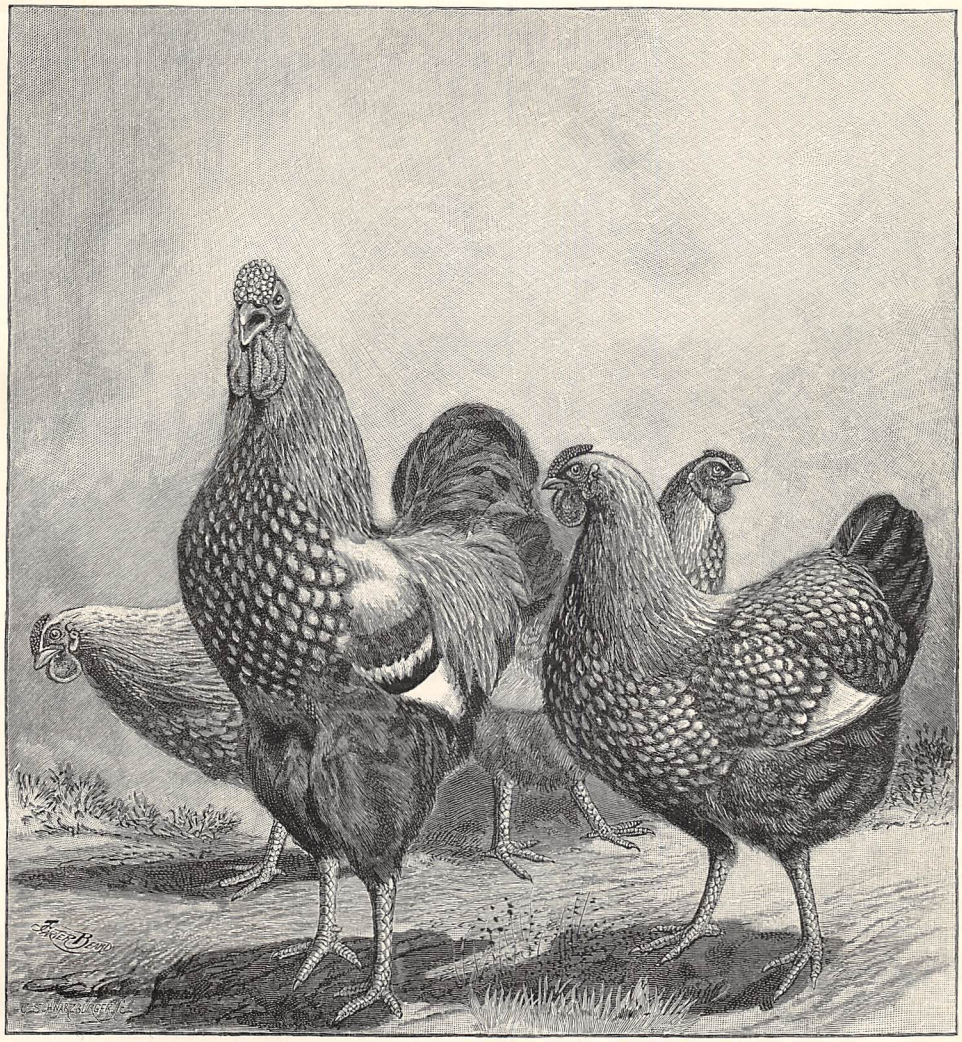
Among the table-fowls are also to be classed the French breeds: the crested and bearded Houdan, with its mottled plumage of black and white; the large, somber Crèvecœur, with its solid black garments; and the La Flèche, with its antlered comb — "a long, weird, hob-goblin-looking bird," a veritable nightmare among fowls. In their native land these three breeds enjoy an immense popularity; in this country such claim can be made for the Houdan alone, this fowl being hardy, well formed, an excellent layer of remarkably large white eggs, and very quaint in appearance from the large size of its crest and muff of feathers. At one time the Crèvecœurs had a little popularity; but owing to their slow growth, at least in America, this has gradually approached the vanishing point, and until recent importations

we have had no La Flèche fowls worthy of the name. There are now a few in the country which, if the climate proves suitable for their best development, may form a valuable addition to the table poultry of the United States. Among the "general purpose" fowls, the varieties belonging to the American and Asiatic classes take first rank. Their combination of practical qualities assures them the favor of poultrymen and farmers. The American does not despise beauty, but he worships utility. A chicken that is good for laying and also good to eat is his ideal; and in these two classes he finds such chickens. An examination of the records of the various poultry exhibitions, of the advertisements of poultry-breeders in their special publications, and of the poultry-yards in almost any locality, will convince any one that it is within the bounds of truth to say that there are more chickens belonging to these two classes bred in the United States than of all the other classes together.

The American class includes five acknowledged breeds and twelve varieties: the Plymouth Rock, with its single-combed Barred, pea-combed Barred, and White varieties; the Wyandottes, Silver, Golden, White, and Black; the Javas, Black, Mottled, and White; the American Dominique; and the Jersey Blue. Of these breeds the Plymouth Rock is perhaps the most popular, though this rank is closely contested by the Wyandotte. The original Plymouth Rock was the variety now called the Barred, and was bred with a single comb. It originated in a cross of a Dominique male and Black Java females, though to increase size and improve color other crosses were subsequently used. It was at first hailed with derision, designated as "the great American Mongrel," and furiously opposed by those whose pecuniary interests lay in other breeds; but it steadily advanced in favor, and soon compelled even its opponents to accept it. No other new breed of chickens has ever won and maintained through a long course of years so great and so constantly increasing popularity. From this fowl the pea-combed variety appeared as a sport, and a few breeders, recognizing the advantage of the small, low triple comb, especially for those sections of the country where the winter weather hugs the zero point for a considerable period, made use of this variation to establish a new variety. Similarly the White variety was an offshoot from the original stock.

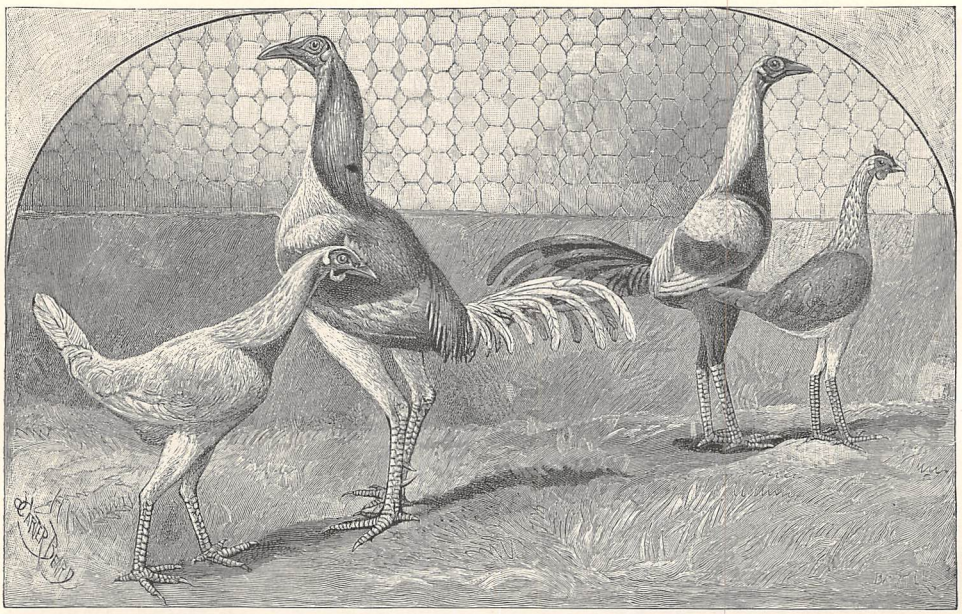
The original Wyandotte is the variety now distinguished as the Silver, a compact, well-made fowl, having a rose-comb and plumage of a white ground heavily laced with black. It is a cross-bred fowl, as is abundantly shown by the uncertainty of breeding of the earlier specimens, and by the wide variation even now in the color of young chicks; but who made the original crosses, or what they were, no man can say with certainty. Yet the breeds that enter into the make-up of the Wyandotte can be guessed at, and a skillful breeder could reproduce a type of fowl like the Wyandotte if it should suddenly be destroyed. There can be no doubt that the Dark Brahma and the Silver Spangled Hamburg, and very possibly the Silver Sebright Bantam, have contributed to the composition of this useful breed. From the Silver Wyandotte came as sports, and at least in some strains as the result of crossing, the White and the Black varieties. The Golden Wyandotte, which is the counterpart of the Silver, with a rich yellow or golden bay body-color in place of the white, is confessedly a cross-breed, having been produced from a union of the Silver Wyandotte and the "Winnebago," a fowl of the black-red Game type of plumage. Crosses also of the Golden Spangled and Golden Penciled Hamburg, and of the Partridge Cochin, with the Silver Wyandotte, have been used to produce Golden Wyandottes.

In the Java breed the Black was the original variety. This color, in the modern Java, has been obtained in certainly two, and perhaps in more, ways. In some instances it marks the direct descendant of the old-fashioned Black Java, the fowl that entered into the making of the Plymouth Rock; while in other cases it has undoubtedly come from the black chicks which were at first common among broods of Plymouth Rocks. The Mottled Java was bred from a Black Java cock and a white hen of no known breed, but which possessed the general characteristics of the Java. From both the Black and the Mottled Javas the white variety has been obtained. The Java differs from its near relative, the Plymouth Rock, chiefly in being longer in body and having in the males a more fully developed tail. At present it is required by the Standard to have a willow leg instead of the yellow leg which is characteristic of the Plymouth Rock. The Dominique is one of the oldest of American varieties, and is, in an improved form, the old "hawk-colored" fowl that used to be largely kept by New England farmers. As now bred, its plumage resembles that of the Plymouth Rock; it has a well-developed rose-comb, yellow legs, and is about a pound lighter in weight than the Plymouth Rock. The Jersey Blue, although but recently recognized as a worthy breed by the American Poultry Association, which establishes the Standard, is one of the oldest in the American class. In shape it is like the Plymouth Rock, though its neck is somewhat longer and less arched; in color it is blue, having plumage almost identical with that of the Andalusian.



SILVER (LACED) WYANDOTTES.

The Asiatic class includes the Brahmas, Light and Dark; the Cochins, Buff, Partridge, Black, and White; and the Langshans, Black and White. In this class are found the heaviest known varieties of chickens, the Light Brahma being the largest of all. Fowls weighing twelve or thirteen pounds are common, while, in exceptional cases, fourteen or fifteen pounds, and even greater weights, have been obtained. The origin of the Light Brahma has provoked a wordy war of an international character, Mr. George P. Burnham of Melrose, Massachusetts,—who, by the way, at one time presented to Queen Victoria a coop of these fowls, which her Majesty graciously acknowledged by the gift of her portrait,—and Mr. Lewis Wright of London, taking the most prominent part in the controversy. A ridiculous mouse was born from the labor of these mountains; for the facts concerning the origin of the Light Brahma were carefully collected and sifted, not by the controversialists, but by Mr. H. H. Stoddard of Hartford, Connecticut. The Light Brahma was found to be descended from some fowls brought to New York, and from thence, in 1847, to Hartford, by Mr. Charles Knox; in 1848 they were bred in Hartford by Mr. Nelson Chamberlain; they were first exhibited in 1851 at the hall of the Fitchburg Railroad Station, Boston, by Mr. Samuel O. Hatch of Franklin, Massachusetts; and the first ever seen in England were sent from America in the fall of 1852, having been selected by Mr. C. C. Plaisted from a stock owned by Dr. John C. Bennett. The original specimens were believed to have



RED PYLE AND SILVER DUCK-WING EXHIBITION GAMES.

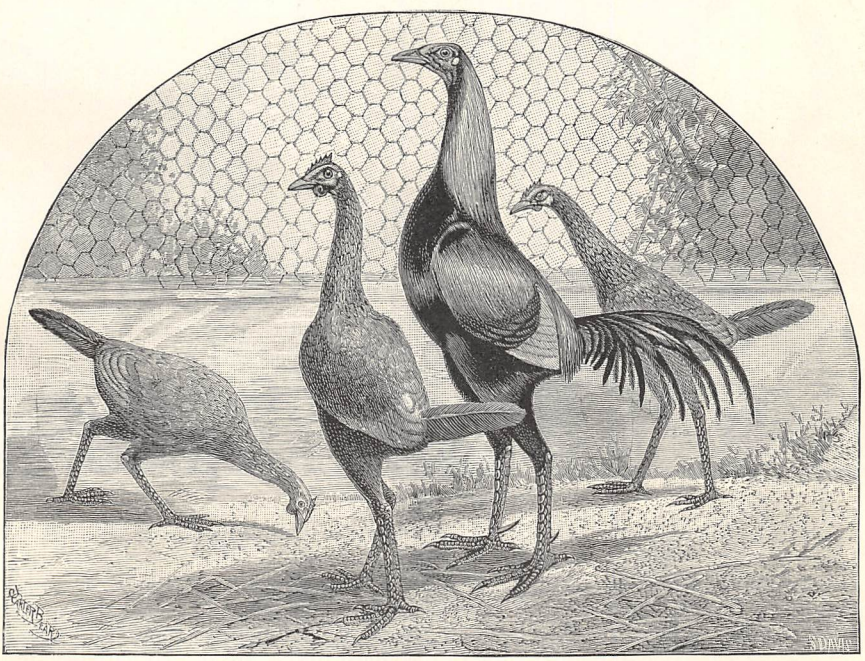
come from some Asiatic port, but what port is not known. From what seem to the writer reliable data, he does not hesitate to state, as his opinion, that the whole Asiatic family is of Chinese origin. That some of the present family have come directly from China is known, and the whole family possesses in common many distinct characteristics, as large size, profuse feathering upon the bodies, abundance of fluff, feathering upon the shanks and toes, and a quiet and contented, or somewhat sluggish, disposition. All lay large eggs of various shades of brown.

The Brahmas are distinguished from the other Asiatic breeds by having a pea-comb and a somewhat less compact build, and they are in general better layers and foragers than the Cochins. The Light Brahma is mainly white in color, the neck and saddle of the male having a heavy black stripe in each feather, and the tail and the wing feathers being in part black. The female has the same markings, with the exception of the black stripe on the saddle-feathers; but in her the black is less prominent. The Dark Brahma in shape and size is intermediate between the Light Brahma and the Cochins, partaking of the characteristics of both. This is not strange, for the Partridge Cochin was employed as a cross to perfect the beautiful pencilings in the plumage of the Dark Brahma female. The Dark Brahma, in spite of its beauty, is a less popular variety in the United States than the Light Brahma — perhaps from the great skill in breeding required to produce it in perfection. The male, with his silver hackle striped with black, his solid black breast, and his handsomely barred "duck-wings," is certainly a handsome fowl; but the steel-gray robe of the female is even more to be admired for the chaste but exquisite marking of every feather. The Cochins are the shortest in neck, shortest in body, shortest in tail, and shortest in limb of any chickens in proportion to their size. The plumage is long and soft; the fluff abundant, giving a very broad appearance to the rear; and the feathers of the back, especially of the hen, rise in a concave mass and nearly bury the tail from sight. The Buff variety is the most "Cochin of the Cochins," and has a rich golden color throughout, usually deeper in the male than in the female. The Partridge Cochin is of the typical black-red or *Gallus bankivus* coloring, the male having red as the prevalent color on his upper parts and black on the under parts. The Partridge female is of a rich brown heavily penciled with a darker brown or black, the pencilings following concentrically the outline of the feather. The White and Black Cochins are fluffy masses of their respective colors. The Langshan, the smallest member of the Asiatic family, long held to be merely a Black Cochin, but now recognized as a distinct breed, has been bred to three distinct types, besides numerous intermediate gradations. At first the Cochin type appeared, and lent force to the arguments of those who contended for the identity of Langshan and Cochin; then came a high-tailed, long-legged, slack-breasted type; and finally, what is recognized abroad, and

probably will be here, as the true type, a fowl having a symmetry approaching that of the Hamburg, and thus longer and more slender of body than the other Asiatics. The Langshan has longer wings, better powers of flight, greater pugnacity, a more restless disposition, and is a better forager than any other of the Asiatics. Like other black breeds, it occasionally produces a white chicken, and White Langshans have recently been seen at some Eastern poultry exhibitions, and announced as well on the Pacific coast as imported direct from the Langshan ("Wolf Mountain") region of China. The Asiatic family, being very warmly feathered, are generally the best layers we have in the colder months of the year, and, if killed at the proper age, make fairly good table-poultry. The Langshan, while objectionable to Americans as a market fowl on account of the dark color of its plumage and legs, is exceptionally good eating, the flesh being of about the same quality as that of the Houdan.

Among the more distinctly ornamental fowls there is no breed that possesses more admirers, and upon which more thought, time, and money have been lavished, than the Games. Hundreds of dollars have, time and again, been paid for a single remarkably perfect specimen, and it is not certain but that it is cheaper to buy such a specimen, even at the extravagant price, than to undertake to obtain one like it by the slow process of breeding; for, though no variety reproduces itself with greater fidelity than the Games, the finest of them have been produced by but very few men, and even by them only at infrequent intervals. The earlier history of the Game fowl is a history of the cock-pit, once a favorite resort of royalty and nobility, and even supported at public expense by the states of ancient Greece for the lessons of courage and endurance it was believed to offer, but now justly under the ban of the law; and this history is interesting to the fancier of Exhibition Games only as the record of the ancestral stock from which his favorites spring. The times have passed when monarchs and bishops associated with "broken-nosed Bobs," and when assemblages from the most diverse ranks and orders of society were entertained by such songs as—

> The main is fought and passed,
> And the pit is empty now—
> Some cocks have crowed their last,
> While some more loudly crow,
> From the shock!
> In the world the same we see,



BLACK-BREASTED RED EXHIBITION GAMES.

> Where'er our wanderings be,
> So here 's a health to thee, jolly cock!

And with these times has waned the renown of the fowl to which the poet attributed the

> Spirit that can dare
> The deadliest form that death can take,
> And dare it for the daring's sake.

The Pit Game, it is true, survives, and in some parts of this country, especially in the South, is extensively bred, but in the pens of English and American fanciers it has been displaced by a fowl more elegant in shape, more brilliant in coloring, and more accurate in marking. The Exhibition Game differs greatly from the Pit fowl. The latter is comparatively short in leg, with a full, flowing tail and an abundant hackle. The Exhibition bird is tall, slender, very erect in carriage, with very short, hard, and glistening plumage, and a small, close tail, carried low. Length of leg and neck

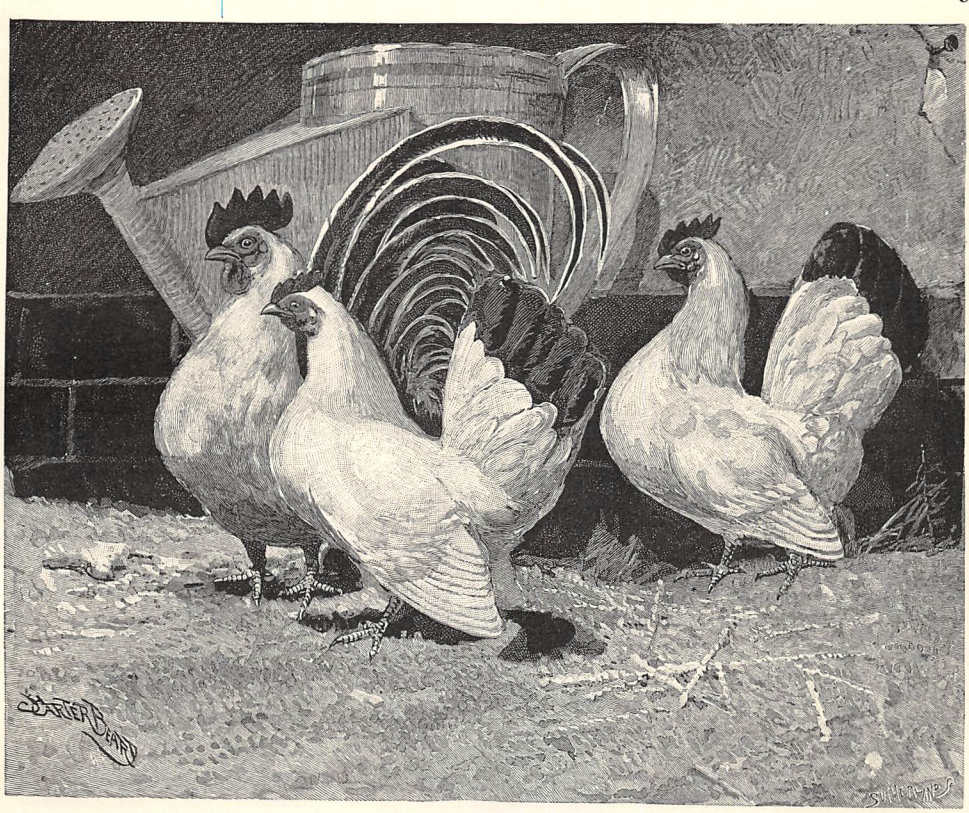
WHITE-CRESTED BLACK POLISH.

are characteristics much sought. Hackle and saddle feathers must be very short and close.

The Black-breasted Red Game is at once the most popular and the most typical variety. It has reached the highest development of form, and possesses the richest combination of colors. The hackle of the male looks almost like spun silk of an orange or light-red hue, the back is of a rich red, the breast is jet black, and the wings are dark red, traversed by an iridescent bar of black. The female is mainly of a somewhat grayish-brown hue, with a salmon breast. The Brown Red Game presents in coloring a glittering combination of black and gold. The hackle of the male is red, shading to lemon, and striped lightly with black; the back is flaming orange; the breast is black, with a brownish-red shaft and a narrow golden margin or lacing to the feathers. The female has a lemon-colored hackle, darkly striped, and is almost black in the remainder of the plumage, the best specimens having the breast lightly but distinctly laced with gold.

The Red Pyle Game cock has an orange-red head and hackle, crimson back, white breast, somewhat marked with chestnut, crimson wings, with a white transverse bar, and a white tail; the hen has an orange-red head, a white hackle laced with gold, a dark salmon breast, white wings slightly marked with chestnut, and a white tail.

The Duck-wing Games, so named because the metallic blue-black bar across the wing rivals in beauty that upon the wing of the Mallard drake, are of two varieties, the Silver and the Golden. The females are much alike, except that the Silver is somewhat the lighter in shade. The Silver male has a silvery hackle, saddle, and back, a glossy black breast, a silvery wing, with its distinctive blue-black bar, and a black tail. The Golden male is like the Silver in the arrangement of color, but the silvery white gives place to a light yellow or straw color upon the neck and saddle, and to a rich copper hue upon the back and wing-bows.



BLACK-TAILED WHITE JAPANESE BANTAMS.

The Duck-wing Games are among the most beautiful of domestic fowls, but in America they have never been brought to the perfection of form attained by the Black-breasted Red variety. In this, English fanciers are considerably in advance of us.

The Black and the White Games complete the list of American varieties of this breed; though in England other varieties also are cultivated, as the Wheatens and Ginger-Reds.

The Black Sumatra is a fowl of lower station than the Game, having a low "strawberry" comb, and full, soft plumage. The tail is very long and sweeping, and the plumage throughout is brilliantly iridescent. The cock often displays, like some pheasants, two or three spurs upon each leg.

The Black-breasted Red Malay, also associated with the Game family, and in its color-scheme approaching a very dark Black-breasted Red Game, is a tall, heavy, stilted-looking fowl, with overhanging eyebrows, which give it a ferocious expression, and do not belie its disposition.[1]

Among the most peculiar fowls related to the Games are the Japanese Long-tailed breeds known as the Shinotawaro or Phœnix, and the Yokohama fowls, the former being colored, the latter white. The peculiarity of these fowls is the remarkable length attained by the tail-feathers. In the museum at Tokio there is a specimen, the longest tail-feathers of which, twenty in number, have the astonishing length of thirteen and a half feet. The length and luxuriance of the tail increases at every succeeding annual moult, and does not reach its fullest development until the bird is four years old. At four months old the tail often measures ten to twelve inches, and at a year old about two feet or two feet and a half.

Among the most universally admired of ornamental fowls are the Polish, with their rose-

[1] The Malay differs from the Indian Game, as now exhibited, in little but the beautiful penciling of the feathers of the Indian hen in concentric lines of glossy black on a cinnamon ground, which penciling often appears on the breast of the cock also, and in the triple or pea comb of the Indian Game, often large in the male, as opposed to the flat or strawberry comb of the Malay. The Malay cock always shows solid black breast, and the hen, though the latest Standard favors an almost uniform cinnamon or chocolate color, often has the plumage heavily laced with glossy green-black with brown centers, but never penciled like that of her Indian relative. A superficial observer would be apt to confound the two breeds, though the votaries of the Indian Game, at least, contend for their absolute distinctness. — EDITOR.

like crests and dependent beards, their graceful figures and harmonious colors. Whether we prefer the Golden variety with its rich body-color and its spangles of black, the Silver with its effective lacing of black and silver, the Buff-laced with its soft lines of buff and white, the White-crested Black (beardless) with its glossy black body and the striking contrast of its white crest, or the White with its snowy plumage, there is about the fowl enough of beauty to awaken a lively interest. At an exhibition no display attracts more attention or admiration than that of the Polish. And it is, withal, one of the best laying fowls in our list, while the supposed difficulty in rearing the young chicks has been much exaggerated.

An account of ornamental poultry cannot omit those Lilliputians of the poultry-yard, the pets of the children and the delight of the true fancier, the beautiful and consequential Bantams. Diminutive size, proud carriage, absolute fearlessness, are the common characteristics, while in figure and color they vary as the larger fowls. In the limits of a paragraph it is impossible to do more than to enumerate some of the varieties. The Game Bantams are, except in size, an almost exact reproduction of the Game fowls; the Pekin Bantams are diminutive Cochins, with the same blocky figure and profuse feathering as the prototype, and in color are a rich golden buff, pure white, shining black, or partridge-marked, as the case may be; the Sebrights, Golden and Silver, differing only in the ground-color, have feathers exquisitely laced with black, rose-combs, blue legs, and enjoy the distinction, accorded to no other Bantam, of having had exhibitions devoted solely to themselves; the Rose-combed Blacks and Whites are diminutive Hamburgs; the Polish are similar to their larger originals; the Booted have very long feathers upon shanks and toes, sometimes measuring nine inches in length, and are either solid black or white in color; the Japanese,— Black-tailed White, pure White, and Colored,— with short legs, high single combs, trailing wings, and large, erectly carried tail, are strikingly peculiar in appearance — a characteristic production of their most original and picturesque country. Such are some of the better known Bantams, but this list is very incomplete. Not to mention the old varieties, Nankin, Spangled, Partridge, Silk, and Jumper, now forgotten, though some of them may yet win their way again into favor, there are many new breeds already perfected or far on the way to perfection, among them the Malay, with its stilted legs, the massive Brahmas, and the Spangled Hamburgs. The time is not far distant, if the present activity in producing new varieties of Bantams continues, when for nearly every well-established variety of chickens there will be a Bantam counterpart.

H. S. Babcock.

SINCE AMY DIED.

THE grass is just as green to-day,
And just as clear the rivers flow,
As when my darling fled away,
A year ago.

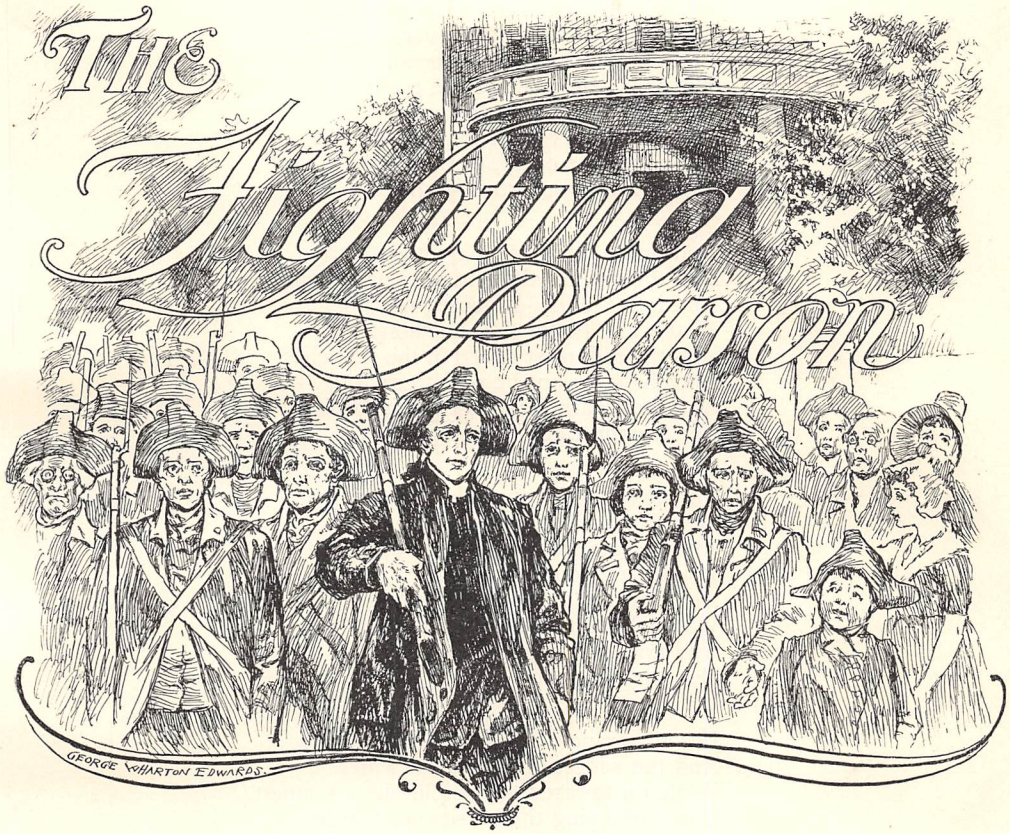
And happy birds are caroling
As sweetly 'neath the placid skies;
And just as fair the flowers of spring
Salute mine eyes.

And peaceful folk in all the earth,
With smiles upon their faces set,
Show that this life of loss is worth
The living yet.

And it is well. I would not choose
To close the flowers, or shroud the sun,
Because my lot has been to lose
My little one.

But yet — alas for mine and me! —
Though naught is changed on any side,
Another world it seems to be
Since Amy died.

Andrew B. Saxton.



'T was brave young Parson Webster,
His father a parson before him,
And here in this town of Temple
The people used to adore him;
And the minute-men from all quarters
That morning had grounded their arms
Round the meeting-house on the hilltop,
Looking down on Temple farms.

Dear to the Puritan soldier
The food which his meeting-house offered,
And especially dear the fine manna
Which the young Temple minister proffered;
And believe as he might in his firelock,
His bayonet, or his sword,
The minute-man's heart was hopeless
If not filled with the strength of the Lord.

The minute-man ever and always
Waited the signal of warning,
And he never dreamed in the evening
Where his prayers would ascend the next morning;
And they even said that the parson
Undoubtedly preached his best
When his musket stood in the pulpit
Ready for use with the rest.

Sad was the minister's message,
And many a heart beat faster,
And many a soft eye glistened,
Whenever the voice of the pastor
Dwelt on the absent dear ones
Who had followed their country's call
To the distant camp, or the battle,
Or the frowning fortress-wall.

And now when near to "fifteenthly,"
And the urchins thought of their nuncheon,
And into the half-curtained windows
Hotter and hotter the sun shone,
And the redbreast dozed in the branches,
And the crow on the pine tree's top,
And the squirrel was lost in his musings,
The sermon came to a stop.

For sharp on the turnpike the clatter
Of galloping hoofs resounded,
And the granite ring of the roadway
Louder and louder sounded;
And now no longer the redbreast
Was inclined to be dull that day,
And now no longer the sexton
Slept in his usual way.

But all sprang up on the instant,
And the widest of eyes grew wider
While on towards the porch, like a tempest,
Came sweeping the horse and its rider;
And now from the din of the hoof-beats
A trumpet voice leapt out,
And, tingling to its rafters,
The church was alive with the shout,—

"Burgoyne 's at Ticonderoga:
Would you have the old fort surrender?"
"No, no!" cried the parson; "New Hampshire
Will send the last man to defend her!"
But before he could shoulder his musket
A Tory sang up from below,
"I hear a great voice out of heaven, sir,
Warning us not to go."

Quick from the pulpit descending,
With the agile step of a lion,—
"The voice you hear is from hell, sir!"
Replied the young servant of Zion.
And out through the open doorway,
And on past the porch he strode,
And the congregation came after,
And gathered beside the road.

Sadly enough the colonel,
The minute-men all arraying,
From the dusty cocked hat of the rider
Drew the lots for going or staying.

"'NO, NO!' CRIED THE PARSON; 'NEW HAMPSHIRE WILL SEND THE LAST MAN TO DEFEND HER!'"

Then waving his hat as he took it,
And putting the spurs to his mare,
The stranger rode off to New Ipswich
In a cheering that rent the air.

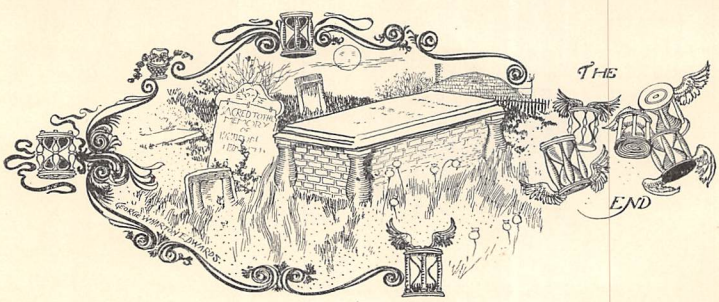
Worse than the shock of battle,
Now came the sad leave-taking,
And to mothers and maids and matrons
The deepest of grief and heart-aching;
And far on the road through the mountains
Whence the rider had just come,
They followed the minute-men marching
To the sound of the fife and the drum.

Long dead have they been who sat there
At that feast of things eternal —
Long dead the laymen, the deacons,
The lawyer, the doctor, the colonel;
Long dead the youths and the maidens,
And long on the graves of all
Have the summers and the winters
Their leaves and their snows let fall.

But whenever I come to the churchyard,
Where, by the side of the pastor,
They afterwards laid the colonel,
His friend in success and disaster,
I see again on the common
The minute-men all in array,
And again I behold the departure,
The pastor leading the way.

And I think of the scene when his comrades
Brought back the young pastor, dying,
To his home in the house of the colonel;
And how, on his death-bed lying,
He took the hand that was offered,
And, gazing far into the night,
Whispered, "I die for my country —
I have fought — I have fought the good fight."

Henry Ames Blood.



"BLACKED OUT."

FEW readers, outside of Russia, are aware of the extent to which the expression of opinion and the dissemination of intelligence in that great Empire are hampered by the governmental censorship of the press. Most Americans, probably, know that such a censorship exists, and that it acts as a check to progressive intellectual activity in general, and to political and revolutionary activity in particular; but very few have had an opportunity to see or to know the full extent of its power for evil. The Russian censorship acts not only as a gag to prevent discussion of public affairs, but as a bandage to close the eyes of the Russian people to the real nature of their own situation. It is hardly an exaggeration, I think, to say that an Englishman who lives in London, and who reads attentively the Russian telegrams and correspondence in the "News," "Times," and "Standard," has a clearer and more accurate knowledge of a whole class of important facts and phenomena in Russian political life than can be gained by a citizen of St. Petersburg from a careful perusal of all the periodicals in the Empire. The reasons for this extraordinary and anomalous state of things may be found in the thick volume published under the direction of the Russian Minister of the Interior, and known as the "Press Laws." How these laws operate to prevent not only the discussion, but even the mention, of certain important public questions may be shown by an illustration drawn from my own personal experience.

In the month of June, 1886, there assembled in the old Tartar city of Kazan a quasi-representative body of Russian citizens, which was half-humorously designated by the liberals of the town as the "Plague Parliament." It consisted of delegates from the zemstvos, or local assemblies, of all the provinces lying adjacent to the river Volga, and it met for the purpose of discussing the then prevalent cattle plague, and taking such measures as might be found necessary to stamp out the epidemic. I happened at the time to be in Kazan, and on the morning appointed for the opening of the "Parliament" I was in my room discussing Russian affairs with the city editor of one of the local newspapers and a professor in the Kazan University.

"I think," said the editor, "that I will go back to the office and write an editorial suggesting that, inasmuch as delegates from all the Volga River zemstvos have assembled here to discuss the cattle plague, a favorable opportunity is afforded for the discussion of certain other important questions in which the Volga River provinces are interested."

"Do you know what will happen if you attempt anything of that sort?" inquired the professor.

"What?" said the editor, laughing.

"Your newspaper and the 'Plague Parliament' will be suppressed before noon to-morrow."

"Do you mean to say," I interposed, "that a newspaper would not be allowed to make a mere suggestion of that kind in good faith?"

"Certainly it would not," replied the professor. "I happen to know that the governor here has received the strictest orders from the Minister of the Interior not to allow discussion in the 'Parliament' to go outside the limits of the single question submitted to it, and to telegraph him every day a full résumé of the proceedings. Mr. A—— [the editor] may word his suggestion as carefully and cunningly as he likes, but I assure you that the censor will prohibit it."

"I 'm going to make it, nevertheless," said the editor; "and if you [turning to me] will come around to the office between eleven and twelve o'clock to-night, you shall know the result."

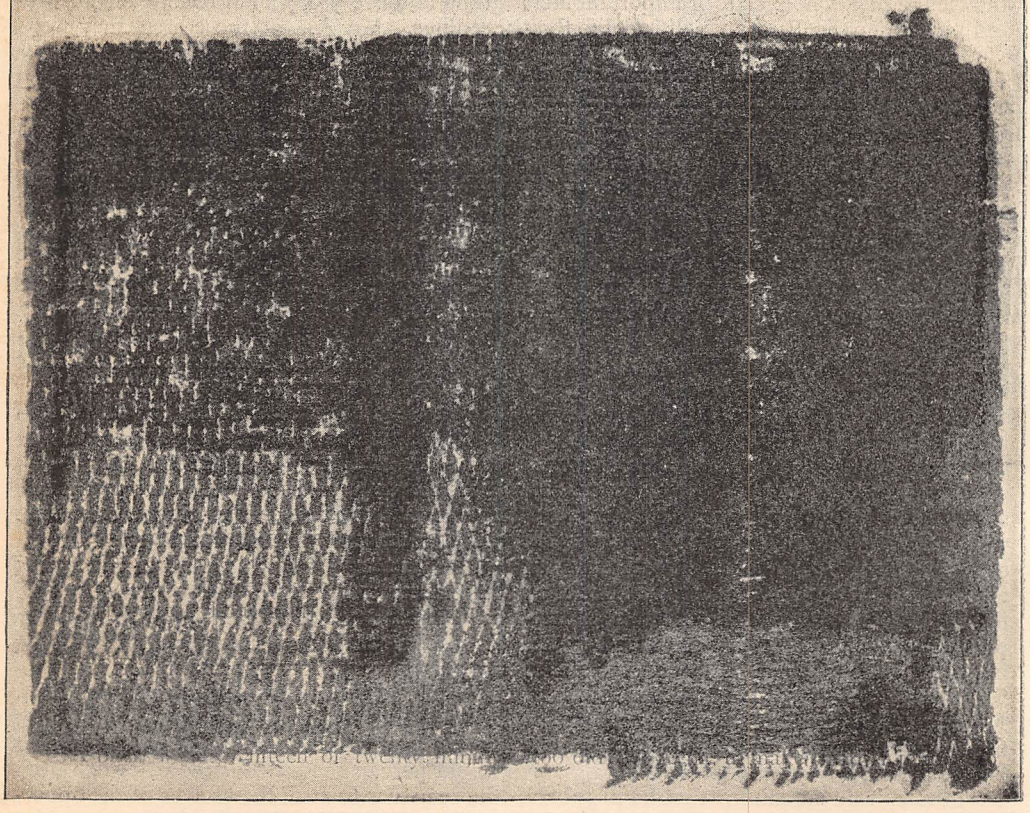
At the appointed hour I went to the editorial rooms of the "Daily Gazette," and took a seat near the desk of Mr. A—— to await the return of the proof-sheets of the next morning's paper. About midnight a small bell rang in an adjoining apartment, and a moment later a boy rushed in with a drawling cry of "C-e-n-s-o-r!" and threw down upon one of the office tables a bundle of proofs. Mr. A—— took them up, glanced hastily through them, and presently handed to me, without comment, a slip containing an editorial article headed, "The Meeting of Delegates from the Volga River Zemstvos." The tone of the editorial, as a whole, seemed to me perfectly unobjectionable, even from the point of view of the most narrow-minded and conservative bureaucrat; but in the concluding paragraph Mr. A—— had made, mildly, meekly, and in timidly cautious words, the suggestion that it would perhaps be well for the delegates from the zemstvos to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the meeting to consider

as "Dora," and "Enoch Arden." Their beauty is not in themselves alone, but in the air that breathes around them, in the light that falls upon them from the faith of centuries. Christianity is something more than a system of doctrines; it is a life, a tone, a spirit, a great current of memories, beliefs, and hopes flowing through millions of hearts. And he who launches his words upon this current finds that they are carried with a strength beyond his own, and freighted oftentimes with a meaning which he himself has not fully understood as it flashed through him.

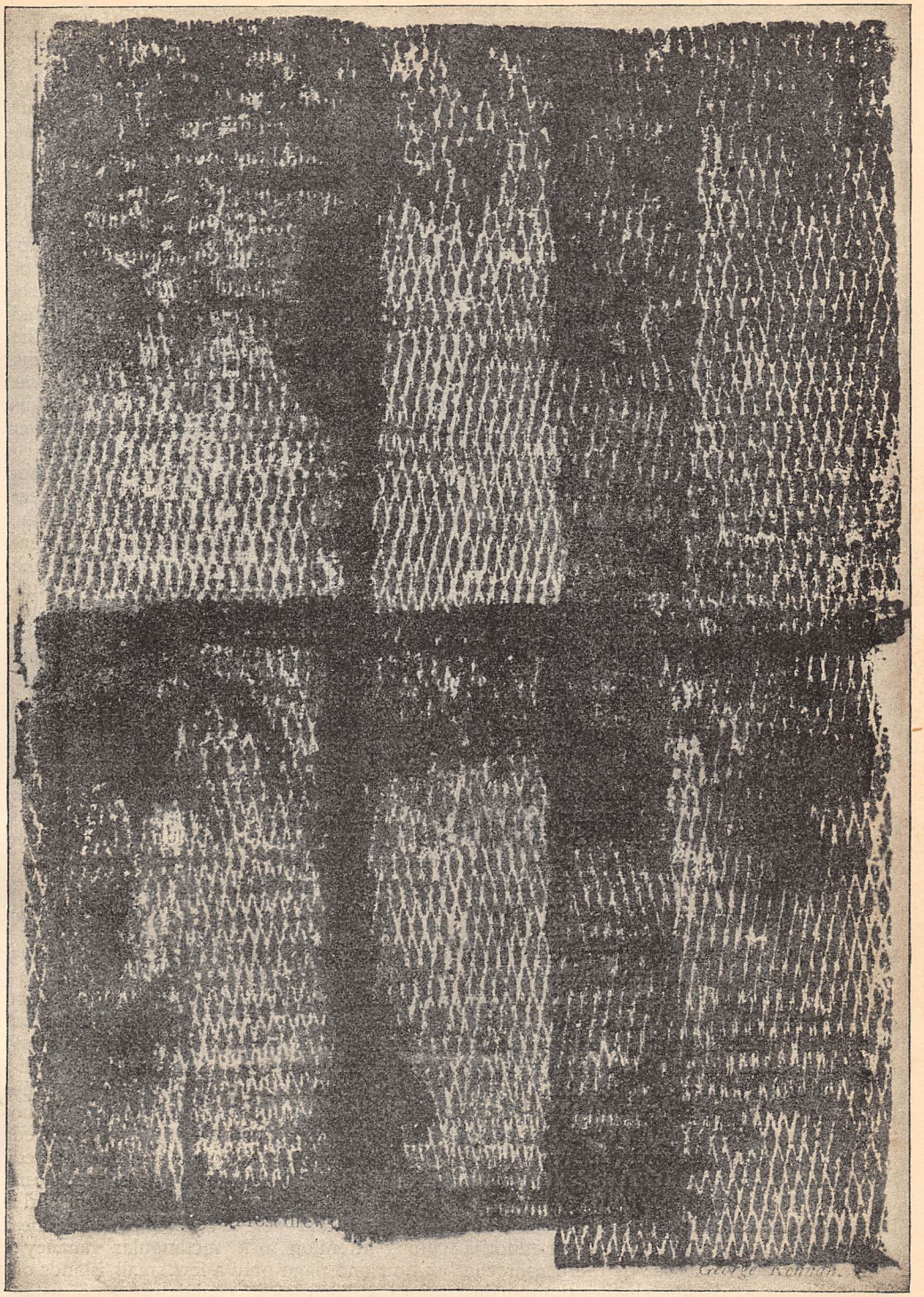
But, on the other hand, we cannot help seeing that the Bible gains a wider influence and a new power over men as it flows through the poet's mind upon the world. Its narratives and its teachings clothe themselves in modern forms of speech and find entrance into many places which otherwise were closed against them. I do not mean by this that poetry is better than the Bible, but only that poetry lends wings to Christian truth. People who would not read a sermon will read a poem. And though its moral and religious teachings may be indirect, though they may proceed by silent assumption rather than by formal assertion, they exercise an influence which is perhaps the more powerful because it is unconscious. The Bible is in continual danger of being desiccated by an exhaustive — and exhausting — scientific treatment. When it comes to be regarded chiefly as a compendium of exact statements of metaphysical doctrine, the day of its life will be over, and it will be ready for a place in the museum of antiquities. It must be a power in literature if it is to be a force in society. For literature, as a wise critic has defined it, is just "the best that has been thought and said in the world." And if this is true, literature is certain, not only to direct culture, but also to mold conduct.

Is it possible then for wise and earnest men to look with indifference upon the course of what is often called, with a slighting accent, mere *belles lettres?* We might as well be careless about the air we breathe or the water we drink. Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence. The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malaria of modern letters — an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height.

Henry van Dyke.



GEORGE KENNAN'S ARTICLE ON "STATE CRIMINALS AT THE KARA MINES," IN "THE CENTURY"



FOR AUGUST, 1889, AFTER PASSING THE RUSSIAN CENSOR. (INTERMEDIATE PAGES CUT OUT.)

some other public questions that were quite as important to the people of the Volga River basin as the cattle plague. Through this paragraph the censor had drawn three or four heavy slanting lines with red ink, and on the margin he had written in crabbed chirography the single word, "Forbidden." The prediction of the professor was fulfilled. The "Daily Gazette" was not permitted to make even so much as a suggestion that the delegates from the zemstvos might, with benefit to the public, consider certain other important questions not directly connected with the prevailing epidemic. The Government had no objection to the discussion of measures that related exclusively to beasts; but a proposal that the delegates turn their attention to the needs, trials, and sufferings of oppressed human beings was a seditious attack upon the sacred privileges of the Crown. The cattle plague might properly be abated; but the bureaucratic plague was a special dispensation of "the Lord's Anointed" and must not be referred to, even as a "certain other important question."

My experience and training as a newspaper man naturally made me feel more than an ordinary interest in the practical working of the Russian system of press censorship, and after my return from Siberia to European Russia I devoted all the time that I could spare to a study of the subject. I talked with all the editors and authors whose acquaintance I could make; visited newspaper offices and listened to the comments of the editorial staff upon the censor's erasures, interlineations, and prohibitions, and made a large collection of original proof-sheets to illustrate the working of this system of repression, and to show how narrow are the limits within which Russian editors and reporters are allowed to express their opinions or display their activity and enterprise.

In the office of a Russian daily newspaper the last proof-sheets are received from the censor between twelve and one o'clock at night. The whole night staff usually assemble in response to the cry, "C-e-n-s-o-r!" and one of the editors looks over the slips and announces to his co-workers the nature of the changes that have been made by the official guardian of the public mind and morals, and reads aloud the titles or headings of the articles that have been forbidden altogether. A hasty consultation is then held with regard to the course to be pursued. If the very vitals of an editorial article have been cut out by the censor, the night editor must decide whether the remains can be patched up by means of a skillful surgical operation so that they will have the semblance of organic life and unity, or whether, on the other hand, they are so mutilated that nothing can be done with them except to bury them in the waste-paper basket. If the censor has merely suggested unimportant changes or modifications, the night editor must pass judgment upon them and return every article to its author for such corrections as may be necessary. A large quantity of matter that has already been submitted and approved is kept standing in type, and with it are filled up the gaps left by the striking out, at the last moment, of items or editorial articles that are declared by the censor to be "out of place" or "pernicious in their tendency." When the revised proofs have been again examined and the censor has gone home, the work of the editors and reporters is ended for the day. Moscow may burn to the ground or the Tsar may be assassinated, but after the censor has retired to his couch not a line of new matter can be put into the columns of the paper.

It may perhaps be thought by persons not familiar with the Russian censorship that cases of wholesale prohibition are rare — that the censor, as a rule, exercises his power with reasonable discretion and forbearance; but such is by no means the fact. I have copies of Russian newspapers in which from eight to fourteen articles or editorials have been stricken out and prohibited altogether, to say nothing of changes and modifications in the language of the items that have been allowed to stand.

On the 9th of May, 1881, Mr. Adrianof, the editor and publisher of the newspaper known as the "Siberian Gazette," received from the censor in Tomsk a set of proof-sheets in which more than half of the reading matter intended for the next number of his journal had been wholly or partly stricken out. Irritated and disgusted, he resolved to go to press without substituting any "approved" matter for that which had been prohibited. In other words, he determined simply to leave blank spaces where the censor had crossed out objectionable matter, and let the public draw its own conclusions. He did so, and the "Siberian Gazette" that appeared on the morning of May 10, 1881, was perhaps the most extraordinary looking newspaper that ever went into the hands of a subscriber. In one place might be seen a blank space of half a column, followed by the remains of a beheaded and mutilated editorial; in another appeared a stray, meaningless paragraph, without beginning or end; just below that were two or three headlines calling attention to a rectangular vacancy; and on one page only a few small islands of print had been left in a miniature sea of white paper.

The appearance of the "Gazette" on the street that morning naturally created a sensation. The demand for it was unprecedented. Everybody understood the significance of the

blank spaces, and everybody wanted a copy. The attention of the police, however, was soon attracted to the paper, and an order was promptly issued to seize and destroy the whole edition. So thorough was the search made for copies of that number of the "Gazette" that hardly one escaped. Mr. Adrianof himself could not show me one four years afterwards, nor tell me where one might be obtained. He could, however, give me a copy of the following number, in which the press censor, with characteristic stupidity and inconsistency, had allowed him to publish the following "Notice to Subscribers":

> The editor of the "Siberian Gazette" regards it as his duty to inform his subscribers that No. 11 of that paper cannot be sent to them for the following reason: Not finding anything in the press laws to prohibit the leaving of blank spaces in columns where printed matter had been crossed out by the Government press censor, the editor, in the last number of the "Siberian Gazette," adopted that course. Upon sending a telegram, however, to the Minister of the Interior with regard to the subject, the editor received the following reply from Hofmeister P. P. Viazemski, Acting Chief Director of Press Affairs: "Blank spaces in the pages of newspapers are an implied protest against preliminary censorship, and cannot be permitted."

A copy of the number of the "Siberian Gazette" that contains this remarkable "Notice" — No. 12, May 17, 1881 — is in my possession. The "Gazette" has since that time been twice suspended for "manifesting a pernicious tendency," and has finally been suppressed altogether upon the nominal charge of giving employment to "untrustworthy" (neblagonadëzhni) persons and publishing an obituary notice of the dead political exile Zabaluief. The "pernicious tendency" of the "Gazette," as appears from the mutilated proof-sheets of it now in my possession, was "manifested" in the patriotic attempts that it made to call the attention of the Russian public to cases of fraud, bribe-taking, extortion, and acts of cruelty among Siberian officials. Mr. Adrianof, its former editor, is a man of the highest and purest personal character, and since the suppression of his newspaper he has been engaged in making archæological researches for the West Siberian section of the Imperial Geographical Society. Archæology, since it relates to a prehistoric period, is one of the branches of human knowledge over which the Russian press censor does not claim original jurisdiction and exercise supreme control. Unless Mr. Adrianof should be so unfortunate as to exhume an inscribed brick or find a cliff hieroglyph bearing evidence of the existence somewhere and at some time of a people not dominated by a Tsar and regulated by a press censor, he may, perhaps, be able to pursue his labors unmolested.

To an American newspaper man it would seem absurdly inconsistent to seize and burn the whole edition of one number of a periodical for leaving blank spaces where the censor had crossed out matter, and then to allow the editor in the very next number to explain all the circumstances of the case, in the form of a notice to subscribers; but the ways of Russian officials are past finding out. In the history of the Russian press censorship I know of only one more remarkable attempt than this to evade governmental prohibition and call the attention of the public to the injustice of Russian gag-law.

In the early part of the year 1886 preparations were being made throughout Russia to celebrate in an appropriate manner the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs. Quarter-centennial celebrations are common in Russia, and nobody outside of official circles supposed for a moment that the Government would interfere to prevent the commemoration of the most momentous event in modern Russian history. In pursuance, however, of the reactionary policy that has characterized the reign of Alexander III., Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who was then Minister of the Interior, caused to be sent to all provincial officers of the Crown an order prohibiting the public celebration of the 19th of February throughout the Empire, and directing press censors to notify all newspapers that on that day editorial reference to the emancipation act or to any of its consequences was strictly forbidden. As a result of this order, every daily newspaper in the Empire, except one, appeared on the morning of February 19, 1886, in the attitude of a gagged and beaten slave. Not one of the journals that actually went to press dared make an allusion to the significance of the day or to the great charter of liberty that had rendered it famous.

All the newspapers of the Empire, however, did not appear. The "Russian Gazette" of Moscow, finding itself unable to voice the thoughts suggested by the great quarter-centennial anniversary, resolved to celebrate the day in the only manner possible — by suspending publication altogether. It would hold its tongue voluntarily, but the Government should not force it to appear with a gag in its mouth. If the Minister of the Interior had been aware of the resolution formed by the editors of the "Gazette," he would perhaps have found some means of compelling them to bring out their paper that morning as usual; but no intimation of their intention reached him, and on the night of February 18–19, 1886, the presses of the great Moscow newspaper were still. When

on the following morning people began to inquire of one another what had happened to the "Russian Gazette," the reply was whispered about, "It is celebrating by its silence the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs."

From the illustrations of Russian press censorship that I have given, the reader can form a fairly accurate idea of the summary way in which the Government of the Tsar dealt with its own journals when they "manifested a pernicious tendency." But Russian journals were not the only periodicals that circulated in the Empire. Newspapers and magazines published in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York City came constantly to Russia, bearing in their closely packed columns the seeds of discontent and "sedition." How were the subjects of the Tsar to be protected from the "pernicious" influence of this foreign literature? The Russian press censor, omnipotent although he might be in his own field, could not cross out with red ink an obnoxious editorial in the proof-sheets of the London "Times," nor suppress THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for publishing a series of articles on the exile system; and yet the Russian people must be prevented in some way from reading the objectionable parts of such periodicals. When confronted by this difficulty, the Russian Government acted with characteristic directness and vigor. It made the mere possession of forbidden literature a penal offense, and then, as if that was not enough, it violated the sanctity of its own mails, seized, opened, and examined every foreign periodical that came into the Empire, and appointed a staff of censors to tear out or "black out" every editorial that criticized unfavorably Russian governmental methods, and every magazine article that, in the judgment of such censors, was "pernicious" in its tendency.

Under the term "pernicious" were classified, of course, all the papers upon Siberia and the exile system that appeared in THE CENTURY. Some time before the announcement of this series of articles I began sending the magazine to a friend in Western Siberia, with the hope of establishing for it in the censorial mind, while it was yet innocent, a reputation for safety and "trustworthiness." I thought that the censor would probably look over three or four successive numbers, and, finding in them nothing of a "pernicious" character, would relax his vigilance to such an extent that I could get two or three articles of the exile series through unnoticed. I soon discovered, however, that the Russian frontier censor was not to be lulled into a feeling of security by an examination of three or four harmless numbers of a foreign periodical. The very first article upon a Russian topic that made its appearance — the article entitled "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," in THE CENTURY for June, 1887 — was partly torn and partly blacked out, and not a single paper of the exile series escaped.[1]

In the summer of 1888 Mr. Holl, an American gentleman traveling in Russia, received from the postal authorities a copy of THE CENTURY from which had been torn not only the Siberian paper for that month, but nearly all of the leaves that contained advertisements. Curious to know why THE CENTURY advertisements were regarded as objectionable, Mr. Holl called upon one of the police officials in the town where he happened to be, exhibited the mutilated magazine, and asked for an explanation. He said that he was not particularly surprised at the tearing out of the article upon Russia, but he could not understand why the advertisements had been removed. He then added — as a mild American joke — that it might perhaps be attributable to the fact that many of the advertisements set forth the virtues of American soap, and that, from such observations as he had been able to make in his journey through the Empire, he had already reached the conclusion that soap must be a prohibited article, and in that case, of course, it was only natural and proper that the censor should tear out and destroy all soap advertisements in foreign magazines. The police official, whose intelligence had not been cultivated up to an appreciation of American jokes, took offense at this innocent bit of raillery, and Mr. Holl had some difficulty in placating him. When, however, his ruffled dignity had been smoothed down, he informed the American traveler, with an air of severe condemnation, that THE CENTURY advertisements had been torn out "because they contained notices of irreligious books!" From what aërial standpoint of pure orthodoxy he passed this judgment upon the books advertised in THE CENTURY, I do not know; but, as a member of a church that encourages ignorant and superstitious peasants to hang articles of clothing upon "miracle-working" pictures and images and calls that sort of fetish worship religion, he was doubtless quite right in regarding the books advertised in THE CENTURY as irreligious.

Since the visit of Mr. Holl to Russia every copy of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE that I have

[1] This statement refers only to the copies of THE CENTURY that I myself sent to Russia. I learn from Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, who was in St. Petersburg last year, that after making a formal complaint to the authorities with regard to the mutilation of her copies of the magazine, she was finally permitted to receive them in their normal condition.

sent to friends in that country has been more or less mutilated by the censor. My own articles have always been cut or blacked out, and many chapters of the "Life of Lincoln" have met with the same fate.

The removal of objectionable articles or items from foreign periodicals in Russia is accomplished in two ways. If they are long and bulky, they are torn or cut out bodily. If they are brief, they are blacked out by means of a rectangular stamp which has about the width of an ordinary newspaper column, and which is "cross-hatched" in such a way that when inked and pressed upon the paper it makes a close network of white lines and black diamonds. The peculiar mottled or grained appearance of a page of print that has been blacked out with this stamp has suggested to Russian readers a descriptive slang term for it, namely, "caviare." Any one who has ever seen the black salted caviare of Russia spread upon a slice of bread and butter will appreciate the felicity of the metaphorical comparison. From the noun a verb has been formed, and every Russian now understands that "to caviare" means to "black out" an objectionable page or paragraph by pressing upon it the censor's stamp.

The illustrations that accompany this article are reproductions in facsimile of the first page and the last page of an article entitled, "State Criminals at the Kara Mines," which was printed in THE CENTURY last August, and which was partly cut and partly blacked out after the magazine reached Russia.

It is a curious and noteworthy circumstance that while this record of The Century Company's Siberian investigation has been "caviared" by the stamp of the press censor, the names of the two investigators have been allowed to stand. At the bottom of the last page of the article may still be seen the name of the author and the brief but significant statement that "Frost drew." The record of our work has been "blacked out," but our names have been spared. For this mercy many thanks! The Russian reader who is curious to know what "Frost drew" and what Kennan wrote has only to ask a London newsdealer to cut out the article and send it to him in a registered letter.

The futility of this peculiarly Russian method of enforcing ignorance is almost as striking to an American as are its cool impudence and audacity. For reasons that are perfectly obvious, it does not accomplish, and cannot accomplish, the objects that its authors have in view. As long as the Russian Government permits letters to come into the Empire without censorial examination, any citizen of St. Petersburg or Moscow can write to a dealer in periodicals in Berlin, Paris, or London and ask him to cut out and forward in a sealed envelope either a particular article that has already been "caviared," or all articles relating to Russia that may appear in any specified newspaper or magazine. Thus far the efforts that have been made by the Russian press censors to exclude from the country the Siberian papers of THE CENTURY have utterly failed. The "blacked out" articles not only have made their way into Russia, but have there been translated and hectographed, and are now circulating from hand to hand throughout the Empire. Many of them have even reached political exiles in the remotest parts of Siberia. I regret to say, however, that some of them have brought disaster upon the recipients, and that at least one young Russian is now lying in prison for having them in his possession. Some time ago, in response to an urgent request, I sent a number of them to a young journalist of my acquaintance in Central Russia named Ivan Petrovitch Belokonski. I was afraid that they would get him into trouble; but he insisted upon having them, and I could not do otherwise than send them. I have just received from one of his acquaintances the following letter:

X——, RUSSIA, Dec. 16–28, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. KENNAN: I avail myself of a favorable opportunity to write you a few words and give you some melancholy news. I do not know whether you have heard or not that your friend Ivan Petrovitch Belokonski has gotten into trouble as a result of two large pictures (one of an exile party on the road, and the other of an attempted escape) that you sent him.[1] An acquaintance to whom he had given them was arrested, and so much importance was attributed to these pictures that Mr. Belokonski was subjected to an examination with regard to them, and orders were received by the police from St. Petersburg to watch him "with especial attention." This was in December, 1888. On the 29th of the following April the police entered Mr. Belokonski's house at three o'clock in the morning for the purpose of making a search. Nothing of a forbidden nature was found except Leroy-Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars" and three of your magazine articles. Searches were made that same night in eighteen other houses in ——, but for what reason no one knows to this day. On the 8th of May, Mr. Belokonski was again summoned to the police station for examination, and was sent from there to prison, where he has been ever since. It may seem to you very strange that a man with a family dependent upon him should have been arrested in this way and should have been held already eight months in prison — and for what? Merely for having your articles in his

[1] These were two large advertising sheets or posters printed and distributed by the publishers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the purpose of calling attention to its Siberian articles.

possession. We Russians however are so accustomed to such things that they do not in the least surprise us, but they make us sad at heart. Even under the evil conditions of our life we still retain an ardent love of freedom — and how much freedom have we? Even the Turks are freer!

The family of Ivan Petrovitch consists of five persons. They are in great need, and yet Mrs. Belokonski has been forbidden by the governor to teach or give private lessons, and she finds it very difficult in a small provincial town to get any other work. You may ask, "How, then, do they live?" Mrs. Belokonski has thus far been able to support herself and her children by selling or pawning her furniture and moving into smaller and cheaper quarters. She has to support, moreover, not only herself and her children, but her imprisoned husband. The Government allows him only two rubles and thirty kopeks [$1.15] *a month* for food; and in order to keep him from losing strength and breaking down from semi-starvation, she has to buy food and carry it to him in prison. Fortunately, she is a woman of strong character. If she were not, there would be nothing for her to do but lie down and die.

I should like very much to read your last articles, but I dare not ask you to send them to me, and must postpone a perusal of them to a more favorable time. With a warm grasp of the hand, and with most cordial regard, I am,

Yours sincerely,

— —

Comment upon this letter is unnecessary. My friend Mr. Belokonski will probably go to Siberia by administrative process for having my articles in his possession, and I am almost powerless to help him.

What does the Russian Government hope or expect to accomplish by "blacking out" articles that aim simply to tell the truth with regard to Russian affairs, and by throwing into prison every man in whose possession such articles may be found?

The Russian author Prugávin, in a book that was inadvertently sanctioned by the press censor, but that was afterward seized and burned, asks this same question, and says: "Can an idea be choked to death? Can thought be killed, buried, or annihilated? Are not truth, and love, and justice, and freedom immortal? It is the most terrible of mistakes to suppose that ideas can ever be crushed. People have perished — men have died in chains and casemates, their bodies have decayed, their graves have been lost, and their very names have been forgotten; but their ideas and aspirations live on. Washed in the blood of suffering, such ideas and aspirations have become the dream of every man in whose brain a thought stirs and in whose breast a heart beats."

The press censor, when he burned Prugávin's book, thought that he had destroyed forever its "pernicious" influence; but the "ideas and aspirations" of the gifted author "live on"; and his words, although burned by order of Government in Russia, will appeal to hundreds of thousands of sympathetic hearts in England and the United States.

Some time in the far-distant future the free Russian patriot, no longer blinded by the censorship of the press, will look over the pages of his national history that record these attempts to gag public opinion and strangle human thought, and will wish from the bottom of his heart that so humiliating and shameful a record might be "blacked out."

George Kennan.

A STUDY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.[1]

THE extraordinary success of the novelettes "Archibald Malmaison" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been largely due to the dramatic excitement of their plots, but part of it has been the result of the amazed interest with which even the imperfectly educated are in these later days beginning to contemplate themselves. For centuries the questions, Whither am I going? and What shall I be? have thrilled and dominated human thought and human feeling; but as the strange nooks and crannies of the human organism have been more and more revealed by the light of research, side by side with speculations concerning the future press forward inquiries as to the present. Not only do we ask, What shall I be? but also, What am I? In consonance with this questioning, in pulpit and on platform the Ego is perpetually the theme of eloquent discourse. To define, in terms clear and sharp, the exact meaning of the Ego of the popular philosopher would be a task of difficulty; but certainly underneath all human individuality is the faculty or attribute of consciousness.

If, in a general company, the question should be asked, Is there such a thing as unconsciousness? almost every one would at once reply, "Of course there is. The stone is unconscious; the corpse is unconscious; we are unconscious in sleep." Such answers

1 See also "Memory," by the same author, in THE CENTURY for March.

would, however, be too flippant. I am not going to assert that all matter has consciousness, but it is certainly very difficult to prove that either the stick or the stone is unconscious; at least I know of no way of positively demonstrating it. If we analyze our ordinary tests of consciousness, I think that we shall find that each of them belongs to one of three groups. In the first place, the conscious person or animal does acts which seem purposive, *i. e.*, he does acts which look as though they were performed for a definite purpose, consonant with his surroundings. In the second place, when the conscious person or animal is irritated, a response is given. Thus, we speak to a man, and he answers; we throw a light in his face, and he shows signs of recognition; we pinch him, and he cries out; we hit him, and he strikes back; we kick him, and he departs. In the third place, there is memory of events. If the quiet, apparently inanimate corpse awakes to complete consciousness and describes how the wake has been furious around his bier, we know that during his passive condition he was conscious. When a mass of living or dead matter performs no purposive action, yields no signs when irritated, and has no after memory of events, we say that such a mass is or has been unconscious. Each of these tests of consciousness is by itself fallacious. The most vivid consciousness may exist, and one or more of the tests fail entirely. Do three naughts joined together make a whole number? Does the heaping up of fallacies give us an impregnable fortress of truth? If I am able to show the correctness of my assertion that each of these tests of unconsciousness is fallacious, I insist that there is no absolute proof of unconsciousness.

Practical examples of the failure of each one of these tests singly by itself, to prove the presence of unconsciousness, might be multiplied indefinitely, but for brevity's sake I will content myself with the narration of a few instances.

The first test is that of purposive action. Not long ago I was consulted by a woman who had epilepsy, and who belonged to the lower walks of life, and was accustomed to do her own housework. Suddenly and without warning she would at irregular intervals utter the terrible cry which so often ushers in the epileptic storm, and fall in a convulsion. After the fury of motion had passed, she would remain quiet for a short time and then rise and continue whatever work she had been doing when the attack came on, although she was entirely unconscious,—at least she yielded no sign of recognition when spoken to or shaken, —and afterwards had no recollection of events. Thus, if she had been setting the dinner-table when the epileptic paroxysm developed, she would go into the kitchen, get the dished-up food and arrange it on the table in the usual manner. By and by she would wake up, saying: "Where am I? What am I doing?" She did not know what she had been doing. There was no memory of the labor she had been performing. If in this condition she were spoken to, she gave no heed. If a hot iron were thrust into her flesh, she would not mark it.

One day, while I was in my ward in the Philadelphia Hospital, suddenly there was a shriek, and a colored man at the farther end of the room, with a bound, rushed towards the door. There was a convulsive struggle, and the man was thrown and held by the assistants. It was a case of running epilepsy. If let alone the man would run for half a mile, then suddenly come to himself and wonder how he had reached where he was. Trousseau's famous case of the master builder of Paris is parallel to this. While overlooking the erection of one of the many palaces for which that city is noted, suddenly, with a cry, the man would rush from scaffold to scaffold, up and down steep inclines, never falling, passing with a steady head over places where he dare not go when conscious. There was an apparently purposive action, and yet when the man came to himself he had no memory of what he had done, and during the time of the attack he did not respond to irritation.

The facts of somnambulism and artificial hypnotism also show that it is possible for a man to act for a purpose and yet not be able to control himself or to have a true recognition of his surroundings. Moreover, in some, but not all, of these cases, the person on awaking remembers what he has done, although during the attack he would not respond to irritations, unless they were in immediate accord with his mental state. Related to this condition are the so-called night-terrors, in which the screaming child, terrified by some dream, seems to be awake, but is, in many cases at least, not really awake, and cannot be soothed or brought to recognize his mother for a long time. As instances of somnambulism, I cite the following cases.

One night the prior of a German abbey, going to his cell much later than usual, was astonished to see one of the monks passing along the hall with a wild, fierce expression of face, a drawn dagger in one hand and a light in the other. The superior watched the monk as he walked, with staring eye and determined mien, to the prior's door and opened it. The prior followed him without noise. The man placed the lamp upon the table, went over to the prior's bed, felt cautiously with the hand that

was unarmed, and then with the dagger struck three times so forcibly that the knife went through the bed-clothes and the mattress. Now the light of triumph came into his face, and picking up his candle, he marched out of the room and back to his cell. The next morning the prior sent for the monk. The man was evidently embarrassed. He was asked if he had had a quiet night. "No," he said; "I had a restless night." "What was the matter?" "I shall have to confess," the monk replied. "I dreamed that you had murdered my mother, and that I was impelled by wild fury and revenge to go to your room and stab you to death, and that I succeeded. When I awoke, the sweat stood on me with horror at the deed, and on my bended knees I thanked God that it was but a dream." It is needless to say that after that night the good brother was locked in his cell every evening.

A case which ended less favorably occurred some years ago near Edinburgh. At the trial of a man named Yellowlees, for the murder of his child, it was proved that even in his boyhood, when living by the border of a stream in the Black Forest, at night he would rush out of the house, screaming the name of a sister of whom he was fond, would go down the bank into the raging torrent feeling for his sister, and then with a yell of triumph go back to the shore. Sometimes he would stand at the edge of the stream crying, "Help, help!" Yet he was perfectly unconscious; even immersion in the cold water failed to awaken him. He would go back to his bed, and remember nothing about it, and wonder in the morning how he had gotten so wet. As he grew up to manhood, married, and had a family, the attacks, continuing, took a different form. At night there would come to him a great light streaming through an opening in the floor, or mayhap through a window. With this there was a vision of great beasts rushing towards the sleepers. He would jump out of bed in terror, and attempt to drive these beasts from his family. It was in such somnambulistic and unconscious condition that he had seized one of his children to drag her away from the beast, and had hurled her with such force against the opposing wall that she dropped a limp and lifeless mass. In these dream attacks the man did apparently purposive actions, and he had sometimes some after-memory of the events; but at the time he had no knowledge of his surroundings and no knowledge of himself, and, as oftentimes he could not be awakened, he did not respond to external stimuli.

I shall give one or two other cases, as they are very curious in themselves. They show especially that there may be loss of power of responding to irritations with complete knowledge or consciousness of things going on about the person, and with memory of events.

Gueneau de Mussy reported to the French Academy the case of a woman who had gone to sleep in 1808 and in 1838 was still sleeping. With the legs drawn up to the abdomen, the arms on the breast, the eyes tightly closed, her frame emaciated to the last degree, and with the ebb and flow of the aërial tide of respiration scarcely perceptible, that woman lived on through the decades, fed now and then with a crumb. There are a number of well-authenticated cases like this, but in none that I know of has the condition continued so long. The sleeping girl of Turville slept through eighteen years. Cases in which the sleep has continued for days, weeks, months, or years are not rare. This morbid sleep is nothing more than what is normal in many animals. The bear sleeps through the long winter months without food or motion.

Closely allied to this morbid sleep is hysterical trance, in which the power of recognition passes away; all muscles settle into absolute quiet; the pulse becomes more and more feeble, until it can no longer be felt at the wrist; respiration appears to cease, so that even a feather held over the mouth gives no sign; and the man or woman seems to be dead. When under these circumstances consciousness is preserved, the so-called *lucid lethargy* results, a condition which may follow an attack of acute disease with effects to the sufferer most dire. In the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels two companion pictures, which attract almost universal attention, illustrate the closing scene of a cholera tragedy. One portrays the father carried in a rough pine box by ruffians to his burial, in spite of the frantic outcries and impotent resistance of wife and children; the other represents the scene a little later: in a dark and noisome vault the coffin lies with others piled upon it; its occupant, recovered from his lucid lethargy, has burst open the lid, and, with agonized face peering through the rent, is violently struggling to get out. The counterpart of this picture has without doubt not infrequently been enacted during maddening epidemics. In my boyhood a familiar figure in Philadelphia was that of a gentleman of the highest repute, who sat at the head of a Quaker meeting in which I spent many weary hours, and whom I watched but too often with the most earnest wish that he would shake hands with his fellows and let us out. It so happened that in one of the yellow fever epidemics that ravaged this city in the later years of the last century, Mr. B—— took the disease and passed into a condition of lucid lethargy. There was no pulse that could be felt, no respiration that could be seen, no moving of an

eyelid, yet every word spoken in the death-room was registered in his consciousness. They washed the death-sweat from off him, and robed him in a shroud; the touch of the cold water and the soft embrace of the folded fabric thrilled him alike with horror, but he gave no sign because he could not. Just as the coffin lid was about to be screwed down, a supreme despairing effort caused a slight movement, and his condition was recognized.

If all our tests of the presence of consciousness fail, how do we know that anything is unconscious? We do not, in fact, know that anything is unconscious; we simply believe that things are unconscious. Unconsciousness is a negative condition, and we only arrive at our belief by a process of negative reasoning based upon the absence of certain attributes. A negation is never an absolute proof.

Stranger than all these vagaries of consciousness are those which cluster around the mental condition known as double consciousness. In double consciousness a person leads two lives. Let me cite an instance, one of the first on record. A young girl, quick, active, full of life and animation, suddenly complained one day of a very severe headache, and lay down on the bed. She became unconscious, but awoke in a few moments conscious, although no longer the being that she had been. She was a stranger in a strange land. The father, mother, sisters, and brothers were unknown. The results of years of education had been annihilated. She knew no more of her native tongue than does the child just born. Where vivacious before, she was now dull; where apt to learn, she was slow; where before slow to learn, she was now apt. She had to be educated over again. She lived her life, learned her lessons, until she could read and write, and knew her friends once more. Suddenly the headache again came upon her, and a deep sleep fell over her. She again woke up to the old being; the language acquired in infancy had returned to her; the facts learned through long years were with her; the acquaintances of the old time were her friends. The acquaintances, the lessons learned, the facts and events of the second period, however, she knew no more. So she went on until again the headache returned, the sleep was again on her, and she awoke again her second self. At the very page where her education had been interrupted in the second state it was now taken up. She recognized the friends of the second state, but she knew none of the first state. So through years she lived on her double life, now one person, now another; each state being connected with, or rather a continuation of, the previous corresponding state. In such a case the lawyer and the theologian alike might argue a long time concerning personal responsibility, and the metaphysician labor in vain to define the Ego.

The number of cases of double consciousness on record is not great, but sufficient to establish their existence beyond cavil. In one life a woman has been quiet, contented, domestic, virtuous, while during the other period she has been full of wickedness and unchastity. When in this case the consciousness of the good state was forced to recognize the fruits of the evil-doing of the bad state, the woman was dumfounded with horror. These cases of double consciousness are inexplicable. There is, of course, a sharp break in memory, but there is more than this: there is a total change in character, in modes of thought, in habits of action; a new being seems to have sprung into existence.

If memory alone be abruptly cut off, the results are different. The sense of personal identity which we all have depends upon the recollection of a practically unbroken series of events connected with ourselves. If such recollection be lost, the person does not know his own identity. Simple abrupt loss of memory involves only loss of the sense of personal identity.

During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and water and piled great masses of ice about his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself, his first inquiry was, "Who am I?" I said, "Who are you?" This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and had detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name.

Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story: "I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture; goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighboring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. That is all I know; who I am I cannot tell." At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was.

Clearly related to the so-called double con-

sciousness is a mental state not rarely seen in insanity. A case reported in a Scotch medical journal shows very clearly this relation. Every other day the man was a typical melancholic maniac, and every other day he was a perfectly sane, active business man. On Monday he would sit with his face in his hands, utterly indifferent to his surroundings, overwhelmed with his weight of woe, and groaning in the agony of his spirit; on Tuesday he would be active and alert, attending to his business with shrewdness and success; on Wednesday the apathetic melancholic state would come on. On a well day he could never be made to understand that he had insane days; on an insane day he could not be made to believe in the existence of his bright days. On a bright Tuesday he would make engagements for Wednesday, and he would insist that he was the same every day of his life. His inability to receive evidence that he had insane days was, during his sane days, the only evidence of mental aberration.

We see glimpses of a similar violent, abrupt change of character and of thought in other cases of insanity. I watched through long years a woman suffering with an apparently hopeless melancholia, whose final recovery I have seen resembled but never completely paralleled. She had been the most refined and elegant of women. Taken in middle life with insanity, for fifteen long years her character was altered, her demeanor was changed, her personal being was something else than it had been. She was bowed down always with the terrible woe of a lost soul. Suddenly one evening that woman went down on her knees and prayed the livelong night. She had an attendant, wise beyond women, who let her alone. When morning came the lady arose and said she had found Christ. Her old character had returned; the original elegance of manner was registered in every act; the original delicacy of thought came out from the recent almost brutal crudeness, like blossoms from a forest of wood in the early spring. This lasted for a few days; then she said the cloud was coming, and as the dark thunder-cloud drifts across the sunny landscape, so there came over her the shadow of a great woe. After days or hours she would suddenly raise her head and say, "The light is coming"; and out of the darkness the old gentle, persuasive being would come forth, with no traces of insanity about her.

Before phenomena like these science is dumb. Merely in the presence of ordinary everyday consciousness, without voice is that science which can drag from the bowels of the earth the records of creation, and can reach to the sun to weigh and analyze the power of the present. Consciousness is the one supreme fact of the universe, mysterious, inexplicable for all time, beyond human understanding.

We take a little mass of living matter. We call it protoplasm. We notice that it is tremulous with self-endowed motion. We find that it is almost structureless, containing only some little shapeless granules. We analyze it in the chemist's retort, and it is carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. And now we say we know it; but how are these elements grouped together that out of their dead atoms should spring molecules endowed with the greatest power of all powers — the power of knowing?

The beginning of a man is a speck of protoplasm, a formless particle. One such little mass is to us indistinguishable from its fellows; each is structureless, yet within each are the records of innumerable generations passed, and the potentialities of generations manifold to come. One shall develop into a fool; another into a man who shall fill the world with the fame of his intellectual greatness, or, mayhap, with noise and blood and the misery of war; out of one shall come forth a monster of wickedness, out of another a saviour of mankind. Yet to us all of these beginnings are precisely alike. If we cannot, with the crude, blundering tools we call the microscope and the retort, make out any differences in these simple little masses of protoplasm which are yet so different, how can we ever tell the story of the waves of ruin, distress, and change which sweep to and fro over the human brain? If we cannot fathom the mere speck of germinal protoplasm, how can we ever hope to know the changes of the most complicated nervous protoplasm gone mad?

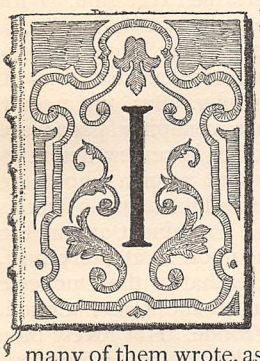
If the limitations of science in the study of our own organism be so narrow, how impossible for it ever to fathom the Infinite Spirit. Science does not, and cannot with propriety, deny the existence of a Supreme Being. The long, convergent lines of its study stretch out to a far-off focus in which dwells the First Great Cause; but to science the nature of this originating central force or being must forever remain unknown and unknowable. Science knows consciousness only as an attribute of matter. To religious faith alone is it given to apprehend consciousness as an abstraction — consciousness self-existent and eternal, unclothed from material form, but clothed with infinite attributes of power and goodness; consciousness that is God.

H. C. Wood.

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

SALONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I.



NSPIRE, but do not write, said Le Brun to women. Whatever we may think to-day of this rather superfluous advice, we can readily pardon a man living in the atmosphere of the salons for falling somewhat under the special charm of their leaders. It is true that many of them wrote, as they talked, out of the fullness of their own hearts and with no thought of a public, but it was only an incident in their lives, and could hardly have brought them under the ban of the *femme auteur*. Their special gift was to inspire others, and their fascination seems never to lose its power. Even at this distance they have a perpetual interest for us. It may be that the long perspective lends them a certain illusion which a closer view might partly dispel. Something also may be due to the dark background against which they are outlined. But, in spite of time and change, they stand out upon the pages of history glowing with an ever-fresh vitality, and personifying the genius of a civilization of which they were the fairest flower.

The Gallic genius is eminently a social one, but it is, of all others, the most difficult to reproduce. The subtle grace of manner and the magic of spoken words die out like the sparkle of champagne. The flavor is gone with the moment. Hence, after the lapse of more than two centuries, it is not easy to catch the spirit of the early salons nor the nameless attraction of the women who gave tone to them. They were not faultless; indeed, some of them were very faulty. Nor were they remarkable for learning, though quite above the average of their time. But they had rare intellectual appreciation, and the peculiar social gifts which genius, nursed in the library or apart from the world, is apt to lack. It finds its best expression in other channels. The close study of books leads to the knowledge of man rather than of men. It tends also towards habits of introspection, which are fatal to clear and swift vision. A distinctively social talent implies the happy poise of character and intellect, the blending of many gifts, not the supremacy of one. It implies taste and versatility, with fine discrimination, and the tact to sink one's own personality as well as to call out the best in others. It was this flexibility of mind, this active intelligence, tempered with sensibility and the native instinct of pleasing, that distinguished these Frenchwomen. "It is not sufficient to be wise, it is necessary also to please," said the witty and penetrating Ninon, who very aptly condensed the feminine philosophy of her race. She revealed, too, the secret of their personal influence and social power, the indefinable something which is as difficult to analyze as the perfume of a rose.

It was to the refinement, critical taste, and moral force of a rare woman, half French and half Italian, that the first salons owed their origin and their distinctive character. Hers was the "still small voice" that spoke so effectively after the storm had passed by. The religious and political feuds that marked the age of Luther and Loyola, the Reformation and the Leagues, were beginning to subside in the early days of the seventeenth century. A new light was dawning upon the world, but it was not yet diffused. Knowledge was still locked in the brains of savants or in the dusty tomes of languages that were virtually obsolete. Manners were coarse and morals dissolute beyond credibility. In spite of the refined tastes which had been brought from Italy by Marie de Médicis, the prevailing tone of the court was low and vicious. The position of women was distinctly inferior. The intellectual atmosphere which surrounded the brilliant but unscrupulous Marguerite de Navarre had not been without its influence, and there were a few, in the solitude of the remote châteaux, who had more or less love of literature as it came to them. "The very women and maidens aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning," said Rabelais. But they were mainly limited to his own unsavory satires, to Spanish pastorals, licentious poems, and their books of devotion. At this time the woman of pure character and fine intelligence appeared, whose position enabled her to create a social center of sufficient attraction to focus the best intellectual and moral life of the age, and sufficient power to radiate its light. But it was the tact and discrimination to select

from the wealth of material about her, and quietly to reconcile old traditions with the freshness of new ideas, that especially characterized Mme. de Rambouillet.

It was this richness of material, the remarkable variety and originality of the women who clustered round and succeeded their graceful leader, that gave so commanding an influence to the salons of the seventeenth century. The annals of the time are full of them. No social life has been so carefully studied, no women have been so minutely portrayed. They painted one another, and they painted themselves, with realistic fidelity. The lights and shadows are alike defined. We know their joys and their sorrows, their passions and their follies, their tastes and their antipathies. Their inmost life has been revealed. They animate, as living figures, a whole class of literature which they were largely instrumental in creating, and upon which they have left the stamp of their own vivid personality. They appear later in the pages of Cousin and of Sainte-Beuve, with their radiant features softened and spiritualized by the touch of time. We rise from a perusal of these chronicles of a society long passed away with the feeling that we have left a company of old friends. We like to recall their pleasant talk of themselves, of their companions, of the lighter happenings, as well as the more serious side, of an age which they have illuminated. We seem to see their faces, note their manner, watch the play of intellect and feeling while they speak. The variety is infinite and full of charm.

Mme. de Sévigné talks upon paper of the trifling affairs of everyday life, adding here and there a sparkling anecdote, a bit of gossip, a delicate characterization, a trenchant criticism, a dash of wit, a touch of feeling, or a shadow of profound sadness. All this is lighted up by her passionate love of her daughter, and in this light we read the many-sided life of her time for twenty-five years. Mme. de La Fayette takes the world more seriously and replaces the playful fancy of her friend by a richer vein of imagination and sentiment. She sketches her portrait gracefully, with a shade of flattery, perhaps; she gives us a clear insight into the court of which Madame is the central figure — the unfortunate Princess Henrietta, whom she loved so tenderly, and who died so tragically in her arms. She writes novels, too; not profound studies of life, but fine and exquisite pictures of that side of the century which appealed most to her poetic sensibility. We follow the leading characters of the age through the ten-volume romances of Mlle. de Scudéry, which mostly have long since fallen into oblivion. Doubtless the portraits are a trifle rose-colored, but they accord, in the main, with more veracious history. The Grande Mademoiselle describes herself and her friends with the curious naïveté of a spoiled child who thinks its smallest experiences of interest to all the world. Mme. de Maintenon gives us another picture, more serious, more thoughtful, but illuminated with flashes of profound thought.

Most of these women wrote simply to amuse themselves and their friends. It was only another mode of their versatile expression. With rare exceptions, they were not authors consciously or by intention. They wrote spontaneously, and often with reckless disregard of grammar and orthography. But the people who move across their gossiping pages are alive. The century passes in review before us as we read. The men and women who made its literature so brilliant and its salons so famous become vivid realities. Prominent among the fair faces that look out upon us at every turn, from court and salon, is that of the Duchesse de Longueville, sister of the Great Condé, and heroine of the Fronde. Her lovely blue eyes, with their dreamy languor and "luminous awakenings," turn the heads alike of men and women, of poet and critic, of statesman and priest. We trace her brief career through her pure and ardent youth, her loveless marriage, her fatal passion for La Rochefoucauld, the final shattering of all her illusions; and when at last, tired of the world, she bows her beautiful head in penitent prayer, we too love and forgive her, as others have done. Were not twenty-five years of suffering and penance an ample expiation? She was one of the three women of whom Cardinal Mazarin said that they were "capable of governing and overturning three kingdoms." The others were the intriguing Duchesse de Chevreuse, who dazzled the age by her beauty and her daring escapades, and the spirituelle Princess Palatine. A striking figure, too, is a sister of the latter, the beautiful and gifted Princess Gonzague-Clèves, one of the Jansenist converts, and afterwards Queen of Poland. We catch pleasant glimpses of Mme. Deshoulières, beautiful and a poet; of Mme. Cornuel, of whom it was said that "every sin she confessed was an epigram"; of Mme. de Choisy, witty and piquante; of Mme. de Coulanges, also a wit and *femme d'esprit.*

Linked with these by a thousand ties of sympathy and affection were the worthy counterparts of Pascal and Arnauld, of Bossuet and Fénelon, the devoted women who poured out their passionate souls at the foot of the cross and laid their earthly hopes upon the altar of divine love. We follow the devout Jacqueline Pascal to the cloister in which she buries her brilliant youth, to die at thirty-five of a wounded conscience and a broken heart. Many a bruised

spirit, as it turns from the gay world which has palled upon it, to the mystic devotion which touches a new chord in its jaded sensibilities, finds support and inspiration in the strong and fervid sympathy of Jacqueline Arnauld, better known as Mère Angélique of Port Royal. This profound spiritual passion was a part of the intense life of the century, which gravitated from love and ambition to the extremes of penitence and asceticism.

A multitude of minor figures, graceful and poetic, brilliant and spirituelle, flit across the canvas, leaving the fragrance of an exquisite individuality, and tempting one to linger among the versatile women who toned and colored the society of the period. But we have to do, at present, especially with those who gathered and blended this fresh intelligence, delicate fancy, emotional wealth, and religious fervor, in a society which included such men as Corneille, Balzac, Bossuet, Richelieu, Condé, Pascal, Arnauld, and La Rochefoucauld — those who are known as leaders of more or less celebrated salons. Of these, Mme. de Rambouillet and Mme. de Sablé were among the best representative types of their time, and the first of the long line of social queens who held so potent a sway for two centuries through this special gift. The salons of Mlle. de Scudéry and the Grande Mademoiselle had a very distinctive character and influence which give them a place here, but these women are known to the world also through other channels.

II.

THE Hôtel de Rambouillet has been called the "cradle of polished society," but the personality of its hostess is less familiar than that of many who followed in her train. This may be partly due to the fact that she left no record of herself on paper. She aptly embodied the kind advice of Le Brun. It was her special talent to inspire others and to combine the various elements of a brilliant and complex social life. The rare tact which enabled her to do this lay largely in a certain self-effacement and the peculiar harmony of a nature which presented few salient points. She is best represented by the salon of which she was the architect and the animating spirit. But even this is better known to-day through its faults than its virtues. It is but just to clear off a little dust from its memorials and to paint in fresh colors one who played so important a rôle in the history of literature and manners.

Catherine de Vivonne was born at Rome in 1588. Her father, the Marquis de Pisani, was French ambassador, and her mother belonged to the old Roman family of Savelli. Married at sixteen to the Count d'Angennes, afterwards Marquis de Rambouillet, she was introduced to the world at the gay court of Henry IV. But the coarse and depraved manners which ruled there were altogether distasteful to her delicate and fastidious nature. At twenty she retired from these brilliant scenes of gilded vice and began to gather round her the coterie of choice spirits which, later, became so famous.

Filled with the poetic ideals and artistic tastes which had been nourished in a thoughtful and elegant seclusion, it seems to have been the aim of her life to give them outward expression. Her mind, which inherited the subtle refinement of the land of her birth, had taken its color from the best Italian and Spanish literature, but she was in no sense a learned woman. She was going to study Latin once, in order to read Virgil, but was prevented by ill-health. It is clear, however, that she had a great diversity of gifts, with a basis of rare good sense and moral elevation. "She was revered, adored," writes Mme. de Motteville; "a model of courtesy, wisdom, knowledge, and sweetness." She is always spoken of in the chronicles of her time as a loyal wife, a devoted mother; the benefactor of the suffering, and the sympathetic adviser of authors and artists. Segrais says that she was "agreeable and entertaining, a good friend, and gracious to every one." We are told that she was beautiful, but we only know that her face was fair and delicate, her figure tall and graceful, and her manner stately and dignified. Her Greek love of beauty expressed itself in all her appointments. The unique and original architecture of her hotel,— which was modeled after her own designs,— the arrangement of her salon, the pursuits she chose, and the amusements she planned, were all a part of her own artistic nature. It was shown also, in her code of etiquette, which imposed a fine courtesy upon the members of her coterie and infused into life the spirit of politeness, which one of her countrymen has called the "flower of humanity." But this esthetic quality was tempered with a clear judgment, and a keen appreciation of merit and talent, which led her to gather there many not "to the manner born," who sometimes jarred upon the tastes and prejudices of her noble guests. In some cases she delicately aided a needy man of letters to present a respectable appearance in her salon.

Adding to this spirit of noble independence the prestige of rank, beauty, and fortune; a temper of mingled sweetness and strength; versatile gifts controlled by an admirable reason; a serene and tranquil character; a playful humor, free from the caprices of a too exacting sensibility; a perfect *savoir-faire*, and

we have the unusual combination which enabled her to hold her sway for so many years without a word of censure from even the most scandal-loving of chroniclers.

"We have sought in vain," writes Cousin, "for that which is rarely lacking in any life of equal or even less brilliancy, some calumny or scandal, an equivocal word, or the lightest epigram. We have found only a concert of warm eulogies which have run through many generations. She has disarmed Tallemant himself. This caricaturist of the seventeenth century has been pitiless towards the *habitués* of her illustrious house, but he praises her with a warmth which is very impressive from such a source."

The *salon bleu* has become historic. This "sanctuary of the Temple of Athené," as it was called in the stilted language of the day, has been illuminated for us by the rank, beauty, and talent of the Augustan age of France. We are more or less familiar with even the minute details of the spacious room, whose long windows opened into the little garden and let in a flood of golden sunlight. We picture to ourselves its draperies of blue and gold, its curious cabinets, its choice works of art, its Venetian lamps, and its crystal vases always filled with flowers that scattered the perfume of spring.

It was here that Mme. de Rambouillet held her court for nearly thirty years, beginning about 1620. She sought to gather all that was most distinguished, whether for wit, beauty, talent, or birth, into an atmosphere of refinement and simple elegance which should tone down all discordant elements and raise life to the level of a fine art. There was a strongly intellectual flavor in the amusements, as well as in the discussions of this salon, and the place of honor was given to genius, learning, and good manners, rather than to rank. But it was by no means purely literary. The exclusive spirit of the old aristocracy, with its *hauteur* and its lofty patronage, found itself face to face with fresh ideals. The position of the hostess enabled her to break the traditional barriers and form a society upon a new basis, but, in spite of the mingling of classes hitherto separated, the dominant life was that of the noblesse. Women of rank gave the tone and made the laws. Their code of etiquette was severe. They aimed to combine the graces of Italy with the chivalry of Spain. The model man must have a keen sense of honor and wit without pedantry; he must be brave, heroic, generous, gallant, but he must also possess good breeding and gentle courtesy. The coarse passions which had disgraced the court were refined into subtle sentiments, and women were raised upon a pedestal to be respectfully and platonically adored. In this reaction from extreme license familiarity was forbidden, and language was subjected to a critical censorship.

"Do you remember," said Fléchier, many years later, in his funeral oration on the death of the Duchesse de Montausier, "the salons which are still regarded with so much veneration, where the spirit was purified, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice; where people of merit and quality assembled who composed a select court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation?"

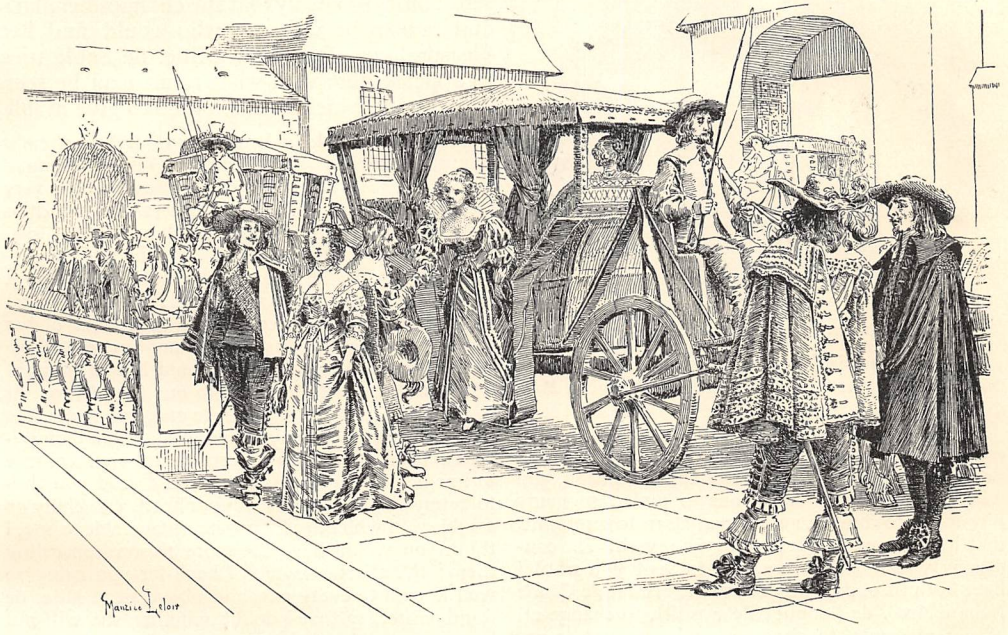
Whatever allowance we may be disposed to make for the friendship of the eminent Abbé, he spoke with the authority of personal knowledge, and at a time when the memories of the Hôtel de Rambouillet were still fresh. It is true that some of those who belonged to the professed school of morals were not free from grave errors. But we cannot judge by the Anglo-Saxon standards of the nineteenth century the faults of an age in which a Ninon de L'Enclos lives on terms of veiled intimacy with a strait-laced Mme. de Maintenon, and receives in her salon women of as spotless reputation as Mme. de La Fayette and the much-forgiving Mme. de Sévigné. Measured from the level of their time, the lives of the Rambouillet coterie stand out white and shining. The pure character of the Marquise and her daughters was above reproach, and they were quoted as "models whom all the world cited, all the world admired, and every one tried to imitate." To be a *précieuse* was in itself an evidence of good conduct.

"This salon was a resort not only for all the fine wits, but for every one who frequented the court," writes Mme. de Motteville. One is tempted to wonder if some of these noble cavaliers and high-born women did not yawn over the learned discourse of Corneille and Balzac about the Romans, the endless disputes about rival sonnets, and the long discussions about the value of a word. "Doubtless it is a very beautiful poem, but also very tiresome," says Mme. de Longueville, after listening to the scholarly Chapelain's dreary "Pucelle." It is before the Fronde, and she is yet content with the rôle of a reigning beauty, though not at all averse to the clever and refined entertainments of this favorite salon, where she is a frequent and honored guest.

But its diversions are by no means always grave or literary. Life is represented on many sides, and perhaps this is one secret of its wide influence. If at one time Corneille reads his last drama, or Bossuet, then a boy of seventeen, gives them an impromptu sermon, at an-

other time they improvise sonnets and madrigals, or enjoy a song from the beautiful Angélique Paulet, who has a marvelous voice and plays the lute skillfully. She has also a special talent for the little comedies with which they often amuse themselves. They read the "Astrée" of D'Urfé, the romances of Calprenède, and the sentimental "Bergeries" of Racan, who sighs at a distance over the fascinations of the dignified Marquise. Charmed with these Arcadian pictures, they try to reproduce the Strephons and Florimels making love in pastoral fashion with pipe and lute. The versatile hostess has a taste, too, for mythologic fêtes, in which they drape themselves as antique gods and goddesses. Her amiable and spirituelle daughter Julie is an able assistant, and wins the love alike of men and women. Malherbe has given to Mme. de Rambouillet the romantic name of Arthénice, and forthwith the other members of her coterie assume some *nom de Parnasse* by which they are familiarly known. Sometimes they amuse their idle hours with practical jokes and surprises which are more laughable than dignified. The manners of the time are illustrated by a curious anecdote of Voiture. They were playing a game one day, in which he was condemned to pay a forfeit by saying something to make them all laugh. If he failed to do so at once, he was to be tossed in a counterpane as many minutes as he made them wait. He evidently failed, and wrote to Mlle. de Bourbon an account of the affair which was witty enough to have had the desired effect.

This famous *bel esprit* played a very prominent part here. His rôle was to amuse, but his small vanities strike one much more vividly, at this distance, than the wit which flashed out with the moment, or the *vers de société* upon which his fame rests. He owed his social success to a rather high-flown love-letter which he evidently thought too good to be lost to the world. He sent it to a friend, who had it printed and circulated. What the lady thought of it does not appear, but it made the fortune of the poet. "If he were one of us, he would be unbearable," said the Great Condé. But his caprices were tolerated, and he was petted and spoiled to the end.

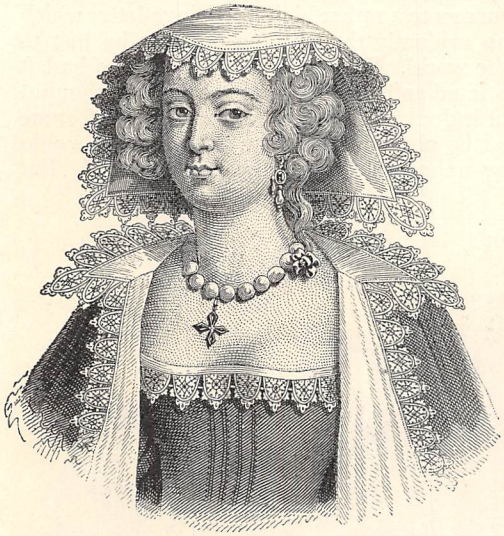


COURTYARD OF THE HÔTEL RAMBOUILLET.

There is a warm human side to this daily intercourse, with its sweet and gracious courtesies. The women who discuss grave questions and make or unmake literary reputations in the salon are capable of rare sacrifices and friendships that seem quixotic in their devotion. Cousin, who has studied them so carefully and so sympathetically, has saved from oblivion many private letters which give us pleasant glimpses of their everyday life. As we listen to their quiet exchange of confidences we catch the smile that plays over the light badinage, or the tear that lurks in the tender words.

A little son of Mme. de Rambouillet has the small-pox, and his sister Julie shares the

care of him with her mother when every one else has fled. At his death she devotes herself to her friend Mme. de Longueville, who, soon after her marriage, is attacked with the same dreaded malady. Mme. de Sablé is afraid of contagion and refuses to see Mlle. de Rambouillet, who writes her a characteristic letter.



ANGÉLIQUE PAULET. (FROM AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.)

Mlle. de Chalais [*dame de compagnie* to the Marquise] will please read this letter to Mme. la Marquise out of a draught.

Madame, I cannot begin my treaty with you too early, for I am sure that, between the first proposition made to me to see you and the conclusion, you will have so many reflections to make, so many physicians to consult, and so many fears to surmount, that I shall have full leisure to air myself. The conditions which I offer are, not to visit you until I have been three days absent from the Hôtel de Condé [where Mme. de Longueville was ill], to change all of my garments, to choose a cold day, not to approach you within four paces, not to sit down upon more than one seat. You may also have a great fire in your room, burn juniper in the four corners, surround yourself with imperial vinegar, with rue and wormwood. If you can feel safe under these conditions without my cutting off my hair, I swear to you to execute them religiously; and if you want examples to fortify you, I can tell you that the Queen saw M. Chaudebonne when he came from Mme. de Longueville's room, and that Mme. d'Aiguillon, who has good taste and is free from reproach on such points, has just sent me word that if I did not go to see her, she would come to see me.

Mme. de Sablé retorts, in a satirical vein, that she is too well instructed in the needed precautions to be quite free from the charge of timidity, adding the hope that, since she understands the danger, she will take better care of herself in the future.

This calls forth another letter, in which Mlle. de Rambouillet says that "one never fears to see those whom one loves," adding, "I would have given much, for your sake, if this had not occurred." She closes this spicy correspondence, however, with a very affectionate letter which calms the ruffled temper of her sensitive companion.

Mme. de Sablé has another friend, Mlle. d'Attichy, who figures quite prominently in the social life of a later period as the Comtesse de Maure. This lady was just leaving Paris to visit her in the country, when she learned that Mme. de Sablé had written to Mme. de Rambouillet that she could conceive of no greater happiness than to pass her life alone with her daughter, Julie d'Angennes. This touches her sensibilities so keenly that she changes her plans and refuses to visit one who could find her pleasure away from her. Mme. de Sablé tries to appease her; with what result may be seen in the reply, which I am tempted to give in full.

I have seen this letter in which you tell me there is so much *galimatias*, and I assure you I have not found any at all. On the contrary, I find everything very clearly expressed, and among others one which is too plain for my satisfaction. You have said to Mme. de Rambouillet that, if you tried to imagine a perfectly happy life for yourself, it would be to pass it all alone with Mlle. de Rambouillet. You know that no one can be better convinced than I am of her merit, but I confess that it has not prevented me from being surprised that you could have a thought which did so great an injury to our friendship. As to believing that you said this to one, and wrote it to the other, simply to pay them an agreeable compliment, I have too high an esteem for your courage to imagine that complaisance would lead you thus to betray the sentiments of your heart, especially on a subject in which, as they were unfavorable to me, I think you would have the more reason concealing them; the affection which I have for you being so well known to every one, and above all to Mlle. de Rambouillet, so that I doubt whether she will not be more sensible of the wrong you have done me than of the advantage you have given her. The accident of this letter falling into my hands has forcibly reminded me of those lines of Bertaut:

Malheureuse est l'ignorance,
Et plus malheureux le savoir.

Having thus lost a confidence which alone rendered life supportable to me, I cannot think of taking the journey so much anticipated; for there would be no propriety in traveling sixty leagues at this season, in order to burden you with a person so little suited to you, that after years of a passion without parallel, you cannot help thinking that the greatest pleasure would consist in passing life without her. I return then into my solitude to examine the defects which cause me so much unhappiness, and unless I can correct them, I should have less joy than confusion in seeing you.

How this affair was adjusted does not appear, but as they remained devoted friends through life, unable to live apart, or pass a day

CORNEILLE READING "POLYEUCTE" AT THE HÔTEL RAMBOUILLET.

JACQUELINE ARNAULD — MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE. (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT.)

happily without seeing each other, it evidently did not end in a serious alienation. It suggests, however, a delicacy and exaltation of feeling which we are apt to accord only to love, and which go far towards disproving the verdict of Montaigne, that "the soul of a woman is not firm enough for so durable a tie as friendship."

We like to dwell upon these inner phases of a famous and powerful coterie, not only because they bring before us so vividly the living, moving, thinking, loving women who composed it, letting us into their intimate life with its quiet shadings, its fantastic humors, and its wayward caprices, but because they lead us to the fountain-head of a new form of literary expression. The formal letters of Balzac had been among the early entertainments of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and Voiture had a witty or sentimental note for every occasion. Mlle. de Scudéry held a ready pen, and was in the habit of noting down, in her letters to absent friends, the conversation, which ran over a great variety of topics, from the gossip of the moment to the gravest questions. There was no morning journal with its columns of daily news, no magazine with its sketches of contemporary life, and these private letters were passed from one to another to be read and discussed. The craze for clever letters spread. Conversations literally overflowed upon paper. A romantic adventure, a bit of scandal, a drawing-room incident, or a personal pique was a fruitful theme. Everybody aimed to excel in an art which brought a certain prestige. These letters, which had their brief day, were often gathered into little volumes, most of which have long since disappeared, or found burial in the dust of old libraries, from which they are occasionally exhumed to throw fresh light upon some forgotten nook and byway of an age whose habits and manners, virtues and follies, are so faithfully recorded. A few still survive, and sometimes an old portfolio reveals a piquant private correspondence. The finest outcome of this prevailing taste was Mme. de Sévigné, who still reigns as the queen of graceful letter-writers. Although her maturity belongs to a later period, she was familiar with the Rambouillet circle in her youth, and inherited its best spirit.

The charm of this literature is its spontaneity. It has no ulterior aim, but delights in simple expression. These people write because they like to write. They are original because they sketch from life. There is something naïve and fresh in their vivid pictures. They give us all the accessories. They tell us how they lived, how they dressed, how they thought, how they acted. They talk of their plans, their loves, and their private piques, with the same easy grace. They condense for us their worldly philosophy, their sentiments, and their experience. All this is done with a lightness of touch that is as fascinating as it is inimitable.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet was the social power of the first half of the century. "It was a rendezvous," writes Saint-Simon, "of all that was most distinguished in condition and in merit; a tribunal with which it was necessary to count, and whose decisions upon the conduct and reputation of people of the court and the world have great weight." It sustained Corneille against the persecutions of Richelieu, and numbered among its *habitués* the founders of the Académie Française, who continued the critical reforms in language which were begun there. In an age of political espionage it maintained its position and its dignity. Cardinal Richelieu feared its influence, and sent to the Marquise a request to report what was said of him in her salon. She replied, with consummate tact, that they were so strongly persuaded of the consideration and friendship she had for his Eminence, that no one would have the temerity to speak ill of him in her presence.

In 1648 the troubles of the Fronde, which grew out of petty social rivalries, scattered its most noted guests. Voiture was dead. The only remaining son of Mme. de Rambouillet had fallen in battle. Of her five daughters, three were abbesses of convents. One of these was the source of great trouble to her family through her eccentricities and violent temper. Julie, whose talent and amiability made her a conspicuous figure in her day, was at last the wife of the Duc de Montausier, who had been her devoted lover for thirteen years. Ill-health, as well as sorrow, had laid its hand upon the Marquise. She still received her friends in her *ruelle*, but the brilliant company was dispersed, and the glory of the *salon bleu* was gone. Its freshness had faded with its draperies of blue and gold. She lived until 1665, but successive griefs darkened her closing years. Her husband, of whom we know little save that he was sent on various foreign missions and "loved his wife always as a lover," died in 1652. She also lost her youngest daughter, Angélique, wife of the Comte de Grignan, who was afterwards the son-in-law of Mme. de Sévigné.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the epitaph this much-loved and successful woman wrote for herself when she felt that the end was near:

Ici-gît Arthénice, exempte des rigueurs
Dont la rigueur du sort l'a toujours poursuivie.
Et, si tu veux, passant, compter tous ses malheurs,
Tu n'auras qu'à compter les moments de sa vie.

The spirit of unrest is there beneath the calm exterior. It may be some hidden wound, it may be only the old, old weariness, the inevitable burden of the race. "My God," wrote Mme. de Maintenon in the height of her worldly success, "how sad life is; I pass my days without other consolation than the thought that death will end it all."

But Mme. de Rambouillet had done her work, and it was left for others to continue. She found a language crude and inelegant, manners coarse and licentious, morals dissolute and vicious. Her influence was at its height in the age of Corneille and Descartes, and she lived almost to the culmination of the era of Racine and Molière, of Boileau and La Bruyère, of Bossuet and Fénelon, the era of simple and purified language, of refined and stately manners, and of at least outward respect for morality.

JULIE D'ANGENNES, DUCHESSE DE MONTAUSIER. (FROM AN ETCHING IN THE "GUIRLANDE DE JULIE" OF OCTAVE UZANNE.)

ANTOINETTE DE LIGIER DE LA GARDE — MME. DESHOULIÈRES. (FROM THE OIL FORTRAIT BY PIERRE MIGNARD.)

To these results she very largely contributed. She was a woman of fine ideals and exalted standards, possessing in an eminent degree the purity of character, delicacy of thought, and urbanity of manner which she exacted of others. But all her gifts were merged into that of holding a salon. Here she was without a rival.

It is true there was a reverse side to the picture. Traditions are strong, and people do not readily adapt themselves to new models. Character and manners are a growth. That which is put on and not ingrained is apt to lack the true balance and proportion. Hence it is not strange that this new order of things resulted in many crudities and exaggerations. Spanish chivalry doubtless degenerated into a thousand absurdities — from which the Hôtel de Rambouillet was not quite free. It was the fashion to talk in the language of hyperbole. Sighing lovers were consumed with artificial fires, and ready to die with affected languors. Like the old poets of Provence, whose spirit they caught and whose phrases they repeated, they were dying of love they did not feel. The eyes of Phyllis extinguished the sun. The very

nightingales expired of jealousy on hearing the voice of Angélique.

It is not worth while to criticize too severely the plumed knights who took the heroes of Corneille as models, played the harmless lover, and paid the tribute of chivalric deference to women. The strained politeness may have been artificial, and the forms of chivalry very likely outran the feeling, but they served at least to keep it alive, while the false platonism and ultra-refined sentiment were simply moral protests against the coarse vices of the time. The prudery which reached a satirical climax in the *Madelon* and *Cathos* of Molière was a natural reaction from the sensuality of a Marguerite and a Gabrielle. Mme. de Rambouillet saw and enjoyed the first performance of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," nor does it appear that she was at all disturbed by the keen satire which has fallen so unjustly upon her salon. Molière himself disclaims all intention of attacking the true *précieuse*, but the world is not given to fine discrimination, and the true suffers from the blow that is aimed at the false. As he belonged to the lax and Epicurean circles of Ninon and Saint-Évremond, Mme. de la Sablière and La Fontaine, it is not unlikely that he shared their well-known prejudices against the powerful and fastidious coterie whose very virtues furnished many salient points for his scathing wit.

But whatever affectations may have grown out of the new code of manners, it had a more lasting result in the fine and stately courtesy which pervaded the later social life of the century. We owe, too, a profound gratitude to those women who exacted and were able to command a consideration which, with many shades and variations, has been left as a permanent heritage to their sex. We may smile at some of their follies. Have we not our own, which some nineteenth-century Molière may serve up for the delight and possible misleading of future generations?

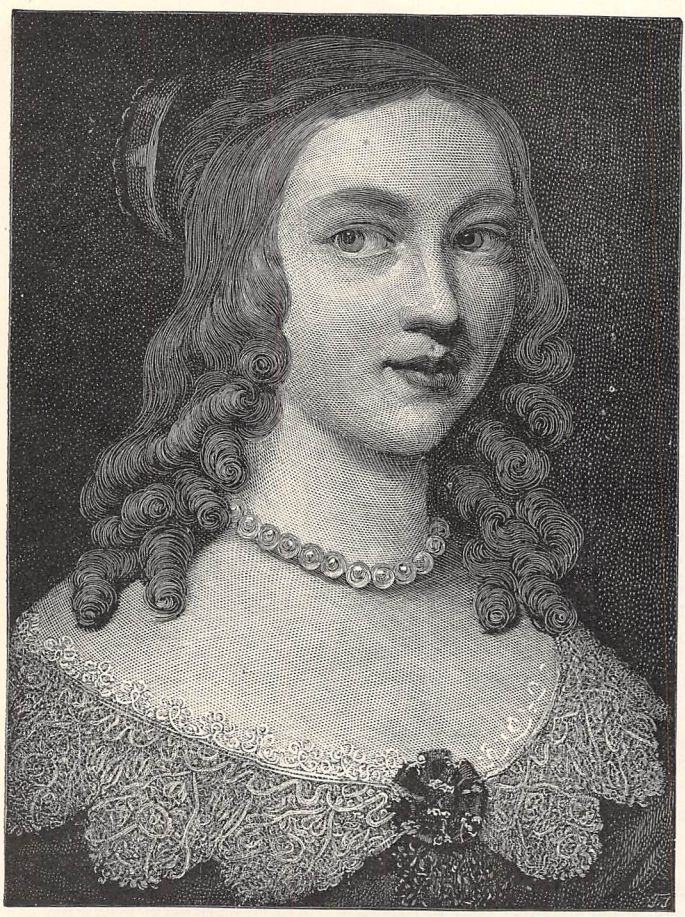
It is difficult to estimate the impulse given to intelligence and literary taste by this breaking up of old social crystallizations. What the savant had learned in his closet passed more or less into current coin. Conversation gave point to thought, clearness to expression, simplicity to language. Women of rank and recognized ability imposed the laws of good taste, and their vivid imaginations changed lifeless abstractions into something concrete and artistic. Men of letters, who had held an inferior and dependent position, were penetrated with the spirit of a refined society, while men of the world, in a circle where wit and literary skill were distinctions, began to aspire to the rôle of a *bel esprit*, to pride themselves upon some intellectual gift, and the power to write without labor and without pedantry, as became their rank. Many of them lacked seriousness, dealing mainly with delicate fancies and trivial incidents, but pleasures of the intellect and taste became the fashion. Burlesques and chansons disputed the palm with madrigals and sonnets. A neatly turned epigram or a clever letter made a social success.

ANNE-GENEVIÈVE DE BOURBON, DUCHESSE DE LONGUEVILLE. (FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.)

Perhaps it was not a school for genius of the first order. Society favors graces of form and expression rather than profound and serious thought. No Homer, nor Æschylus, nor

Milton, nor Dante, is the outgrowth of such a soil. The prophet, or seer, shines by the light of his own soul. He deals with problems and emotions that lie deep in the pulsing heart of humanity, but he does not best interpret his generation. It is the man living upon the level of his time, and finding his inspiration in the world of events, who reflects its life, marks its currents, and registers its changes. Matthew Arnold has aptly said that "the qualities of genius are less transferable than the qualities of intelligence, less can be immediately learned and appropriated from their product; they are less direct and stringent intellectual agencies, though they may be more beautiful and divine." It was this quality of intelligence that eminently characterized the literature of the seventeenth century. It was a mirror of social conditions, or their natural outcome. The spirit of its social life penetrated its thought, colored its language, and molded its forms. We trace it in the letters and *vers de société* which were the pastime of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and the *Samedis* of Mlle. de Scudéry, as well as in the romances which reflected their sentiments and pictured their manners. We trace it in the literary portraits which were the diversion of the coterie of Mademoiselle at the Luxembourg, and in the voluminous memoirs and chronicles which grew out of it. We trace it also in the "Maxims" and thoughts which were polished and perfected in the convent salon of Mme. de Sablé, and were the direct fruits of a wide experience and observation of the great world. It would be unfair to say that anything so complex as the growth of a new literature was wholly due to any single influence, but the intellectual drift of the time seems to have found its impulse in the salons. They were the alembics in which thought was fused and crystallized. They were the schools in which the French mind cultivated its extraordinary clearness and flexibility.

As the century advanced, the higher literature was tinged and modified by the same spirit. Society, with its follies and affectations, inspired the mocking laughter of Molière, but its unwritten laws tempered his language and refined his wit. Its fine urbanity was reflected in the harmony and delicacy of Racine, as well as in the critical decorum of Boileau. The artistic sentiment ruled in letters, as in social life. It was not only the thought that counted, but the setting of the thought. The majestic periods of Bossuet, the tender persuasiveness of Fénelon, gave even truth a double force. Doubtless the inevitable reaction came. The great literary wave of the seventeenth century reached its brilliant climax and broke upon the shores of a new era. But the seeds of thought had been scattered, to spring up in the great literature of humanity that marked the eighteenth century.



MARIE DE RABUTIN-CHANTAL — MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ. (FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY HENRI BEAUBRUN.)

III.

THERE were other salons among the noblesse, modeled more or less after the parent one, but without the inspiration of its gifted

leader. Many of them had a slightly literary flavor, of a superficial sort, because it was the fashion, and the name of a well-known *littérateur* gave them a certain éclat. Richelieu had recognized the power of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and wished to transfer it to the salon of his niece Mme. d'Aiguillon, but the little court was always hampered by the suspicion of political intrigues and tainted with the questionable character of its hostess. Louis XIV. was jealous of the influence of the Rambouillet circle, and, with his usual shrewdness in appropriating everything that would add to his glory, gradually drew into the court the various talents which had made its success. Mme. de Maintenon has been called, by an eminent French critic, the true successor of Mme. de Rambouillet. As a patron of literature, a censor of morals, and an arbiter of manners, she followed closely in her footsteps. But she lacked her delicacy and indefinable charm. "A woman without sentiment, without imagination, without illusions," as Mme. du Deffand wrote of her a century later, she has always an air of posing, and one forgets to include her among those who have claims to consideration through conspicuous social gifts.

There were smaller coteries, however, which inherited the spirit and continued the traditions of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Prominent among these was that of Madeleine de Scudéry, who held her *Samedis* in modest fashion after its close. We miss a little of the fine tone and high breeding of the model, but it had a definite position. As the forerunner of Mme. de La Fayette and Mme. de Sévigné, and, after them, the most eminent literary woman of the century with which her life ran parallel, she has a distinct interest for us. She has left no uncertain traces of herself, and we are indebted to her keen observation and her facile pen for a very complete and vivid picture of the social life of the period.

The "illustrious Sappho," as she was pleased to be called, certainly did not possess the beauty popularly accorded to her namesake and prototype. She was tall and thin, with a long, dark, and not at all regular face; but, if we may credit her admirers, who were numerous, she had fine eyes, a pleasing expression, and an agreeable address. She evidently did not overestimate her personal attractions, as will be seen from the following quatrain, which she wrote upon a portrait made by one of her friends.

MLLE. DE SCUDÉRY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING.)

Manteuil, en faisant mon image,
A de son art divin signalé le pouvoir;
Je hais mes yeux dans mon miroir,
Je les aime dans son ouvrage.

She had her share, however, of small but harmless vanities, and spoke of her impoverished family, says Tallemant, "as one might speak of the overthrow of the Greek empire." Her father belonged to an old and noble house of Provence, but removed to Normandy, where he married and died, leaving two children with a heritage of talent and poverty. A trace of the Provençal spirit always clung to Madeleine, who was born in 1607, and lived until the first year of the following century. After losing her mother, who is said to have been a woman of some distinction, she was carefully educated by an uncle in all the accomplishments of the age, as well as in the serious studies, which were then unusual. She went to Paris with her brother, who had some pretension as a poet and dramatic writer. He even posed as a rival of Corneille and was sustained by Richelieu, but time has long since relegated him to the oblivion he deserved. His gifted sister, who was a victim of his selfish tyranny, is credited with doing much of the prose work which appeared under his name; indeed, her first romances were thus disguised.

Of winning temper and pleasing address, with a full equipment of knowledge and imagination, versatility and ambition, she was at an early period domesticated in the family of Mme. de Rambouillet as the friend and com-

panion of her daughter Julie. Her graces of mind and her amiability made her a favorite with those who frequented the house, and she was thus brought into close contact with the best society of her time. She has painted it carefully and minutely in the "Grand Cyrus," a romantic allegory in which she transfers the French aristocracy and French manners of the seventeenth century to an oriental court. The Hôtel de Rambouillet plays an important part as the Hôtel Cléomire. When we consider that the central figures were the Prince de Condé and his lovely sister the Duchesse de Longueville, also that the most distinguished men and women of the age saw their own portraits, somewhat idealized but quite recognizable, through the thin disguise of Persians, Greeks, Armenians, or Egyptians, it is easy to imagine that the ten volumes of rather exalted sentiment were eagerly sought and read. She lacked incident and constructive power, but excelled in vivid portraits, subtle analysis, and fine conversations. Her machinery was cumbersome and anachronisms were not regarded. But her penetrating intellect was thoroughly tinged with the romantic spirit, and she had the art of throwing a certain glamour over everything she touched. Cousin, who has rescued the memory of Mlle. de Scudéry from many unjust aspersions, says that she was the "creator of the psychological romances." Unquestionably her skill in character-painting set the fashion for pen-portraits which became a mania a few years later.

FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNÉ, MARQUISE DE MAINTENON, WIFE OF LOUIS XIV. (FROM A PAINTING BY MIGNARD.)

She depicts herself as Sappho, whose opinions may be supposed to reflect her own. In these days, when the position of women is discussed from every possible point of view, it may be rather interesting to know how it was regarded by one who represented the thoughtful side of the age in which their social power was first distinctly asserted. It is clear that the old types have not all died out. She classes her critics and enemies under several heads. Among them are "the light and coquettish women whose only occupation is to adorn their persons and pass their lives in fêtes and amusements — women who think that scrupulous virtue requires them to know nothing but to be the wife of a husband, the mother of children, and the mistress of a family; and men who regard women as upper servants, and forbid their daughters to read anything but their prayer-books."

"One does not wish women to be coquettes," she writes again, "but permits them to learn carefully all that fits them for gallantry, without teaching them anything which can fortify their virtue or occupy their minds. They devote ten or a dozen years to learning to appear well, to dress in good style, to dance and sing, for five or six; but this same person, who requires judgment all her life and must talk until her last sigh, learns nothing which can make her converse more agreeably, or act with more wisdom."

But she does not like a *femme savante*, and ridicules, under the name of Damophile, a character which might have been the model for Molière's *Philaminte*. This woman has five or six masters, of whom the least learned teaches astrology. She poses as a Muse, and is always surrounded with books, pencils, and mathematical instruments, while she uses large words in a grave and imperious tone, although she speaks only of little things. After many long conversations about her, Sappho concludes thus: "I wish it to be said of a woman that she knows a hundred things of which she does not boast, that she has a well-informed mind, is familiar with fine works, speaks well, writes correctly, and knows the world; but I do not wish it to be said of her that she is a *femme savante*. The two characters have no resemblance."

After some further discussion to the effect that

HENRIETTE ANNE D'ANGLETERRE, DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS. (FROM A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO RIGAUD.)

the wise woman will conceal superfluous learning and especially avoid pedantry, she defines the limit to which a woman may safely go in knowledge without losing her right to be regarded as the "ornament of the world, made to be served and adored," according to the Rambouillet code.

> One can know some foreign languages and confess to reading Homer, Hesiod, and the works of the illustrious Aristée (Chapelain), without being too learned. One can express an opinion so modestly that, without offending the propriety of her sex, she may permit it to be seen that she has wit, knowledge, and judgment. That which I wish principally to teach women is not to speak too much of that which they know well; never to speak of that which they do not know at all, and to speak reasonably.

We note always a half-apologetic tone, a spirit of compromise between her conscious intelligence and the traditional prejudice which had in no wise diminished since Martial included, in his picture of a domestic *ménage*, a wife "not too learned." She is not willing to lose a woman's birthright of love and devotion, but is not quite sure how far it might be affected by her ability to detect a solecism. Hence, she offers a great deal of subtle flattery to masculine self-love. With curious naïveté she says:

> Whoever should write all that was said by fifteen or twenty women together would make the worst book in the world, even if some of them were women of intelligence. But if a man should enter, a single one, and not even a man of distinction, the same conversation would suddenly become more spirituelle and more agreeable. The conversation of men is, doubtless, less sprightly when there are no women present; but ordinarily, although it may be more serious, it is still rational, and they can do without us more easily than we can do without them.

She attaches great importance to conversation, as "the bond of society, the greatest pleasure of well-bred people, and the best means of introducing, not only politeness into the world, but a purer morality." She dwells always upon the necessity of "a spirit of urbanity, which banishes all bitter railleries, as well as everything that can offend the taste," also of a certain "*esprit de joie*."

We find here the code which ruled the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the very well-defined character of the *précieuse*, who was originally an accomplished woman in the highest sense, with a perfect accord of intelligence and good taste. As pretension crept in, the word was used, later, to indicate a sort of intellectual parvenue, half prude and half pedant, who affected learning and paraded it, as she would fine clothes, for effect. But it may be noted that Mlle. de Scudéry, who was among the *avant-coureurs* of the modern movement for the

ÉLISABETH SOPHIE CHÉRON — MME. LE HAY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING.)

MARIE LOUISE GONZAGUE-CLÈVES. (FROM AN ENGRAVING.)

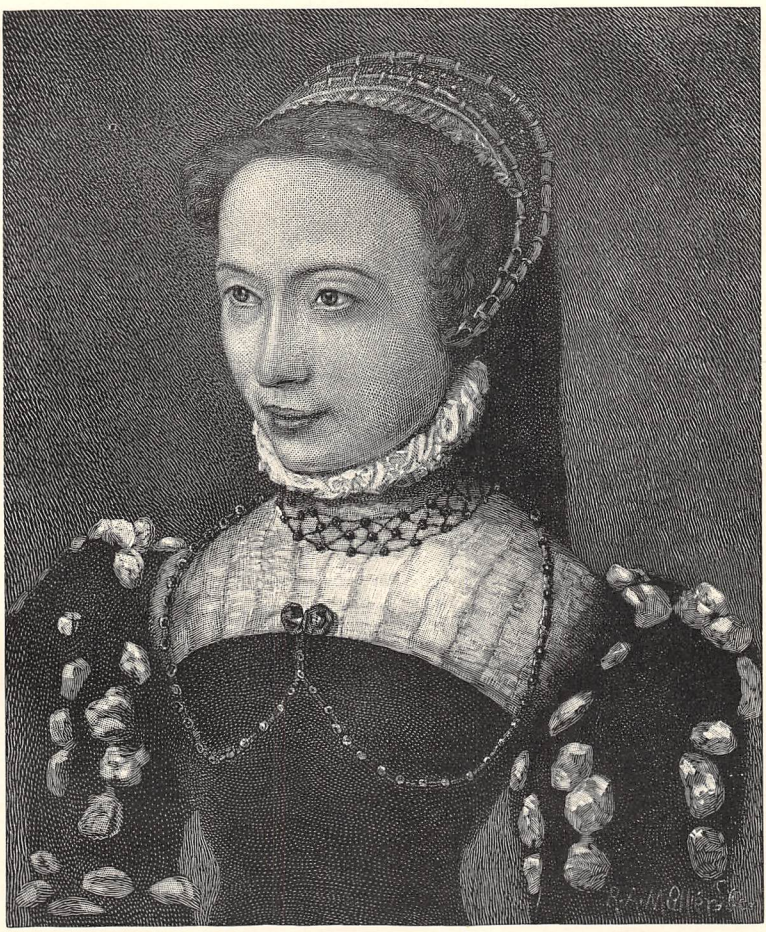
advancement of women, always preserved the forms of the old traditions, while violating their spirit. True to her Gallic instincts, she presented her innovations sugar-coated. Perhaps she recognized that when knowledge has penetrated the soul it does not need to be worn on the outside. It shines through the entire personality. At all events, she had the fine sense of fitness which is the conscience of her race, and which gave so much power to the women who really revolutionized society without antagonizing it.

Mme. de Sévigné writes to her daughter: "Mlle. de Scudéry has just sent me two little volumes of conversations; it is impossible that they should not be good, when they are not drowned in a great romance."

When the Hôtel de Rambouillet was closed, Mlle. de Scudéry tried to replace those pleasant reunions by receiving her friends on Saturdays. These informal receptions were frequented by a few men and women of rank, but the prevailing tone was literary and slightly *bourgeois*. We meet there Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Sablé, the Duc and Duchesse de Montausier, and others of the old circle, who were her lifelong friends. La Rochefoucauld is there occasionally, also Mme. de La Fayette, Mme. de Sévigné, and the young Mme. Scarron, whose brilliant future is hardly yet in her dreams. The Comtesse de la Suze, a favorite writer of elegies, and the versatile Mlle. Chéron, who had some celebrity as poet, musician, and painter, are also among the guests. The poet Sarasin is the Voiture of this salon. Pellisson, the historian and one of the founders of the Académie Française, is its chronicler, and Conrart its secretary. Chapelain is quite at home there, and we find also a crowd of minor authors and artists whose names have long gone into oblivion. They converse upon all the topics of the day, from fashion to politics, from literature and the arts to the last item of gossip. They read their works and vie with one another in improvising verses. Pellisson takes notes and leaves us a multitude of madrigals, sonnets, chansons, and letters, of varied merit. He says there reigned a sort of epidemic of little poems. "The secret influence began to fall with the dew. Here, one recites four verses; there, one writes a dozen. All this is done gaily and without effort. No one bites his nails, or stops laughing and talking. There are challenges, responses, repetitions, attacks, repartees. The pen passes from hand to hand, and the hand does not keep pace with the mind. One makes verses for every lady present." Many of those verses were certainly not of the best quality, but it would be difficult, even in this advanced age, to find a company of people clever enough to divert themselves by throwing off such poetic trifles on the spur of the moment.

In the end, the *Samedis* very clearly illustrated the fact that no society can sustain itself above the average of its members. These reunions increased in size, but decreased in quality, with the inevitable result of affectation and pretension. Intelligence, taste, and politeness were in fashion. Those who did not possess them put on their semblance, and, affecting an intellectual tone, fell into the pedantry which is sure to grow out of the effort to speak above one's altitude. The fine-spun theories of Mlle. de Scudéry also reached a sentimental climax in "Clélie," which did not fail of its effect. Platonic love and the *ton galant* were the texts for a thousand absurdities which fi-

nally reacted upon the *Samedis*. After a few years they lost their prestige and were discontinued. But Mlle. de Scudéry retained her brilliant gifts in conversation, and received her friends until a short time before her death in 1701. Even Tallemant, writing of the decline of these reunions, says that "Mlle. de Scudéry is more considered than ever." At the age of sixty-four she received the first *Prix d'Eloquence* from the Académie Française for an essay on Glory. This prize was founded by Balzac and the subject was specified. Thus ended only with his life, upon which she wrote a touching eulogy at its close. But she never married. She feared to lose her liberty. "I know," she writes, "that there are many estimable men who merit all my esteem and who can retain a part of my friendship; but as soon as I regard them as husbands I regard them as masters, and so apt to become tyrants that I must hate them from that moment; and I thank the gods for giving me an inclination very much averse to marriage." No shadow, however, rested upon her character.



MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE, AND OF FRANCE. (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT.)

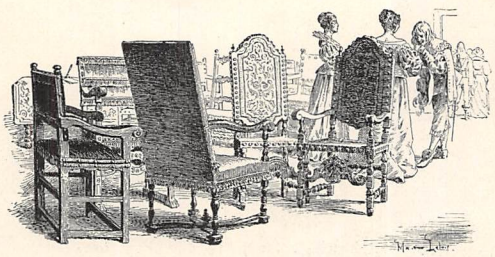
the long procession of laureates was led by a woman.

In spite of her subtle analysis of love, and her exact map of the Empire of Tenderness, her sentiment seems to have been rather ideal. She had numerous lovers, of whom Conrart and Pellisson were among the most devoted. During the long imprisonment of the latter for supposed complicity with Fouquet she was of great service to him, and the tender friendship

The Abbé de Pure, who was not friendly to the *précieuses* and made the first severe attack upon them, thus writes of her: "One may call Mlle. de Scudéry the muse of our age and the prodigy of her sex. It is not only her goodness and her sweetness, but her intellect shines with so much modesty, her sentiments are expressed with so much reserve, she speaks with so much discretion, and all that she says is so fit and reasonable, that one cannot help

both admiring and loving her. Comparing what one sees of her, and what one owes to her personally, with what she writes, one prefers, without hesitation, her conversation to her works. Although her mind is wonderfully great, her heart outweighs it. It is in the heart of this illustrious woman that one finds true and pure generosity, an immovable constancy, a sincere and solid friendship." She is especially interesting to us as marking a transition point in the history of women; as the author of the first romances of any note written by her sex; as a moral teacher in an age of laxity; and as a woman who combined high aspirations, fine ideals, and versatile talents with a pure and unselfish character. She aimed at universal accomplishments — from the distillation of a perfume to the writing of a novel, from the preparation of a rare dish to fine conversation, from playing the lute to the dissection of the human heart. In this versatility she has been likened to Mme. Genlis, whom she resembled also in her moral teaching and her factitious sensibility. But she was more genuine, more amiable, and far superior in true elevation of character. She was full of theories and loved to air them, hence the people who move across the pages of her novels are often lost in a cloud of moral speculation. But she gave a fresh impulse to literature, adding a fine quality of grace, tenderness, and pure, though often exaggerated, sentiment. Mme. de La Fayette, who had more clearness of mind, as well as a finer artistic sense, gave a better form to the novel and pruned it of superfluous matter. The sentiment, which casts so soft and delicate a coloring over her romances, was more subtle and refined. It may be questioned, however, if she wrote so much that could be incorporated in the thought of her time.

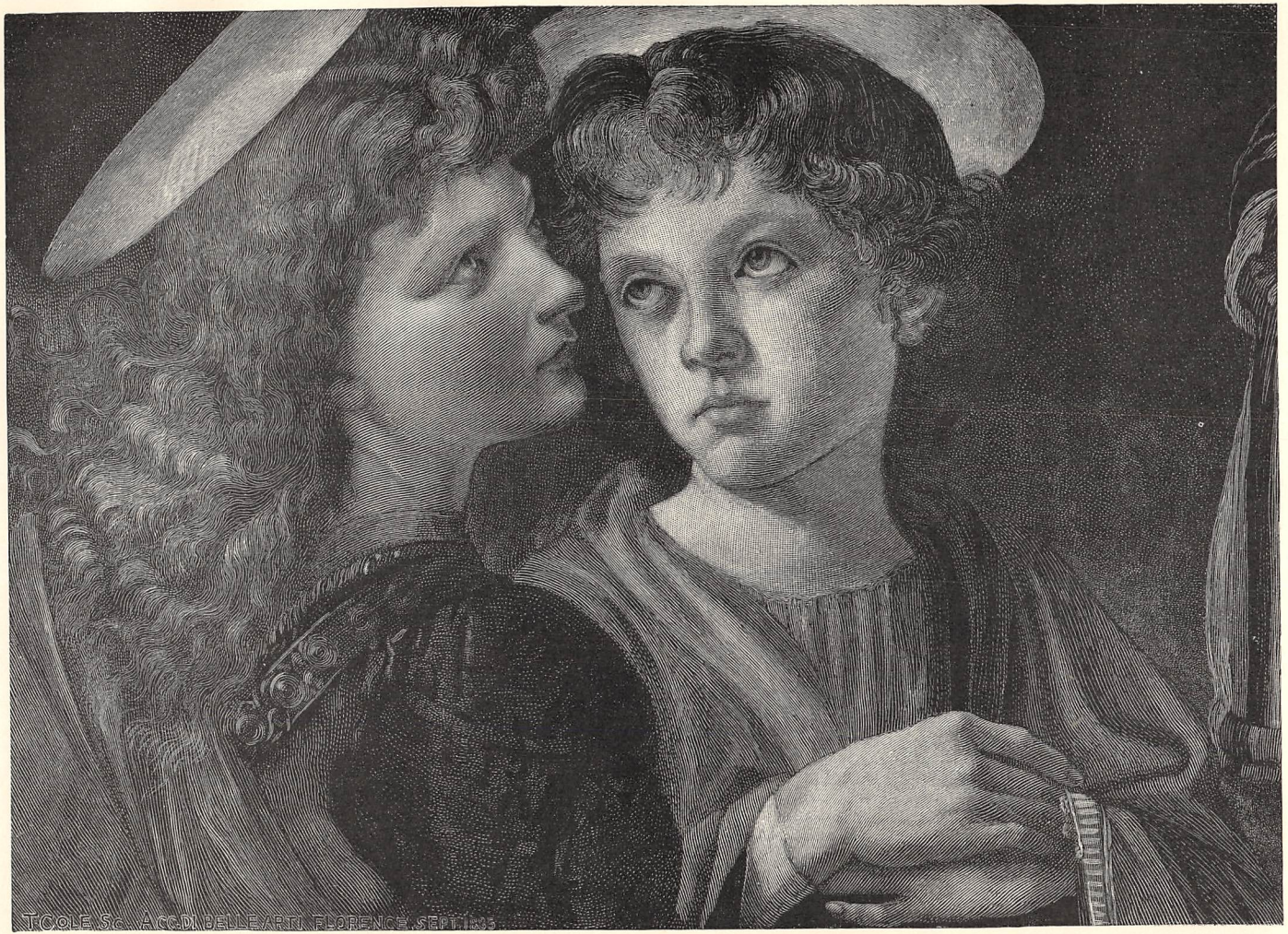
Amelia Gere Mason.



ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO, 1435–1488.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

ANDREA, son of Michele, the son of Francesco dei Cioni, was born in Florence in 1435, and, like his brother Thomas, received the surname "Verrocchio" from their first master, the goldsmith Giuliano Verrocchi. The father, Michele, lived, as it is recorded, in the Via S. Agnolo, in the parish of S. Ambrogio, and, according to Dohme, he was a stove builder and afterward a sculptor. There is a notice of him in 1456 as a seller in the Custom House. Cavalcaselle makes the father's name Domenico and Michele to be the grandfather, and says that Domenico's trade was that of a goldsmith. Both agree that Andrea's first steps in art were in the goldsmith's shop; and Vasari tells of some heads of bishops' staffs which he made for the Duomo of Florence (of which one is believed by Dohme to be in the National Museum), and of several pieces of repoussé gold and silver work, especially two cups, one decorated with animals and foliage considered so beautiful that other artists had casts of it as models, and another with a relief of dancing children. Baldinucci refers his readers to a rare manuscript which shows that Andrea was a pupil of Donatello, who we know passed the latter part of his life in Florence, where he had a number of pupils, among them Pollaiuolo and Andrea del Verrocchio. Verrocchio's first work of any importance of which we know was done while working with Donatello — the marble basin still existing in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo. Cellini tells us that Verrocchio continued the goldsmith's trade till he was thirty years old;



DETAIL FROM "THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST," BY ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO, IN THE ACCADEMIA DI BELLE ARTI, FLORENCE.

and as Donatello died in 1466,—*i. e.*, when Verrocchio was thirty-one,—it is possible, as Dohme conjectures, that the latter finished the basin, in which two distinct styles of workmanship are evident. The archives show that in 1467 a certain sum was paid to Verrocchio for the casting of the bronze doors modeled by Luca della Robbia for S. Lorenzo; and it was he who cast the huge bronze ball which Brunelleschi designed for the crowning of the lantern of the dome of the cathedral of Florence. It was a colossal work for its time, weighing 4368 Florentine pounds of twelve ounces, including the cross which surmounted it, both being gilt. The order was given in 1467, and the casting was in place by 1472. This ball was struck by lightning in 1600 and demolished, and was replaced by one still larger.

Like some other works which are more noticeable for their magnitude than for any artistic quality in them, the casting of this ball brought Verrocchio more reputation than his sculptures. He received many orders from the Medici, the first being the commission for the tomb of Piero and Giovanni de' Medici, father and uncle of Lorenzo, in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo. This was completed in 1472. Cavalcaselle points with just discrimination to the ingenious way in which Andrea utilized a window-opening as a niche, and to the feeling for color shown in the arrangement of the colored materials, as well as to the delicacy of the execution of the ornamental work. The Medici then employed him in the decoration of their favorite residence, the Villa Careggi, which Cosimo had built in 1461. He made for them four marble lions' heads and three heads in bronze (of which two were those of Alexander and Darius, which Lorenzo sent to Matthias Corvinus of Hungary), according to Vasari, and the baby in bronze which Cosimo afterwards placed on the fountain in the cortile of the Palazzo Vecchio. It was also at the order of the Medici that he did the bronze David now in the Florentine Museum. He further undertook for Lorenzo the restoration of an antique Marsyas, which is lost.

In 1477 Francesca Pitti,[1] wife of Giovanni Tornabuoni (according to Vasari, though Bode questions the individuality of the husband), died in Rome in childbed, and Verrocchio was sent for to make her monument, which appears to have been his first important work in marble. The monument has perished, but the reliefs now in the museum of Florence, representing the death of the young mother and the grief of the assistants, show the artist's dramatic power to have been very great. From this on till 1484, the date of the death of Sixtus IV., Verrocchio divided his time between Rome and Florence. He executed some large silver statues of the Apostles for the Sistine Chapel. These have since been stolen and probably melted up, as no trace of them has ever been found. Hans Semper considers a number of reliefs and figures in the cellars of the Vatican to be the work of Verrocchio and his pupils, possibly done at this time, as it is known that he did some then for the Sistine. About 1480 he executed the silver bas-relief of the decollation of St. John for the altar of the Baptistery of Florence. This is the only example of his goldsmith's work remaining, and it is of its kind unrivaled in movement and in delicacy of finish. In 1483 he completed the group in bronze of the "Incredulity of St. Thomas" for the church of Or San Michele, which is considered to be his finest work in this kind. It is full of imaginative feeling: the criticism which Cavalcaselle makes, viz., that the Christ is old and pinched, is hypercritical; and my opinion is that it is rather the expression of the religious conception of the Saviour as "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," wasted and prematurely old. The years from 1484 to 1488, the last of his life, he spent mostly at work on his great equestrian statue of Colleoni at Venice. Vasari tells us that he was twice in Venice for this work, having thrown up the commission at one time, and broken the head and the legs of the horse, because some of the senators insisted that a Venetian sculptor of slight ability, Vellano, should do the Colleoni, while Verrocchio was to do only the horse. The Senate was furious with him, and sentenced him to death by decapitation if he ever reappeared. He sent them word that under the circumstances he should never return, for they could not put his head on again as he could that of the horse. The reply is said to have so pleased the Senate that word was sent to him to come back and he should

[1] Milanesi says: "If here Vasari does not indicate Giovanfrancesco di Filippo Tornabuoni, married in 1470 to Elisabeth, daughter of Andrea Allemanni, he certainly was mistaken, as our friend Dr. L. Passerini points out to us, because neither the epoch nor the circumstances agree with the existence of the two members of the family Tornabuoni by the name of Francesco, of whom one died in 1436, when Verrocchio was still a child, and the other in Rome in 1484, leaving a widow whose name was Marietta Valori. Baron Reumont is of the opinion that this monument was raised by Giovanni Tornabuoni to his wife Francesca Pitti, and this is supported by the evidence of a letter from the said Giovanni to Lorenzo the Magnificent, written from Rome, September 24, 1477, in which he advises him of the death of his wife in childbed, with which both date and name agree. There does not, however, seem to be any reason for adopting the supposition of Reumont that there was a confusion with the tomb of Gianfrancesco, dead in 1480, as the data in both cases are sufficient to avoid any confusion. The removal of the monument to Florence in the changes which were always going on in Rome is most probable."

do as he desired about it, and at the same time they offered to double his pay. During the casting of the statue he caught a cold, from which he died, at the age of 53. By his will he left the completion of the group to his favorite pupil, Lorenzo di Credi, and asked to be buried in Sta. Maria del Orto; but the Senate paid no attention to either wish, as the statue was finished by Leopardi, a Venetian sculptor, whom the ungrateful Senate afterwards tried to pass off as the artist, and Verrocchio's bones were afterwards carried to Florence, where they were laid in the family vault in S. Ambrogio. On the tomb is the following inscription: *S. Michaelis de Cionis et suorum. Andrea Verocchii Dominici filii Michaelis, qui obiit Venetiis*, 1488.

Verrocchio's record is mainly that of a sculptor, yet he had more to do with the shaping of the art of painting for his immediate successors than any painter of his generation. Besides his school as a sculptor, which was very influential, he was the master in painting of Leonardo, Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi. A poem by Verini compares him to a fountain from which all the great painters of Florence drank. In feeling he was a sculptor, and he caught from his master, Donatello, the sympathy with the historical ideal which was the splendid gift of that great artist. This runs through all his personifications, and gives them individuality. Like his master, he was a great portraitist. Vasari says that he was the first who used masks from the dead to obtain the likeness he required; but this is doubtful, for masks of the dead were certainly taken before his time, and they could hardly have served for any other purpose. When he drew it was with the aim of understanding the forms he was studying, and in the day when the technic of all the graphic arts was the common education of artists of all branches, the pencil, the modeling-tool, or the graver were used alike to express form, not to represent surfaces, and drawing meant everything in design. When the pupils of Donatello asked him how they should become good sculptors, he replied, "Draw." The thorough understanding of the forms to be represented was the end of study, and when this was attained the representation was equally easy in clay, wax, in simple black and white, or in color; for the color itself was not imitated from nature, but the result of long elaborated canons, holding to certain relations of the pigments, with a progressive development of intensity rather than a modification of system, from Giotto down until the effect of the revelations of the Venetian school began to be felt in the Florentine. Whether in the former or the latter, imitation of the absolute color of nature formed no part of the study of the artist. He drew to obtain the facility necessary to reproduce what forms he sought, and if a Venetian of the school of Bellini, he rendered these in color with attention solely to its orchestral relations; if a Florentine, with the purpose of giving their essential qualities of shape and character. The training of the sculptor was therefore the training of the painter. There is nothing to show that Verrocchio dissected the human body. This was an innovation which was far more likely to be made by a decidedly scientific student like Leonardo, and I believe we may safely refer it to him.

Of Verrocchio's pictures we can find authentic evidence only as to one, the "Baptism of Christ," in the Accademia of Florence, of which Vasari says that it was in part painted by Leonardo, and of which Mr. Cole has engraved a part; but there are several which are, by various critics, doubtfully attributed to him. It is known that many madonnas were sent out from his *bottega* — workshop, as it was called; for in the good days of art the artist was known purely and simply according to his workmanship, and from the O of Giotto to the bronze ball of Verrocchio the man took rank by the excellence of his handicraft. Where these madonnas have gone, or the other pictures he is known to have painted, we have no clue. Many of his drawings exist, and they are greatly confounded with those of Leonardo and Lorenzo di Credi. A madonna at Dresden ascribed to Leonardo is with great positiveness assigned to Verrocchio by Bode, as is an altarpiece at Pistoja, the "Virgin Enthroned with Sts. John and Zeno"; one in the Louvre from Sta. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi, and a Nativity in the Accademia; an "Adoration of the Infant by the Madonna" in the National Gallery at London, otherwise attributed to Pollaiuolo; a "Madonna with the Child" in Berlin, and one in Frankfort. But these attributions, which are mostly due to Bode, are strongly impeached, in my opinion, by his very positive reference to Verrocchio of the "Tobias with the Three Archangels" in the Accademia (there attributed to Botticelli). There is absolutely no datum to sustain this attribution, and to lead to its rejection it is quite sufficient to compare the manner of finishing the extremities in this and in other pictures known to be by Botticelli, with the treatment of these features in the indubitable work of Verrocchio, as the "Baptism of Christ" in the same gallery. In the Baptism the finger-tips, and especially the insertions of the toe and finger nails, are done with a delicacy and fidelity never approached by Botticelli, while those in the Tobias are painted in precisely the manner observed in all the pictures of the latter painter. Nor is the color such as to sup-

port such an attribution. It is not altogether in the usual vein of Botticelli, and is heavy and feeble in execution; but the nude portions of the picture are quite in his manner, and it is to my mind clear that the Tobias is of Botticelli's design and painting, or, if not, of one of his followers,[1] so far as the flesh goes, and that the draperies were painted from Botticelli's cartoon by one of his pupils or by some follower later. Again, the landscape details are utterly unlike their treatment in the Baptism: the pebbles of the foreground of the Baptism are drawn on the gesso preparation with all the care and natural variety of form of a study of a modern pre-Raphaelite, while the foregrounds of Botticelli are purely conventional in details. The manner of painting was that of all painters of the school at this time; *i. e.*, the subject was carefully outlined on the gesso ground and laid in in tempera in all its masses, folds of drapery, drawing of the heads, etc., and on this the finishing was done in oil — not in the manner of Bellini's later work and all late Venetian work, with broad glazing, but with a small brush, carefully modeling it up as if with a point. The positiveness with which Bode assigns this Tobias to Verrocchio induces me, as I have said, to question his judgment in other cases.

The Baptism becomes, therefore, both from the strong individuality of its types and from the excellence of its workmanship, as well as from the high importance of the painter in relation to all subsequent and contemporary art, a picture of almost unique importance. The story which Vasari tells of Leonardo's having done a part of it with such success as to induce Verrocchio to abandon painting, is probably one of Vasari's fables. There is nothing in the picture to support it. The part supposed to have been put in by Leonardo, the nearer angel of the two, may well be from Leonardo's hand, but there is no such superiority as Vasari attributes to it. Let us consider the entire process of producing the picture, and then see if there is any room for the credulity of the writer, who is as often fabulist as historian. We know that in every case a picture was carefully designed, and the composition completely finished in the cartoon. This was then traced on a gesso ground, the lines of the cartoon being pricked through, and charcoal powder being dusted through the lines of punctures thus made, and by this the lines of the subject were carefully drawn. We have many cartoons which show this to have been the practice, and the tempera preparation of the drapery of the Baptist in this picture shows these lines throughout. The composition was therefore entirely that of Verrocchio; and if the story of Vasari is good, the painting of the Christ, St. John, and the second angel is that of the master, as well as the general effect. The drapery of St. John is in the tempera state, the oil-color not having been added, and the forms are faintly modeled in comparison with the others. The drawing, certainly, and probably the tempera preparation, of the angel of Leonardo were then by Verrocchio, the painting of the head and the drapery alone of this angel by Leonardo. The head of the second angel is by Verrocchio, and the drapery of the other figures. But there is nothing, I repeat, in the painting of the head of the first angel which indicates any such superiority as is implied: from its pose, a *profil perdu*, it is more simple and therefore broader in its mass than the second, which is seen in nearly full-face; but the design, and therefore the general effect in relation to the rest of the picture, must have been those of Verrocchio. The draperies do not any more bear out the claim of superiority for the pupil, for the bit of drapery around the loins of the Christ is by far the most masterly piece of painting, considered as execution and color, in the picture; and even if the color of the angel's head had been beyond the abilities of the master, it was so subordinate a quality at his time and in his school that such a difference as could, under the best hypothesis, have been shown under the circumstances would not have convicted Verrocchio of the discouraging inferiority which Vasari supposes. Moreover, as the picture is still unfinished, why did not Verrocchio, in this supposed generous recognition of his pupil's superiority, charge him with the finishing of it? I believe the whole story to be one of the popular fables growing possibly out of some incident connected with the abandonment of this single picture in its unfinished state, but exaggerated and transformed by Vasari so as to become substantially a fiction. Vasari, as I have often had occasion to note, is very fond of the marvelous and of stories of precocity; it was the fashion in his time to glorify Leonardo, and he followed it. The story is of great value as the means of identifying the picture; but as testimony to the early superiority of Leonardo to his master, I utterly discredit it. The manner of

[1] Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray, who in technical knowledge of the work of the early Italian schools is *facile princeps* in our generation, agrees with me as to the Verrocchio attribution, but he discredits the picture being in any part by Botticelli, and I am not disposed to contest his decision; but I think that any one who will compare closely, as I have compared, the painting of the extremities of the Tobias with work known to be of Botticelli, will be puzzled to determine by whom it can be if not by Botticelli. But as to its being by Verrocchio, there is no room for discussion.

treating the detail, even in the minor and less important parts of the picture, is very notable. The bit of stony foreground at the left is of a naturalistic verity of which I do not know another instance in the art of the Renaissance. It is clearly taken directly from nature, for the invention of such a collection of pebbles is not only very much more difficult than the invention of some orderly decoration, as every artist knows, but it would be labor entirely unappreciated in the day when this was done, when the greatest and most earnest of painters contemporary with Verrocchio were entirely indifferent to truthfulness in the details of their landscapes; and this seems to be more probably a freak on the part of the painter than an example of his manner of treating landscape generally, for the other parts of the background of the same picture are in the general conventional style of the day, indicating recollection of nature rather than direct working from her in the landscape studies they employed. This is an interesting item in the formation of an estimate of the artistic character of the master of so many great artists; for it is the first evidence we have in the history of Italian art of direct drawing of landscape matter from nature, and it is so in consonance with the general character of this particular picture that I need not apologize for insisting on so trivial a point.

Cavalcaselle, who seems to me the most sympathetic, and therefore the most highly gifted, of all the many commentators, with insight of a true critic in considering the early schools of his native land, very justly attaches great importance to this Baptism. He says:

> Verrocchio's is a higher nature, enriched by a more educated and general taste than that of the Pollaiuoli. His "Baptism of Christ," unfinished and injured though it be, offers to us a picture of calm and composure, of reverent and tender worship, which carries with it a special charm. The resigned consciousness of the Saviour receiving the water which St. John pours on his head; the questioning, tender air of the two beautiful angels who wait on the bank of the brook to minister to the Redeemer's wants; the brook itself running in its bed of pebbles round a projection of rock crowned with trees from a distance of lake and hills; the palm tree with the bird flying into it; the mixture of the mysteries of solitude and worship — are all calculated to affect the senses of the beholder.
>
> Descending to a more critical analysis, we find the type of the Saviour not absolutely select, somewhat imperfect in proportion and form, but bony and drawn and modeled with the searching study of anatomical reality. The Baptist is unfinished. He presents to us the stiff action and some of the vulgarity of a model. The curly-headed angel presenting his front face to the spectator is beautiful. His chiseled features, shadowed in light greenish-gray over the bright local tone, are fair to look upon; but he is surpassed in beauty and feeling by his fellow-angel, whose back is towards the beholder, whilst his head, gently bent and looking up to the Saviour, presents the rotary lines of brow, cheek, and mouth which illustrate the application of a law in rendering movement familiar to the great painters of the sixteenth century. So fresh and innocent, so tender and loving, is this angel, that it strikes one as the finest ever produced in the manner of Verrocchio. The soft gaiety and grace in the play of the exquisite features, the pure, silvery outlines and modeling of the parts, of the hair and lashes, the chaste ornaments which deck the collar of the bright green tunic damasked in brown at the sleeves, the edges of the lucid blue mantle, and the dress which is held ready for the Saviour — this all combines to form a total revealing the finish, the study, conspicuous in Leonardo. In type and in the expression of tender feeling the face and form of this figure are equal to those of the Virgin of the Rocks, whilst the draperies by their broken nature, the color by its impasto, recall the same examples to mind. The force of chiaroscuro alone is not so great, but everything confirms the statement of Vasari that Leonardo helped Verrocchio to paint the picture.

But in this general judgment of the eminent Italian critic there is much that seems to me the result of a predetermined admiration due to the tradition given us by Vasari. The objection to the type of the Saviour I have anticipated in treating the relief of Or San Michele, and in regard to it differ *in toto* from Cavalcaselle. It seems to me emphatically select — not the selection of the later painters who had a return to the Greek conception of the ideal, that it must be one of physical beauty, but the conception of the Saviour as bearing the impress of a painful existence and a more painful destiny, a thoughtful rendering of what was probably to the painter the noblest conception of art, the historical ideal, the shadowing forth of Him who was in this scene taking up his burden of the woes of all humanity. Criticism of this kind, both Cavalcaselle's and my own, is always in danger of attributing to the picture the feeling which is awakened in the critic by chains of association that the painter did not recognize; but nevertheless a work of art is always entitled to the credit of the ideas it awakens, and in this respect Verrocchio is in the vein of the early religious art of Italy and Byzantium — the ascetic was the noblest ideal they knew. Nor is Cavalcaselle's objection to the Baptist a better founded one, if we consider the work of contemporary painters. Ascetic as well as Christ, the Baptist must be in some measure inferior to the Saviour. Both show the *pose plastique* in the attitudes, as did all the work of the time; both show the almost painful conscientiousness of study which was more characteristic of Verrocchio than of any painter of his time — the thorough preparation of the cartoon, and extreme painstaking in all

the processes of the production of the picture: and these qualities make the "stiff action," and what the critic calls the "vulgarity," but which is in reality the fidelity to his models, in which Verrocchio makes the distinction between the Christ and the Baptist. And this very stiffness is visible in all the early and earnest schools of art down to the English pre-Raphaelite.

The comparison which the Italian critic draws between the two angels seems to me overdrawn in favor of Leonardo. I do not believe that any one would have suspected that two painters had worked on the picture, if Vasari had not told it. The decorative qualities which are pointed out in the angel assigned to Leonardo are just those which we have seen in all Verrocchio's work, embodying extreme delicacy in finish and design of ornament. The cast of the draperies and the general scheme of light and shade must have been qualities of the cartoon, as well as the pose of the angel, so much praised. Admitting that the talent and attainments of the pupil were such that he could carry out a part of his master's work so ably as to show no noteworthy deficiency in the comparison, I have allowed to Leonardo very high abilities; but it is not admissible to distinguish him for qualities which we have found to be the most distinctive traits of the work of the master. Take Verrocchio as we may, and considering that his sculpture is what we can best judge him by, he takes rank among the greatest of the artists of the Renaissance, and is probably the most highly gifted of the entire range from Giotto to Michael Angelo. Vasari was never more at fault than when he said of him that he showed "a certain hardness of manner, revealing patient study rather than natural gifts," for his genius showed itself eminently in this very power of taking pains. He was an admirable goldsmith; a sculptor in marble, wood, and bronze, as well as worker in terra cotta; a painter, musician, and mathematician; and no artist of the Renaissance showed a larger possession of the "natural gifts" of which Vasari would deny him the possession.

W. J. Stillman.

STATUE OF COLLEONI, BY VERROCCHIO.

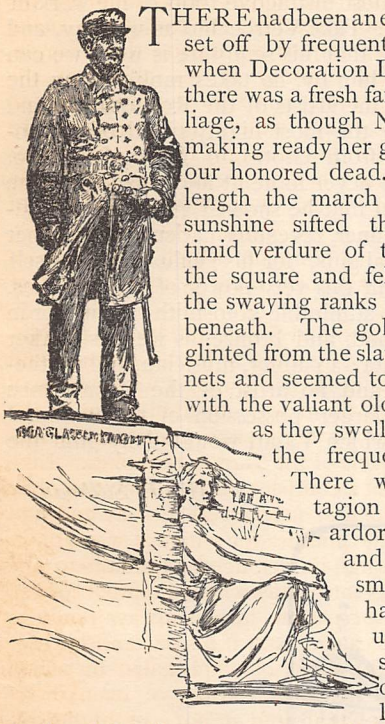
FICKLE HOPE.

HOPE, is this thy hand
Lies warm as life in mine?
Is this thy sign
Of peace none understand?

I know not if I may
Believe thee, Hope, or doubt:
With pretty pout,
Wilt flee, or wilt thou stay?

Harrison S. Morris.

A DECORATION DAY REVERY.



THERE had been an early spring, set off by frequent rain; and when Decoration Day dawned there was a fresh fairness of foliage, as though Nature were making ready her garlands for our honored dead. When at length the march began, the sunshine sifted through the timid verdure of the trees in the square and fell softly on the swaying ranks that passed beneath. The golden beams glinted from the slanting bayonets and seemed to keep time with the valiant old war-tunes as they swelled up from the frequent bands. There was a contagion of military ardor in the air, and even the small boy who had climbed up into the safe aery of a dismantled lamp-post had within him inarticulate stirrings of warlike ambition. In the pauses of the music fifes shrilled out, and the roll and rattle of drums covered the rhythmic tramping of the soldiers. I lingered for a while near the noble statue of the great admiral, who stood there firm on his feet, with the sea-breeze blowing back the skirt of his coat, and so presented by the art of the sculptor that the motionless bronze seemed more alive than most of the ordinary men and women who clustered about its base. Here, I thought, was the fit memorial of the man who had done his duty in the long struggle to the heroes of which the day was sacred; and I was glad that the marching thousands should pass in review before that mute image of the best and bravest our country can bring forth. At that moment a detachment of sailors swung into view, and cheers of hearty greeting broke forth on all sides.

As I loitered musing, a battalion of our little army strode by us in turn, with soldierly bearing, clad in no gaudy garb, but ready for their bloody work; ready with cold steel to give a cold welcome to the invading foreigner, ready with a prompt volley to put an end to lawless strife at home. After an interval came the first ranks of the citizen soldiery, trim in their workmanlike uniforms, with stretchers, with ambulances, with Gatling guns. One after another advanced the regiments of the city militia, and no man need doubt that they would be as swift now to go forward to battle as were their former fellow-members whose deeds gave them the right to bear flags emblazoned with more than one battle as hard fought as Marathon or Philippi, Fontenoy or Waterloo. As they swept on down the avenue in the morning sunlight, with the strident music veiled now and again by ringing cheers, my thoughts went back to the many other thousands I had seen go down that avenue, now more than a quarter of a century ago, coming from the pine forests and the granite hills of New England, and going to the silent swamps and the dark bayous of the South. In those drear days of doubt I had watched the ceaseless tramp of the troops down that avenue, a thousand at a time, young, earnest, ardent; and I remembered that I had seen them return but a scant hundred or two, it may be, worn and ragged, foot-sore and heart-sick, but resolute yet and full of grit. Death, like the maddened peasants in the strife of the Jacquerie, fights with a scythe; and for four long years Time held a slow glass and Death mowed a broad swath. There is many a house now where an old woman cannot hear the trivial notes of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," without a sharp pain in the throat and a sudden vision of the prison-pen at Andersonville. No doubt there is many another woman south of that Mason and Dixon's line which was washed out in the blood of the war where the sentimental strains of "My Maryland" have an equal poignancy and an equal tenderness. Shiloh and Malvern Hill and Gettysburg are names made sacred forever by the deeds done there, and by the dead who lie there side by side in a common grave, where the gray cloth and the blue have faded into dust alike, and there is now naught to tell them apart. It is well that a spring day, fresh after rain, and fair with blossoms, should help to keep their memory sweet.

Down the avenue regiment after regiment went on briskly, with the easy pace of health and enjoyment. After the young men of the militia came the veterans, with flowers for their fallen comrades. Some of the older men were

in carriages, with here and there a crutch across the seat; but for the most part they walked, keeping time, no doubt, though with a shorter stride. As a handful of brave men filed before us, bearing aloft the tattered remnant of a battle-flag, I raised my hat with instinctive reverence. For a moment the gesture shielded my eyes from the rays of the sun, and I caught sight of a group in the window of a house opposite. A lady, tall and stately, wearing a widow's cap above her gray hair as though it were a crown, stood in the center with her hands on the shoulders of two young men,—her sons, beyond all question,—stalwart young fellows, with features at once fine and strong, bearing themselves with manly grace. I looked, and I recognized. When I lowered my eyes again to the procession I saw another set of faces that I knew by sight. In a carriage sat a man of some fifty years, stout, vulgar, with a cigar alight in the coarse hand which rested on the door of the vehicle. He had a shock of hair, once reddish and now grizzling to an unclean white. He wore in his buttonhole the button of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the open barouche with him were three youngish men, noisy in laughter — apparently professional politicians of the baser sort. The man bowed effusively, with a broad and unctuous smile, when he saw a friend on the sidewalk; and the crowd about me recognized him, and called him by name one to another; and a little knot of young fellows on the corner raised a cheer.

I knew both groups, the unclean creature in the carriage and the noble lady in the window above him. I knew that both were survivals of the war.

As the procession passed on, I could hear an occasional cheer run along the line of spectators when one or another recognized the politician. I was not surprised, for the man's popularity with a portion of the people is patent to all of us. He was a soldier who had never fired a shot, a colonel who had never seen the enemy. His tactical skill had been shown in the securing of a detail for himself where there was chance of profit with no risk of danger. His strategy had been to secure the good word of those who dispensed the good things of life.

While others were battling for the country he was looking out for himself. When the war was over he presented his claims for recognition, and he was sent as consul to the Orient. In due time there came across the ocean rumors of scandals, and an investigation was ordered; whereupon he resigned, and the matter was never probed. Then he went into politics: he was ready of speech and loud-mouthed; he flattered the mob, believing that in politics the Blarney-stone is the stepping-stone to success. He never paused to weigh his words when he assailed an opponent, believing that in politics billingsgate is the gate of success. He was prompt to set people by the ears that he might lead them by the nose the more readily. As though to make up for his delinquencies during the struggle, he was now untiring in his abuse of the Southern people, and his denunciation of them was always violent and virulent. In every election he besought his fellow-citizens to vote as they had shot. He was unfailingly bitter in his abuse of those who had fought for the cause of the South. He was, in short, a specimen of the scum which may float on the surface whenever there is an upheaval of the deep.

Brutal in political debate and brazen in political chicanery, he was a fit leader for the band of hirelings he had organized with no small skill. His position was not unlike that of the *condottieri* of the foreign mercenaries in the medieval quarrels of the Italian republics. Like them, he led a compact body, prompt to obey orders so long as it received the pay and had hopes of the plunder for which it was organized. Although he belonged nominally to one of the two great parties who contended for the control of the nation, he was always ready to turn his forces against it if his pay and his proportion of the spoils of office failed to satisfy himself and his men-at-arms; or even in revenge for a slight, and in hope of higher remuneration from the other side.

For me, as I stood on the corner under Farragut's statue and watched the veterans file past, the knowledge of this man's career, and the sight of his presence among those who had fought a good fight for a high motive, seemed to tarnish the sacred occasion and to stain the glory of the morning. Again I looked up at the window where I had seen the lady with her two sons. She was still there, leaning forward a little, as though in involuntary excitement, and one hand clenched the arm of the soldierly young fellow at her right. The sight of those three refreshed me, for I knew who they were, and what they stood for in the history of our country — a shining example in the past and a beacon of hope for the future. The widow's cap which crowns the brow of that mother brought up before me the memory of a deed as noble as it was simple.

A fife-and-drum corps of boys dressed as sailors preceded a model of a monitor mounted on wheels and artfully adorned with flowers and wreaths. Behind this came the scanty score of old sailors who had formed themselves into Post Rodman R. Hardy. When they came abreast of the window where the lady stood

with her two sons, they looked up and cheered. The eyes of Captain Hardy's widow had filled with tears when she caught sight of his old comrades; and when they cheered her and her boys her face flushed and the arm which rested on her son's trembled. She bowed, the two young men raised their hats, and the post passed on down the avenue to perform their sad office; though they might not deck with flowers the grave of their old commander, for he lies buried at the bottom of the sea, and great guns were firing many a salute with shot and shell when his body was lowered into its everlasting resting-place.

I have heard it said that a soldier's trade is learning how to kill and how to die, and that how he lives is little matter. Captain Hardy lived like a man, like a gentleman, like a Christian; and he died like a hero. He came of a generation of sailors. His great-grandfather had sailed with the fleet under Amherst when Louisburg was taken in 1758. His grandfather had been a midshipman with Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme Richard*. His father served on "Old Ironsides" when the *Constitution* captured the *Guerrière*. He himself had gone to sea in time to take part in the siege of Vera Cruz. When the war broke out he had been married but three years. He was on the *Cumberland* when the *Merrimac* sank her. While the new monitors were building he had a few brief weeks with his wife and his two baby boys. When the *Onteora* was finished he was a captain, and he was appointed to take command.

And there was no monitor which did better service or had more hard work than the *Onteora*. Just before the grand attack on Fort Davis he ran under the guns of a Confederate battery to shell a cruiser which had retreated up the river behind the strip of land on which the earthworks stood. Regardless of the fire from the battery, which bade fair to hammer his ship till it might become unmanageable, he trained his guns on the cruiser. He had no more than got the range when a fog settled down and hid the combatants from each other. The battery ceased firing or aimed wildly a few chance shots. The monitor, relying on the accuracy of its gunners, continued to send shell after shell through the thick wall of fog to the invisible place where the enemy's ship lay. When the fog lifted, the cruiser was on fire; and then the monitor fell back out of the range of the guns of the battery, having done the work Captain Hardy had set it to do.

The next day came the grand assault on Fort Davis. The admiral ordered the *Onteora* to follow the flagship in the attack. The channel was defended not only by the cannon of the fort itself and of its supporting earthworks and by a flotilla of gunboats, but also by hidden torpedoes, the position of which was wholly unknown even to the pilots, Union men of the port who had volunteered to guide our vessels through the tortuous windings of the entrance. The iron ship was made ready for battle; its deck was sunk level with the surface of the sea; and nothing projected but the revolving turret, with its two huge guns. In the little box of a pilot-house Captain Hardy took his place with the pilot. The admiral gave the signal to advance, and the *Onteora* followed in the wake of the flagship.

The first turning of the channel was made safely, and the monitor was at last full under the fire of the fort. The turret revolved slowly, and both guns were discharged against a pert gunboat which had ventured out beyond the protection of the fort. The second shot struck the steam-chest of the gunboat, and it blew up and drifted at the mercy of the current. Still the admiral advanced, and the *Onteora* followed. Then a sudden shock was felt, there was a dull roar, the monitor shivered from stem to stern, and began to settle. A torpedo had blown a hole in the bottom of the boat, and the *Onteora* was sinking. Almost at the same time a shot from Fort Davis struck the turret and a fragment smote Captain Hardy and tore off his right arm. In the scant seconds after the explosion of the torpedo, before the shuddering ship lurched down, half a score of men escaped from the turret and flung themselves into the river. The captain had barely time to climb into the open air when his ship went down beneath him. When he arose from the vortex of whirling waters his unwounded hand grasped a chance fragment of wood, which served to sustain him despite the weakness from his open wound. He found himself by the side of the pilot, who was struggling vainly with the waves, his strength almost spent.

"Can't you swim?" asked Captain Hardy.

"Only a little," answered the pilot; "and I am almost gone now, I fear."

"Take this bit of wood," said the sailor.

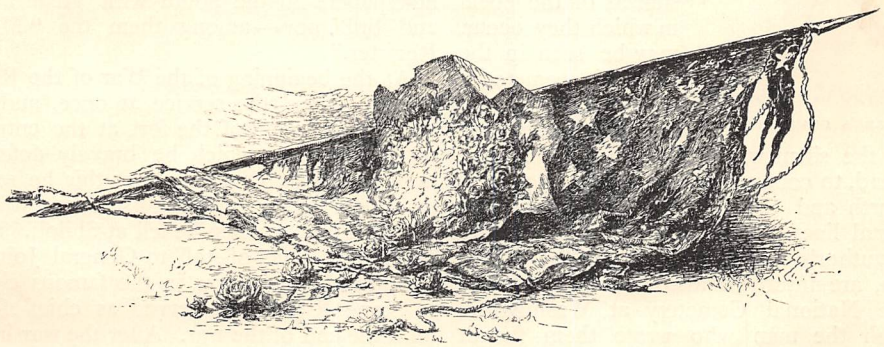
The pilot reached out his arm and with despairing fingers gripped the broken plank. It was too small to support two men, and Captain Hardy released his hold. He sought to sustain himself with one hand, and for a little he succeeded. Then his strength failed him, and at last he went under almost where the *Onteora* had sunk beneath him. The battle raged above; shell from ship after ship answered shell from the fort and the batteries; another ironclad took up the work of the *Onteora*; brave hearts and quick heads were at work on sea and on

shore; but Rodman Hardy was dead at the bottom of the river, leaving to his widow and his sons the heritage of a manly death.

The widow's cap which the young wife took that night she has never discarded to this day. His sons she has brought up to follow in their father's footsteps. One has already begun to made his mark in the navy, having been graduated from Annapolis, high up in his class. The other is a lawyer, who is solving for himself the problem of the scholar in politics. Although not yet thirty, he has spent two terms in the legislature of the State, where he has done yeoman service for the city.

The parade was over at last,— for the Rodman R. Hardy Post had been one of the latest in line,— and I turned away across the square. The sight of the widow with her two sons had cleansed the atmosphere from the miasma that trailed behind the politician as he rode by me in his vulgar barouche. The memory of a great deed is an oasis in the vista of life, and the recollection of Captain Hardy's death made the day seem fairer. The sunshine flooded the streets with molten gold. A pair of young sparrows flirted across the park before me and alighted on a bough above my head. From over the housetops came floating echoes of "John Brown's Body" and "Marching through Georgia."

Brander Matthews.



A NIGHT SCENE.

HOW I do love a wilding bank
Where no wind stirs,
So bravely hedged by rank on rank
Of junipers!

The glint of waters seen afar
Is eve's delight;
With dark a solitary star
Begins the night.

It cannot gaze on such a nook
For long alone,
But beckons up a host to look
And make it known.

These call the moon her toppling horn
Of light to bring.
She wakes the birds that think it morn
And time to sing.

Though morn it is not, such a night
Yet bids arise
All wakeful souls to the delight
In those pure eyes.

All souls desire — rightly to see
A sight like this —
Some sweet accordant company
To share their bliss.

Who — who but thee shall on my breast
Lean lightly, love,
And let her wistful eyes still rest
On those above?

James Herbert Morse.

THEODORE O'HARA.

O'HARA'S GRAVESTONE.

IT is purposed here to sketch briefly the life of a Southern soldier who builded for himself an enduring fame as a poet, upon four lines.

These lines, together with other stanzas of the poem in which they occur, may be seen in the national cemeteries of the United States, cast in iron and placed along the silent ways which wander among the dead, to commemorate the sleeping brave of North and South alike; and these four immortal lines, which have sufficed to secure their author's name a place in the sacred annals, are inscribed also over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Washington. Though the man who wrote them fought upon the opposing side, even to the end, these lines seem no whit less fitting here than when we find them placed above the wearers of the gray who rest in the cemetery at New Orleans. Thus does the spirit of poesy triumph over material issues, appealing to something within us before which mere differences of political opinion, strong and abiding as they seem to be, sink out of sight and are lost forever. To forget the questions upon which they have been divided to their hurt, let men cherish those truths upon which they are one.

Theodore O'Hara, soldier, poet, and journalist, was born in Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820. He was the son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish gentleman who, after having left his own land on account of political oppression, became distinguished in Kentucky as an educator of great learning and ability. The family finally settled in the vicinity of Frankfort, Kentucky. After being prepared under the teaching of his father, Theodore was sent to St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Kentucky, where he graduated with high honors. After this he practiced law for a time, but in 1845 he held a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, and the next year was appointed captain in the old United States Army.

He served through the Mexican War and was breveted major on the field for gallantry and meritorious conduct. He then practiced law in Washington for a time, but when Lopez attempted the liberation of Cuba, O'Hara joined the expedition and led a regiment at Cardenas, in which battle he was severely wounded. Subsequently he was concerned in Walker's adventurous expedition to Central America. He afterwards conducted several newspapers in the South with great ability and brilliancy—among them the "Mobile Register."

At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion he joined the service at once, and was put in command of the fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay, which he bravely defended until ordered to retire. After this he served on Albert Sidney Johnston's staff, and was beside that officer when he fell at Shiloh. Later on he was chief-of-staff to General John C. Breckinridge, and was in the famous charge at Stone River. He served as chief-of-staff until the end of the war. After the war he engaged in some commercial transactions in Columbus, Georgia, but finally retired to a plantation on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, where he died of fever on the 7th of June, 1867. In 1873 the legislature of Kentucky provided for the bringing back of his body to his native State, and in 1874 he was buried with military honors in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. This is a brief record of O'Hara's life.

Fond of adventure, full of restless energy, and of a daring disposition, he was essentially the soldier of fortune, possessed of the impulsive spirit which induces one to stake all on the hazard of a die rather than to attain by painful and persistent effort. But rich as he seems to have been in the great and many gifts of mind and heart which distinguished him, I cannot see that O'Hara was ambitious—unless for military distinction. It may be that the Muses did haunt his every step, weaving about each scene the witchery of idealism and romance so enchanting to the poetic mind, but they certainly did not compel him to put into living verse the varied and picturesque experiences through which he must have passed. He wrote but little. What dreams and fancies he may have failed to transcribe one can only conjecture, and these conjectures must be entertained in silence. The age is impatient of

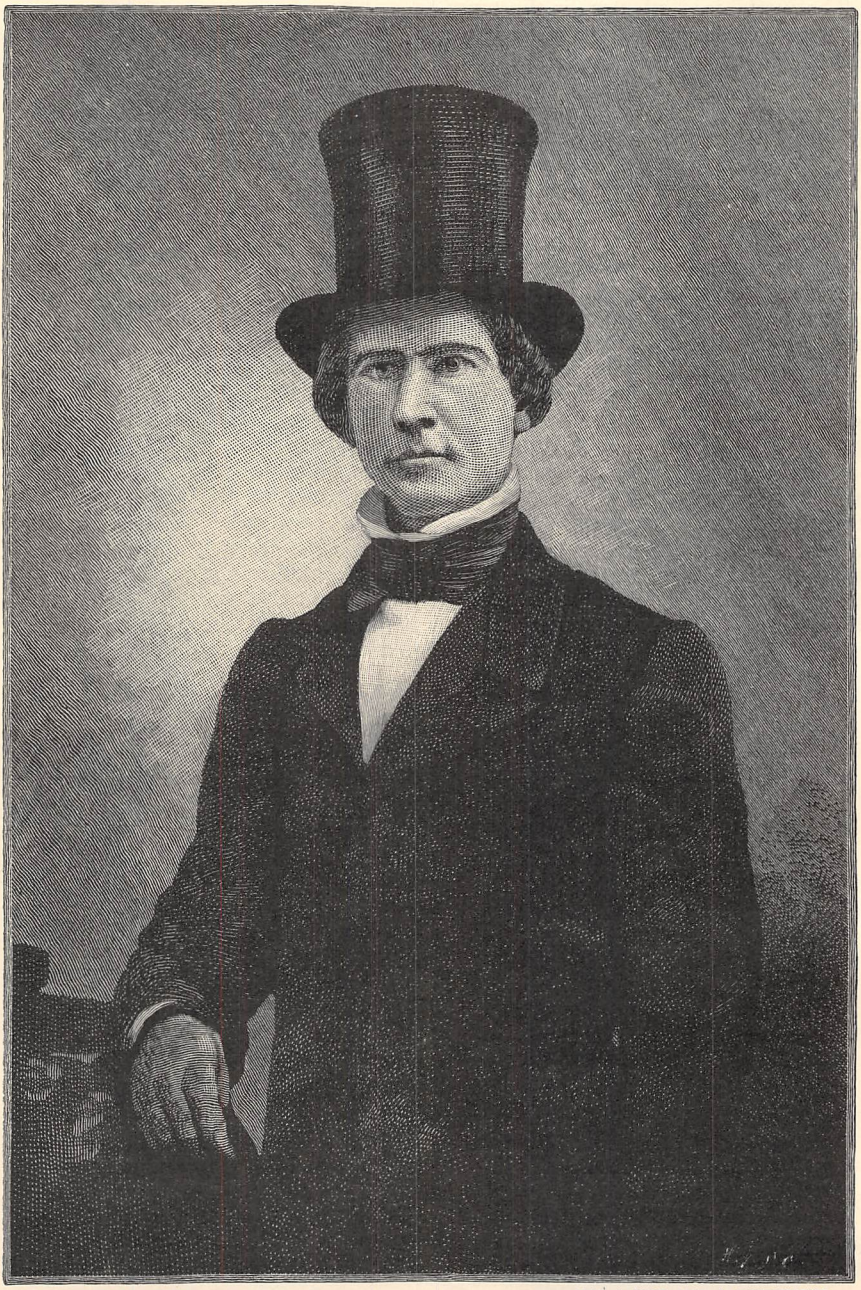
mysteries, and listens with an incredulous ear to speculations about unknown possibilities, or to intuitive guesses which it does not understand. The world is a stickler for the tangibility of actual performance. It is, therefore, with actual performance that one must deal here.

O'Hara wrote only two poems which have been preserved to history — one entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead," and one, "A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer." These are identical in the manner of their construction, and they are both elegiac and commemorative poems. He seems to have written only when special demand was made upon him, and then only in this one vein. It is upon this first-mentioned poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," that O'Hara's claim for immortality must rest. It was written to commemorate the death of his comrades who fell in Mexico, and was read by him upon the occasion of their burial in the plot of ground set apart by the State for their reception in the cemetery at Frankfort. O'Hara now sleeps within the same ground, and may be said to have sung his own memorial, standing upon his unmade grave. The opening stanza of this poem, especially the second quatrain of it, remains unsurpassed in its own field.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

In my opinion no amount of tinkering could improve these last four verses. They have been found fault with by some, who contend that there is no truth in the similes presented, that soldiers do not pitch their tents when they bivouac for the night; but as the first couplet plainly

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND TOMB OF O'HARA.



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN. FROM A PRINT FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

THEODORE O'HARA.

points the mind to an ideal and eternal camping-ground, the image of the "silent tents" follows naturally, while the second couplet refers to the sleeping bodies when they bivouac for the night of death, only until the reveille shall sound. The technical correctness of these similes is beyond question; and as to their higher poetic sense, their ideal beauty must be apparent to every appreciative mind. To one who cannot perceive this, arguments on the subject can mean nothing.

Some incidents of interest naturally attach themselves to the history of this poem. There is a peculiar completeness to the circle of events pertaining to it. O'Hara — himself a soldier — commemorates in it the death of his companions in battle, and reads it at their burial. After long years, when he had served through another war, he is himself gathered to rest beside them, and his poem, which consecrated the spot, has become a fitting and enduring monument for himself. It is not of equal merit throughout, but there are many lines only less stirring and impressive than those already given.

> The neighing troop, the flashing blade
> The bugle's stirring blast,
> The charge, the dreadful cannonade.

These lines suggest the onward, resistless rush of a mountain torrent; the images which appear before the mind are quickly replaced. The picture is fleeting but vivid, and the touch is broad and masterful. Note how the emphasis is thrown upon the word "charge": one can hear the command ringing along the expectant lines, and can well imagine how the thrill of battle must have shot through each heart within

> Those breasts that never more may feel
> The rapture of the fight.

The other poem contains nothing approaching the verses I have quoted.

The place of O'Hara's burial is worth transcribing. I will, however, attempt but a glimpse of it here. At the moment in which I write, the slanting sunlight of a waning November day comes across the marble-dotted slopes and mounds, which are as green as an April hill, and the soft south wind makes a low moaning in the needled branches of the pines, whose dark clusters are here and there relieved by the pale dead gold of the changing cypress and the deeper color of the shimmering beech, and at rarer intervals by leafless dogwood trees all aglow with scarlet berries. Out under the darkening masses, through the half-open barrier of tree trunks, one may catch glimpses of the far-off hills, above which burns the golden glory of the sinking sun. At times there comes the faint tinkling of distant bells from where the cattle return to the valley, in which sleeps the unseen city. Far up above the fine tracing of the naked elms, gold-tipped clouds of delicate purple drift through the gray green of the sky. Close by — beside the tomb of O'Hara, with its sculptured sword and scabbard and encircling wreath of oak and laurel — bends a rose-bush whose late blooms touch listlessly with their pale lips the cold and unresponsive marble. A little way off rises the great memorial shaft surmounted by marble cannons and flags, and above these by the winged figure of Victory; and here, among the graves of those who once listened to their angry roar, stand the blackened and silent guns which belched forth death and flame at Buena Vista and Chapultepec — grim guardians now of the quiet warriors who have met the last enemy. A soft radiance suffuses the scene, and the last rays of the sun just touch the wings of Victory where she seems to sway against the clouds. It is here that the full import and beauty of O'Hara's lines may be felt; for, as the hush of evening deepens, one can fancy he hears the slow and measured tread as the majestic figure of Glory keeps on her ceaseless round by this bivouac of the dead, and afar on the eternal camping-ground of Fame the imagination pictures the "silent tents" in which the departed souls rest forever upon the peaceful fields of the hereafter.

O'Hara is lovingly remembered by thousands who knew him personally. He was genial and generous in disposition, and possessing a mind well stored both from books and with the experiences of an adventurous life, he is said to have been exceedingly happy and brilliant in conversation, having a clear sense of humor, a nimble wit, and a quick tongue at repartee. He was the life and soul of many a camp-fire circle in the wars, and the many varied incidents of his life which cannot be given here, for lack of space, all show him to have been utterly fearless. His impulsive and daring nature made him thirst continually for the excitements of danger, and gave him relish for the chances of the fight. Sensitive and refined himself, his manner towards others, while characterized by an inherent, self-respecting pride, was sufficiently unreserved and hearty, and without the tinge of any belittling vanity or shadow of ostentation. He was something above the medium in stature, slender, graceful, and well proportioned in figure, very erect and military in his bearing, and quick, wiry, and decisive in his movements. His hair was black, jet black, and his eyes so nearly so that there was but a shade of difference. They were full of alert intelligence, indicating in every glance

the vital force and restlessness of his nature. His nose was straight and his mouth was somewhat small; the lips, seeming always close pressed together or slightly "pursed," were almost feminine in their clearness and delicacy of outline, but showed great firmness and determination as well as refinement. His head was nicely poised and well set on his shoulders, and his hands and feet were very small and well cared for. He died seemingly unconscious of his highest gifts, his greatest fault being his neglecting to follow steadily some definite aim — if that be a fault. Since then the hand of Time, grappling for hidden treasure amidst the ruins of lost and buried incident and circumstance, has saved from the wreck of this life a few lines only,— written when he was thinking more of others than of himself, — but lines of such transcendent merit that they have fixed the name of Theodore O'Hara in history.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovéd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain —
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE ARID LANDS.

INDUSTRIAL civilization in America began with the building of log cabins. Where Piedmont plain merges into coastal plain, there rivers are transformed — dashing waters are changed to tidal waters and navigation heads, and there "powers" are found. Beside these transformed waters, in a narrow zone from north to south across the United States, the first real settlement of the country began by the building of log-cabin homes. This first cabin zone ultimately became the site of the great cities of the East — Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, and Augusta; and steadily, while the cities were growing, the log-cabin zone moved westward until it reached the border of the Great Plains, which it never crossed.

The arid region of the West was settled by gold and silver hunters aggregated in comparatively large bodies. Their shanties of logs, slabs, boards, and adobes were speedily replaced by the more costly structures of towns and cities, which suddenly sprang into existence where gold or silver was found. These towns and cities were thus scattered promiscuously through the mountain land. In them avenues of trees were planted and parks were laid out, and about them gardens, vineyards, and orchards were cultivated. From this horticulture sprang the agriculture of the region.

In the East the log cabin was the beginning of civilization; in the West, the miner's camp. In the East agriculture began with the settler's clearing; in the West, with the exploitation of wealthy men. In the log-cabin years a poor man in Ohio might clear an acre at a time and extend his potato-patch, his cornfield, and his meadow from year to year, and do all with his own hands and energy, and thus hew his way from poverty to plenty. At the same time his wife could plant hollyhocks, sweet-williams, marigolds, and roses in boxed beds of earth around the cabin door. So field and garden were all within the compass of a poor man's means, his own love of industry, and his wife's love of beauty. In western Europe, where our civilization was born, a farmer might carry on his work in his own way, on his own soil or on the land of his feudal lord, and in the higher phases of this industry he could himself enjoy the products of his labor, subject only to taxes and rents. Out of this grew the modern agriculture with which we are so familiar in America, where the farmer owns his land, cultivates the soil with his own hands, and reaps the reward of his own toil, subject only to the conditions necessary to the welfare of the body politic.

The farming of the arid region cannot be carried on in this manner. Individual farmers with small holdings cannot sustain themselves as individual men; for the little farm is, perchance, dependent upon the waters of some great river that can be turned out and controlled from year to year only by the combined labor of many men. And in modern times great machinery is used, and dams, reservoirs, canals, and many minor hydraulic appliances are necessary. These cost large sums of money, and in their construction and maintenance many men are employed. In the practice of agriculture by irrigation in high antiquity, men were organized as communal bodies or as slaves to carry on such operations by united labor. Thus the means of obtaining subsistence were of such a character as to give excuse and cogent argument for the establishment of despotism. The soil could be cultivated, great nations could be sustained, only by the organization of large bodies of men working together on the great enterprises of irrigation under despotic rulers. But such a system cannot obtain in the United States, where the love of liberty is universal.

What, then, shall be the organization of this new industry of agriculture by irrigation? Shall the farmers labor for themselves and own the agricultural properties severally? or shall the farmers be a few capitalists, employing labor on a large scale, as is done in the great mines and manufactories of the United States? The history of two decades of this industry exhibits this fact: that in part the irrigated lands are owned and cultivated by men having small holdings, but in larger part they are held in great tracts by capitalists, and the tendency to this is on the increase. When the springs and creeks are utilized small holdings are developed, but when the rivers are taken out upon the lands great holdings are acquired; and thus the farming industries of the West are falling into the hands of a wealthy few.

Various conditions have led to this. In some portions of the arid region, especially in California, the Spanish land grants were util-

ized for the purpose of aggregating large tracts for wholesale farming. Sometimes the lands granted to railroads were utilized for the same purpose. Then, to promote the irrigation of this desert land, an act was passed by Congress giving a section of land for a small price to any man who would irrigate it. Still other lands were acquired under the Homestead Act, the Preëmption Act, and the Timber-Culture Act. Through these privileges title could be secured to two square miles of land by one individual. Companies wishing to engage in irrigation followed, in the main, one of two plans: they either bought the lands and irrigated their own tracts, or they constructed irrigating works and supplied water to the farmers. Through the one system land monopoly is developed; through the other, water monopoly.

Such has been the general course of the development of irrigation. But there are three notable exceptions. The people of the Southwest came originally, by the way of Mexico, from Spain, where irrigation and the institutions necessary for its control had been developing from high antiquity, and these people well understood that their institutions must be adapted to their industries, and so they organized their settlements as pueblos, or "irrigating municipalities," by which the lands were held in severalty while the tenure of waters and works was communal or municipal. The Mormons, settling in Utah, borrowed the Mexican system. The lands in small tracts were held in severalty by the people, but the waters were controlled by bishops of the Church, who among the "Latter-Day Saints" are priests of the "Order of Aaron" and have secular functions. In southern California, also, many colonies were planted in which the lands were held in severalty and in small parcels. Gradually in these communities the waters are passing from the control of irrigating corporations into the control of the municipalities which the colonies have formed. Besides these three great exceptions there are some minor ones, which need not here be recounted. In general, farming by irrigation has been developed as wholesale farming in large tracts or as wholesale irrigating by large companies. Some of these water companies are foreign, others are capitalists of the Eastern cities, while a few are composed of capitalists of the West.

Where agriculture is dependent upon an artificial supply of water, and where there is more land than can be served by the water, values inhere in water, not in land; the land without the water is without value. A stream may be competent to irrigate 100,000 acres of land, and there may be 500,000 acres of land to which it is possible to carry the water. If one man holds that water he practically owns that land; whatever value is given to any portion of it is derived from the water owned by the one person. In the far West a man may turn a spring or a brook upon a little valley stretch and make him a home with his own resources, or a few neighbors may unite to turn a small creek from its natural channel and gradually make a cluster of farms. This has been done, and the available springs and brooks are almost exhausted. But the chief resource of irrigation is from the use of the rivers and from the storage of waters which run to waste during a greater part of the year; for the season of irrigation is short, and during most of the months the waters are lost unless held in reservoirs. In the development of these water companies there has been much conflict. In the main improvident franchises have been granted, and when found onerous the people have impaired or more or less destroyed them by unfriendly legislation and administration. The whole subject, however, is in its infancy, and the laws of the Western territory are inadequate to give security to capital invested in irrigating works on the one hand and protection to the farmer from extortion on the other. For this reason the tendency is to organize land companies. At present there is a large class of promoters who obtain options on lands and make contracts to supply water, and then enlist capital in the East and in Europe and organize and control construction companies, which, sometimes at least, make large profits. There seems to be little difficulty in interesting capitalists in these enterprises. The great increase in value given to land through its redemption by irrigation makes such investments exceedingly attractive. But at present investors and farmers are alike badly protected, and the lands and waters are falling into the hands of "middlemen." If the last few years' experience throws any light upon the future the people of the West are entering upon an era of unparalleled speculation, which will result in the aggregation of the lands and waters in the hands of a comparatively few persons. Let us hope that there is wisdom enough in the statesmen of America to avert the impending evil.

Whence, then, shall the capital come? and how shall the labor be organized by which these 100,000,000 acres of land are to be redeemed? This is the problem that to-day confronts our statesmen and financiers. Capital must come, for the work is demanded and will pay. Let us look at the statistics of this subject in round numbers, and always quite within probable limits. Let us speak of 100,000,000 acres of land to be redeemed by the

use of rivers and reservoirs. This will cost about ten dollars per acre, or $1,000,000,000. In the near future a demand for this amount will be made, and it will be forthcoming beyond a peradventure. The experience obtained by the redemption of 6,000,000 acres of land, already under cultivation, abundantly warrants the statement that an average of fifty dollars per acre is a small estimate to be placed upon the value of the lands yet to be redeemed as they come to be used. Thus there is a prize to be secured of $5,000,000,000 by the investment of $1,000,000,000. Such vast undertakings will not be overlooked by the enterprising men of America.

In a former article on "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1890, it was explained that the waters of the arid lands flowing in the great rivers must somehow be divided among the States, and that in two cases important international problems are involved. It was also shown that contests are arising between different districts of the same State. But the waters must be still further subdivided in order that they may be distributed to individual owners. How can this be done? Lands can be staked out, corner-posts can be established, dividing lines can be run, and titles to tracts in terms of metes and bounds can be recorded. But who can establish the corner-posts of flowing waters? When the waters are gathered into streams they rush on to the desert sands or to the sea; and how shall we describe the metes and bounds of a wave? The farmer may brand his horses, but who can brand the clouds or put a mark of ownership on the current of a river? The waters of to-day have values and must be divided; the waters of the morrow have values, and the waters of all coming time, and these values must be distributed among the people. How shall it be done?

It is proposed to present a plan for the solution of these problems, and others connected therewith, in an outline of institutions necessary for the arid lands. Some of these problems have been discussed in former articles, and it may be well to summarize them all once more, as follows:

First. The capital to redeem by irrigation 100,000,000 acres of land is to be obtained, and $1,000,000,000 is necessary.

Second. The lands are to be distributed to the people, and as yet we have no proper system of land laws by which it can be done.

Third. The waters must be divided among the States, and as yet there is no law for it, and the States are now in conflict.

Fourth. The waters are to be divided among the people, so that each man may have the amount necessary to fertilize his farm, each hamlet, town, and city the amount necessary for domestic purposes, and that every thirsty garden may quaff from the crystal waters that come from the mountains.

Fifth. The great forests that clothe the hills, plateaus, and mountains with verdure must be saved from devastation by fire and preserved for the use of man, that the sources of water may be protected, that farms may be fenced and homes built, and that all this wealth of forest may be distributed among the people.

Sixth. The grasses that are to feed the flocks and herds must be protected and utilized.

Seventh. The great mineral deposits — the fuel of the future, the iron for the railroads, and the gold and silver for our money — must be kept ready to the hand of industry and the brain of enterprise.

Eighth. The powers of the factories of that great land are to be created and utilized, that the hum of busy machinery may echo among the mountains — the symphonic music of industry.

A thousand millions of money must be used; who shall furnish it? Great and many industries are to be established; who shall control them? Millions of men are to labor; who shall employ them? This is a great nation, the Government is powerful; shall it engage in this work? So dreamers may dream, and so ambition may dictate, but in the name of the men who labor I demand that the laborers shall employ themselves; that the enterprise shall be controlled by the men who have the genius to organize, and whose homes are in the lands developed, and that the money shall be furnished by the people; and I say to the Government: Hands off! Furnish the people with institutions of justice, and let them do the work for themselves. The solution to be propounded, then, is one of institutions to be organized for the establishment of justice, not of appropriations to be made and offices created by the Government.

In a group of mountains a small river has its source. A dozen or a score of creeks unite to form the trunk. The creeks higher up divide into brooks. All these streams combined form the drainage system of a hydrographic basin, a unit of country well defined in nature, for it is bounded above and on each side by heights of land that rise as crests to part the waters. Thus hydraulic basin is segregated from hydraulic basin by nature herself, and the landmarks are practically perpetual. In such a basin of the arid region the irrigable lands lie below; not chiefly by the river's side, but on the mesas and low plains that stretch back on each side. Above these lands the pasturage hills and mountains stand, and there the forests and sources of water supply are found. Such a district of

country is a commonwealth by itself. The people who live therein are interdependent in all their industries. Every man is interested in the conservation and management of the water supply, for all the waters are needed within the district. The men who control the farming below must also control the upper regions where the waters are gathered from the heavens and stored in the reservoirs. Every farm and garden in the valley below is dependent upon each fountain above.

All of the lands that lie within the basin above the farming districts are the catchment areas for all the waters poured upon the fields below. The waters that control these works all constitute one system, are dependent one upon another, and are independent of all other systems. Not a spring or a creek can be touched without affecting the interests of every man who cultivates the soil in the region. All the waters are common property until they reach the main canal, where they are to be distributed among the people. How these waters are to be caught and the common source of wealth utilized by the individual settlers interested therein is a problem for the men of the district to solve, and for them alone.

But these same people are interested in the forests that crown the heights of the hydrographic basin. If they permit the forests to be destroyed, the source of their water supply is injured and the timber values are wiped out. If the forests are to be guarded, the people directly interested should perform the task. An army of aliens set to watch the forests would need another army of aliens to watch them, and a forestry organization under the hands of the General Government would become a hotbed of corruption; for it would be impossible to fix responsibility and difficult to secure integrity of administration, because ill-defined values in great quantities are involved.

Then the pasturage is to be protected. The men who protect these lands for the water they supply to agriculture can best protect the grasses for the summer pasturage of the cattle and horses and sheep that are to be fed on their farms during the months of winter. Again, the men who create water powers by constructing dams and digging canals should be permitted to utilize these powers for themselves, or to use the income from these powers which they themselves create, for the purpose of constructing and maintaining the works necessary to their agriculture.

Thus it is that there is a body of interdependent and unified interests and values, all collected in one hydrographic basin, and all segregated by well-defined boundary lines from the rest of the world. The people in such a district have common interests, common rights, and common duties, and must necessarily work together for common purposes. Let such a people organize, under national and State laws, a great irrigation district, including an entire hydrographic basin, and let them make their own laws for the division of the waters, for the protection and use of the forests, for the protection of the pasturage on the hills, and for the use of the powers. This, then, is the proposition I make: that the entire arid region be organized into natural hydrographic districts, each one to be a commonwealth within itself for the purpose of controlling and using the great values which have been pointed out. There are some great rivers where the larger trunks would have to be divided into two or more districts, but the majority would be of the character described. Each such community should possess its own irrigation works; it would have to erect diverting dams, dig canals, and construct reservoirs; and such works would have to be maintained from year to year. The plan is to establish local self-government by hydrographic basins.

Let us consider next the part which should be taken by the local governments, the State governments, and the General Government in the establishment and maintenance of these institutions. Let there be established in each district a court to adjudicate questions of water rights, timber rights, pasturage rights, and power rights, in compliance with the special laws of the community and the more general laws of the State and the nation. Let there be appeal from these lower courts to the higher courts. Let the people of the district provide their own officers for the management and control of the waters, for the protection and utilization of the forests, for the protection and management of the pasturage, and for the use of the powers; and with district courts, water masters, foresters, and herders they would be equipped with the local officers necessary for the protection of their own property and the maintenance of individual rights. The interests are theirs, the rights are theirs, the duties are theirs; let them control their own actions. To some extent this can be accomplished by coöperative labor; but ultimately and gradually great capital must be employed in each district. Let them obtain this capital by their own enterprise as a community. Constituting a body corporate, they can tax themselves and they can borrow moneys. They have a basis of land titles, water rights, pasturage rights, forest rights, and power rights; all of these will furnish ample security for the necessary investments; and these district communities, having it in their power to obtain a vast increment by the development of the lands, and to distribute it among the people

in severalty, will speedily understand how to attract capital by learning that honesty is the best policy.

Each State should provide courts for the adjudication of litigation between people of different districts, and courts of appeal from the irrigation district courts. It should also establish a general inspection system, and provide that the irrigation reservoirs shall not be constructed in such a manner as to menace the people below and place them in peril from floods. And finally, it should provide general statutes regulating water rights.

But the General Government must bear its part in the establishment of the institutions for the arid region. It is now the owner of most of the lands, and it must provide for the distribution of these lands to the people in part, and in part it must retain possession of them and hold them in trust for the districts. It must also divide the waters of the great rivers among the States. All this can be accomplished in the following manner. Let the General Government make a survey of the lands, segregating and designating the irrigable lands, the timber lands, the pasturage lands, and the mining lands; let the General Government retain possession of all except the irrigable lands, but give these to the people in severalty as homesteads. Then let the General Government declare and provide by statute that the people of each district may control and use the timber, the pasturage, and the water powers, under specific laws enacted by themselves and by the States to which they belong. Then let the General Government further declare and establish by statute how the waters are to be divided among the districts and used on the lands segregated as irrigable lands, and then provide that the waters of each district may be distributed among the people by the authorities of each district under State and national laws. By these means the water would be relegated to the several districts in proper manner, interstate problems would be solved, and the national courts could settle all interstate litigation.

But the mining industries of the country must be considered. Undeveloped mining lands should remain in the possession of the General Government, and titles thereto should pass to individuals, under provisions of statutes already existing, only where such lands are obtained by actual occupation and development, and then in quantities sufficient for mining purposes only. Then mining regions must have mining towns. For these the townsite laws already enacted provide ample resource.

It is thus proposed to divide responsibility for these institutions between the General Government, the State governments, and the local governments. Having done this, it is proposed to allow the people to regulate their own affairs in their own way — borrow money, levy taxes, issue bonds, as they themselves shall determine; construct reservoirs, dig canals, when and how they please; make their own laws and choose their own officers; protect their own forests, utilize their own pasturage, and do as they please with their own powers; and to say to them that "with wisdom you may prosper, but with folly you must fail."

It should be remembered that the far West is no longer an uninhabited region. Towns and cities are planted on the mountain sides, and stupendous mining enterprises are in operation. On the streams saw-mills have been erected, and the woodsman's ax echoes through every forest. In many a valley and by many a stream may be found a field, a vineyard, an orchard, and a garden; and the hills are covered with flocks and herds. In almost every hydrographic basin there is already found a population sufficient for the organization of the necessary irrigation districts. The people are intelligent, industrious, enterprising, and wide awake to their interests. Their hearts beat high with hope, and their aspirations are for industrial empire. On this round globe and in all the centuries of human history there has never before been such a people. Their love of liberty is unbounded, their obedience to law unparalleled, and their reverence for justice profound; every man is a freeman king with power to rule himself, and they may be trusted with their own interests.

Many of the great industrial undertakings of mankind require organized labor, and this demand grows with the development of inventions and the use of machinery. The transfer of toil from the muscles of men to the sinews of nature has a double result — social solidarity is increased, and mind is developed. In the past, civilization has combined the labor of men through the agency of despotism; and this was possible when the chief powers were muscular. But when the physical powers of nature are employed and human powers engaged in their control men cannot be enslaved; they assert their liberty and despotism falls. Under free governments the tendency is to transfer power from hereditary and chosen rulers to money kings, as the integration of society in industrial operations is accomplished through the agency of capital. This organization of physical power with human industry for great ends by the employment of capital is accomplished by instituting corporations. Corporations furnish money and machinery, and employ men organized under superintendents, to accomplish the works necessary to our mod-

ern civilization. Gradually society is being organized into a congeries of such corporations to control the leading industries of the land.

Hitherto agriculture in this country has not come under the domination of these modern rulers. Throughout all the humid regions the farmer is an independent man, but in the arid regions corporations have sought to take control of agriculture. This is rendered possible by the physical conditions under which the industry is carried on. Sometimes the corporations have attempted to own the lands and the water, and to construct the great works and operate them as part and parcel of wholesale farming. In other cases the corporations have sought to construct the works and sell the water to individual farmers with small holdings. By neither of these methods has more than partial success been achieved. There is a sentiment in the land that the farmer must be free, that the laborer in the field should be the owner of the field. Hence by unfriendly legislation and by judicial decision — which ultimately reflect the sentiment of the people — these farming corporations and water corporations of the West have often failed to secure brilliant financial results, and many have been almost destroyed. Thus there is a war in the West between capital and labor — a bitter, relentless war, disastrous to both parties. The effort has been made to present a plan by which the agriculture of the arid lands may be held as a vast field of exploitation for individual farmers who cultivate the soil with their own hands; and at the same time and by the same institutions to open to capital a field for safe investment and remunerative return, and yet to secure to the toiling farmers the natural increment of profit which comes from the land with the progress of industrial civilization.

The great enterprises of mining, manufacturing, transporting, exchanging, and financiering in which the business kings of America are engaged challenge admiration, and I rejoice at their prosperity and am glad that blessings thus shower upon the people; but the brilliancy of great industrial operations does not daze my vision. I love the cradle more than the bank counter. The cottage home is more beautiful to me than the palace. I believe that the school-house is primal, the university secondary; and I believe that the justice's court in the hamlet is the only permanent foundation for the Supreme Court at the capital. Such are the interests which I advocate. Without occult powers of prophecy, the man of common sense sees a wonderful future for this land. Hard is the heart, dull is the mind, and weak is the will of the man who does not strive to secure wise institutions for the developing world of America.

The lofty peaks of the arid land are silvered with eternal rime; the slopes of the mountains and the great plateaus are covered with forest groves; the hills billow in beauty, the valleys are parks of delight, and the deep cañons thrill with the music of laughing waters. Over them all a clear sky is spread, through which the light of heaven freely shines. Clouds rarely mask the skies, but come at times like hosts of winged beauty floating past, as they change from gray to gold, to crimson, and to gorgeous purple. The soul must worship these glories, yet with the old Scotch poet I can exclaim:

> It 's rare to see the morning bleeze,
> Like a bonfire frae the sea;
> It 's fair to see the burnie kiss
> The lip o' the flow'ry lea;
> An' fine it is on green hillside,
> Where hums the bonnie bee,
> But rarer, fairer, finer far
> Is the ingleside for me.

J. W. Powell.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO CAMERAS.

IT was in the old Spanish town of Toledo that Eleanor's matter-of-fact detective camera first played her false and led her into the byways of romance.

All through their tour the camera had been a source of delight to her and of annoyance to her father. He was proud of his daughter's skill, and glad to have the incidents of the trip recorded, but the mysterious little box was continually getting them into trouble with the custom-house officials and with people who objected to being photographed.

Eleanor had provided herself for the tour with two rolls of sensitized paper instead of the ordinary glass plates. Each roll was capable of containing one hundred negatives. The makers boasted the advantages of light weight and compactness for transportation, and Eleanor recognized the further convenience of not being obliged to develop her own negatives, the contrivance allowing her to take view after view, and when the roll was filled to lay it aside for development and printing at some future day by a professional photographer.

It was through no fault of the makers, or of Eleanor's, that her anticipations of an abundant harvest of photographs were not realized. A suspicious officer on the frontier had insisted on examining the roll-holders, asserting that he suspected that they contained nitro-glycerine, and that the camera was a neat little infernal machine. As exposing the rolls to the light would have utterly ruined them, Mr. Thurston labored long in his daughter's behalf with the obstinate official, and finally, with the assistance of a generous fee, succeeded in allaying his suspicions.

Later, a Moorish peddler of curiosities in southern Spain, on comprehending that he had been photographed, insisted that the portrait should be destroyed. He was a most picturesque figure, in his white turban and flowing robe, and Eleanor was loath to part with her trophy. Her father made use of the same arguments which had proved so convincing in the case of the guardian of customs, but this time money was powerless. The fanatic believed that the portrait might craftily present itself before Allah and demand the soul laid up for him, and that when he died he would find himself defrauded of his immortality. His trouble was genuine, and Eleanor attempted to explain to him that as yet the portrait did not exist, and that it should never be developed. But his apprehensions and suspicions increased with every word, and he angrily snatched the plate-holder from her hands and deliberately unrolled the contents, destroying, in his search for his portrait, all of the photographs hitherto taken, the treasures of their experiences impossible to be replaced. Even then the Moor was only half satisfied; he seemed to think that the portrait, which he had not found, must be concealed in the camera, and Eleanor trembled for the instrument as he insisted on examining it thoroughly. She felt that it had escaped a great peril, and as the second roll remained, having been packed in her trunk, she was inclined to congratulate herself on coming out of the adventure so easily.

"I fear I shall have to confine myself to architecture," she remarked a few days later to her father. They were seated with their courier Antonio on the balcony of the inn at Toledo, and it happened by a strange coincidence that Thomas Winter, a young American journalist and magazinist, who was also an amateur photographer, was stopping at the same hotel. As he intended remaining some time in Toledo, he had rented a story in a neighboring tower to serve as his workshop, but as Eleanor spoke he was finishing off a newspaper letter in a room whose blinds opened on the balcony where the party were gathered.

"Can you tell me, Antonio, of any picturesque building in Toledo, or near it, which I could photograph?"

The question interested Winter, and he looked up from his article. Antonio promptly recommended the old cloister of San Juan de los Reyes as having been photographed by a Madrid professional.

"Yes, I bought a photograph of it in Madrid," Eleanor replied. "We will go there, certainly; but is there not some other less-known edifice which has not been taken by any one else?"

Antonio thought a moment. "Would the Señorita like a view of the Tower of the Magians, a relic of the School of Magic for which Toledo was noted in the tenth century?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Thurston.

"The Señor is incredulous," said the courier

coolly; "nevertheless it is quite true. When the Moors owned this part of Spain, long before Queen Isabella of blessed memory drove them into Africa, there was in this city a university for the study of the black art, and I have no doubt that Satan was one of the doctors. They played famous tricks in those days. Has the Señor never heard of them?"

"Young man," replied Mr. Thurston impressively, "reserve such flights of your imagination for English tourists; we are Americans."

"Antonio is right, Father," Eleanor remarked gently. "There was a school of alchemy here, though it was probably only chemistry; the prefix *al*, you know, means 'the.' I have been struck with the number of terms we have in chemistry which are derived from the Arabic. There are alcohol, alembic, aludel, alkali, and others; and almanac came to us, I presume, from the astronomer-magicians of the Giralda. I have a very deep respect for the learning of those old Saracens. I wish I knew just what experiments they tried in the old Tower of the Magians."

"I 'll warrant it was only a good deal of hocus-pocus to mystify the unlearned," replied her father; "Greek fire for the Saracen army, love philters, elixirs of life, and the gold-transmuting philosopher's stone, and that sort of humbug."

"It was not all imposture," Eleanor asserted confidently. "Greek fire was gunpowder, and they could dissolve gold with mercury and pierce red-hot iron with sulphur. I do not wonder that they believed in their own magical powers."

Thomas Winter, who had involuntarily overheard the conversation thus far, began to query what the personal appearance of the speaker might be. He was certain that she was far too learned to be young, and, as he thought her rather entertaining, he argued that Providence must have compensated for this good gift by denying her other attractions. Still, as the voice was a pleasant one, he admitted that she might be amiable. He felt grateful to her for having suggested to him a subject which he felt sure he could turn to account in a magazine article, "A University for the study of Magic; or, the Alchemists of Toledo." What a taking title that would be! He would study up the records, and his imagination could supply the rest.

Her next remark interested him still more, for she touched upon his own hobby with an enthusiasm which he shared, but could not so well have expressed.

"What could the old magians have thought of photographic chemistry?" she asked, evidently talking half to herself. "There is something positively uncanny and suggestive of the black art in the way that the image comes out upon a negative in the developing tray. Nothing which the alchemists did could have been more like the work of genii. By the way, what an excellent 'dark room' the tower we passed to-day would make. There is not a single window in its massive walls.

"Do you know I believe it *was* a developing room! The enchanter Geber may have worked there. We get our word *algebra* from a treatise on mathematics which he translated from the Greek, but he was more noted as a chemist, and wrote the oldest existing work on chemistry, entitled, 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Was there anything in it on photography?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"I am not sure," Eleanor replied; "but even if it has not come down to us, there is no proof that such a chapter did not exist. It may have been destroyed by the Inquisition."

"Thank you," thought Winter, as he made several rapid notes in his memorandum book. "There are some Arabian books of that period in the library of the Escurial which escaped the fires of the Inquisition on account of the beauty of their illumination. I 'll look up 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Perhaps they called Geber's science the 'black art' from this very dark room," Eleanor suggested, unconscious of her auditor. "I can fancy it hung with black velvet, a faint spark glimmering in a ruby glass suspended in one of those beautiful Oriental lamps."

Thomas Winter choked a laugh. "If she could see the interior of that tower now," he thought, "the velvet hangings replaced by dirt and grime, and the red lantern I rigged from a penny candle and a broken Bohemian glass cologne-bottle."

Eleanor, ignorant of the mirth which she was exciting, continued, "Then, of course, there must have been apparatus of strange shape, and phials filled with potent elixirs, graduating-glasses of purest crystal, a trickling fountain, and tanks filled with the wonder-working fluids."

"The Señorita has then visited the Tower of the Magians?" It was the courier Antonio who asked the question.

"No, Antonio. Why do you ask?"

"Because the Señorita has described so precisely the interior. A stranger lives there now who holds no intercourse with the people of Toledo. No, I have not seen the room; but the little Candida, daughter of the muleteer who keeps his beasts below, climbed into the tower one day when the stranger was absent, and tells me it is fitted up as the Señorita has said, even to the ruby lamp and the strange bottles, which were not of the apothecary. If

the Señorita would like to see the room, Candida will show it to her some time when the stranger is absent."

"The little Candida is very obliging," thought Winter. "I wonder whether the Señorita will accept the offer."

Eleanor, however, disclaimed all curiosity. "The man is very probably an innocent photographer," she said; "and at all events, I have no desire to pry into his affairs."

"Ah, no!" Antonio replied quickly. "I have been in a photographer's shop in Madrid. It was a great, sunny room, with a glass roof; not a dark tower like this. A room without windows! Surely those must be evil deeds which hide themselves from the light of heaven."

"What is the man's nationality?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"Some say that he is a Moor from Africa, who has come back after hidden treasures. When they fled away they took with them maps of their estates and the keys to their dwellings, intending to come again. So I say that this man is a descendant of one of the old magicians who has returned in search of some charm left walled up in the tower."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Thurston ironically, "this is the old magician Geber himself, who has been walled up all these years, and has at last hopped out as fresh as ever, like a toad from a block of sandstone."

"Perhaps," Antonio assented. "He is dark enough for a Moor, and the little Candida says he is no Christian; while he may have the power of the evil eye, for his glance is fierce and wicked."

"Indeed it is!" Winter almost uttered the ejaculation aloud, and it struck him that the possible cause for this adverse opinion lay in the fact that he had declined Antonio's offer to show him the cathedral for a piaster, and had neglected to chuck the little Candida under the chin, an omission which was all the more marked as he was the only traveler that season who had not bestowed some such token of appreciation upon the little beauty. The party on the balcony now set out for the cloister of San Juan de los Reyes, and Winter repaired to his magian's tower. "I wish I could have had a glimpse at the lady," he said to himself. "She is a remarkably suggestive young person. It was n't exactly that what she said was so brilliant, but she has started me on a train of thought that I am sure I can make something of. Now, if I ever marry, that is just what I should like in a wife, a woman who would be an inspiration. I think I can make something, too, of that idea of an exhumed Geber come to life again in his laboratory and finding all his enchantments surpassed by modern science. I wonder what the girl looks like. I believe I will take my camera and casually stroll down to the convent of San Juan. Something may come of it."

And something did, but not what Winter had expected. Entering the chapel of this little jewel-box, built in the exuberant style of the later Gothic by the great Cardinal Ximenes, Winter heard voices in the adjoining cloisters. Shielded by the ivy which screened the window, he could see Eleanor flitting about the cloister garden, absorbed in admiration of the series of fine effects rendered by the luxuriant semi-tropical foliage in its setting of arches carven in all the exquisite caprice and richness of the Spanish flamboyant architecture.

It was a rare spot, and Eleanor was presently busy with her camera, rapt in a fine ecstasy of enthusiasm, and unconscious of the beautiful poses into which she threw herself as she moved from shady corridor to sunny garden, now pausing to scent a rose, to catch a few drops from the fountain, to place a camellia on the breast of the image of the Virgin under one of the canopied niches, or to bestow a little caress on her father as he rested on one of the stone benches once used by the Franciscan friars. Winter thought that he had never seen so graceful or so beautiful a girl, and mentally compared her rapid and agile movements with those of a humming-bird.

The photographer's instinct was too strong for him to resist, and instead of presenting himself openly in the cloister, he had his camera in order in a moment, and from his point of vantage behind the ivy had soon filled all his plate-holders with different views of the same lovely subject.

With all his triumph he had an uneasy feeling that the proceeding was not quite an honorable one; but he quieted his conscience with the mental vow that he would lock these plates from mortal eye until he could make this young lady's acquaintance, and then, if she objected to his possessing them, would place them at her disposal. Fate hastened this transfer in a way which was not at all to his liking. The fair enthusiast, having taken as many views as she desired, gathered a few flowers and strolled towards the chapel door. Though he had determined that some day he would surely know her, Winter was shy of meeting Eleanor face to face under the present circumstances, and he incontinently mounted a little flight of stairs leading to the belfry, leaving his camera, which happened to be at a little distance from him.

Eleanor glanced at the pictures with which the chapel was hung, and, finding them all deplorable, passed out of the building. She paused at the door, exclaiming, "I have left

my detective!" and Antonio returned in search of it.

It chanced that Winter's camera, so far as regarded its exterior, greatly resembled Eleanor's, and the courier, chancing upon it first, bore it away in triumph. Winter finding Eleanor's, and in his confusion not remembering exactly where he had left his own, presto! there was an unwitting exchange of instruments.

The mistake was not discovered by Eleanor for several days. The Thurstons left Toledo for Seville that afternoon on their first visit to the alcazar. Eleanor, in preparing to photograph some of the Moorish arches, first discovered that the internal construction of the camera in her possession was quite different from her own. There was no roll of sensitized paper, and instead the available space was packed with plate-holders filled with glass negatives. It was apparent that in some mysterious way an exchange had been effected. It seemed probable to the Thurstons that it had occurred somewhere en route from Toledo to Seville. Antonio was certain that he had carried Eleanor's camera directly from the convent of San Juan to the diligence which had conveyed them to the railroad station, and there had been no other travelers in the diligence and no other baggage. The train, however, had been crowded with tourists from Madrid, among others an English party with numerous portmanteaus, gun-cases, hat-boxes, and other baggage. These persons had gone on to Granada, and Eleanor had hopes that the mystery would be explained there.

Winter discovered the exchange sooner than Eleanor, and was much chagrined. "She will never believe," he thought, "that I intended to submit them to her. Her very reticence and her delicacy of feeling will suggest a thousand unworthy uses which I might have made of them. It was a piece of impertinence — what mischief-making demon tempted me to it?"

He presented himself at the hotel soon after the departure of the Thurstons. The landlord understood from his description who was meant, but it chanced that his pronunciation was faulty, and Mr. Thurston's chirography not of the plainest, so that Winter understood the name to be Thompson, and as he could gain no information as to their destination, the comedy of errors seemed no nearer its end.

Eleanor was deeply disappointed at the loss of her second roll of photographs. She had nothing to show for all her pains but a set of plate-holders containing she knew not what.

Feeling that these negatives might afford a clue to their owner, she decided after her return to New York to have them developed, and ordered one photograph to be printed from each. She was transfixed with astonishment, on the return of the set from the photographer's, to recognize in every view her own figure.

As a closer scrutiny revealed the ornate architecture of the cloister of San Juan in the background, the truth became evident: some unknown person, in all probability the mysterious occupant of the Magian's Tower, must have photographed her that afternoon. The discovery, though disturbing, was not altogether unpleasant. She told herself that the stranger's interest was only that of an expert in his profession; and yet, as she studied the negatives, she could not but recognize that the subject was very pretty, and that here was a series of bewitching pictures. "They are the best photographs I ever had taken," she said to herself. "How fortunate that they fell into my hands. I wonder if he cared very much"; and a momentary pang of pity touched her for the unfortunate artist. "I will keep the negatives for him," she decided; "but I think that under the circumstances I am justified in reserving these prints for myself."

And here the romance of two cameras might have ended but for the intervention of the hero's sister, Miss Josie Winter, who chanced to have been Eleanor's room-mate at boarding-school, and who had long cherished the romantic project of a match between her brother and her dearest friend. Owing to the young man's frequent absences from home, on long tours connected with his profession, she had not been able to bring about a meeting.

"It is really odd that you did not run across Tom in Europe," Josie remarked, after greeting her friend. "He must have been in Spain while you were there. Are you quite sure you did not meet him?"

"Spain is a large country," Eleanor replied, "and we met a great many tourists first and last, but no Mr. Winter. I would have remembered the name for your sake."

"Indeed, if you ever met Tom you would remember him for his own sake," Josie replied, with a little sisterly pique. "He 's the handsomest fellow you ever saw, and no end clever. Have you seen his last story, 'The Magian's Tower; or, Geber the Enchanter'?"

"No, dear; but the title interests me. We saw Geber's Tower when we were in Toledo."

"I will send you the magazine. It 's a delightful story. The critics all say it 's the most original thing. You 'll be sure to like it. How did you succeed with your photography? I want you to show some of your work to Tom. I 've told him what an artist you are."

"Unfortunately," Eleanor replied, "I lost all my Spanish photographs. It is no small disappointment, for I had taken a great many."

"What a shame! And I counted so much on those photographs. You see, Tom is raving

about the wonderful work of some lady amateur that he met abroad. They must have become uncommonly well acquainted, for she gave him stacks and stacks of photographs which she had made. Ordinary things enough, too, but he says that they are works of genius. I told him to wait till he had seen yours; and now you have n't a thing to show him. It 's just too provoking." Josie's glance roamed about the room and fell on the cloister photographs.

"What lovely portraits!" she exclaimed. "Why, Eleanor, you 've been photographing yourself. I did n't know you were so vain. You must let me have one to show to Tom. They are too sweet for anything."

"They are not mine; that is, I have no right to give them away," Eleanor replied, in some confusion. "Indeed, I did not take them. How could you think me so foolish?"

"Oh! I see," Josie replied coldly and with a slightly ironical intonation, "poor Tom has n't the shadow of a chance. Well, you will come to us all the same on Tuesday and see the military parade from our front windows; we have invited only a few friends. Be sure to bring your camera."

Josie hurried home with indignation against her brother's supposed rival raging in her intense little heart. "She 's lovelier than ever, Tom," she said to her brother; "lovelier than ever, but somebody else has found it out. You are just too late. You always were like the impotent man in the Scripture; while you are coming, another steps in before you. He 's a photographer, too, Tom, and Eleanor has posed for him in the most bewitching attitudes. I never thought she was self-conscious enough to do that for any one. He has presented her with the pictures, and she will not give me one, or even lend them to me, and acted so embarrassed about them that I knew in a moment that all my planning for you was in vain."

"Thank you, little sister; but I am rather glad at the turn affairs have taken," Thomas Winter replied seriously. "I don't know how far you may have compromised me with your friend, but you know it 's ten to one that I would n't have liked her. I have very high ideals in reference to marriage. A man ought to choose a wife who will be a helpmate to him; not alone a woman of congenial tastes, but one who appreciates his aims and is an inspiration to him." With this remark Thomas Winter shut himself in his own room and for the hundredth time turned over the photographs which he had printed from Eleanor's roll.

"How such a record as this lets you see into the life of the girl," he said to himself. "It is not alone a journal of her tour, telling you what cities she has visited, but her favorite haunts in each. I can guess what her taste is as much by what she did not choose to take as by the scenes which she thought worthy of reproduction. Now there is n't a single photograph of a bull-fight, whereas I have a dozen. What opinion would any one form of me, I wonder, from the photographs which I have brought back? First, that it has been my ambition to secure feats in instantaneous work. There is the winner of the Derby on the home stretch, and Lord Strathmore's pack of hounds in full cry. I caught the banderilla in the act of fixing the barbs in the neck of the infuriated bull, and I have been duck-shooting and hit my bird on the wing with my detective when a crack sportsman at my side failed with his gun. I have been rather proud of my success in getting a sharp, clear negative under difficulties. The overcoming of difficulties I flatter myself has always been a rather distinguishing trait of mine. But this girl does more. In the first place she is an artist by nature. She has fine taste and feeling as well as critical judgment. She has the perceptive faculty to choose the auspicious moment when the shadows lie effectively, when the reflections in still water, the curve of surf, or the lines of mountain, road, or roof, tree masses and cloud masses, all compose harmoniously. There is not one of these views which is not a picture. She also knows how best to introduce a human interest. That group of gipsy children has all the charm of a *genre* painting. Here, too, is a moonlight effect, and a misty morning in the Pyrenees, which shows that she feels the fascination of mystery and has caught the poetic charm which a photographer who works only for clearly defined, positive black and white results never finds. It is the witchery which Whistler describes — "When the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campaniles, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, or the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairy-land is before us."

It will be understood that Winter's appreciation of the poetic in Eleanor's nature argued the same vein in his own; but, as often happens, this self-revelation had come late. He had fancied himself a materialist, and the knowledge that he possessed the poetic instinct was like a new birth. Nor did he greatly overestimate Eleanor's gifts. She was almost an artist, possessing in full the artist's keen love for nature but lacking in creative power, her head going far beyond her hand and always dissatisfied with her attempts in painting. She had therefore thrown away her palette and had seized the camera with delight, finding here

a magical artist who did her bidding with perfect skill and ease.

It will be at once foreseen by the judicious reader that fate intended these two young persons, already united by a common interest and similar tastes, as lovers. Opportunity alone was lacking for them to become acquainted with their own and each other's hearts, and opportunity came during the late centennial celebration, when New York sent forth the command to —

> Let statue, picture, park, and hall,
> Ballad, flag, and festival
> The past restore, the day adorn.

Amid the splendor of bunting and the pandemonium of military music, in the most modern and realistic manner, all their surroundings a complete contrast to the atmosphere of mystery and romance which lent its glamour to their first meeting in the old Arab Spanish town, their paths in life crossed again.

Eleanor had received an invitation to view the naval display, on the first of the three gala days, from the steamer *Philadelphia*, chartered by the New York Society of Amateur Photographers. This society had obtained permission from the admiral to cruise at will up and down the bay, in order to give the fleet broadsides from its two hundred cameras from all possible points of vantage. Eleanor had gladly availed herself of this opportunity to pursue her favorite occupation in the company of so many like-minded spirits, and from her place on the after-deck she watched the embarkation with amused interest. Each enthusiastic amateur was laden with his working gear — great cameras and small, cameras on tripods and disguised in traveling cases, Kodaks and Scovills, Lilliputs, Blairs, and Clarks, cameras with revolving backs and reversible backs, cameras that extended like an accordion and that shut up like a gibbous hat, vest cameras and pocket cameras, clamped with silver and inlaid with precious woods, hard hacked by hard experience of roughing it, or crazy with long usage.

There was a still greater variety to be observed in the owners. Some were nervous little men who realized the definition of the word "amateur" as given by a bright child: "'Amateur,' what does that mean, I wonder?" and receiving no reply, "Well, I guess it 's some one who is n't very mature." These worthies were perpetually rushing about and snapping their shutters before the desired ship was on the field, making two exposures on one plate, or fidgeting or talking those about them into a state of similar frenzy. There were experts too, who manned their cameras with the coolness of a veteran artilleryman, firing telling but harmless broadsides at the men-of-war *Chicago*, *Brooklyn*, *Essex*, *Yantic*, and others, and preserving their nonchalance even when the *Despatch* approached with the Presidential party, and the war-ships and steamers filled the air with the clamor of booming guns and shrieking whistles.

Thomas Winter was one of these. He was just focusing his instrument on the manning of the yards as the *Despatch* approached, when he noticed with some annoyance that a lady had stepped between him and his subject. Her face was turned towards the *Despatch* and he could not see her features; but there was something strangely familiar in her alert poise and the willowy grace of her figure as she bent to her work or leaned eagerly forward, intent on catching the most propitious moment. "Another humming-bird girl," was his first thought, instantly corrected by the conviction, "No, it 's the same — the little photographer of the cloister in Toledo."

As the thought passed through his mind Eleanor turned and met his stare, for it could hardly be called anything else.

His hat was off in an instant. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed impulsively; "but I feel certain that you are the young lady with whom I exchanged cameras in Spain. Is not this your instrument?"

Eleanor acknowledged that it was. "I have used it ever since," he admitted, "but I don't think I have injured it"; and he proceeded to explain several little attachments and improvements which he had added. "You are quite welcome to them. I never would have taken the liberty to tinker with your camera," he continued frankly, "if I had had the most remote idea of ever meeting you again; but I had n't the least clue, and while I was in Spain I could not supply myself with another camera. I argued, too, that as you had my detective, and as my lens was really a better one than yours, it did n't so much matter. After I reached home I found that I was much attached to the little machine, and so it happens that I have it with me to-day."

"If you are so fond of it, pray keep it," Eleanor replied lightly. Winter, however, insisted on restoring her property, and Eleanor accepted it gracefully, asking him to name an address to which his own camera might be sent, as she had kept it boxed and ready for expressage since the day on which she had discovered the mistake.

"You see," she said pleasantly, "that I did not share your feeling that we should never meet again."

Winter's heart bounded. "Pray, do not trouble yourself to return my detective, but allow me to call for it. I have your photographs

to return. I must confess that I could not resist the temptation to print your roll. I believe that I have now made a clean breast of all my transgressions. The photographs came out remarkably well. May I be forgiven?"

"Certainly," replied Eleanor, with slight embarrassment, "since I must cry *peccavi* as well, for I had your negatives printed."

Winter suddenly remembered what those negatives were. "Then you have discovered another crime, and one, I fear, which you will not so easily pardon."

But Eleanor did not look in the least offended, only quizzical and tantalizing, as she said, "Really, there is nothing to pardon. There is no harm done, since I have the photographs, and you can't expect me to give them up under the circumstances."

"Surely, if you knew how highly I value them you could not refuse—" But at that instant Mr. Thurston approached, and Eleanor interrupted the plea with the exclamation, "Papa, this is the gentleman with whom I exchanged cameras in Toledo. He has just given me mine and kindly offers to call for his own."

"Delighted, my dear sir," said Mr. Thurston, cordially. "We are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and shall be glad to see you any evening."

The steamer struck the wharf with a gentle shock, and with a smile and a nod Eleanor took her father's arm and was gone. It was not until the elation occasioned by this meeting had subsided that Winter realized that the lady, with all her apparent cordiality, had not given him her name. He fancied that he had discovered it in Toledo and that it was Thompson, but the suspicion that her neglect might be intentional threw a wet blanket on his triumph. "There may be half a dozen Thompsons at the Fifth Avenue," he argued, "and I may not find her again until I am a gray-haired man."

Fate was better to him than he feared. When he reached home, wearied and out of sorts, he was met by his sister Josie, who led him gaily to his supper and talked of her plans for the next day. "You surely have n't forgotten, Tom, that Eleanor Thurston is to spend the day with us. She is going to bring her camera; for, though they are at the Fifth Avenue, they have inside rooms, and their windows give no view of the procession."

Winter was about to reply that if Miss Thurston was coming he should make it a point to spend the day at the office, but the mention of the hotel caused him to alter his intention. Perhaps through his sister's friend he might gain a clue to her fellow-lodger, the maiden he had just found and lost.

Morning came, and crowds surged to Fifth Avenue to obtain places from which to view the military parade. Every doorstep swarmed with the lucky early-comers, and the sidewalks were soon solid banks of human beings. Enterprising men and boys brought barrels and boxes, which they stationed close to the walls, renting them to people in the rear of the crowd that they might be able to see over the heads of those in front. Others, intent on making a penny, peddled cushions to those in the first rank, enabling them to sit upon the curbstones. As the crowd became more and more solid, and the mounted policemen found it impossible to keep the multitude to the sidewalks even by backing their horses against the front ranks, Josie grew more and more impatient.

"Eleanor will never be able to get across the street," she exclaimed. "She ought to have started earlier. The side streets are blocked with carts, and there are fifteen rows of people between the procession and those houses across the way. See how those behind push forward and the policemen beat them back. The people in the middle are simply wedged fast. Oh, where is Eleanor?"

"She has probably discovered the impossibility of reaching us, and has returned to the hotel," said Winter, as he arranged a tripod camera in the bay-window. He missed the little detective which he had carried so long, and this instrument, an old one, needed what he denominated "considerable tinkering to bring it up to the modern requirements."

"Why don't you use your other camera?" Josie asked; but she did not notice that her brother failed to reply, for at that instant a marshal galloped up the avenue, and the gallant 7th Regiment made way with alacrity, not caring that its punctilious exactitude of line was broken or that a parade was thrown into disorder which had hitherto proceeded like clockwork, and whose marvelous precision was watched by the admiring eyes of thousands of fair women bending over the cornices and crowding the windows and balconies. Personal vanity and *esprit de corps* were alike forgotten, for behind the marshal, rushing like a knight of old to the succor of the helpless and the distressed, came the ambulance of one of our large hospitals. There was no one in that vast crowd but felt a thrill of sympathy and pressed a little back to make way as the hatless driver clanged his gong and lashed the horse that was already exerting his utmost speed. The surgeon on the step was coolly examining a little case of instruments and bottles, and exactly opposite the Winters' house strangers were carrying to the front a young girl who had fainted in the press. The scene was an inspiring one as well as characteristic of the

day, and Thomas Winter seized upon it with avidity. He focused on the ambulance just as the litter was lifted to its place, and the white face of the unconscious girl was clearly silhouetted against the black mass of the crowd. He did not recognize the face, however, until the next morning when developing his negatives. Even then it was so tiny that he was in doubt. To be quite certain, he made a magic-lantern slide from the negative and threw it, enlarged to life-size, upon the wall of his room. There was no possibility of mistaking the profile; it was that of the lady of the camera.

All scruples as to the propriety of inquiring for her vanished at once. He hurried to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and asked for Miss Thompson.

"Which one?" was the inevitable question.

"The one who fainted yesterday while witnessing the parade."

"You are a little mixed, I fear," was the icy reply. "However, I 'll send up your card."

Winter's card was returned by three Misses Thompson with the reiterated statement that they had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance.

One clue remained. He knew the hospital served by the ambulance which he had photographed, and he presented himself at its door without delay. A surgeon here was more communicative. "Yesterday was a busy day for us," he replied to Winter's inquiries, "but let me see. A young lady living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was brought here by us at about noon. You have the wrong name. It must have been Miss Arkwright, who died of heart disease. You start — yes, we could do nothing for her. Life was extinct before she reached the hospital."

This, then, was the end. Stunned and inexpressibly shocked, Winter returned to his home. There were merry voices in the parlor, but he went directly to his own room, and, sitting down with his head between his hands, tried to think. It was absurd to suppose that he loved this girl, whom he had seen but three times, and had spoken to but once. And yet he knew that here was a woman who had influenced him more strongly than any he had ever known; one whom, under other circumstances, he might have loved. As he thought gravely and sadly of the irony of fate which had suffered him to know her so well in so short a time and then to lose her, Josie fluttered into the room.

"Why are you moping here all the morning, Tom?" she exclaimed. "The civic parade is nearly over. The last floats are tottering past. Do come and photograph them. Eleanor is here. She had the greatest adventure yesterday. Started too late, and could n't get to us on account of the crowd. Could n't get home either, and fainted from exhaustion, the poor dear. She has read your story about the Magian's Tower and is dying to see you. Says that by the most mysterious coincidence you have had the same ideas on the subject that occurred to her when she was in Spain. But you don't seem to hear a word I say. You act as if you had lost your last friend."

"I have, Josie," Winter replied impressively. "Darken the room, and I will show you a lantern slide that I have made. You will understand then why it is that I cannot go down to meet Miss Thurston to-day. That is the face of the only woman that I could have loved, and I have just received the news that she is dead, Josie. She died yesterday in front of this house before my very eyes and I did not know it."

Josie, awed and sympathetic, threw her arm around her brother and watched the image come out upon the screen. Suddenly she gave a little cry. "Why, Tom dear, that is Eleanor, and she is n't the least bit dead. She only fainted, and recovered as soon as she felt the motion of the ambulance. They did not even take her to the hospital."

"Are you certain of this?" Winter asked, a great light shining in his face.

"Certain. Of course I am. There is no possibility of mistake. Come down-stairs and judge for yourself. But, Tom, dear," she cried, checking his impetuous start, "don't be too hopeful. I 'm afraid you have n't the ghost of a chance. I taxed her with it, and I 'm just about certain that she loves that other fellow — the one who photographed her in Toledo."

Elizabeth W. Champney.

TRAVIS AND MAJOR JONATHAN WILBY.

. . . Manhood is called foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—CORIOLANUS.

I.

BEFORE the war between the States, although I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Jonathan Wilby, I had heard of him through our common acquaintances. A bachelor, educated at the State (Georgia) University, owning a good plantation and several slaves on the farther side of the Oconee, hospitable, a free liver, he had contracted debts that amounted to two or three thousand dollars. Taking into account the natural increase in the value of his property, there was no cause for much anxiety; and so he persisted in keeping his hounds and his pointer, in entertaining his friends, and in traveling about, not unfrequently out of his county, in visits to Macon, Augusta, sometimes as far as Savannah or Atlanta, the while leaving, with general directions, his plantation affairs to Travis, his foreman. Travis, some ten years older than he, had been his nurse for two or three years after he had become old enough to be not in need of constant female care, and ever since then a strong affection had subsisted between them. But for Travis, his master's debts would have been larger than they were. His expensive habits would have been much more injurious but for the industry, economy, and constant watchfulness of Travis. Planters in that part of middle Georgia, besides gardens, usually allowed to their slaves small patches for cultivation at odd times for their own use. Availing himself of this privilege, Travis by the beginning of the war had saved as much as four hundred dollars. Dressing himself and his family plainly, like the rest of the servants on the place, yet his cabin had a good supply in nice appointments, which, although cheap, were not very common in their class.

Mr. Wilby had voted against secession, yet when his State had solemnly declared itself out of the Union, and the war came on, he became a stanch Confederate, and, being only thirty years old, felt himself bound to take his part in all the dangers which were to ensue. Joining one of the first military companies raised in his county, he was made one of its lieutenants, and leaving his business in the hands of Travis, under the direction of one of his neighbors, he went forward, if not very cheerfully, at least with a genuine purpose to perform the duties which were to come in his career. Only once he came home on furlough, and returned to his command before the time of his leave expired. Before the end of the war he had risen to the rank of major.

This is about all that I had known of him previously to a meeting which, by accident, I had with him at his own residence some years ago. I knew well enough that the people in his county, like those in mine, had been making hard struggles to repair some of the losses incurred by four years' resistance to the Government of the United States, during which many had failed, some had become desperate, and not a few had died poor and broken-hearted.

I once had occasion to visit a gentleman named Bass who dwelt in that county. His residence was situate five or six miles from the public road leading from our county-seat to his. I had crossed the ferry and gone some distance on the byway that I had been directed to take, hoping to get to my destination by nightfall. But the road, long unworked, was so rough beneath the buggy wheels, that, finding I must be disappointed in this hope, I determined at near sunset to seek shelter for the night at the first house to which I should come. The dusk had begun to set in, when, after ascending a steep, rocky hill, I came within view of a nice, white, square, two-story mansion in the midst of a grove of red oaks. A gentleman was sitting on the piazza with a book in his lap. Over his other garments he wore a short summer coat of light material, and he seemed to be reflecting, as, with the forefinger of his right hand in the volume he had been reading, his left lay upon it. At my call he looked up, rose immediately, went into the house, from which he almost momentarily emerged, having exchanged the coat he had worn for a black broadcloth, and, readjusting his cravat, came out to the gate. When I told him the object of my call, he answered politely:

"Certainly, sir. Alight, if you please."

Calling to a negro boy, who just then was coming from the horse-lot across the road, he said:

"Here, William, take this gentleman's horse, and, after putting the buggy under the shelter,

"'YOU THINK TRAVIS DID N'T CRY WHEN I TOLD HIM GOOD-BY?'"

water him, and tell your daddy to see that he 's well taken care of. Then you run to the kitchen and tell your mammy that I want to see her in the dining-room, right away. Hear, William ? "

" Yes, sir, Marse Jon'th'n," answered the boy, and went briskly to the execution of his orders.

Having escorted me in, and disposed of my hat, umbrella, and satchel, he said :

" Perhaps it may not suit your habit to sit on the piazza after sunset. If not, we will go inside the house."

I answered that usually I sat all evenings outside unless driven in by stress of cold or other inclement weather. When we were seated, he said :

" My name is Jonathan Wilby."

I gave my own name, and added that I had long known of Major Wilby, although I had not had the pleasure of meeting him before.

" Oh, yes, yes," he replied cordially ; " we have many common acquaintances. I am really very glad to know you personally, and that right here, in this house."

Just then a portly, neat-looking black woman appeared in the doorway of the hall, and, courtesying, said :

" Marse Jonathan, William told me you wanted to see me."

" Yes, that 's right, Ritter. I 'll see you." Saying to me, " Please excuse me for a moment," he went in. After a few minutes he returned, resumed his seat, and, smiling, said :

" Being nothing but an old bachelor, my table, especially at supper, is lightly loaded usually, and I sent for my cook to let her know that I expected two plates on it to-night, and enough to fill both."

Bachelor or not, it was an excellent supper, and well served by the same woman and her daughter, a girl some thirteen years old. The table furniture was finer than one often sees in country houses, except those belonging to the richest. My host was pleased to see me eat with a good appetite. After supper we repaired to the parlor, as the air had grown cool since the coming on of night. A walnut round table, several old-fashioned mahogany chairs which had been repaired lately, a sofa, and a very high family clock were what the room contained.

" You smoke ? "

" Yes."

" I 'm sorry I 've nothing but a pipe to offer you. We planters since the war find it necessary to be economical in our luxuries ; but this pipe is a clean one and the tobacco is good. I wish I *did* have a cigar for you."

I assured him that I was more than content with the pipe.

When we had fired up, he grew more and more in cordial mood.

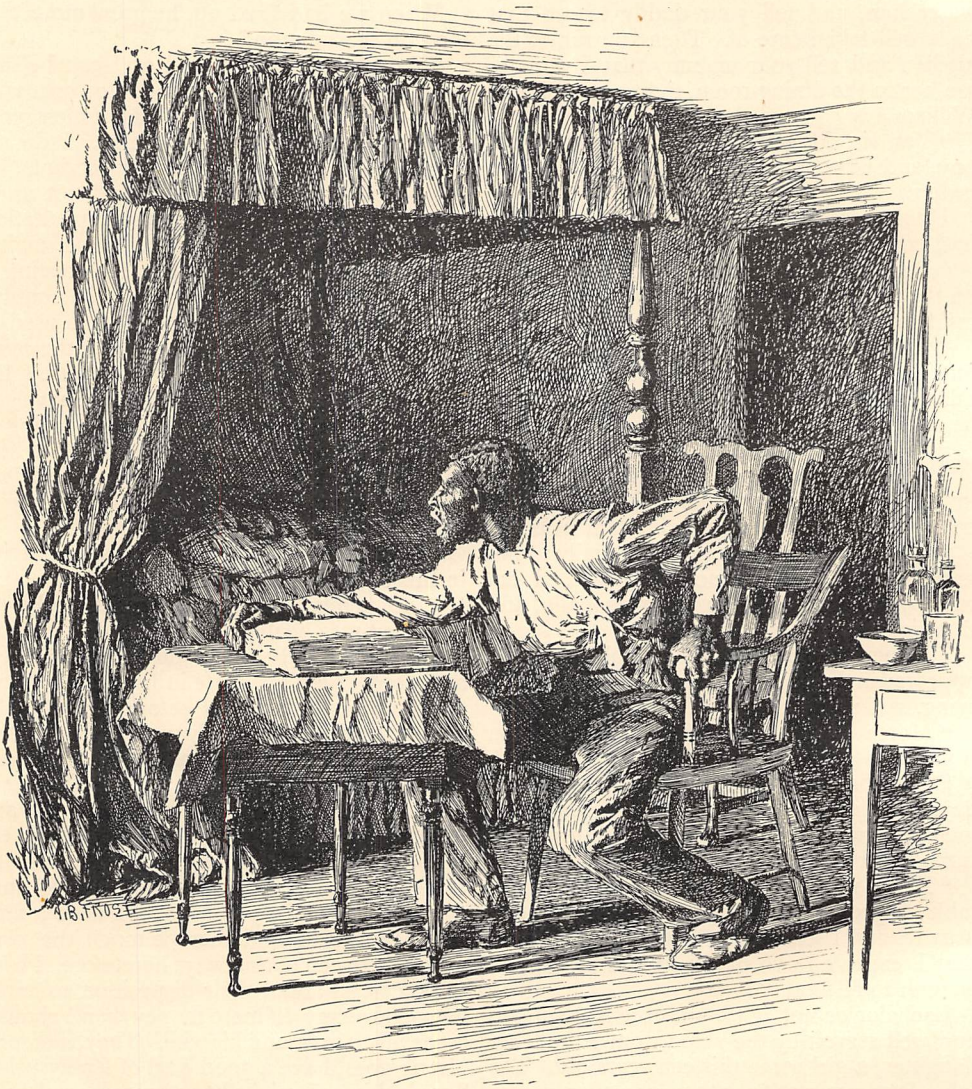
" I declare I am as glad as I can be that you were benighted and had to stop over with me — of course, I should add, unless your business is to be hurt by the delay. I do not often see anybody outside of my servants, being not at all given to visiting and not much to being visited. I walk about the plantation, and I sit and read much of my time, mainly about the war, which is far more interesting to me to look back to than during its continuance I thought it ever would be. I used to hunt a good deal, and to travel about the country, and was fond of being in society. But everything is so changed and people have gotten to be so poor that I stay here, trying to economize as well as I can, so as to help a little the poorest about me, including a few of my old negroes who can't get along without working harder than I think they ought."

" You don't get lonesome sometimes, living in this big house by yourself ? "

" Not much," he answered, indifferently. " I have first-rate health, sleep well, and generally I can get out of books as much entertainment as I need. I am fortunate in having about me the same servants I had before the war, who are entirely reliable. My main man-servant, especially, is one of unusually good judgment, and, under my directions, makes a living for us all, and a little over. They were his wife and his daughter whom you saw waiting upon the supper-table. The field-hands also were all raised on the place, some before my time, the most after. So you see that I have a family, such as it is, and there is much the same feeling between us as always heretofore. I have to be careful about their disposition to make me spend on myself more money than I should ; especially Travis and his wife. They, like most old negroes, have a good deal of family pride. Travis thinks I might keep hounds, as I once did, and have a finer buggy ; and Ritter, his wife, almost scolds sometimes at my persistence in wearing old clothes longer than she thinks becoming. Indeed, from what I hear,— I don't go about myself, as I said,— negroes generally do not seem to realize all the seriousness of changed conditions. However, however," he added, moving his hand, as if in rather humorous admission of the fact, " perhaps the same can be said, and with justice, of us white people."

" I think, Major Wilby," I said, " that I remember to have heard that in one of the battles around Richmond you were seriously wounded."

" Yes, my head was scraped by a minie-ball one day, rather too deep to make a joke of. They thought for a while that I was go-



"'WHOM DO YOU SUPPOSE I SAW? TRAVIS.'"

ing to make a die of it, or lose my reason. *That* would have been hard, considering everything. I often think what a mercy it was to my old negroes that I did n't do either."

Stooping to relight his pipe from the embers on the hearth, he said:

"Oh, no; I 'm seldom lonesome. Still, I am always glad when any one falls in on me like you have to-night. Have you any news?"

"None except such as you have seen in the newspapers."

"I take only the Milledgeville 'Recorder'; sometimes," he added smiling, "getting two at once, when we happen not to send into town but once in a fortnight. Travis says I ought to take a daily paper, so that, even if I can't get it every day, I can keep up more with current news. But I tell him no; I don't take interest in politics now, and not much in news, beyond what happens in the neighborhood and among people I know. But I delight in reading about the war, especially General Lee. Was n't he a splendid fellow! Good man, too. When I saw him after the surrender looking so calm, when I knew his heart was broken, I could have cried. I have read everything I could pick up on both sides. Big thing, was n't it? I did n't feel like going into it; but I thought if anybody ought, it was just such as myself. We gave them a good tussle, but they were too many for us. I 've come to believe that it was all God's will; and, to tell you the truth, I 'm not sure but that everything about it will turn out for

the best, in time. Yet, my! have n't we had a time of it!"

"Most of us have had it, indeed," I said; "but you seem to be in about as comfortable conditions as any planter I know, in your native home, and surrounded by your old family servants, who are faithful, and, from what you say of them, still affectionate."

"Yes, indeed. Now, thank God, I am comfortably situated; but I went through a siege like the rest, and worse than most of the rest, for a year or two after I got back."

He looked at me as if interrogating if I cared to hear of his experience. After brief mention of a few of my own trials, I intimated that I would be entertained by a recital of some of his.

"Well, sir," he answered, "when I got back the question was, what to do next. Negroes free, a man owing more money than his plantation and stock would pay for if put upon the market, I just told people I owed to take what I had and I 'd go off to some town or other and clerk or get some sort of work, and send back what I could make over a decent support. Travis was against such a movement, for freedom did n't seem to make any difference in the feeling he had for me. Travis argued: stay right here and we 'd work out; that nearly all of my negroes would remain with me on moderate wages; and that, by close economy, with the price of cotton keeping up or near to what it was then, I could get through the difficulties in two or three years. Mr. Bass (the gentleman you are on your way to see) rather thought with Travis; but feeling confident that cotton would fall as soon as one good crop would be made, I persisted. I gave Mr. Bass a power of attorney to sell, or to do whatever might seem best with the whole property, and then I cut out afoot. You think Travis did n't cry when I told him good-by? Bitter, too. But there 's much more affectionateness among negroes than some persons suspect. However, that 's parenthetical. I left with a few dollars in my pocket, and walked to Augusta, where I got a place in a hardware store, and I never wrote to a soul to tell them where I was. Meanwhile, Mr. Bass (I can never be thankful enough to him, and, as to that, to Travis also) let the plantation to Travis, hoping cotton would not fall. Travis hired hands and made what he called a 'bully crop,' and Mr. Bass paid off a considerable portion of my debts. If he had known where I was, he would have written urging me to come back, believing then that I might feel secure in keeping possession of the property. But he did n't know, and so he and Travis set in for another crop. That was a first-rate one, and he squared me off except a few hundred dollars. As for my experience as a merchant's clerk, that was without results of consequence from beginning to end. At the hardware store they soon found out that I knew too little of trade to be of service to them, and after a little while they got rid of me; very politely, however. I tried several other places, where I was taken in on my agreeing to work for nothing except board until I had learned the business well enough to warrant a salary. In this way I lived first at one and then at another place in Augusta, until at last I became rather disgusted with myself, making nothing above expenses, and feeling that my services were hardly worth even them. I got rather homesick, too; but the thought of coming back into this neighborhood, seeing another man in possession of my native homestead, and being a pauper, and perhaps a sponge upon Travis and my other old negroes, I said to myself, 'I 'll die first.' And, indeed, I came near doing that very thing. One morning I walked out to a planter a few miles below Augusta and hired myself to work for him. There I was doing finely until I got sick. They told me, after I got up again, that I had been down for over a month, and that while the fever was on me nobody, they verily believed, had ever done so much talking. Well, one morning when I waked up, and I found myself better, whom do you suppose I saw? Travis. Yes, sir; my being sick got somehow into the Augusta papers, and Travis, hearing of it, came to me just as I was getting over it. To my astonishment, he informed me of what I have told you of the operations here and their results, and, in spite of the gratification afforded me by the news, I could not but reproach myself for not having done a single thing towards the extrication which had come so happily. However, I reflected that I had done honestly what I believed to be for the best, and I decided to cast every thought except gratitude behind me. In this while Travis also made something for himself; enough to purchase a small piece of land, which he rents to some of his people. He thinks, however, that it is more to his advantage to stay here with his wife and his younger children and to work on wages. Then you know many negroes are, like white people, fond of the places where they were born and where they have always lived. I am glad on both of our accounts that he prefers that course. He does for himself, I doubt not, better than if he were on his own place, and, under my directions, manages very well for me."

At this period the man Travis, tall, black, firmly built, came to the door, and, dropping his hat upon the floor, saluted me with humble respect, and said:

"Well, Marse Jon'than."

"Yes," the master answered in kindly tone;

"Travis, you no doubt saw that this gentleman's horse was attended to properly."

"Yes, sir, marster."

"Did the plow hands get through with that field this evening?"

"Not quite, sir; be thoo by a' hour-by-sun in de mawnin'."

"I hardly thought they would quite finish it to-day, as the ground is hard from the drought, and I don't want the mules pushed."

"No, sir, I know dat; en I told de plowers dee must be keerful wid 'em."

"That was right. How was the cotton-picking to-night, Travis?"

"Right good, Marse Jon'than. I has to be right strenious wid dem drap-shot gang o' pickers 'bout de bottom bolls. Some on 'em makes out like it hurt dey back to git down to dem bottom bolls more 'n grown folks. I speck I 'll haf to git holt o' some on 'em, ef dee ain' mo' partic'lar."

"Now, now, Travis; don't be too hard on them. You 've been a boy yourself, you know."

"Oh, yes, Marse Jon'than," he retorted, in good humor, "I know dat, en I found out dem ve'y time what de hick'ry was made fer; but I ain' gwine be too servigous wid 'em."

"That 's right; talking goes a great way with children, if people will be prudent and not too impatient."

After other questionings and giving of directions for the morrow, he said:

"One thing more, Travis. This gentleman wishes to go to Mr. Henry Bass's early to-morrow morning. As the road is rough, and not easy for a stranger to follow, I want you to go with him."

"Yes, sir."

I protested against the trouble I was giving, but Mr. Wilby cut me short.

"No trouble at all. There are several by-forks by which you would be in danger of being misled. Travis, you can ride your plow mule, unless you prefer to walk."

"I ruther take it afoot, Marse Jon'than."

"If the man must go," I said, "let him take a seat with me in the buggy."

"That is best perhaps, as he would know better how to avoid the stumps and straddle the ruts. Be ready, Travis, soon as breakfast is over. You can go now."

When Travis had gone, Mr. Wilby said: "I have to watch that man in his aptness to be rather too hard upon those under him, as I 've no doubt you 've observed was often the case with negro foremen. He is so thoroughly industrious and upright himself that he cannot well understand how any, even boys, can be otherwise, and he is a firm believer in the whip as the most efficient punisher and reformer of all shortcomings."

We talked to a late hour. Several times he apologized for taking more than a fair portion of the conversation.

"Living here by myself, as it were, when I do have an opportunity to talk, it sometimes seems difficult for me to stop. I suppose a man's tongue, like his legs, is in need of occasional exercise; if so, mine cannot complain to-night, eh?"

I answered that I had been very much entertained. Indeed, I had been. Much of his conversation, especially about battle and hospital scenes, was at times extremely graphic. Then I was touched by the sadness, mixed with what seemed to be meant for a bit of humor, with which he spoke of the temporary dereliction of his manhood at the close of the war. It was near midnight when, lighting a candle, and conducting me to bed, he said:

"You may sleep without anxiety about waking in good time for breakfast. I will call you. Sleep well. Good-night."

I could not but lie awake for some time, thinking of this man, so gentle, almost child-like, yet cultured, firm, and apparently with much business capacity; and I made up my mind that, as far as I could do so with propriety, I would get Travis to tell me more about him the while he was conducting me to the person whom I sought.

II.

WHEN I rose next morning a few minutes before it was time to call me, and unexpectedly appeared before Major Wilby sitting on his piazza, holding in one hand his watch, and reading in a large octavo volume that lay in his lap, he looked up quickly, and, shutting the book, said:

"Ah, ha! Up already? Good-morning. I should have called you in ten minutes more. I hope you slept enough, at least as near so as possible after being kept up by me so late last night. I felt rather remorseful about it when I got back to myself. However," without waiting for me to remonstrate, "it 's only once. If your time would allow you to give me another night, I 'd agree to have supper by sunset and let you go to bed with the chickens. I 've just been reading Stephens's account of Lee's last fight. I think I 've read the book at least a dozen times."

Shortly afterwards we sat down to breakfast. With polite insistence he often asked me to partake again of the several nicely cooked dishes. I noticed, as at supper, that he ate quite temperately, though dallying long with apparently choicest appetite on what was upon his plate. My equipage and Travis in his best clothes were waiting at the gate when breakfast was

over. After I was seated in the buggy, my host, giving me his hand, said:

"I 'm sorry you cannot give me another night. I don't remember when I have enjoyed anything more than your visit. Please never pass this way without giving me a call. Good-by. God bless you! Be careful, Travis."

Rugged as the way was, I enjoyed much the travel on that sweet autumnal morning. Almost throughout the drive of three miles the primeval forest was yet standing, and the great oaks and lesser trees that rose as if in waiting around them showed the generous fecundity of the dark soil in contrast with the rich, deep red on our side of the Oconee. Upon the cotton fields the light frost that had fallen was ripening fast the upper bolls, and the varying red and purple on the sassafras, sweet-gum, black-gum, and maple along the small streams, in relief with the brown and yellow of the uncut woods, made the landscape pleasant to look upon. Travis spoke not except in answer to my questionings, which at first were touching the conditions of things in general within that region.

"I doubt, Travis," said I, "if these black lands over here are not as good as the red lands of our county. I had n't been thinking so; but the cotton and corn I have seen yesterday evening and this morning are equal to any that our people have to show."

"Hit 's tough land, marster; hit 's mons'ous pow'ful tough. But yit, if people take pains wid her, en doan' over-crop deyse'f, en keep up wid her, she gwine pay back de wuk put on her; dat is, ef de seasons doan' come too onreg'lar."

"You find the colored people and the whites in this neighborhood likely to get along well together?"

"Oh, yes, sir, mos'ly. At de fuss offstart, some o' de white folks en some o' de colored people, dee got kinder 'spicious o' one 'nother, which you know yourse'f, marster, de colored people is natchul' skeary o' white folks, dee not havin' de eddication ner not de sense o' white folks; en when dee found out dee all could vote, en some de white folks could n't, it tuck pains, I tell you, now, to keep things on livin' ways. En den all de white folks, like Marse Jon'than, en Mr. Bass, whar we gwine now, dee was n't all like dem two, in 'lowin' colored people a fa'r livin' chance; but things is rig'lated now tol'ble well over here. Colored people, des like po' white folks, dee found out dee have to wuk fur deyse'f en dey famblies, en votin' war n't gwine feed none o' 'em; en den white folks en colored begin, seem-like, to have some peace in dey mind, like befo' de waw."

"You all at Mr. Wilby's seem to get along very easily. I have n't seen a household that so reminded me of old times."

"Oh, yes, sir. We all gits 'long fuss-rate wid Marse Jon'than. He never bodders to hurt; not nobody, Marse Jon'than don't. He set in de house, en read his book, en he nuver interrup' nobody, en nobody doan' interrup' him."

"But I notice that he takes a strong interest in the business of his plantation. He told me that he has a talk with you every night, giving directions for next day's work."

He was silent for a brief while, then answered:

"Den you ain' know what ail po' Marse Jon'than."

"Why, no; is n't he all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir; oh, yes, marster," he said quickly. "Marse Jon'than 's all right, exception in his head, which it ain' de same like befo' de waw. People 'bout here dee all knows 'bout it, else I would n' let on."

"I am greatly surprised to hear that, Travis. I had been thinking that Mr. Wilby was one of the most intelligent men that I 've met in a long time."

"De Laud bless your soul, marster! Marse Jon'than ain' lackin' in sensible; he know more 'n ary 'nother white man in dis whole settlement. All de white folks 'll tell you de same. Why, sir, Marse Jon'than ken tell people all 'bout things long befo' dee or dey parrens er gran'parrens was born. He even ken go back en tell 'bout de Injins, en how dee collupsed people wid dey tomberhawks en dey wigwoms, atter dee shoot 'em wid dey bo' 'n' arrers; en he ken p'int out de very tree whar his pappy's grandpappy en some un 'em hung up a Tory t' other side de 'Conee River. Yes, sir, dat he ken. But de trouble wid Marse Jon'than, his head ain' right, en hain' be'n not sence he got waounded in de waw, en he come home, en he see ev'ybody so to' up, he jes drap ev'ythin', en went off, en he staid whell we found out whar he war thar not fur from A'gusty, en I went atter him, en I fotch him back atter he got so he could trabble. Did n' he tell you nothin' 'bout all dat las' night? He love to tell 'bout hisse'f en whut he be'n thoo, when he ketch up wid a man he see dey doan' know 'bout it. But dat 's mons'ous sildom; beca'se he doan' go nowhar, en people 'bout here dee all knows 'bout it."

"Yes, indeed, he did tell me a good many things about himself that were very interesting; but I did not suspect that his mind had been affected at all by his wound. Does he know, or has he any suspicion, that such is the case?"

"Oh, no, so, dat he don't. Ef he knowed dat, nobody could keep him dar nary single day, not dee could n'."

"Why? Is n't that his home?"

"Oh, yes, sir; yes, sir. Right dar whar you see him las' night, dar he was born en raised."

"Well, I can't understand why he could wish to leave it, unless it were to go for treatment to the lunatic asylum at Milledgeville."

"De good Laud he'p my soul en body agin Marse Jon'than nuver gwine to Mil'geville, en him locked up wid dem po' 'stracted people in dat gweat big house! No, sir, Marse Jon'than could n' stan' sech as dat, not for one blessed munt; dat he could n', raised like he be'n raised. En dat whut ev'ybody dat know him want to hender by not a-'sputin' wid him en let him have his own way 'bout ev'ythin', en him not findin' out dey anythin' de marter wid his head. Make my fresh crawl, idee Marse Jon'than gwine 'way f'om here, en special' to take up wid dem po' creeturs in Mil'geville!"

"Was there thought to be any difficulty in his mind before receiving his wound?"

"Well, now, marster, I be'n a 'spicion 'n my mind, en so have Ritter. She 's my wife, en it was her you see in de dinin'-room 'long her little gal — me en Ritter, we 'spicions de trouble beginned wid Marse Jon'than befo' he got waounded, en dat dat made him wusser. You see, Marse Henry Bass, whar we gwine dis very mawnin', he have a little gal name Miss Lizy. I ain' talkin' 'bout now, but befo' de waw. She war always a mons'ous putty child, en Marse Jon'than be'n sayin, ev'y sence she war a leetle bit o' thing, runnin' 'bout in pant'lets, en wadin' in de spring branch, dat when she got to be a 'oman, he war gwine have her for his wife. En so when she war 'bout fifteen year old, en Marse Jon'than 'gin to make up to her, sho 'nough, lo en behole, here come 'long de waw. En Marse Jon'than, he war agin de waw hisse'f; but he say, he bein' a bach'lor, he think he ought to go right 'long, 'mong de fust; but he tell Ritter, befo' he lef', dat he have ax Miss Lizy to wait for him, en Miss Lizy say she war gwine do it. But when Marse Jon'than be'n gone 'bout a year er sich a marter, dey come 'long a colonel wid gold things on his clo's, en he overpersuade Miss Lizy, en her pa he war strong agin it; but dee runned away, dee did, en de man, en which dee all say he war n' no colonel, but he have runned away f'om de waw, en people was atter him to fetch him back en shoot him. En he war n' good to Miss Lizy, en atter a while she come back home, she did, en she have a little baby dat it come dead, en den Miss Lizy, *she* died. En when Marse Jon'than come home wid a furler not long atterwards, look like all dat was too much for him, en he did n' eat nothin' 't all hardly, en he git up en walk 'bout of a night when he ought to stay in bed en git well o' de sickness he come home wid; en befo' his time war up, he went back to de waw, en he say to me he doan' keer ef de Yankees kill him, only ef he ken come up one time wid de man dat do Miss Lizy so. En sho 'nough de news come dat Marse Jon'than done got shot in de head, en was in de 'orspit'l; en I want to go to him, but Marse Henry Bass say no, better not yit awhile; mought be I could n' git to him, en do no good ef I did. En den de waw, it stop at las' atter it be'n seemin' like it nuver was gwine stop whell ev'ybody was kill er gone to payishin'. En den Marse Jon'than, he come home ag'in, en look like he nuver took no intruss in nothin'. En he owe some o' de neighbors, en he owe a man in Macon, en de neighbors dee all say, pay when you ken, as much as you ken; but de Macon man he say he want all his'n now, dollar for dollar. En ef Marse Jon'than be'n right in his head, he 'd a knowed he could squar' off wid all 'em in time; but he say no, let people take what he got; en bless your soul, befo' I knowed it, he have done lef' en gone, nobody know whar. En sho 'nough, dat Macon man, when he sue Marse Jon'than, en level on de plantation en de res' o' de prop'ty, en Marse Henry bought it in, den de trouble was to find Marse Jon'than. En at las' de A'gusty paper let out whar he was, en I went on down dar soon I heerd de news, en I nussed him night en day one whole solid munt; en Ritter she got oneasy, she did, en she declar', 't war n' for her younges' child, en she war n' feared a-gittin' los', she 'd 'a' come atter me, like I went atter Marse Jon'than. I speck you know how women is. En it look like ev'ythin' people could do wid him he gwine die. Tell de truth, marster, I got down on my knees ev'y day en ev'y night, en I pray de Laud to spar' him dis one time, en not let him die 'ceptin' whell I could git him back whar he was born en whar his pa and his ma died. En, sho 'nough, one mawnin',— en he ain' be'n knowin' me all dat time,— but one mawnin', atter he have one good long sleep, he wake up, en he look at me, en he say, 'Hello, Travis!' En den I des cried en I laughed. Be'n I gwine be hung, I could n' he'p nary one. En den, even atter all dat, he would n' say he were comin' back wid me whell I tell him de debts mos' done all paid en de plantation a-runnin' same like befo'; en dar he be'n ev'y sence des like you see him."

I felt deeply interested in this story, and I said to the negro:

"Travis, from this account I take you to be as good a pattern of faithfulness as I have ever seen. You and your former master's friend managed very well. You and he, besides making good crops, I suppose made compromises with the creditors?"

"No, sir," he answered quickly; "we nuver made no comp'mise. Marse Jon'than say he doan' wan' nothin' he owe to be dock down, like a heap o' people had to do; en so I make whut I could, en I gin it to Marse Henry, en he scattered it round 'mong dem Marse Jon'than owe, en when de lan' was put up, dat en de crop dat year 'bout squar' him out."

"Then he owes yet the purchase money for which the plantation was bid off?"

He was silent for a moment or so, then answered:

"No, sir. Marse Jon'than doan' owe for de lan' ner nothin' on it. It was all bid in for him."

"Who bid it in?"

"Marse Henry Bass; he de one bid on it."

"Then he must owe Mr. Bass?"

"No, sir; no, sir," he answered promptly. "I tell you how 't was, marster. De money Marse Henry paid, I gin him myse'f, which I be'n makin' en savin' for dis long time. You see, marster, lan' so plenty, en money so hard to git, Marse Henry wid de fifteen hundred dollars I gin him he got de lan', en I was dat glad I mos' holler out dar at de cote-'ouse."

"But Travis, it seems to me that in the circumstances the land belongs to you instead of Mr. Wilby."

"Dat whut Marse Henry say, but it doan' 'pear like dat to me, for beca'se I tell you why, marster. Ev'y dollar I make, it war made out dat same plantation which hit belong to Marse Jon'than, he got it by his own pa, en him buried right dar behine de gyarden 'longside o' his own ma; en seem like to me dat lan' belong to Marse Jon'than, 'ceptin' whut he may 'low to me when he come right in his head, en he see he ken spar'."

"And Mr. Wilby understands none of these transactions?"

"No, sir; dat he doan'."

"And he believes now that he is entirely square with the world?"

"Yes, marster. You see nobody doan' tell him 'bout de way de lan' was bought in, beca'se dee know he 'd come dissat'fied. En den, he *is* squar' wid de world, de way I look at it."

"And what becomes of the money made yearly by the crops?"

"Well, now, marster, sence cotton done come down dey ain' be'n so mighty much tuck in bersides o' payin' o' han's, en keepin' up de plantation en de stock, en he'pin' some our own colored folks en po' white folks round here. Yit dey is some, en Christmas come, Marse Jon'than he take out 'bout fifty dollars, en he say he wan' Marse Henry Bass save de balance, atter payin' de expenses, en givin' away whut he think he ken spar', he wan' Marse Henry to save for hard times for all of us. He mighty feared, 'casion'ly, hard times gwine come on him ag'in, po' Marse Jon'than!"

"Does he go often among the hands when at work?"

"No, sir; he mos' hardly nuver do dat, en when he do, doan' bodder wid de workin'. I goes in de big 'ouse ev'y night en he talk wid me a while, en dat sat'fy him."

"One more question I 'll ask you, Travis, as I suppose the house we are approaching is Mr. Bass's residence."

"Yes, sir; dar whar Marse Henry live; en bless your soul, marster, Marse Jon'than ain' never be'n dar sence Miss Lizy she died."

"Ay! The question I wish to ask is, do the colored people on the place understand how things are?"

"No, no, sir; 'ceptin' o' Ritter, en I nuver told *her* more 'n I could he'p. She love Marse Jon'than same like me, beca'se she nussed him too. But den you know, marster, f'om your own expeunce, ef you married, a man need n't be tellin' his wife ev'ythin' he know."

When we had reached our destination, and the man, having dismounted, was about to turn back, I took off my hat, involuntarily, as it were, and, giving him my hand, said:

"Travis, I am glad I met your Marse Jonathan, as you call Major Wilby, and more so that I have seen and held this conversation with you. Well as I thought I knew your people, this has surprised me. Give my thanks to the major for all his kindness. I thank you also for yours. Good-by. I have not a doubt that God will bless you, in this world, and in the next.

"Thanky, marster; you 're mighty welcome. Far'well."

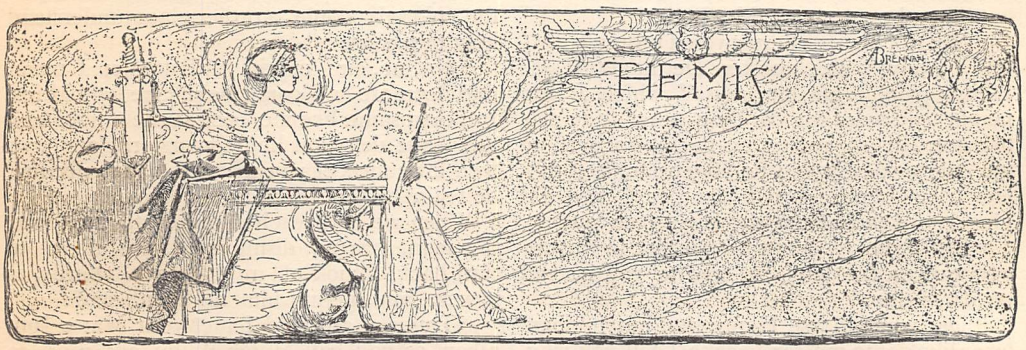
He turned and went his way. After my business with Mr. Bass was finished, on my mention of the conversation I had had with the man, he confirmed every statement made except that relating to his own daughter, to whom neither he nor I made allusion.

"The case," he said, "is well understood throughout the neighborhood, and, indeed, in the county generally. The plantation and everything appertaining to it belong to Travis, and the records are in his name. Such is the well-known delicacy of Major Wilby, amounting to extreme sensitiveness of every appearance of wrongdoing on his own part, that people never think of disabusing his mind of the illusion under which he lives, and so strong is the affection for him had by this old slave, that I believe he sometimes tries to persuade himself that the property rightfully belongs to his former master. I am glad you made the major's acquaintance and spent a night there

with him. Such companionship does him good. He 'll be referring to your visit for a long time. He is very fond of the society of thoughtful, cultured people, although he never makes visits himself. I don't wonder you did not discover, in so limited a visit, his infirmity. He is, and always has been, a thorough gentleman in his instincts and deportment. No misfortune could befall him so unhappy as for him to find out his true relation to Travis, whom he never takes to be other than a servant working for wages. Indeed, the negro himself prefers to feel as if such were really the case."

Shortly afterwards, having taken leave of Mr. Bass, I drove on. I had been witness, even a recipient, of the old affectionateness of slaves continuing unhurt by the war and emancipation; but now, reflecting on what I had seen lately, somehow I felt that I had been in the presence of a majesty, in its kind, higher than I had believed possible to humanity in any condition.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.



"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS."

I VEX me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

AUSTRALIA.

ON the 10th of September, 1861, I sailed from San Francisco in the fine ship *Nimrod*, bound for Port Phillip and the harbor of Sydney. I had only my son, my agent, and my agent's mother with me. There were two or three other passengers besides ourselves, one of whom I must make special mention of: he was a Catholic priest, a cheerful, pleasant man, named Father O'Grady.

From California to Australia is what the sailors call a fair-weather passage, most of it being made through the trade-winds. Our present voyage was what might be called a pleasant, uneventful trip of sixty-four days. I passed most of the time in reading, sketching, and trying to divert Father O'Grady from celibacy; I told him he was altogether too good a fellow for a single man, and assured him that he would never know what true happiness was till he got a wife by his side and had half a dozen children on his knee. Our theological arguments on the quarter-deck were a source of great amusement to ourselves and the passengers. O'Grady when he got excited would walk up and down the deck, tossing his long arms wildly about as if he were making signals of distress.

We passed to the south, and just in sight of Norfolk Island, which is said to be the loveliest spot in the Pacific Ocean. It was formerly a convict station, but the prisoners had been removed for many years, and the place was then, and I believe is now, occupied by a colony called the Pitcairn Islanders. The "mutiny of the *Bounty*," it will be remembered, occurred during the latter part of the last century, and the people now living on Norfolk Island are the descendants of the mutineers.

On the 4th of November the coast of Australia loomed up before us. A great wall of rocks rises almost perpendicularly from the ocean, and the narrow opening directly in front of us is called Sydney Heads. When a ship arrives in sight of this formidable place it is customary for the sailors to inform the passengers that this is the most dangerous spot in the world. A thrilling story at this point of the voyage seems to be in order, and one of the crew is generally called upon to relate an awful catastrophe that once occurred in the very sight of the spot where the ship is sailing. We stood out well to sea that night, as the weather had a threatening aspect, and at daylight, the wind being fair, made again for the land. The pilot sighted us, and brought the ship safely over the treacherous shoals into the beautiful harbor of Sydney. Once inside, if the day be fine, what perfect fairyland is here: the rocks are of a beautiful siena tint, surmounted with rich foliage in every shade of green; numerous little crescent bays edged with white sand curve in and out, meeting the deep blue water; islands crowned with tall and graceful trees; parrots in the gaudiest coats of plumage fly in flocks chattering and screaming through the air; and the whole harbor is dotted with white sails and gaily painted streamers. In the middle distance is the beautiful city of Sydney: a long, low line of shipping stretches in front, and as the high bluff rises behind the tapering masts, the town, with its tall, white stone buildings and church spires, finishes the picture. As our ship sailed into this dreamland of beauty there was a rich purple haze veiling the scene; the sun shone like gold in the far-off horizon, and as it sank behind the city the purple deepened into blue. We reached the town and dropped our anchor, the night came slowly on, the new constellations of stars (not seen in our firmament) sparkled over our heads, myriads of lights in the city and the surrounding shipping were reflected in the water, and all these glittering gems twinkled and flickered like fireflies about us.

The next morning I rose early, and rejoiced after sixty-four days' rolling about to get my feet once more upon land. As I stepped ashore I had that curious sensation which all must feel when for the first time they find themselves in a new country where, though they speak the same language, not a soul knows or has ever heard of them. I walked through the busy streets holding my son by the hand, and tightly too, for it was comfort to feel that there was some one near who knew and felt an interest in me. I seemed to regret that I had come so far from home, and wondered whether I should ever be able to raise any interest among the vast crowd of strangers that surrounded me.

I met my agent by appointment at the little hotel where we stopped, and he handed me the money he had gone in quest of. The

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first thing to do now was to purchase new clothes, something that would at least faintly resemble the costumes of the people, which mine certainly did not in any degree. The hat is always the first thing to change; everybody looks at your hat as soon as you arrive in a strange country. These little matters were soon amended, and in a short hour I looked quite like the people, but not a bit like myself. My agent had been a manager in Australia some years before, so he knew everybody. We went to the theater, where he introduced me to the manager; and as I shall have some little business relations with this gentleman of an interesting sort, perhaps it will be as well to describe him, he being almost an historical character. He was an under-sized, round-shouldered little cockney, named Rolamo. Where he got this remarkably Italian appellation I cannot say, but if his ancestors belonged to the "land of song" they must have strayed into the very heart of Whitechapel just previous to the birth of their son and heir, as his dialect was strongly impregnated with the drawling twang of that locality. It is recorded of him that he never was known to put an *h* in the right place, and his talent for reversing the *w* and *v* almost amounted to genius. He had originally been lamplighter in the theater, but by his industry and intelligence he rose to be its manager, and he was in the zenith of his fame when I arrived in Australia. After my introduction by my agent to Mr. Rolamo as the coming man who was to make his (the manager's) fortune, that worthy cast a patronizing eye over me, but did not seem at all overwhelmed, taking my arrival with provoking coolness. This chilling atmosphere pervaded the office until my agent unrolled some highly inflammable printed matter, the novel character of which seemed to attract the great man's attention, and condescending to address me, he said, "You see, Mr. Jeffries,—oh, beg pardon; Jimmison, I mean,—with all due respect to you, there 'as been so many blawsted Yankee comics over 'ere that we are kind o' sick on 'em. You may be a hextra good lot for all I know, but lately the queerest mummers we 've 'ad 'ave come from Amerikee. This printed stuff you 've got looks spicy,—in fact I don't know as I ever see spicier,—but it don't prove nothink, does it?"

My agent here broke in with the assurance that I was a legitimate actor and not a mummer.

"Legitimate!" said the manager. "Well, that 's the worst rot of all. The legitimate would wentilate my theeater on the first night; and as for that dismal old guy '*Amlet*, I would n't 'ave 'im at no price."

I told him that *Hamlet* was not upon my bill of characters, and that so far as I was concerned the reputation of his theater would be in no way desecrated by any Shaksperean productions. Besides, I admitted his perfect right to protect himself against fraud, and that, as I was a stranger, I proposed first to show him what my material consisted of, and wound up by offering to rent his theater and company, paying him a good bonus to relinquish the management into our hands for a month, and that if we could agree upon terms his money should be paid in advance. At this proposal the hard features of Mr. Rolamo softened into an oily sweetness that was lovely to behold; he gently put out both hands to grasp mine, his eyes fairly beamed on me with affection, and his heart seemed so touched that it quite choked his utterance.

"My dear lad," said he, "that 's the way I likes to hear a cove talk; for I always believes in a cove wot believes in hisself."

Terms were soon agreed upon, and it was settled that the contract should be signed that evening and the first advance paid. In due time our printing was posted on the walls, and the lithographs—a novel feature in those days—were placed in the shop windows. I passed my time in wandering about the streets, observing the startled inhabitants as they scanned the pictures, stopping from time to time to listen to their remarks.

Of course my first night in Sydney was spent at the theater, always an attractive point to the actor. It is said that few men are in love with their vocation, but this remark cannot be applied with justice to members of the theatrical profession; some actors will play without salary rather than not act at all. On this occasion, however, it was more a matter of business than pleasure that took me to the play. I was anxious to see the kind of acting that was most effective here, and also to examine the qualities of the company in reference to their fitness for the characters in my list of plays. I found the acting much better than I expected; in fact, throughout the colonies I was invariably impressed by this dramatic excellence. The actors had originally come from England to Australia to star. Afterwards in many instances they had settled here, making it their home, and as their novelty wore off had dropped into the different stock companies, and so had become admirable supporters to the stars that followed. I sat in front of the theater on the night referred to, and, as the actors came upon the stage one by one, I plainly saw that I had my work cut out if I expected to stand prominently forward amidst such surroundings. It was also quite evident that the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Rolamo had failed to appreciate the fine legitimate qualities of his company, and had moreover underrated the taste of his

patrons. In a few days it was settled that the company should assemble in the green-room, where I was to be formally introduced previous to reading my opening play to them. The introduction was given under the "auspices" of the manager, who performed the ceremony after the following manner. Ushering me into the presence of the company, he made an awkward bow, forgetting to take off his hat,—a tall, black, semi-spiral-shaped article with a large dent in it,—and announced me as "Mr. Jimminson from Amerikee."

I found the company obliging, and, as I expected, thoroughly competent. Matters progressed favorably, the pieces for the first week were rehearsed, and all things were duly prepared for the opening. The house was quite good on that night, and the audience generous and sympathetic; they seemed to appreciate what a thorough stranger I was, "and as a stranger gave me welcome."

When the curtain fell, I was congratulated by the company and Mr. Rolamo, who I fancied was a little annoyed to think that he had not made other terms with me, as his compliments were couched in the following remark: "I say, mister, I took you for a green un when I first see you; you got a kind o' innocent look about you, but you're sharp, do you know that?" I told him that I did not think I was particularly sagacious, but thanked him for the delicacy of his compliment, and hoped that I might live to deserve it.

I was fortunate in bringing with me to Australia a large amount of new material in the matter of plays. "Rip Van Winkle," "Our American Cousin," and "The Octoroon" were all novel, and their reception was most satisfactory.

MELBOURNE.

At the expiration of my Sydney engagement we took the steamer to Melbourne. Fawcett Rowe was the manager here of the Princess Theater, and the same arrangements were entered into with him that had been made at Sydney. Our success in Melbourne was even more flattering than it had been in Sydney, and it was quite evident from the impression made that we were likely to continue our season for some time. The audiences were numerous and fashionable, and the articles in the daily papers referring to our plays and acting were of the highest literary character; those in "The Argus," written by the accomplished critic James Smith, were models in style and strength.

My engagement at the Princess extended to one hundred and sixty-four consecutive nights. At its conclusion my agent and I dissolved our temporary partnership, he assuming the management of the new Haymarket Theater, and I going into the small mining and provincial towns to reap the benefit of the reputation I had acquired in the two larger cities. Ballarat, Bendigo, and Adelaide had all good stock companies, and were visited in their turn, generally with pleasant and profitable results.

During this provincial tour I was acting in one of the mining towns called Castlemaine, and after tea as I was strolling leisurely towards the theater my ears were suddenly saluted by the violent ringing of a bell, and a sonorous bass voice roaring out my name in full. I looked in the direction of this unaccountable noise and saw a little fat man, in a high white hat and a seedy suit of black, standing on a barrel in front of the theater and surrounded by a crowd of boys. Gesticulating violently with his left hand, he swung in the right an enormous bell. Now suddenly stopping, he seemed to swell and got red in the face as he delivered himself of the following: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Step up, ladies and gentlemen; now or never is your only chance to see the greatest living wonder of the age, Joseph Jefferson, the great hactor from Amerikee. His power of producing tears and smiles at vun and the same time is so great that he caused the Emperor of Roushia to weep on his weddin' night and made her gracious Majesty the Queen bu'st out laughin' at the funeral of Prince Albert. He is the bosom friend of the President of Amerikee and the hidol of 'is Royal 'Ighness the Prince of Wales."

I always had a horror of orators. They are seldom sincere, and never hesitate to say the wrong thing instead of the right one if they can say it best. To most of them, epigram is more sacred than truth, and we are often so fascinated with the manner that we forget somewhat the matter. It must have been the comical earnestness and bombastic attitude of this extraordinary creature that had interested the crowd; certainly they did not believe what he was saying, for they were roaring with laughter at every word, while his face was as serious as the fifth act of a tragedy. At this juncture I rushed into the theater and demanded that the manager should make the bellman stop. "Why, we always have it done here, and thought you 'd like it," replied the manager.

"Like it!" said I. "If he is not stopped at once, I shall not act." So the little fat man was ordered to cease his harangue and come down from his barrel: but no, he said he would n't budge; he was n't half through, and it would injure his business and ruin his reputation to be cut off "in the heye of the public," and he would "be blowed" if he stirred till he finished. The manager now appealed to me to let him go on. "Now, mark me," said I. "If he rings

that bell again, or opens his mouth, I don't act." This settled it. The little fat man now stood with his arms folded, glaring defiance at the manager and his myrmidons, but they seized him and a tremendous struggle ensued. The tall white hat was completely mashed over his eyes, and in stamping violently with his rage the head of the barrel burst in, letting him through till only a fat head just appeared above the top. They tipped the barrel over and rolled him off inside, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who had been roaring with laughter all the time.

After having been in the colonies about a year, during which time I had acted quite steadily, I determined to take a long rest and see a little of the interior life of the country. At the invitation of the Winter brothers, I visited their station, the land they owned, and the Government lease controlled by them, extending over an area of seventy miles in length and fifty in breadth. There are many such stations in Australia, but the pasturage was thin, and the interior of the country badly watered, so that these vast tracts of land would not support with much profit the large flocks of sheep that grazed upon them. My son and I lived with the Winter brothers several weeks. They placed their house, servants, and horses at our command, to which they added their own pleasant company and warm hospitality. I staid three weeks with these gentlemen, shooting, fishing, and riding. At the end of this time I sent my son back to Melbourne to finish his term at the Scotch college, and having a desire to penetrate farther into the country, started for the Murray River, where I was told I could see a wild and interesting region.

There are little settlements along the river to which the aborigines pay periodical visits to beg for ammunition and hold their "corrobories," as one of their mystic ceremonies is called. In a few days I reached the river, and, having a letter of introduction to the owner of a large station, took up my abode there for a fortnight, meeting with the same kind welcome that I was assured would attend my visit.

THE "SKELETON DANCE."

A PARTY of "blacks," as the natives are called, was encamped near here, so I had full time to witness their sports, if sports they can be called, for more dismal games can scarcely be imagined. One of the features of the "corrobory" is the "skeleton dance." I saw this weird performance, which is conducted in a curious way. A long row of fagots or broken sticks was stretched upon the ground for a distance of forty feet; these were ignited, making the footlights to illuminate the performance. The audience was made up of myself and a few visitors, paying what we chose to give the natives for their artistic display. We were seated on logs, stumps, and rudely made benches in front of this elongated fire, huge logs being arranged between us and the blaze, so as to shield the light from our eyes. The actors always select a dark and moonless night for this exhibition, so that before the performance began all we saw was a dismal forest of tall, gaunt trees, faintly illuminated by the footlights. Now far off a strange sound was heard, moaning and faint cries of distress; then came the dismal beating of a drum, and in the distance, out of the darkness, appeared forty or fifty skeletons. They came forward slowly, hand in hand, with a strange halting gait, till they were close to the fire. There they paused, and for full ten minutes were as still as death. The effect is produced by painting their black bodies with white earth or chalk. The bones of the human anatomy are as perfectly marked out as if done by a surgeon and an artist — attenuated white stripes down their legs, with bulging knee-caps and broad, white hips, the breast-bone and ribs, shoulder-blades and arms, all clearly defined, and the long neck surmounted by a hideous skull. Their black bodies mingle with the darkness that surrounds them, and the fire shining upon the white pigment makes the illusion quite complete. Not a sound is heard for full ten minutes; even the audience speak in whispers. At some mysterious signal, so arranged that no one can detect it, every alternate skeleton begins to move slowly, the others remaining rigid, then they jerk violently and spasmodically, and suddenly stopping, they become rigid; then the alternate skeletons begin to move, and so go through the same fantastic actions. Now they all screech and dance together, and suddenly, turning their backs, plunge into the deep woods and disappear. The spectators seem to breathe more freely after they are gone, and, looking around on one another, exclaim that it is the strangest sight that they have ever witnessed.

The next morning I visited the camp, such as it was, for they seemed to have little or no shelter. The tribe numbered about sixty blacks, and a more miserable lot of human beings I never saw — long, thin legs and arms, big stomachs, huge, fat heads covered with large shocks of unkempt hair. I noticed there were only two or three children among them, which seemed rather curious in so large a tribe. I asked one of the women if that was her only child which she was holding by the hand, to which she replied, "Yes, me only keep dat one." On inquiry of the landlord of the little hotel what she meant by that, he explained that he supposed she had drowned

all the other small members of the family. It seems that after a child is born, if it is of much trouble to the mother, she tosses it into the river. With these exhibitions of maternal affection it is no wonder that the aborigines of the country are fast disappearing. I don't suppose that they make away with their children from cruelty,— for they do not seem to possess either that quality or affection,— but simply because they do not want to be troubled with the care of them. They do not appear to buy anything or to offer anything of consequence for sale, and as they wander listlessly from town to town they are followed by the most dreadful lot of cur dogs of all sizes, sorts, and shapes, attenuated and half-starved animals, that look even more miserable than their wretched masters.

One of their sports is the throwing of the boomerang. This instrument is made of hard wood and shaped somewhat like a carpenter's square. If they wish to strike an object, they hurl the boomerang in an opposite direction from the mark. It shoots forward at tremendous speed, and then suddenly stops for a moment, and, making a sharp turn, comes backward almost to the place it started from, and so strikes the object aimed at. Some people think that this eccentric movement is caused by the shape of the instrument; but be that as it may, no one can throw it with any precision but the native blacks.

The scenery in the interior of Australia is in many respects uninteresting, having but little variety. The blue-gum tree, or eucalyptus, grows everywhere. This tree is said to have the virtue of absorbing malarious poisons from the air, and has been introduced in California and the Southern States with marked success.

THE SHEPHERD.

On one of my excursions, riding through the blue-gum forests, I had galloped about twenty miles from the home station; dismounting from the horse, I sat down to rest and take a lunch. A large flock of cockatoos, those beautiful white parrots with yellow crests, came circling around and lit in the trees overhead. I was watching the curious manœuvers of these birds as they were chattering and hopping about among the limbs, when they stopped suddenly as if alarmed. Something was evidently approaching of which they were in dread. They set up an awful scream, and with a tremendous flutter spread their white wings and sailed away. Just at this moment a large black collie dog came bounding out of the bushes and suddenly stopped in front of me. For a moment I was startled. The dog paused and eyed me keenly, then coming slowly up walked round me, and at last approached and licked my hand, which I had held out to him. In a moment more he bounded away, leaving me astonished at his strange conduct. I had never seen a dog act in so singular a manner, and was wondering what it could mean, when a sharp, joyful bark warned me that he was returning; and, sure enough, he had come back wagging his tail and followed by a tall, gaunt figure of a man thinly clad, barefooted, and with a wide-brimmed, frayed straw hat on his head. He was about fifty years of age, and as he removed his hat and made me a well-mannered, dignified bow, I could see that, though he was undoubtedly a shepherd, he had once been a gentleman who had seen better days. As he stood bareheaded before me the wind blew his long, thin, sandy hair about his brow, and he regarded me with a strange, far-off look in his eyes, as if I had been miles away. I met several shepherds after this, and noticed that same strained expression. They live so much alone, sometimes being three and four months without seeing a human being, that they form this habit by looking over the plains, hoping that they may catch sight of some one to relieve the awful monotony of their lonely lives. "Thank God! God bless you, sir! I hope you are quite well," he said. There was not much expression in the man's face. I almost fancied that he looked like a sheep, but there was enough to prove that he was glad to see me; and would have been to see any one else, for the matter of that. "Sit down, my friend, and have some lunch with me," said I. "Thank you, I will," said he. "Well, Jack, you are right, quite right; you always are, old boy." This was said to the dog, who never once took his eye off his master, but stood in front of him wagging his affectionate tail, that expressed as much love for the poor, tattered, wasted shepherd as it could have done had he been an emperor in purple robes. "Yes, always right and true, eh, old boy?" The dog answered by licking the shepherd's hand and rubbing his head against his master's legs.

"I knew you were here," said he. "You knew I was here? How could you tell that? What do you mean?" "Oh, when I say that I mean that I knew it was a friend, or at least not an enemy; and Jack knew, if I did n't. About an hour ago, the dog began to get uneasy. He ran about sniffing the air and giving little short barks; then all of a sudden he broke away and left me. I thought he was on the lookout for something strange, so I just sat down among the sheep and waited for him. Presently he came back quite pleased at what he had discovered; then he gave some more of those little short barks and ran off towards you and

back again; then wagged his tail impatiently. He could not have spoken plainer if he had been a Christian. The loving beast knows the lonely life I lead, and how I yearn sometimes for a human face to look at. That 's why he went on so — God bless him! It 'll be a shame for us to live in the other world if Jack don't go there. Look at him now; can't you see in his face that he knows that I have been talking about him? — and every word I 've said, for the matter of that, I believe." And, sure enough, the look in the dog's face was almost human.

The man now sat down quietly beside me, and ate sparingly and rather mechanically of the lunch, always sharing his morsel with Jack. I took out a flask of whisky, and, pouring out some of it into a cup, offered my guest a drink. His eyes beamed with a longing look as he saw the liquor, and, turning on me a strange, frightened look, said: "No, none of that for me. Put it away, please; I don't like the sight of it." It now dawned upon me that my friend was a retired drunkard, who had come out to this lonely part of the world to avoid temptation. I had heard that there were many such in Australia, and that the shepherd's life was chosen as being the most isolated one that could be found. I rose to take my departure, when he put his hand gently on my arm, and with an appealing look said: "You won't go back to-night, will you? It 's too late. I wish you 'd stay in my hut to-night, it 's so long since I 've seen a human face — over three months now. A man only comes once in a great while to bring provisions, and that 's all we see of humanity from one year's end to another. Do stay to-night, won't you?" "I 'd like to oblige you," I replied, "but they 'll be uneasy about me at the home station. I must be twenty miles from there now, and it will be long after dark before I get back, even at a smart gallop." "But are you sure you know the way? — you might get lost," said he. "Oh, no; I 've only to keep on the banks of the Murray and I 'm all right."

The poor fellow hung his head, looking the picture of despair. "Well," said I, "I 'll stay." He brightened up at this. "How far is your hut from here?" I asked. "Not a mile, I assure you." So he started off at a good pace, fearing I might change my mind, I suppose. The dog bounded ahead, barking away, and I followed on horseback. We soon came upon his charge — a large flock of sheep. As they heard the dog's bark the stupid creatures pricked up their ears and looked surprised, just as if they had never heard it before; then they took to their heels and galloped off, with the dog in full pursuit, running first in front, and then at the side, as some stray wether showed a disposition to rebel, then circling round and round till he got the fold just where he wanted them. He now went in and out among the sheep as though giving orders that they were to put up for the night. They seemed quite to understand him, so they quietly lay down in little family groups. By this time we had reached the hut, and the dog came up wagging his tail, as much as to say, "It 's all right; there 's none of them missing." The hut was built of mud, sticks, and straw, with the hard earth for a floor. I hobbled my horse so that he might browse about in safety, the shepherd prepared a cup of tea, — the usual beverage of the bush, — and the dog, not a whit tired, stood bolt upright overlooking his distant charge with the air of a general reviewing his army.

The sun had gone down behind the low horizon with the same effect that it does at sea, and as we sat outside upon a couple of rude blocks of wood, drinking our refreshing tea, the moon rose up shedding its soft light over this mysterious scene; there was no sound but the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell and the crackling of the little fire that was boiling the tea. The smoke went straight and silently up into the still air; the loneliness was bad enough with two men — what must it have been with one!

I felt there was something more in my profound acquaintance than I had yet learned, so I lighted my pipe and began to draw him out. It is curious that a man being alone among dumb creatures loses after a time something of his human expression and acquires that of his dumb companions, and that a dog under the same circumstances retains his individuality. Here was a man who, to judge from his manner and speech, must have been tenderly reared and highly educated, and one too who had practiced the busy calling of the law; yet in a few years of isolation the bright mind had become faded, and the human look of the face changed almost to the blank expression of a sheep, while a dog under the same circumstances had retained his perfect individuality. Jack's eyes sparkled like diamonds. His character was marked by intelligence, faithfulness, and affection. He would lie with his head between his paws, and his sharp nose flat on the ground, turning up the whites of his eyes to watch us as we talked. Now and again he would heave a deep sigh of satisfaction, as much as to say, "The old man is all right to-night; he 's got some one that can talk to him."

I questioned the shepherd about his past life. It seems he had been educated at Eton; then became a fast youth in London, where he studied for the law, and in a short time rose to be a successful barrister. He had married early, and had one child, a daughter, born to him. Af-

ter two years of wedded life he lost his wife and child. Despairingly he took to drink, and, being weak and desperate, went down hill and lost his position; that once lost in London is seldom regained. Not so in America. Here, when a man falls, if he has the strength to brace up again he goes to the West, and rubbing up against a new society absorbs fresh magnetism and recuperates at once: but London is compact; the Englishman hates to leave his home; his failings are known, and if he remains they are flung in his face. There is no escape for him; and, as his friends shun him, he falls deeper into disgrace. This was the trouble that had beset the shepherd, who, having a sensitive and perhaps weak mind, succumbed to the pressure that surrounded him. And so after a time, with a broken spirit, he left England and came to the colonies. He practiced law in Melbourne for some time successfully, but the old habit came back upon him, and, as he could not resist temptation, he buried himself on this station. This was the tale he told me, and there could be no doubt of its truth. After he had finished he turned his strange, far-off look on me again, and said, "Are you superstitious?"

"Well, I think I am a little. Most people are, if they would own it," said I. "I did n't use to be," he said with a sigh; "but since I 've lived here I seem to have become so, and it 's all Jack's fault." The dog, not looking up, beat his tail on the ground gently, as if to say, "Yes, blame it all on me; it 's all my fault."

"I have never seen anything ghostly or mysterious myself, but I think Jack does sometimes. When we 're alone — and God knows that 's often enough — he 'll start up and look around slowly as if his eyes were following something in the hut; at these times he will give a low, strange kind of moan, and, putting his tail between his legs, seem to be frightened, peering up into my face with an inquiring stare, as if he said, 'Don't you see it, too?'" The dog during this recital kept slowly beating time with his tail, as if he were indorsing every word his master said. "After noticing this with the dog," said the shepherd, "I called to mind the strange look I used to see in the beautiful face of my baby when she was only six months old. The little thing would sometimes stare at vacancy, and then smile sweetly and turn its head around as if it were following something — just as that dog does. What 's your opinion of this sort of thing? Do you think the spirits of those we loved in life can return and stand beside us?"

I told him that his question was a difficult one to answer; that different people held different opinions on these mysterious matters, and the chances were that nobody had hit it quite right yet. "Well," said he, "if they can come, I know who it is that the dog sees when we 're alone."

It was now getting late, and the shepherd insisted on my taking his couch, an old canvas cot with a plain gray blanket spread upon it; so, as I was quite tired, I accepted the offer, and lay down for a night's rest. My companion stretched his tall figure on the grass outside. The dry climate of Australia admits of this; there is no danger in sleeping on the ground; the chances are there would not be a drop of dew during the night, and that the grass in the morning would be as dry as hay. Jack lay down between us, and seemed, by one or two satisfactory sighs that escaped him, to be quite happy.

I was awake for some time, and happening to look towards my new acquaintance, found that he was lying upon his back with the moon shining full upon his pale face. I had heard that it was dangerous in this climate to sleep in the moonlight. People had been known to go mad, or to have been struck with paralysis, for committing this indiscretion. I called to him to move into the shadow, but he did not heed me; so, thinking he had dozed off, I let him alone.

The strangeness of the scene, together with the strong tea, seemed to banish sleep from me, and I must have been there an hour with my eyes closed, but quite awake, when presently I heard something stirring, and, opening my eyes, saw the shepherd sitting up in the doorway with his head resting in his hands. After a time he arose and went out into the night air. He seemed uneasy, and began restlessly to pace up and down in front of the hut. The dog remained still, but I felt that he was awake and watching his master, as he walked nervously backward and forward in the moonlight. Presently the shepherd stopped in front of the hut, and came, with a hesitating and irresolute step, towards the door. He entered slowly, and, stooping down upon his hands and knees, crawled stealthily to the chair on which my coat was hanging; he put his hand in the breast pocket and drew forth the flask of liquor. And now he seemed bewildered, as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon his knees as if in prayer. Suddenly he seemed to rouse himself, and, instead of drinking the liquor, placed the flask untouched back in the pocket of the coat; then stretching himself on the floor, with an apparent air of comfort and satisfaction, went off to sleep. The whole proceeding so haunted me that it was broad daylight before I closed my eyes. When I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. It must have been midday. My host had prepared break-

fast—some bread freshly baked, tea, and salt beef. He seemed quite calm, and had lost the nervous, wearied look that was noticeable the evening before. After our meal, he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all that had taken place. "I thought perhaps it might be so," said he. "The old craving came upon me again, so strong too, but if ever I prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head; a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years; and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now, that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips; and, as God is my judge, I believe it was the angel hand of my dead wife that rested on my feverish head. It 's all over now, thank Heaven, and I can leave this lonely place and return to the world again with safety."

I started to ride for the home station; the shepherd walked some distance by the side of my horse, and at last we shook hands and parted. I looked back after a time, and in the distance saw his tall figure against the sky, waving his old straw hat to me, while the faithful dog by his side was looking up into his face and wagging that expressive tail.

AN AUSTRALIAN TRAGEDY.

I TRAVELED still farther into the interior—in fact, quite far enough for safety; for not over one hundred miles from where I now stopped there had been living in a stronghold in the mountains a band of desperate men, and though lately their career had been checked, I deemed it prudent to suppress any desire that I had for further explorations.

The bushranger of Australia is an offshoot of the highwayman of England. Convicts had been sent from the old country for this unlawful practice, and after finishing out their time, or being pardoned for good conduct, remained in the colonies, instead of returning to their native land. Gold had been discovered; the country was growing rich, and offered a fine field for the "terror of the road." In all new and thriving countries there is a class of lazy, cunning, and desperate men who prey upon society, looking upon honesty as weakness, and society, by way of punishing these criminals, wastes a good deal of sympathy and sentimentality upon them. The villains know this, and enjoy the joke. Ladies, I regret to say, are especially attached to this kind of animal. The Claude Duvals, Jack Sheppards, Lafittes, and Massaronies of the past were just such cunning sneaks. Their praises have been versed, and we are made to believe that they are a race of persecuted heroes. Byron well describes one of these miserable wretches as sitting in a graceful attitude on the quarter-deck, with a thoughtful brow and a noble air, as if he were turning over in his mind how he could best benefit mankind. Our own Cooper describes the "noble red man" as only delaying his departure to the "happy hunting-grounds" in order that he may unburden himself of a large stock of ready-made gratitude which he constantly keeps on hand; whereas it is well known that no Indian could possibly be happy in any hunting-ground unless it was on the reservation of some other tribe. I think we rather suspect the sincerity of the poets who dignify these rascals.

Just such a worthy as one of the pirates alluded to had been occupying the attention of Australia the year before I arrived. The ladies vowed that Morgan, the gentleman's name, had the most manly form that ever was seen, surmounted by a perfectly classic head: the latter certainly ought to have been very fine, for the Government had offered a thousand pounds for it, but up to the present time Mr. Morgan had not presented it for sale. He evidently looked upon it as a cash article at any time, and determined that, as it was the only one he possessed, he would not force it on the market. "If they want it," said Morgan playfully, "they must call for it." It seems that they had called for it on several occasions, but always failed to carry it away with them, for the bushranger was a wary fellow and had a head able to look after itself.

The station where I was now staying had been, some time back, the scene of this fellow's exploits. He and his gang had "stuck up" the place. One brave lad resisted, and was killed by Morgan. The sister of this unfortunate boy was concealed in the house, and witnessed from her hiding-place the cruel murder of her brother. The scene preyed upon the poor girl's mind, and the spirit of revenge took possession of her. Morgan, being quite a star in the bushranging firmament, paid annual visits to the profitable stations, and, hearing that there was a fine race-horse on the place, thought he would call again and make an exchange for the worn-out beast he was then riding. After paralyzing the small community he took the horse, and just before his intended departure the girl purposely threw herself in his way, offering to prepare a meal for him. Being good-looking, she attracted his attention, and with a full and aching heart the half-crazed creature made an assignation with him for that night, to be held at a secluded spot some distance from the house. The matter settled, the bushranger rode away to await the appointed hour. The desperate girl mounted a fleet horse and rode twelve miles to police

quarters, giving the alarm, and telling what she had planned. An ambush was prepared that night, and as the girl approached the point of meeting she waved her handkerchief for Morgan to appear. The stealthy murderer approached, and at the next wave of the handkerchief fell dead, riddled with bullets.

A large sum of money was subscribed by the wealthy people of the colony and given to the girl, besides half of the reward, which was divided between her and the captain of police; but the mental strain told upon her, and she never recovered from the shock.

A TERRIBLE AUDIENCE.

HAVING had a long rest from acting, I returned to Melbourne to play a short engagement with my former partner at the Haymarket, and then sailed for Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania. This lovely island had formerly been a convict station, where life-sentenced prisoners from England had been sent. There was at the time I speak of, and is now, a most refined society in Tasmania, though among the lower classes there was a strong flavor of the convict element. I acted "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" for the first time in Hobart Town, and there was much excitement in the city when the play was announced. At least one hundred ticket-of-leave men were in the pit on the first night of its production. Before the curtain rose, I looked through it at this terrible audience; the faces in the pit were a study. Men with low foreheads and small, peering, ferret-looking eyes, some with flat noses, and square, cruel jaws, and sinister expressions,—leering, low, and cunning,—all wearing a sullen, dogged look, as though they would tear the benches from the pit and gut the theater of its scenery if one of their kind was held up to public scorn upon the stage. This shows the power of the drama. An author might write an article abusing them, or an artist paint a picture showing up the hideous deformity of their features—all this they could bear and even laugh at; but put one of their ilk upon the stage in a human form, surrounded by the sympathetic story of a play, and they would no more submit to an ill usage of him than they would to a personal attack upon themselves.

The first act of the play progressed with but little excitement. These men seemed to enjoy the humorous and pathetic side of the story with great relish; but when I came upon the stage in the second act, revealing the emaciated features of a returned convict, with sunken eyes and a closely shaved head, there was a painful stillness in the house. The whole pit seemed to lean forward and strain their eager eyes upon the scene; and as *Bob Brierly* revealed to his sweetheart the "secrets of the prison house," there were little murmurs of recognition and shakings of the head, as though they fully recognized the local allusions that they so well remembered; deep-drawn sighs for the sufferings that *Bob* had gone through, and little smothered laughs at some of the old, well-remembered inconveniences of prison life; but then, *Bob* was a hero, and their sympathies were caught by the nobleness of his character and his innocence of crime, as though each one of these villains recognized how persecuted he and *Bob* had been.

As the play progressed, their enthusiasm increased. Whenever *Bob* was hounded by a detective or ill treated by the old Jew, they would howl their indignation at the actors; and when he came out unscathed at the end of the play, a monument of persecuted innocence, they cheered to the very echo. This performance rendered me extremely popular with some of the old "lags" of Hobart Town; and I was often accosted on the street by these worthies and told some touching tale of their early persecutions. In fact they quite looked on me as an old "pal." These courtesies were very flattering, but the inconvenience that I was caused by being poked in the ribs and winked at now and then, as much as to say, "All right, old boy, we know, —you 've been there," rendered my favoritism among these fellows rather irksome.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Jefferson.

VALOR AND SKILL IN THE CIVIL WAR.

I.—WAS EITHER THE BETTER SOLDIER?

THERE appears to have been gathered, by many of the readers of the war literature of the day, a distinctly erroneous impression to the effect that the South fought better than the North; or, to put it in another way, that the Southerner was the better soldier. Those who have well studied the subject, or who intelligently served through the war, do not share this opinion; but there is, in the events of the war, superficially considered, a certain basis for the assumption. This has, however, its very clear limitations.

The South had a certain task to accomplish, and certain means to accomplish it with. The North had its larger task, and larger means. If we will carefully consider what these respective tasks were, and the manner of their working out, it will appear as a result that the North performed its gigantic undertaking not only in a creditable and businesslike manner, but in a manner which will stand the test of historical comparison.

It is not difficult to state the task of the South. It was simply to conquer its independence. No student of the war, no old soldier, no American, but harbors the warmest admiration for what the Southerner did. He began the war with a vow to win or to die in the last ditch. He did not win, but he did actually do the other thing. He gave up the struggle because he had practically used up his last man and fired his last cartridge. Nor he nor any other could do more.

What was the task of the North? In 1861 the population of the South was five and a half millions, including slaves. As some part of the population had, of necessity, to raise breadstuffs, cotton, and beef, and the slaves did this work, so that nearly all the whites could bear arms, the blacks can fairly be counted as a part of the population, so far as this question is concerned. The suggestion of a constant danger of servile insurrection is best answered by the fact that there was no such insurrection, and that the South was never called on to deplete the ranks at the front to forestall one. The total population of five and a half millions may thus, with perfect fairness, be taken as a factor in the proposition. The population of the North was under twenty millions, that is, but three and a half times as great. From this had to be drawn all the men and material with which to suppress this greatest of the rebellions of history.

If we will turn back to our own Revolution, we shall find that the population of the United Kingdom alone was five times as great as that of the colonies. And yet, Great Britain was unable, after seven years of stanch effort, to reduce these revolted colonies to obedience. If we will go back a half generation further, to old Frederick, we shall find that in the Seven Years' War the population of the allies was twenty times as great as that of Prussia. And yet the allies failed, in those seven years, to wrest Silesia from the iron grip of this "Last of the Kings." Parallel cases might be multiplied, but the above suffices to illustrate the query advanced and its answer.

If a hundred years ago Great Britain, with more than five times their population, failed in seven campaigns to subject the colonies; if Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and the Imperial forces combined were unable, in seven campaigns, to overwhelm that grim old Brandenburg monarch, surely we may feel that our work was not ill done, if in five campaigns, with a population of but three and a half to one, we succeeded in crushing out the rebellion of 1861.

And though Frederick, while equally brilliant in victory, was assuredly greater than any modern captain in reverse, it might, perhaps, be claimed that, in Virginia, Lee was all but as much superior to most of the generals opposed to him as the Prussian king to Prince Karl, Field-Marshals Browne and Daun, and the others with whom he had to do. Such superiority was not as marked in the West as in the East; but the average general officer of the South won his stars by service and not by political scheming, and he certainly largely outranked the average general of the North. At all events the Southern management of military affairs was sufficiently better than ours to warrant the above parallelism as a reasonably fair one.

Another point is noticeable. Frederick rarely had in the field more than one-quarter of the force of his enemies; but on the battlefield, by superior strategy, central position, interior lines, and nimble legs, he usually managed to oppose to them one-half as many at the point of actual contact. Owing to its extraordinary exertions, the South had under arms,

until the last third of the war, an average of about three-quarters of the force of the North. And we shall see that at the point of actual contact the forces of the North and the South were not far from equal up to 1864.

TABLE OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN FORCES UNDER ARMS.

Date.	*Federals.*	*Confed's.*	*Per cent.*
Jan. 1, 1861.....	16,000 ..	Arming	
July 1, 1861.. ..	186,000 ..	150,000 ..	80
Jan. 1, 1862.....	576,000 ..	350,000 ..	60
March 1, 1862...	637,000 ..	500,000 ..	80
Jan. 1, 1863.....	918,000 ..	690,000 ..	78
Jan. 1, 1864.....	860,000 ..	400,000 ..	47
Jan. 1, 1865	959,000 ..	250,000 ..	26
March 31, 1865..	980,000 ..	175,000 ..	18
May 1, 1865....1,000,000 ..		none	

Moreover, out of this none too great margin the North was compelled, partly by the nature of its task, and partly in consequence of its frequently absurd political strategy, to keep a much larger number than the South on detached service. Compared, then, with what other nations have accomplished, it may be claimed that the statistics of our war abundantly demonstrate that the North did the business of suppressing the Rebellion in a workmanlike and respectable, not to say handsome manner, leaving, under the circumstances, no great room for adverse criticism. In yielding our sincerest admiration to the splendid efforts of the South we must not lose sight of the noble work of the North, nor of the conditions under which it was accomplished.

Again, to take up the impression prevailing that the Southerners were better fighters than the Northerners. This is also disproved by the figures. As has been frequently pointed out, the Southern troops throughout the war were a homogeneous body. The Northern troops were never so much so, and after the first two years were largely made up of "rag, tag, and bobtail." The Southerner felt that he was fighting for his home and fireside. This greatest of all inspirations we lacked. He fought with an intimate knowledge of the *terrain*, with the aid of every farmer — indeed, of every woman — as a spy. He was more in earnest, as a rule, as will be every soldier whose fields and homestead are being wasted and burned. Until the end, there was in the South never a day when there was actual danger of the war being stopped by political opposition. How was it in the North? The South had only the North to fight. The North had the South, and the most unreasonable part of its own population besides, to contend with.

I think it will be generally admitted, even by Southern soldiers, that some of the troops of the Army of the Potomac were always as good as any equal number in the Army of Northern Virginia. I am rather inclined to think that, estimating arms, rationing, and material, fifty thousand men of the three arms could have been picked out of the Potomac army superior to any fifty thousand in Lee's. It is certain that out of the two an army of one hundred thousand men could have been selected, of as high a grade in every characteristic as, and of a higher grade of intelligence and adaptability than, any troops that ever bore arms. The Army of the Potomac was always weakened by the admixture of poor material, far more than its gallant adversary. If the old *cadres* could have been kept full, instead of reënforcements coming in the shape of new regiments, that army, at two-thirds its average strength, would have been a far better fighting machine. Grant's Virginia campaign illustrates this fact. I have no disposition to discuss the political conditions which necessitated our system of recruiting or the management of the armies. My question is purely a military one. But how many of us there were who for months carried about empty commissions to the grades we had honestly earned, but on which we could not be mustered, because by hard fighting our regiments had been reduced below the prescribed standard, and who gazed, heart-sick, at the brand-new shoulder-straps of the men who, at the eleventh hour, had helped to raise a new regiment. Such was rarely the case in the Southern armies.

The Army of the Potomac always had some of the best corps commanders. Not so with its chiefs. Certainly that army never enjoyed the advantage of having the same commander and practically the same generals of corps, divisions, and brigades, duly promoted, year in and year out, as did the Army of Northern Virginia. All these facts militated as much against the efficiency of the Northern as they contributed to that of the Southern troops. And yet, barring errors in command, what stanch work the much-tried Potomac army did through its four years' life. Whatever is said about the forces in Virginia applies, though modified by the difference in conditions, and often by the difference in commanders, equally to the Western armies.

It is no doubt true that the Southern advantage of defensive war, interior lines, knowledge of the topography of the theater of operations, and superior strategy, enabled them, from smaller means, to oppose us at the point of actual contact with equal numbers. But it is not true that, at the point of contact, man for man, the Southerner fought better. Look at the following items of numbers actually engaged. The figures cover the years 1861, 1862, and 1863, the period before the South was quite overmatched. They have been diligently

compared with the best authorities, and are as accurate as such comparison can make them. The numbers have been taken without bias, and were computed in each case without an idea of what their tabulation would show. While there is occasionally exhibited by some critics a disposition to trim statistics, or to deny the accuracy of even the Official War Records, it is thought that the fairness of the following items will be generally admitted. Certainly no reasonable or admissible variation will alter the conclusion which must be drawn from them.

JULY 21, 1861.— At Bull Run, Virginia, McDowell had 28,000 men; Beauregard, 25,000. The result of the day's fighting was an apparent Union success, until, late in the afternoon, Johnston came in on the Union flank with 5000 fresh troops, when victory changed to defeat.

AUGUST 10, 1861.—At Wilson's Creek, Missouri, Lyon had 5000 men; Price and McCulloch, over 10,000. In spite of these great odds it was a hardly won Confederate victory.

OCTOBER 21, 1861.— At Ball's Bluff, Virginia, Baker had 1900 men; Evans, 3200. Though the Federals fought bravely, their defeat was of the worst.

NOVEMBER 7, 1861.—At Belmont, Missouri, Grant had 3100 men. The enemy at first had but 1000, but Polk gradually reënforced this body up to 5000 or 6000. Confederate victory.

JANUARY 19, 1862.— At Mill Springs, Kentucky, Thomas, with about 6000 men, utterly defeated Zollicoffer, with an equal number.

FEBRUARY 14–16, 1862. — Grant attacked Fort Donelson, Tennessee, garrisoned by 20,000 men, with a force not exceeding 15,000. He was subsequently reënforced up to 25,000 men. Brilliant Union success.

MARCH 6–8, 1862.— At Pea Ridge, Arkansas, Curtis with 12,000 men won a handsome victory over Price and Van Dorn, with a force of over 26,000, of which 16,000 were of good quality, and the rest raw levies and Indians.

MARCH 23, 1862.— At Winchester, Virginia, with 7000 men, Shields won a victory over Jackson, who had about 4200 on the field.

APRIL 6–7, 1862.—At Shiloh, Tennessee, Grant, with 40,000 men, was driven into a desperate corner on April 6, by A. S. Johnston and Beauregard, with an equal number. Next day, Buell, with his fresh troops, and with Grant in reserve, probably 50,000 men in all, defeated Beauregard, whose 30,000 men still left fought, nevertheless, most handsomely to retain their advantage.

MAY 5, 1862.—At Williamsburg, Virginia, Hooker, with some 10,000 men, bore the brunt of the fight, against Longstreet's equal force, from early dawn till late in the afternoon, when Kearny relieved him. Later, Hancock's and Peck's brigades came into action. In all, some 20,000 Union troops engaged, probably, 12,000 to 14,000 Confederates. Longstreet held his ground till night, and then retreated.

MAY 8, 1862.—At McDowell, Jackson, with some 8000 men, badly defeated Milroy and Schenck, with 3500.

MAY 25, 1862.— At Winchester, Jackson, with some 18,000 men, defeated Banks, with 5000.

MAY 27, 1862.— At Hanover Court House, Fitz John Porter, with 10,000 men, won a handsome victory over Branch, with 9000. Branch's forces at the beginning of the fight were quite scattered.

MAY 31, 1862.— At Seven Pines (or Fair Oaks), Virginia, Keyes fought alone, but unsuccessfully, against great odds till after 3 P. M., when Kearny came up. Then Keyes and Kearny, 19,000 against 39,000, held their ground till Sumner came in on their right flank. The Union force was then some 32,000 men; the Confederates, under G. W. Smith, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill, were some 40,000. Huger's forces were not actually in the fight until the following day. The next day, June 1, the Union forces recovered a part of the lost ground, and during the night the Confederates fell back towards Richmond.

JUNE 8, 1862.— At Cross Keys, Virginia, Ewell, with 5000 men, defeated Frémont, with 12,000.

JUNE 9, 1862.— At Port Republic, Tyler and Carroll, with 3500 men, held their ground against Jackson's 12,000 for several hours.

JUNE 26, 1862.— At Meadow Bridge (or Mechanicsville), McCall, with 9000 men, inflicted grievous loss on A. P. Hill, with 14,000. McCall held his ground till night, and then retired.

JUNE 27, 1862.— At Gaines' Mill, Porter, with 35,000 men, held the bulk of the Confederate Army — at least 60,000 strong — at bay all day, retiring after night fell. The victory remained with Lee, but Porter's fighting was magnificent.

JUNE 29, 1862.— At Allen's Farm, Richardson and Sedgwick, 16,000 men, easily held head against a brilliant attack by McLaws and Griffith, with 7000, retiring at night.

JUNE 29, 1862.— At Savage's Station, Sumner and Franklin, with 26,000 men, held back four brigades of Magruder and McLaws, with about 10,000, retiring at night. These two actions were affairs of the rear guard of the Army of the Potomac. The Confederate attacks were handsomely made.

JUNE 30, 1862.— Franklin, with a part of Sedgwick, some 18,000, held the approaches of White Oak Swamp against Jackson, whose corps was about 36,000 strong. There was no chance in this defile for Jackson to attack.

JUNE 30, 1862.— At Glendale, Hooker, McCall, and part of Sedgwick — 18,000 — held their ground against the stanchest efforts of Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Huger, and Magruder, some 20,000, retiring at night.

JULY 1, 1862.— At Malvern Hill, McClellan had about 60,000 men at hand; Lee, probably 50,000 men. The Confederate attacks were confined to fifteen brigades of Magruder, D. H. Hill, and Huger, say 34,000 men, against Porter, Couch, Morell, Kearny, Caldwell, Sickles, Meagher, say 40,000 men. This was a clear Union victory.

AUGUST 8, 1862.— At Cedar Mountain, Virginia, Banks's 7500 men made so smart an attack on Jackson's force of 21,500, that the Confederates retired from the field at night. Banks also withdrew. Much the larger part of Jackson's force was engaged.

AUGUST 28, 1862.— Near Gainesville, Virginia, the brigades of Gibbon and Doubleday, with 5000

men, made a gallant fight against Ewell and Taliafero, with six brigades, some 7000; but accomplished no result. The Federals held the field till 1 A. M.

AUGUST 29, 1862.— At Groveton, Reynolds, Sigel, Reno, Heintzelman, and Stevens, 26,000 men, attacked Jackson's 25,000, but without result. On the same day, Hatch, with 5000 men, had a sharp fight with two brigades of Hood's, some 3800 men, without definite result.

AUGUST 30, 1862.— At the Second Bull Run (a continuation of the two preceding battles), Pope had about 58,000 men to Lee's 51,000. Practically, the whole force was engaged on both sides. Brilliant Confederate victory.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.—At Chantilly, Reno, Stevens, and Kearny, 11,000 strong, held A. P. Hill, with 8000, in check.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.—Two divisions of Reno, Meade, Hatch, and Ricketts, 22,000 strong, forced Turner's Gap, on South Mountain, Maryland, defended by D. H. Hill and two divisions of Longstreet, all but 14,000 strong.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.— Slocum and Brooks, with 6500 men, drove McLaws, with 4000 to 5000, from Crampton's Gap.

SEPTEMBER 16-17, 1862.— At Antietam, Maryland, Lee's 40,000 men fought a most stubborn battle against McClellan's 75,000 men, of whom some 25,000 were not engaged. Lee put in his last man, and though forced to retire, he did so at his leisure.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1862.— At Iuka, Mississippi, Price's 13,000 men defeated Rosecrans's head of column, Hamilton's division, of 5000 men. But, as Ord was approaching from the north, Price deemed it prudent to retire.

OCTOBER 3-4, 1862.— At Corinth, Mississippi, the forces were about 22,000 on a side, and Rosecrans defeated Van Dorn.

OCTOBER 8, 1862.— Buell, with 20,000 men, defeated Bragg, with an equal number, at Perryville.

DECEMBER 7, 1862.— At Prairie Grove, Arkansas, the Federal general Blunt defeated Hindman. Forces about 10,000 each.

DECEMBER 13, 1862.—The numbers in contact at Fredericksburg, Virginia, are impossible to estimate; nor was this a ranged battle. It was a gallant, but wrong-headed, attempt to do the impossible.

DECEMBER 31, 1862.— At Stone's River, Kentucky, Rosecrans, with 43,000 men, though at first driven back by Bragg's 47,000, managed to hold his own, and retain the field of battle. No praise is too high for the fighting on both sides.

MAY 2-5, 1863.— Chancellorsville was the most brilliant of Lee's victories. Here, by his splendid tactical dispositions, with 60,000 men, he defeated Hooker with twice the number. But looking only at the actual fighting, on May 2, at Dowdall's Tavern, Jackson, with 22,000 men, defeated Howard, with 10,000; on May 3, at Fairview, Stuart, with 37,000 men, drove in Sickles and Couch, with 32,000; on the same day, at Salem Church, four Confederate brigades of 10,000 men defeated Brooks, with 9000; on May 4, at Banks's Ford, Lee, with 25,000 men, defeated Sedgwick, with 20,000. The fighting of the Confederates was as superb as Lee's tactics. Wherever engaged, the Unionists fought with equal credit, but pluck was unavailing against Hooker's hebetude.

MAY 16, 1863.— At Champion's Hill, Mississippi, Grant had 15,000 men actually engaged, against Pemberton's 16,000. The latter suffered a disastrous defeat.

JULY 1-4, 1863.— Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. There is much dispute as to the numbers engaged, but 68,000 Confederates against 82,000 Federals is not far from the mark. On the first day Hill and Ewell much outnumbered as well as defeated the First and Eleventh Corps; on the second day the fight of the Third Corps, with some reënforcements, against Hood and McLaws was about an even thing as to numbers and result, and the same applies to the fighting on Cemetery Hill; on the third day that part of the column under Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble which reached our line was speedily outnumbered by the forces which rushed in towards the threatened point.

SEPTEMBER 19-20, 1863.— At Chickamauga, Georgia, Rosecrans, with 55,000 men, was badly defeated by Bragg, with 65,000. But the stand here made by Thomas on Horse-shoe Ridge, against the repeated assaults of vast odds, will be forever memorable.

NOVEMBER 23-25, 1863.— At Chattanooga, Grant had about 60,000 men; Bragg, over 40,000. The defeat of the latter was overwhelming.

This list of fifty battles gives twenty victories to the Confederates, an equal number to the Federals, and leaves ten which may fairly be called drawn. In these fifty battles, at the point of fighting contact, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by an average of about two per cent.

As regards brilliant assaults upon regular works, the Confederates were never called on to show such devotion as was manifested by the Federals at Fredericksburg, the several assaults at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. Few trials of fighting qualities, in any war, go beyond some of these.

As will be seen from the table of forces, after the winter of 1863–64 the Union forces so vastly outnumbered the Confederate, that comparison of the merits of actual fighting becomes more difficult. We can deduce little from the battles except stanch purpose on the Federal, and brilliant courage, coupled with marvelously able military management, on the Confederate side. But if one will take the pains to tabulate the numbers actually engaged during all but the last months of the crumbling away of the Confederate armies, there appear plainly two facts: first, that the Confederates, by superior management and better position, opposed to the Federals fully equal numbers at the point of fighting contact; and secondly, that of the combats during the entire struggle the Federals had their full share of the victories.

It is certain that the statistics of the war rob the wearers of the blue and the gray of the

right to boast one at the expense of the other. Neither can claim superiority in actual battle. The case bears enough semblance to Greek meeting Greek to satisfy the reasonable aspirations of either "Yank" or "Johnny."

And in this connection it may not be amiss, once more, to give our national self-esteem a *bonne bouche* in the following table:

TABLE OF LOSSES IN SUNDRY BATTLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

	Percentage of killed and wounded of number engaged.
Prussians.— Up to Waterloo, in eight battles	18.42
" At Königgrätz	3.86
Austrians.— Up to Waterloo, in seven battles	11.17
" Since in two	8.56
French.— Up to Waterloo, in nine battles	22.38
" Since in nine	8.86
Germans.— Since 1745, in eight battles	11.53
English.— In four battles	10.36
Federals.— In eleven battles	12.89
Confederates.— In eleven battles	14.16

From this table it is manifest that, excepting only the troops of Frederick and of Napoleon, the American volunteer has shown himself equal to taking the severest punishment of any troops upon the field of battle. The wonderfully pertinacious tactics of those two great captains, rather than the discipline of their troops, explains the excess of loss of their battles. And while the capacity to face heavy loss is but one of the elements which go to make up the soldier, it is perhaps of them all the most telling.

Theodore Ayrault Dodge,
Brevet Lieut.-Col. United States Army.

II.—WHICH WAS THE BETTER ARMY?

IT is a Northern tradition that no army ever entered the field better organized than the Army of the Potomac; that McClellan alone had the science of army construction fixed in his mind. Of the leading officers of both sides many were his classmates; all of them studied from the same books, and received instruction from the same wise lips; many were high in rank, mature in age, had remained in continuous service, and were familiar with the handling of troops. Any one of them with the same opportunity possibly might have equaled, if not have bettered, the by no means perfect organization of the Federal army. It was laid down in military primers that so many men made a regiment, so many regiments a brigade, a number of brigades a division, a few divisions a corps, and the combination of corps made the army. The old army that fought in Mexico and served for years on the frontier was built on these rules. European armies were formed on the same general plan.

That the formation of an army from zealous but untrained volunteers required a vast deal of labor, none will deny; that the arming and supplying of such an army and the gathering together of all its immense trains required a deal of forethought and wisdom, all will admit; but the fallacy that grew up in the minds of a people unused to war, that in only one man, among all our skilled officers, was this power of organization ripe and complete, would, if true, be a blot upon the boasted intelligence and ability of Northern men.

The chief trouble with the "marvelous" formation of the Army of the Potomac was the fact that it always seemed necessary to *re*organize it. McClellan divided it into seven corps, thereby giving the army seven almost independent commanders — seven men with different ideas and ambitions, who could never be fully relied upon for effective coöperation in the emergency of battle. Upon the accession of Burnside to power, reorganization began: the independence of corps commands was done away with, and the army formed into three grand divisions of two or more corps each, and designated the Right, Center, and Left Grand Divisions. Under Hooker this idea went to pieces, and we find the seven corps in use again. When Grant came east, though the Army of the Potomac had more men than ever before, he reduced the formation to three corps, thus showing his disapproval of the multiplicity of small commands, and his commendation of Lee's plan, from the start, of building his army in large parts.[1] In view of the four years of terrible bloodshed; in view of the fact, that, although backed by vast power and wealth, it was impossible to conquer the smaller Army of Northern Virginia, half equipped and half supplied, except by wearing them out — the assertion is ventured that it was superior to the Army of the Potomac in its formation. While the brigades of the Confederate army were no larger than those of the Federal

[1] Yet General Lee was dissatisfied with the organization of his army, for on May 21, 1863, he wrote to General Hood: "You must so inspire and lead your brave division as that it may accomplish the work of a corps. I agree with you as to the size of the corps of this army. They are too large, for the country we have to operate in, for one man to handle. I saw it all last campaign. I have endeavored to remedy it,— this in a measure at least,— but do not know whether I shall succeed. . . . I agree with you also in believing that our army would be invincible if it could be properly organized and officered. There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led. But there is the difficulty: proper commanders, where can they be obtained? But they are improving, constantly improving."— EDITOR.

army, its divisions were nearly twice as large; rarely less than four brigades, they were oftener six and seven. The commanders of such divisions became men of wide experience in that most vital necessity of a successful soldier, the ability to handle large bodies of troops, and they were enabled to maintain their grasp on affairs when suddenly called by the exigencies of battle to assume still wider command. The corps formation was in the same proportion larger and more substantial than that of the Union army, four and sometimes five of their large divisions being incorporated into one corps as against the usual Federal corps of three small divisions. The commander of a Confederate corps became a general officer in every sense of the word. His command was a *corps d'armée*, and his duties fell little short of those of a chief. Had this system of larger divisions and corps been carried out in our army, the Federal commanders would have been accustomed to handle large forces when they were called, one after another, to assume vast responsibilities, and a different story might possibly have been told of the war. History need not be studied very deeply to ascertain the value and power of these large corps when thrown suddenly upon some weak point in the opposing lines. To mention one of many instances: On the afternoon of the last day's fight at the Second Bull Run, disaster was made a certainty when Longstreet, with his five divisions, suddenly struck the Federal flank. When we understand fully the stubborn, though unavailing, resistance made against him, it does not require a very large imagination to realize how futile would have been his movement had he thrown the force of a Federal corps against us; for one does not require a military education to comprehend that a Federal corps of eight or nine brigades could not be thrown into action with the sledge-hammer force of a corps consisting, as Longstreet's did that day, of fifteen brigades. This corps was the equal of *three* opposing Federal corps in the number of brigades and men, and was operated under the guidance of one brain, whereas the same movement on our side would have been controlled by three different corps commanders, thus imperiling success through the splitting up of authority and action. Such a *coup de main* as Longstreet's, or as Jackson's at Chancellorsville, has rarely been successful when trusted to the coöperation of several commanders. Union rosters show corps with five, six, and rarely over nine brigades distributed among three divisions. The Confederate roster shows twenty or more brigades to a corps. The Ninth Corps, from the beginning, had, with temporary exception, only two brigades to a division, so that many Confederate divisions were as large as this corps, and had one head, a major-general, as compared with three major-generals and a corps commander for the Union corps. The rosters show that in six corps of the Army of the Potomac twenty-four major-generals, or officers holding that authority, were in command of corps and divisions containing forty-five brigades, while in two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia only eleven generals of that rank were in command of forty-one brigades, showing in the Union army a scattering of command and consequent weakness in power. By such subdivision the plums of power were made numerous, and the applicants for them proved plentiful. The extra stars and powerful positions were sought not wholly through the medium of valor and experience, but through political means.

Another serious objection to so many small commands was the large detail for staff work. Under McClellan's organization these details were lavish in the extreme. The daily reports of the Federal army always had to be reduced nearly one-quarter to get at the actual fighting strength. Each brigade, each division, and each corps, no matter how small, must have its staff, its guards, its wagon train. A division of twice the size would scarcely have required more. The experienced soldier will readily understand what thirteen fewer major-generals means in the way of effective service,— thirteen fewer little kings with princely retinues to be drawn from the active body,— and also, still better, the difference in detail if two corps commanders were to take the place of six or seven, each with its staff, commissariat, quartermaster, ordnance, medical, inspection, and signal departments, pioneers, guards, and wagoners, to each division and corps.

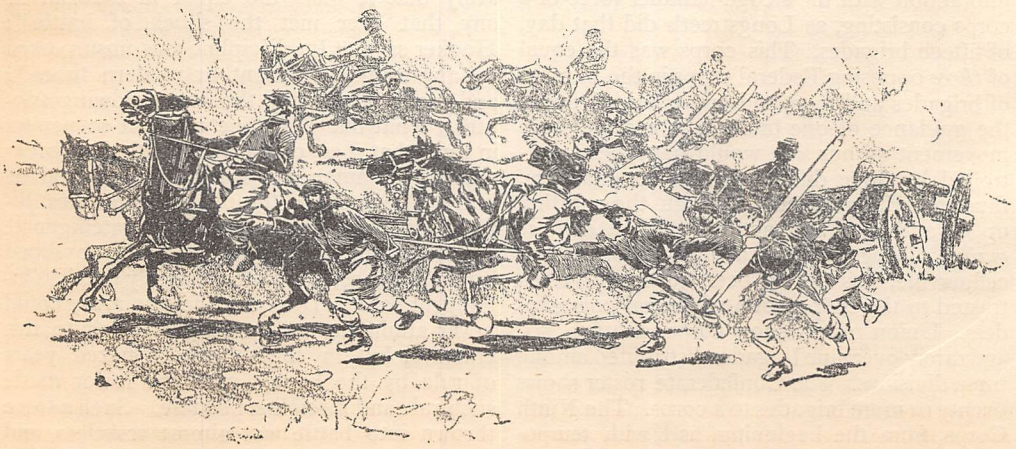
With respect to the discipline of the two armies, McClellan says of the Confederate army that it was "the equal in heroism of any that ever met the shock of battle"; Hooker says, "Its discipline was unsurpassed by any army of ancient or modern times"; and many others pay the same glowing tributes. What but discipline made it so perfect in form that Lee, caring for it with the gentleness of a woman, yet ruled it with a rod of iron? The rank and file of the two armies differed widely: one was built upon intelligence, education, and equality; the other governed by intelligence, but formed largely of a less intelligent force. Discipline in one army could never attain its perfect height owing to this equality, but in the other a hundred years of rule by the higher over the lower made such rule and discipline possible. Such a force thrown into battle was almost resistless, and the question of organization or discipline in the Army of Northern Virginia needs no other

answer than a reading of the roll of battles fought on Virginia soil from Bull Run to Appomattox.

Yet the valor of rank and file avails but little if the man at the head is not stanch and strong. The Confederates trusted Lee, almost with adoration; but the Army of the Potomac had trusted so many times, only to be cast into the depths of despair, that trust had become almost a forgotten memory. Wherein did the South, with small area and limited population, have any better facilities for calling skilled men to lead them than did the vast and populous North? Why was the old army capable of furnishing better soldiers in its recreant officers than in its loyal ones? Why were Southern leaders in command for the war, while every roar of battle gave us a new one? One answer may be that the unfortunate commanders of the Potomac army were by their very organization unused to wide command. The small corps gave no opportunity to acquire the experience necessary suddenly to assume control of seven times their usual command, and in contact with men whose daily duties had given them that indispensable experience they went down like a row of bricks. Lee, with only the instruction of an insignificant war, led his ill-supplied army from victory to victory, year after year, beating back with terrible losses the wonderfully organized, perfectly equipped, lavishly supplied, abundantly officered Army of the Potomac. The Army of Northern Virginia was apparently organized to *stay*; its commanders were allowed time to gain experience in their duties and to learn thoroughly the management of troops, and when this was accomplished they were trained soldiers, quick in action, valorous in battle, and able to grasp and execute the emergencies of the conflict. Our officers were shifted with every turn of the wind, and before an officer could learn his duties or gain control of his troops, jealousy, defeat, or political machinations secured dismissal or transfer; McClellan, McDowell, Franklin, Sumner, Porter, Hooker, Heintzelman, Keyes, Couch, Burnside, Sigel, Pleasonton, and so on — oh, how long the list! In the words of another: "The Army of the Potomac was better than its commanders; it marched and fought and hungered and thirsted for four years, hardly ever animated by victory. It showed, in all that it achieved and endured, that it was an admirable instrument for the hand that knew how to wield it, but it never had the good fortune to be commanded by a soldier worthy of it. It fought to the end, it did its work, and gained its crown, but its path was long and rough and seldom cheered."

The ten thousand Union soldiers who fell in death or wounds before the heights of Fredericksburg, and the seventeen thousand lost at Chancellorsville, were the equals in bravery of any soldiers in the annals of warfare; so were the twenty-odd thousand who bathed Gettysburg's ridge with blood, or the fourscore thousands carried from the fields of Virginia when Grant was in command. The leaders who guided the operations of our army upon so many disastrous fields will, alone, bear criticism or comparison, and in the calmness of the future will be called to judgment.

Charles A. Patch,
U. S. Volunteers.



GOING INTO ACTION UNDER FIRE. (FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

George Washington and Memorial Day.

THE intrusion of a mass of new Washington material into a number of THE CENTURY intended to be in especial keeping with the sentiment of Decoration, or Memorial, Day, is surely not an inappropriate or unwelcome intrusion. In bringing out, just a year after the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, these relics of the first President, it is well to recall once more the salutary fact that the first soldier of the New World remains also its first citizen.

As a soldier, it is easy now to see that his greatness consisted largely in the way he received disaster. He proved his nobility in rising above defeat, in wrenching success from failure; in keeping an immovable front against reverse, detraction, and infamous abuse. His life was one long struggle; not, as to a superficial view it might seem, a series of mere fortunate successes. High character, rather than "good luck," was his immortal equipment.

But it is as a citizen that Washington gives what may be thought to be the most valuable lesson of his career — the lesson of absolute honesty, absolute disinterestedness. Let those who preach, who teach, who vote, make the contrast on all occasions between the tone of Washington and that of every public man of to-day who falls below his standard. The standard is not too high for any man. Washington was no angel, saint, or demigod. We have a right to exact from every man who takes public service equal public virtue. The people do this theoretically, if not practically, already; but we will not have city, State, or national government what it should be till we make the demand in practice as well as in theory.

To the veteran of our day the lesson of Washington's citizenship applies with special force. Does not every true and manly ex-soldier know that not every one who fought for the Union a quarter of a century ago has frankly re-assumed his citizenship — without boast or insistence or unmanly demand? And yet what noble examples of self-respecting, unselfish return to private life and civic duties have been afforded by our disbanded armies. All honor to the dead who died in the time and act of war; all honor to the true soldiers who have died in the succeeding years of peace; all honor to their worthy living comrades! And how fortunate that the sentiment of reunion across the lines is already an old and trite story — that the blue and the gray so often unite to decorate the graves of those who, living, bravely and honestly contended.

The New Movement in Education.

THIS generation is witnessing a widespread and intelligent interest in the subject of popular education such as even Horace Mann never dreamed of. A profounder appreciation of what citizenship implies and involves is leading to more strenuous efforts to remove the blight of illiteracy, and to give to every child at least an elementary education, in order that he may not be wholly unprepared for the opportunities and responsibilities of manhood. It may be that many of these efforts are ill-timed and misdirected, but they are all earnest and actuated by lofty motives. In countries where the educational administration is national, and therefore centralized, these new movements produce an effect quickly. Where the local communities must first be reached effects follow more slowly, but perhaps with the more complete indorsement of the common people, and consequently with a greater chance of permanence.

In the United States the organization and supervision of public education is, without exception, a function of the State governments. The United States has a Bureau of Education, but it is only advisory; the municipalities and townships have Boards of Education and school trustees respectively, but they act by virtue of State legislation and under limitations and restrictions similarly imposed. We have, therefore, in this country no national system of education in the sense that such a thing exists in Prussia or in France, but rather forty-two systems of education. The points of difference between these various systems are almost as many as the points of agreement. Yet, while each State has its own educational laws, and raises, appropriates, and distributes its school funds as it sees fit, there is a well-defined movement in each State to learn by the experience of the others; and slowly but surely that uniformity which the Constitution neither imposed nor provided for is brought about by the action of the States themselves.

Perhaps no single agency contributes as much to this end as the frequent gathering of teachers and educational administrators in associations and conferences. The number of these bodies now meeting regularly to study and discuss the various phases that the problem of public education presents is quite beyond calculation. Undoubtedly the most effective of these associations, and the one that carries most weight with the general public, is that known as the Department of Superintendence, National Educational Association, which held its annual meeting a few weeks ago in the city of New York. This body is composed of the State, county, and city superintendents of schools throughout the country, and for many years past has considered and debated those educational questions that seemed to possess the most immediate and practical interest. Having no official existence, and consequently no legislative responsibility, the Department of Superintendence enjoys a certain freedom of speech and action which is as unique as it is beneficial in a body constituted of such representative men. Almost every educator of note in the country has at some time or other spoken before the Department. At the recent meeting, for example, the presidents of Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Rutgers colleges, as well as the

United States Commissioners of Education and of Indian Affairs, appeared upon the programme. The presence of such men is a warrant that the discussions will be lofty in tone and practical in character.

It is not easy to select from the many topics touched upon at the New York meeting those which are of the greatest general interest. A very able discussion was called out by the subject of "The Education of the Negro in the South," and no mere comment could do justice to it. At another session the place that education should occupy in any international exposition that may be held in 1892 was clearly indicated, and a host of valuable suggestions placed at the disposal of those who may be charged with the organization of an educational exhibit. In one of the most forcible papers of the session, Superintendent Maxwell of Brooklyn discussed city school systems,— which, as every one knows, offer very serious problems peculiar to themselves,— and pointed out that the only power which can be relied upon to check and uproot the evil forces that have crept into the municipal administration of education is the State Department of Public Instruction. The sentiment of the majority of the meeting was in favor of Mr. Maxwell's very cautious and conservative suggestions, though the representatives from New England, where the town is still the political unit, were unable to indorse them fully. President Eliot presented with marked ability and success the subject of secondary education in this country. His opinion of its present condition will be gathered from the following adjectives which, among others, were applied at various points in the paper, either to the secondary schools themselves, or to the instruction which they offer: "defective, disjointed, and heterogeneous," "deficient in number and defective in quality," "feeble and distracted." Not least in importance of the occurrences at this meeting were the unanimous indorsement by the Department of the International Copyright Bill and the resolution calling for the reorganization of the National Bureau of Education as an independent Department, such as that of Agriculture used to be, and that of Labor now is.

The Lingering Duello.

THAT remnant of savagery, the single combat, including the duel, the street-fight, "posting," and every form of provocation to single combat, has had its day in most parts of our country, and that from influences of all kinds. There were times in New York City when the duel was an admitted possibility of politics; when De Witt Clinton could publicly style his opponent, Swartwout, "a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain"; when in the duel which followed, after five shots had been exchanged and Swartwout had been wounded in two of them, he sat up and pleaded vainly for another round; when it was charged publicly that the young men of the Burr faction were endeavoring to "pick off" their political opponents by relays of challenges. All this led up to the killing of Hamilton and the sermon of Dr. Nott thereon, one of those sermons which have stirred our people's hearts to the core. From that time, in this part of the country, every provocation to a duel has been largely neutralized by the knowledge that the jury's oath and the judge's charge would be conditioned largely by Dr. Nott's sermon. There have been duels among army and navy officers, until the growth of public sentiment has suppressed them. There have been historical duels, such as those of Lincoln and Shields, or of Terry and Broderick; but Western legislation has found summary means for suppressing them.

In one part of the country public opinion is still too strong for either law or gospel, and maintains, in opposition to both of them, the right and duty of the individual to defend his own position, if need be, by some form of single combat. No doubt it is a remnant of militarism: just as the military classes of modern Europe insist upon the duel as a class privilege, the upper classes of Southern whites, who used to maintain slavery by a semi-military organization, retain this mode of militarism, though slavery is gone. Those of us who live in other sections of the country are beginning to learn something of the severity of the problems which slavery has left behind it, and the curious complication of forces which makes the solution of one of these problems seem for the time to be worse than useless. We have felt for a quarter of a century that the negro was not a political man until his place in the jury-box was assured to him. The influential classes of the South, to do them justice, have gradually come to the same conclusion, and we have had a spectacle well calculated to bring Governor Hammond out of his grave in protest — a "chivalrous" white man tried for his life in Charleston before a jury of which a majority were negroes.

And yet the immediate results were very far from good. The case only showed that the negro juror was quite as demoralized as his white colleague; that "boss" and "massa" were still as supreme with one as "chivalry" was with the other; and that the duello in the South rested not on the support of unthinking whites alone, but of unthinking blacks also. The brutal case of murder resulted in an acquittal.

Is this untoward event to close the efforts of those who have carried the negro thus far on the road towards equal manhood? Are they to decide that their own race needs conversion first, and that the negro must, until then, be left to himself? To do so would be to forget that every taint of slavery in the status of the negro means the survival of militarism and the duello among the whites. How much this means is well worth the serious thought of those who are remaking the South. Are they to rely upon the natural wealth of their region, upon its iron and other metals, upon its cotton and cotton-seeds, and upon the coming in of men from other sections to claim a share of all this wealth? They will be relying upon a broken reed. Bankers, mill-owners, superintendents of factories and railways, do not work, if they can help it, in an environment which compels the use of the pistol-pocket. Northern manufacturers and business men, who realize the intensity of the competition which is some day to come upon them from the South, will do their work with less present apprehension so long as any lingering remnant of the duello shall wind its tentacles around Southern business.

Of course there is no real belief or desire in the North and West that the welfare of their sections should be founded permanently upon the crippling of competition in the South; one section cannot be crippled but that the others shall feel it profoundly. On the other hand, the suggestions offered are to the thinking men of the

South, who have emancipated themselves from the enslaving notions of "chivalry"; who have learned at least that clerks and farmers' boys are none the less men for their contempt of a country which retains any vestiges of the "code." It is such Southern men who have given their section its progress since 1865, and they should not despair of the Republic now. The shouting mobs of unthinking men, white and black, are in the supremacy now. The thinking white men of the South and the black men whom they have taught to think and act with them, and to know how absolutely incompatible are "chivalry" and common sense, the duello and modern business — these are the men whose persistent, never discouraged influence will finally rid the South of every form of single combat.

The Churches and the Poor.

ONE of the noteworthy features of recent years has been the earnestness with which the relations of the Christian Church, and particularly of the various Protestant sects, to the poor have been discussed in all their aspects, religious, sociological, and even political. The general subject involves problems under all these heads the elements of which are so incompletely understood that the answers can as yet only be guessed at; and on the other hand it, with its possible or probable answers, forms an essential element in other social problems, the solutions of which will be very seriously modified by the shape which is finally given to this one. There is room, then, for temperate discussion representing every shade of opinion and belief: layman or cleric, Christian, doubter, or indifferent — all have some reasons for interest in the general question.

The discussion has been more temperate than has always been the case with kindred questions. The general feeling, even of those who have not felt or professed any sympathy with the supernatural claims of Christianity, has been that it has relations to the problems of poverty which deserve as calm and careful consideration as any purely scientific subject could receive; and this, in most cases, has given the tone to their share of the discussion. The clerical element has apparently been willing to consider the question of human instrumentality, of plans and methods, as well as that of purpose, as fundamental to the question. And the lay element of the Church, apparently encouraged by the attitude of its habitual opponents and of its pastoral superiors, has entered the discussion and contributed largely to its interest and to the value of its results. Few discussions of the kind have been so free from the *odium theologicum*, and the tone and temper of the parties have served to make many points of Church policy clearer than they had ever been before.

It is possible, then, that a secular magazine may point out one element of the problem that deserves consideration, at least. The religious side, the merely ethical side, the economical side, the political side, of the subject have received each its share of consideration; and it seems to have been assumed that a solution which could fairly cover all these points would be complete. There is, however, one purely material side of the question, which touches or qualifies each of the others — in this country, at any rate — and constitutes a secondary influence; that is, what might be called the social geography which is involved.

The drift of Americans into city life, resulting thus far in an urban population of at least twenty-five per cent., is a familiar fact. It has carried most of the "poorer classes" into the cities and kept them and their children there, so that the relations of the Church to the poor have become in our time a question of Church policy in our cities. Any influence, then, natural or artificial, which affects the distribution of classes in our cities, must have its effect on the problem under consideration. One influence of this kind might be found in the influence which facilities of water transportation have had on the location of American cities. The brilliant person who first noticed that Providence had caused so many important rivers to flow past large cities could hardly have found so many cases in point anywhere else as in the United States. Of course, there are cases of the kind everywhere. But many of the English cities, for example, date from a time when there was comparatively little intercommunication, and the presence or absence of a water-way was of far less importance than in later times. American cities all date from a time when intercommunication had fairly begun, and their founders looked of necessity to water-ways as an element in their location. Even in the case of cities which have been founded or developed under the influence of the railroad, the superior cheapness of water transportation has compelled attention.

The American city may have been built along the line of a single river or lake-front, as in the case of Cincinnati or Chicago; or in the embrace of two rivers, as in the case of New York or Philadelphia; or bays may take the place of rivers, as in the case of Boston or San Francisco. In any of these cases the water limitation will modify the social geography and social development of the city so as to make it reflect the type characteristics of its prototype, London. The "West End" of the American city will not be of necessity in the same direction. It may be developed on a bluff, away from the water, or "up-town," or on its "Nob's Hill"; but in any case it makes the social distance very great and marked between this quarter of the city and that given over to the lower and even to the middle classes. There must be some such interval in any city, but it is much greater by reason of the immovable boundary than in a city which is free to expand in *any* direction. This is especially the case with those city locations which have rivers on two sides, New York City being the best example. The confluent streams compress the city to a point; and the wealthier class, as it enlarges and seeks more room for the establishment of its own neighborhood, is pushed "up-town" very much faster and farther than in cities in which a lateral expansion is possible. However much this tendency may be relieved by ferry and railway systems and by suburban development, it cannot but have its peculiar effect in widening the modern distance between rich and poor.

And the consequent social geography of the American city must have its influence on the problems involved in the relations of the Church to the poor. How, for example, are the rich and the poor to meet together in the same house of worship when circumstances have driven their habitual residences much more than a Sabbath-day's journey apart? Is it quite fair to say that it is the architecture, the upholstery, the millinery, of a "fashionable up-town church" which keeps the

poor out of it? or to assume that a "free-pew system" is all that is needed to bring the poor into it? The building might be as barren of architectural effects as the early colonial churches; the pews might be bare boards, and open to all the world; the members might limit their wardrobes to the dress of Sisters of Charity; but the poor would not come in. Even the region in which the building is placed is almost a *terra incognita* to the poor; they live many squares to the southward, or off on the East or the West side; the public opinion of the up-town church, on such a subject as that of spending Sunday at Coney Island or up the Hudson, has no interest or importance to them; and many of them have personal objections even to the substituted relationship of the mission church. If the rich will not go to the mission church, and the poor will not go to the up-town church, how is the widening chasm between the two classes to be closed or bridged? That is the problem which is one of the results of the modern development of cities, particularly in our own country.

Our purpose is not to suggest any solution of the problem, only to ask attention to the cumulative natural forces which tend to make it continually more difficult of solution for the future. Hardly any question of our times better deserves attention. One need not even be a believer in Christianity to appreciate its gravity; it is only necessary that he should appreciate the part which Christianity has hitherto played, merely as a social force, in Germanic development. The segregation of the people into classes is always a peril in a democracy; will it be made less noxious by the failure of a social force which for so many centuries has been preaching the equality of man?

OPEN LETTERS.

The G. A. R. as seen from the Inside.

IN 1874 a Massachusetts soldier, General Charles Devens, addressing the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic as its fourth Commander-in-Chief, spoke warmly of the plans and aims of the new order, and his words, though intended only for the hour when they were spoken, served as an outline for the future of the fraternity of veterans. He said that if old schoolmates and classmates delight to keep up the happy ties of former days, surely that affection which unites men who have suffered together must be no ordinary one. Soldiers cannot be insensible to the merits of comrades who stood with them in the ranks of war, and upon whose fidelity and courage their own lives often depended, and it would prove a grateful duty to do justice to the memory of those who have fallen, and to guard the welfare of the living, also. Whatever the public may do, he continued, either through general or State laws, for the survivors who become dependent, there must still remain many cases calling for individual assistance from private hands, and the associated veterans, while strengthening and brightening the friendship that began in the ranks, would support those private charities of which the distressed and broken might be in need.

The views of General Devens were the popular ones at that time among those who adhered to the association, but the movement was just emerging from the experimental stage, and the veterans generally considered its future as uncertain. At the present date the Grand Army has probably reached its highest limit in point of numbers and influence, and its record has been made chiefly within the last fifteen or sixteen years. The six thousand posts that now constitute it are so many local clubs devoted to those deeds of friendliness outlined by General Devens, and which are symbolized in the well-known motto, Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty. The posts of the Grand Army owe their existence entirely to the impulse of the veterans who maintain them, and are located almost wholly in the northern belt of States extending to, and across, the Missouri River, and on the Pacific coast. In the older communities, and more especially, perhaps, in the great cities, liberal provisions for relief have been called out by the numerous cases of destitution, while the multitude of social attractions in these localities have inclined the veterans to sociability in their gatherings, and works of charity and fraternal enjoyments now distinguish the order in the East. In the newer communities the question of relief is regulated by the urgency of the need and the means that are at command to meet it; but there fraternity has the deeper meaning, and it becomes on occasions another mystic tie, showing its power alike in public and commercial circles, and in social life. Loyalty is a factor that admits of no variableness, since every one who claims the privilege of the order, or receives any of its benefits, must have been a Union soldier, or must be known to have a dependent relation to one who wore the blue.

The G. A. R. organization is shaped after the plan of an enthusiast, Dr. B. F. Stephenson, who organized the first local society, or post, at Decatur, Illinois, in 1866. Dr. Stephenson had been a surgeon in the Western army, and having while yet in the service conceived the idea of forming an association of old comrades when the war should end, he began the agitation in 1865 by correspondence with his former camp associates. As a result of this agitation a ritual was prepared from models taken from the Masons and the Odd Fellows, and Post No. 1, Department of Illinois, was instituted. Although it was intended by the founders to make the movement a national one, the causes which led to the rapid growth of the order throughout the North were quite outside of those that were operating from the little center at Decatur, Illinois. By 1866, in several States the Union veterans had already formed associations for mutual benefit. Kansas had a "Veteran Brotherhood"; Wisconsin, several independent Soldiers' and Sailors' leagues; Massachusetts, a "Grand Union Army and Navy Veterans'" association, and a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Union"; New York, a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Union"; Pennsylvania, an association called the "Boys in Blue," and Connecticut, a "United Service Club." The avowed object of all these societies was the advancement of the true interests of the soldier; in other words, the accomplishment of a work of brother-

hood. The problem was a difficult one, especially as the meetings were held in open convention; and experience gained in other fraternities suggested to the veterans that they abandon the convention method, unite under a strong vow, and adopt a system of instruction. In the winter of 1866–67, the Grand Army of the Republic, which had started out with those features, a solemn oath, and an impressive ritual, was brought to the attention of the soldiers throughout the North, and the veteran societies then existing were rapidly changed into posts and departments of that order. The idea was very popular, and at the second annual encampment of the order, held at Philadelphia in January, 1868, there were representatives from twenty-one States. The strength of the movement lay in the West, and the delegates from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio constituted one-half of the assembly. An Illinois veteran, General John A. Logan, was elected commander-in-chief. This encampment was successful, and decided two very important questions for the new association of veterans. It would be national and absorb all others; it would be secret and non-partisan. The exact lines on which so vast an organization would develop could not be fixed by resolutions or by-laws. Dr. Stephenson's ideas of secrecy and fraternity were sustained by a large following in the West, and the rules and the ritual that had originated with him were retained with some amendment. Some common impulse was needed, and it was found at length in the noble instinct of charity. The general regulations which were formed at that time made it binding upon each post to have a relief fund for the assistance of needy veterans and their widows and orphans.[1]

In some favored localities the relief fund was looked upon at first as a sentimental hobby that would never be called into real service; but it appears from the reports of the Department of New York for 1872, that the posts of the State had generally founded such funds, and put them to practical use. Some of the posts in large cities had paid out in relief during the year amounts averaging ten dollars for each post member, and the surplus on hand for relief in these posts averaged twenty dollars for each member. The amount reported officially for the whole country during three years past has averaged nearly $250,000 each year, and an equal sum, by a narrow estimate, is distributed in a form of private charity that is not entered upon the post records. The three annual reports referred to also show that about one-third of the beneficiaries during those years did not belong to the order. It is but just to state here, too, that so far as the members of the order are themselves concerned in receiving relief from the post funds, it is in a large measure the return of "bread cast upon the waters." The recipient has at some time, and perhaps regularly, and for a long period, contributed to the fund which succors him in his need.

The committees having in charge the work of relief act also as employment committees. In large cities, particularly in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Buffalo, there is a central employment bureau, and all posts within the limits coöperate with it. Relief committees generally have full power to aid all worthy applicants who are in immediate distress, and if any applicants are entitled to admission to institutions of relief the committees can at discretion place them there. The "Woman's Relief Corps" and the "Ladies of the G. A. R." have for a number of years supplemented the labors of the Grand Army in the work of immediate relief. The Relief Corps has expended an average of $70,000 a year for three years past. The "Ladies of the G. A. R." is an independent society, devoted to special work in attending suffering comrades of the Grand Army.

In some States where soldiers homes were needed, the Grand Army founded them before asking help from the State governments.

Aside from the distinct features of benevolent work, there are attractions in the G. A. R. for men who are eligible. The vow, with the exception of what it demands for fraternity and charity, is an exceedingly simple one for a United States citizen to make, and it leaves entire freedom in politics and religion and in all civic and social duties.[2]

There has been scarcely a period in the career of the Grand Army not marked by progress, and from time to time it has overcome the evils that have threatened its usefulness and stability, the chief of which has been the desire of partisans and others to use it for political or private ends. The *personnel* of the order has been changed throughout many times, and the earliest adherents would hardly recognize the methods at work to-day.

Of the features that have been instituted in advance of the original purposes of the society the most prominent, and probably the most important, is memorial work. The Memorial Day is now honored in nearly every Northern State; but the chief feature of the observance, the marching columns of veterans, will soon decline, and then the festival will lose its impressiveness. Some more enduring memorial will be required to perpetuate the story of the war. In many places the Grand Army has undertaken to build monuments and memorial halls, and the preservation of war relics and historical documents. The vast work of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association has been inspired and supported by veterans and posts of the order. Ohio has several memorial buildings; Indiana, a $25,000 monument; Vermont, a monument under way. Rhode Island is moving for a memorial hall, while New York is trying to secure a monument in Central Park, and also to erect a Grant Memorial. The Department of New York has secured a room in the Capitol at Albany for the preservation of documents having historical value and of relics of the battlefield and of the service.[3]

The labors of the Grand Army veterans have been

1 The application of the fund is not restricted to members of the order, and a call is made at each post meeting on behalf of any soldier or his dependents who may need relief. The methods for sustaining the fund are left to the selection of the posts. Usually it is done by direct donations and the use of balances in the post treasury. The amount of fees payable upon initiation to a post or upon transfer from one post to another, and also of the annual dues for membership, is determined by each society, and in addition to these revenues, which are regular, the relief fund may be increased by a general assessment.

2 It is a fact also not generally known, that any member, or post, or department, is free to criticize and to oppose the action of any committee, local, State, or national.

3 The efforts in this direction of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, a veteran society composed of ex-officers of the Union army, may be appropriately mentioned here. The District Commanderies of Washington, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the Grand Commandery of Ohio, are doing much to perpetuate the glory of American soldiers, and eventually to elucidate historical points. The Ohio Commandery published recently a valuable collection of papers read before the society under the title of "Sketches of War History."

so important in results that the question often arises whether the work shall rest where they leave it, or whether it shall be handed down to a younger generation with like impulses of charity and patriotism. The "Sons of Veterans," an independent military order now numbering about eighty thousand cadets, are preparing to receive the mantle whenever their elders shall summon them as worthy to bear it.

George L. Kilmer.

Martial Epitaphs.

A STROLL through any of our national cemeteries will suggest the idea that the War Department has official knowledge of but one elegiac poem. Quotations from this one poem are repeated over and over, at the gateways and on painted boards at the turns of the avenues among the graves. In Antietam cemetery one might pick up and put together almost the entire production from these inscriptions. Some stanzas are striking in imagery, as well as perfect in technique, especially the quatrain oftenest quoted:

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

But the poem — at least for the purpose to which it has been so ostentatiously put — has a radical and fatal fault. It lacks all moral character. Its sole argument is, These men were killed in battle, therefore they are to be glorified, no matter whether they were making righteous or unrighteous war. The elegy would be quite as appropriate for Tecumseh's mercenary braves at the Thames, or the Sepoys that were blown to shreds at Lucknow, or the Zulus that fell at Rorke's Drift, or the Tae-pings at Canton, or the Mahdi's dead in the Soudan. You may chant the same dirge for the Dyaks and the Maoris that fell in their murderous forays.

If this were the best we could say for the men that saved the Union, however musical the lines in which we express it, I, as an American citizen, should be heartily ashamed of American letters; though we hardly had a right to expect more from this poem, since it was written to commemorate volunteer soldiers who had lost their lives in an unholy war, that with Mexico — known to be so at the time, and since pronounced so by the most illustrious man that took part in it (see Grant's "Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 53). Let me broaden the proposition. If the cause of the Confederacy was just, or if its advocates thought it was just, this poem, it seems to me, is not worthy of being quoted over the graves of those who fell in the vain attempt to establish it.

Had the Quartermaster-General taken the trouble to inquire of some one conversant with American poetry, he might have learned that there is no lack of appropriate verses having both poetic merit and moral character, with which he could at least have given some variety to the literature of our national cemeteries. Here is an instance:

They marched and never halted,
They scaled the parapet,
The triple lines assaulted,
And paid without regret
The final debt.

The debt of slow accruing
A guilty nation made,
The debt of evil doing,
Of justice long delayed,
'T was this they paid.

On fields where Strife held riot,
And Slaughter fed his hounds,
Where came no sense of quiet,
Nor any gentle sounds,
They made their rounds.

They wrought without repining,
Till, weary watches o'er,
They passed the bounds confining
Our green familiar shore,
Forevermore.

The poem from which these stanzas are taken was written by Theodore P. Cook, a journalist of Utica, who served in the 14th New York Artillery during the civil war. Here are eight lines from a poem written on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg by Michael O'Connor, a sergeant in the 140th New York Infantry, who died in the service:

May all our boys who fall be found
Where men lie thickest at the front,
Where brave hearts bore the battle's brunt,
Contesting every inch of ground;
Though well we know dead men to be
But broken tools that Freedom flings
Aside, alas! as useless things,
In carving out her destiny.

From Henry Howard Brownell, one of the few famous poets that have actually participated in the battles they have described, might be chosen several appropriate passages — unless, indeed, his poetry is too vigorously loyal for the temper of the time. He was an ensign on the flagship *Hartford* when she led the fight in Mobile Bay. Dr. Holmes called him "our battle laureate," and wrote an article for "The Atlantic Monthly" to prove that he deserved the title. These stanzas are from the close of Brownell's "Bay Fight":

O Mother Land, this weary life
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;
Thine the strong agony of strife,
And thine the lonely sea.

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
Dread Nature clears our murky air,
Thus in the crash of falling crime
Some lesser guilt must share.

To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread apostles of his name;
His kingdom here can only come
By chrism of blood and flame.

But never fear a victor foe —
Thy children's hearts are strong and high;
Nor mourn too fondly — well they know
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
Though, ever smiling 'round the brave,
The blue sea bear us on to death,
The green were one wide grave.

For a briefer inscription, four lines from a poem by Rossiter W. Raymond, who served as a staff-officer, would be appropriate:

Whether we fight or whether we fall
By saber-stroke or rifle-ball,
The hearts of the free will remember us yet,
And our country, our country will never forget!

Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet and essayist, had a son in one of the Western armies, and himself followed that army as a press correspondent. These lines, from his "Cavalry Charge," are picturesque, sympathetic, and significant:

There are ragged gaps in the walls of blue,
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds with a word again
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by.
But his soul marched on, the Captain said,
For the Boy in Blue can never be dead.

Richard Realf served for three years in the 88th Illinois Infantry, and some of his lyrics were written in the field, where he won promotion by his skill and gallantry. He was a friend of Lytle, the soldier and poet, when the general fell at Chickamauga. Here are two striking stanzas from Realf:

I think the soul of Cromwell kissed
The soul of Baker, when,
With red sword in his bloody fist,
He died among his men.
I think, too, that when Winthrop fell,
His face toward the foe,
John Hampden shouted "All is well!"
Above that overthrow.

And Lyon, making green and fair
The places where he trod,
And Ellsworth, sinking on the stair
Whereby he passed to God,
And those whose names are only writ
In hearts, instead of scrolls,
Still show the dark of earth uplit
With shining human souls.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, who was with the Army of the Potomac, wrote perhaps a dozen martial poems. From his "Gettysburg" might be quoted:

The bells that peal our triumph forth anon shall toll the brave,
Above whose heads the cross must stand, the hillside grasses wave.
Alas! alas! the trampled grass shall thrive another year,
The blossoms on the apple-boughs with each new spring appear;
But, when our patriot soldiers fall, Earth gives them up to God;
Though their souls rise in clearer skies, their forms are as the sod;
Only their names and deeds are ours — but, for a century yet,
The dead who fell at Gettysburg the land shall not forget.

These lines are from George H. Boker's "Black Regiment," and would be eminently appropriate in a cemetery where the dusky heroes of Olustee and Fort Wagner are represented:

"Freedom!" their battle-cry —
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout.
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.

During the last year of the war Edna Dean Proctor contributed to the publication of a sanitary fair a noble poem from which I take these stanzas:

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?

Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as the grey-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise!
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever the Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

A little "Dirge for a Soldier," by the Rev. Samuel P. Merrill, which has been much admired, contains these lines:

The heart so leal and the hand of steel
Are palsied aye for strife,
But the noble deed and the patriot's meed
Are left of the hero's life.
The bugle call and the battle ball
Again shall rouse him never;
He fought and fell, he served us well;
His furlough lasts forever.

John G. Whittier was in his fifty-fourth year when the civil war began, and could not have taken part in it even had he not been a Quaker. But as he had been mobbed for promulgating antislavery doctrines, on one occasion barely escaping with his life, he may fairly be said to have been under fire in the preliminary skirmishes. He wrote some of the finest poems that were inspired by the war, and this passage from one of them might properly find a place among our public epitaphs:

The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but meanwhile pain
Is bitter, and tears are salt: our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet.

James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" necessarily comes to mind in this connection. It has several passages that would grandly decorate our national cemeteries, perhaps none better than this:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these our brothers fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do.

As I rehearse one after another of these living lyrics, the land seems as full of poetry to-day as it was full of carnage a quarter of a century ago. If the War Department wants poetry, it need not make a requisition beyond its own rolls. The very men that won the great battle have themselves furnished the best elegies for the sacred dust of their fallen comrades.

Rossiter Johnson.

Public Relief.

THE BUFFALO "GUARD OF HONOR."

THE proper administration of public and private charity concerns not only the Church, but the philanthropic men and women of our larger cities. In the history of Christianity there never has been so much done for the amelioration of suffering as now, and the weak, the sick, and the indigent are cared for in the best ways that experience and good judgment can suggest. With every possible care, however, there is a class which by misrepresentation draws a subsistence from charitable people and receives its entire support through the agency of clever untruth. There is rarely a day passes that the impositions of women who belong to this class are not made plain to some clergyman or lay-worker among the poor, and many an avenue of charity is closed after some such experience. With the most earnest effort it is impossible to control this condition of things, and relief societies gratefully receive any suggestions which may assist in overcoming the evil. The institution of charity organizations has controlled public begging in a large degree, but the impostor still finds means to feed upon the community. The statistics furnished by almshouses, prisons, and penitentiaries show also that a large number of men throughout the country have no visible means of support, and from either drink or dissipation become dangerous paupers. These various classes are grouped under one head and called "tramps," which is a synonym for lazy, degraded, though often clever, men. The peculiarities of these men are that they have lost all moral sense, and evince a keenness of mind in carrying out their plans which would, if directed in another channel, provide them with a competent livelihood. It is to the condition and circumstances of these "tramps" that the Church and charitable institutions need to direct their best attention. They become the accessories of men who would destroy the law and order of every country, and especially of our own. How to reach these men, how to inspire in them a shame of their calling and direct them into a better life, is a serious problem. If, therefore, any experience justifies the belief that a reform can be instituted, let it be incorporated in the practical workings of every charitable effort.

There exists in the city of Buffalo an institution known as the "Guard of Honor Christian Institute," composed entirely of workingmen. This organization owns a building the use of which is to provide accommodation for those who need lodging at night other than that offered by the station-house. Applicants for this charity are received between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the evening, but they are not required to show any card of recommendation or to pay any money. They are taken into the building at the discretion of the superintendent, who is himself a workingman and occupied during the day. Each applicant is obliged to take a bath, and before retiring to take off his clothes and put on a night-shirt. When these men are in bed the superintendent visits every room and sees that this rule is strictly enforced. At six o'clock in the morning these "lodgers" are called and assembled in the sitting-room of the institution. They are then each furnished with a card which reads as follows:

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

GUARD OF HONOR CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

THE bearer, M— ——, has applied to the Guard of Honor for work. He says he understands —— and has had experience. Should you employ him, please use the inclosed postal to inform us of the fact, so that the society can keep a record of his faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Should you *not* be able to employ him, please sign the name of the firm on the *blue* card as a guarantee that he is making serious effort to procure work. The society knows nothing of the character or capabilities of the bearer, except that he appears quiet and sober, and seems anxious to secure employment.

(Signed,) ——,
Committee.

In addition, the men are given a second card, bearing this printed certificate at the top:

This is to certify that the bearer has applied to us for employment.

Equipped with these the men are turned out of the building, and the institution is closed until seven o'clock in the evening. Many of the men who go out in the morning return at night and deliver up to the superintendent the cards given them. He examines what is known as the "blue card," to see how many names are signed upon it as a guarantee of the faithful efforts of the man to find work. If these cards do not contain a sufficient number of signatures, the man is told that unless he makes better effort on the coming day he will not be received into the institution at night. At nine o'clock in the evening a service of prayer is held, conducted by a workingman, a member of the organization, and each member shares in this duty. It is during this hour that probably the strongest influence for good is exercised upon these wayfarers. They are appealed to by men who understand precisely their present conditions, and who from experience comprehend the various causes which have led to their present condition. The cynic believes that all spark of honor dies within the breast of a man when he accepts charity and allows himself, through weakness of one kind or another, to become a pauper. This is a mistake. An appeal from a wealthy, prosperous man to a vagabond has very little effect, but the direct questions of one laborer to another are usually answered truthfully. Herein lies an enormous power, and the writer, after many years of experience, has seen its wonderful effects. A gratifying percentage of those who come under the influence of this body of workingmen are inspired to change their entire course of life and become self-supporting citizens. The plan has been in operation long enough to have it thoroughly tested, and it can be recommended upon a basis that has brought forth the best result.

Before closing, the writer wishes strongly to deprecate the custom of providing a comfortable "loungingplace" for men who will not work unless they are compelled to by hunger or cold. If a laboring man can work eight hours a day, the man who is in need of employment and really desires it should spend the same number of hours in looking for work. This he will not do when charitable institutions and Christian associations keep open house. The fear so often expressed, that if these places are not open the man will seek the congenial society of the saloon, is not well founded. The saloon-keepers will not have men hanging about their places of business who have no money to spend,

and these vagrants perfectly understand this. They are, therefore, absolutely compelled to seek work, and every effort made in this direction assists them to throw off the lethargy of laziness. There should not be one so-called "loafing-place" in our cities, and especially should the Church and Christian institutions understand that the severe rule which compels a man to discipline himself is the wisest in the end. The Guard of Honor has often been censured for turning the men out in the morning at seven o'clock, whatever the weather. Being an association of workingmen, it is the intention to make these "lodgers" live by the same rules which control the members, and the plan works satisfactorily. The society provides no food except broken crackers, which prevent the lodger from going to bed hungry. The contemplation of a meal which consists of cold water and crackers is not sufficient inducement to a man to neglect to work, but it does prevent the hopelessness that accompanies hunger. A man coming drunk to the building is usually taken in for one night, but he is told in the morning that if he presents himself again in the same condition he will be refused entrance. The knowledge that he will have a clean bed, free of charge, if he refrains from drink, acts as a great restraint, and in many instances it has proved a means of overcoming the habit. Upon Sunday the building is open all day, for a man cannot seek employment then, and at evening a meal, consisting of coffee, bread and butter, and cold beans, is served free of charge — proving to the inmate that in enforcing strict rules the principles of Christianity are not forgotten.

Charlotte Mulligan.

The First Female College.

IN the October CENTURY, under the caption, "A New College for Women," occur these lines: "There have been three distinctly marked stages in the higher education of women in America: co-education pure and simple, first tested at Oberlin, in 1833; then separate colleges for women, in which line Vassar, in 1865, made the first departure,"[1] etc.

The charter for Oberlin was, according to a letter from the clerk of the Oberlin Faculty, dated March 13, 1889, issued in 1834: according to the same authority, the first diploma to a woman graduated there was dated 1838; but I have been unable to obtain anywhere the name of any woman who graduated at Oberlin in 1838, or even in 1839. If no error has been made in this matter,— and I do not intimate that there has,— the holder of the Oberlin diploma is entitled to the honor of the first diploma ever issued to a woman, and her name should be recovered and preserved to complete the record of one of the most interesting facts in the progress of civilization.

But the history of the first female college is less obscured, and is easy of access. After an agitation of the higher-education-for-women idea, extending through fifteen years, the Georgia legislature in 1836 chartered the Georgia Female College, and it was built at Macon at a first cost of $80,000.

[1] The Wesleyan Female College of Ohio, incorporated in 1846, the Mary Sharp College, of Winchester, Tenn., founded in 1848, and Elmira College, Elmira, New York, which graduated its first class in 1859, all long antedate Vassar.

The State charter conferred full collegiate powers upon the institution. The first faculty was made up of eleven professors and teachers, and while the course does not compare with that of the same institution of this day, it was equal to that afforded by most contemporary colleges for men. Nor is the standard of the educational course then of moment now. The point of deepest interest is the enlightened thought that, finding public expression through legislative action and individual subscription, placed woman upon equal footing with man. This privilege was at once taken advantage of. Upon the opening of the college, January 9, 1839, ninety young ladies came forward and were enrolled. Eleven of these had been advanced in seminaries to a point that permitted of their entry with the senior class, and in the latter part of the same year they graduated. Their names were Misses C. E. Brewer, Sarah V. Clopton, Elizabeth Flournoy, Ann E. Hardeman, Martha F. Heard, Julia M. Heard, Sarah M. Holt, Matilda J. Moore, Harriet M. Ross, Mary L. Ross, and Margaret A. Speer. These are family names honorably connected with social and public life in Georgia for upward of a century.

When this class of eleven girls was drawn up in line to receive their diplomas, the advantage of alphabetical position brought Miss Brewer the first. Into her hands, therefore, went, it is confidently believed, the first diploma issued by a college exclusively for women — the first fruits of that growth which to-day is productive of so much for the womanhood of the world. This lady, with several of her class, is still living. In the summer of 1887 a semi-centennial celebration was held in the chapel of the college, and there were gathered much of the wealth, beauty, intellect, and culture of the South. Upon this occasion the "Miss Brewer" of nearly fifty years previous, now a gray-haired matron, Mrs. C. E. Benson of Macon, advanced in front of the trustees, bearing in her hand the very document she had received from their predecessors. With a graceful little speech, she returned to them the diploma for preservation among the sacred relics of the college, and to-day it hangs upon the walls, an object of deep interest to all visitors.

Not as pertaining necessarily to the topic, but yet of value and interest, I beg to add a few lines to this sketch. The Georgia Female College, coming into control of the Methodists, became, without interruption to its course or existence, the Wesleyan Female College. Indeed, the doors of the institution have never been closed but thrice in its history — two weeks during the passing of Sherman, two days during the occupation of Macon by General Wilson, and six weeks because of small-pox in 1873.

Through the generosity of George I. Seney, the noted Brooklyn philanthropist, the Wesleyan College was remodeled a few years since at a cost of $105,000.

During the existence of the college it has sent forth 1990 graduates — girls who have gone into the life of the South. The majority of these girls, naturally, belonged to Georgia, and to their gentle and intelligent ministry is due perhaps, more than to any other cause, the proud title so justly won by Georgia — "The Empire State of the South."

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Evolution of a Dialect Poem.

(Original Form.)

SERENADE.

THE stars and I are awake
In the hush of the noon of night;
Its enchantment I would not break,
Be thy slumber never so light.
Let yon Southern moon delay
Till one rosy setting ray
Kiss thine eyelids and tell thee I bid thee
Adieu, adieu.

When a wingéd perfume was blown
From yon bloom-white acacia tree
I followed its guidance alone,
For I knew it would lead me to thee.
Let the breath of those blossoms steal
O'er thy senses, and subtly reveal
What I whisper, yet not for thy hearing—
Adieu, adieu.

The song of the mocking-bird
Comes back from the echoing height;
Its music is felt, not heard—
'T is a part of this passionate night.
In thy dreams let it murmur and thrill,
And thy heart with its tenderness fill,
For it tells thee I love thee, yet bid thee
Adieu, adieu.

(Revised and Fashionable Form.)

WHEN DE HONEYSHUCK 'S[1] IN BLOOM.

(VIRGINIA PLANTATION SONG.)

WHEN de honeyshuck 's in bloom,
An' de 'possum an' de coon
Go a-sportin' by de moonlight in de gum tree an' de co'n,
Den I take my banjo down
An' go wanderin' aroun'
To my Sally in de valley, oh! de sweetes' gal dat 's bo'n.
Gwuffum hyah,[2] strangah,
Pass dat cabin doh!
Or yo' heart 'll come to harm
By de yellah moon's charm,
An' yo' nebber will return no mo'.

Oh, de sunflowah's head
Am a-droopin' like he 's dead
When de shadows oberstruct him an' he cyarnt see de sun.
An' so all de day long
I 'se without a smile or song,
Till I rally for my Sally when de wukin' time 's done.
Gwuffum hyah, strangah,
Pass dat cabin doh!
Dar 's a power o' danger lies
In a pair o' rollin' eyes,
An' yo' nebber will return no mo'.

De catbird an' me,
An' de honeyshuck tree,
Wait a-watchin' an' a-singin' till de moon done hide.
De catbird may fly,
An' de honeyshuck may die,
But with Sally in de valley I 'll be libin' side by side.
Gwuffum hyah, strangah,
Pass dat cabin doh!
For love holds fas'
F'om de fust to de las',
An' yo' nebber will return no mo'.

Henry Tyrrell.

On Joe Jefferson, telling his Story.

OLD friend, we wondered at your matchless art
When on the stage you pleased and thrilled and taught us,
But wonder now no more. Your tale has brought us
To better knowledge of your greatest "part."

Acres we knew, and *Rip*,— or thought we knew,—
And loved them better as acquaintance lengthened.
The Man himself the Actor's charm has strengthened;
The best of all, Joe Jefferson, is — *you*.

John L. Heaton.

My Blotter and I.

THIS poor old blotter, ink-dried and torn,
A world of worry with me has borne.
What laughter has soaked it through and through,
When my pen has joked, as pens will do;
What heights have I climbed in fancy pure;
What had my heroines to endure
Of woe, when trials we piled so high,
Pitilessly, my blotter and I.

Catching the ink from the driest screeds
That ever supplied a mortal's needs—
Money for this and money for that,
The children's shoes or my Easter hat;
While I prosed in a practical way,
Or caroled of life in verses gay,
It drank my joy as it did my sigh—
Both undismayed, my blotter and I.

O friend of this sweet and passing year,
Something beside the dark stains are here!
I can on this grimy, mottled face
The record of many battles trace.
Penned from the pang of a scorching pain,
The sheet here blotted brought speedy gain;
There pressed the story that none would buy—
We loved it best, my blotter and I!

This I wrote on some general, dead,
That was the answer I sent to Ned;
Upside down, and the other side too,
Are words forgotten, though doubtless true:
And worse, a "Darling"; and yes, "Kate *dear!*"
To names lost sight of in one short year.
There fell the tears from "a woman's cry"—
We were alone, my blotter and I.

Into the basket,— it must be so! —
My gentle and patient friend, you go;
How can another, both strange and new,
Speak with my words, as you seem to do?
How can I turn to its dull, white face
With thoughts of my soul's most secret place?
Dirty, but dear you are. Well, good-by!
Once *we* were strange — my blotter and I.

Cora Stuart Wheeler.

[1] Sweet locust.

[2] "Go away from here."

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WALTER BESANT.

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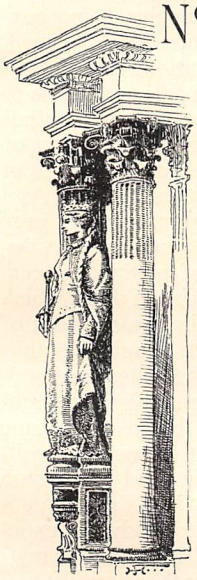
LONDON POLYTECHNICS AND PEOPLE'S PALACES.



NO American visitor who observes attentively the institutions and social life of the mother country can fail to be impressed with the marvelous tenacity and recuperative vigor of the English race in England. Such courage and virile buoyancy in the face of the gravest practical problems and in the certain prospect of a long period of turbulence, agitation, and social and political readjustment, the history of the world does not parallel. With the unbroken traditions of a very old country, England has all the vitality and constructive energy of a new one. There is no such thing visible as that racial exhaustion and declension the signs of which in some of England's continental neighbors seem well-nigh unmistakable. No people in the world, not even the Americans or the Russians, seem farther from the "fagged out" point than the English. Their strength, in Scripture phrase, is as their day. They do not welcome change for the sake of change, and they set about their necessary reforms tardily and reluctantly. But once fully convinced, they move with irresistible decision and force. Thus they continue from time to time to make the most important changes in their political constitution, each new change only preparing the way for the next one, and finality seeming still as remote as ever. They have led the world in the stupendous industrial achievements of the past century, and they seem not unlikely yet to lead the world in those social reforms that the modern economic system has made so necessary. It is to this idea that my prefatory remarks have been, somewhat tortuously, leading up. The agricultural depression and decline, the rapid growth of town populations living under lamentably unsuitable physical and moral conditions, the "bitter cry of outcast London," the terrible misery in sweaters' dens that recent investigations both official and unofficial have brought to light, the wretched plight of young women of the working classes by the hundred thousand, the anarchist leaven that begins to permeate the growing army of the unemployed — these things constitute a social situation so serious that it has appalled many minds and has been thought to forebode England's decay and ruin. England was slow to appreciate the magnitude of the social problems which form the dark shadow of her industrial greatness, and her most zealous reformers would say that even yet she is only half awake to the situation. But at least she becomes more fully aroused and more thoroughly earnest every day, and is beginning to find and apply remedies in the practical English fashion. The evils of generations are not to be cured in a year or a decade, nor are they to succumb to the virtues of any single specific. The work of reform will be along many lines and through many agencies, all blending and harmonizing in the grand result. It seems to me clear that the significant fact in the social condition of England to-day is not to be found in the degradation and misery of a large part of the population, but rather in the vigor, whole-heartedness, and honest zeal with which the task of amelioration has been entered upon. Underneath the wordy strife of parties, the jangling discords of denominations, and the controversies growing out of class distinctions and privileges, there is apparent on all sides and in all

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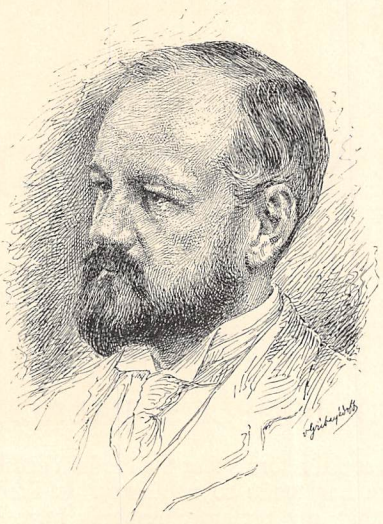
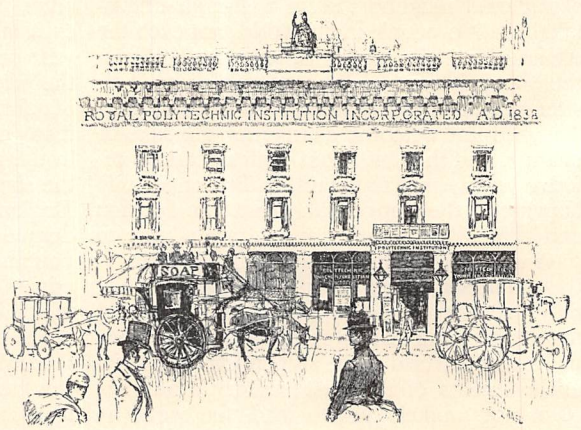


QUINTIN HOGG.

parts of English society a growing sense of justice and of human rights and brotherhood, and a growing sense of the necessity and the obligation that rests upon the community to make all its members sharers to the widest possible extent in the best fruits of modern civilization.

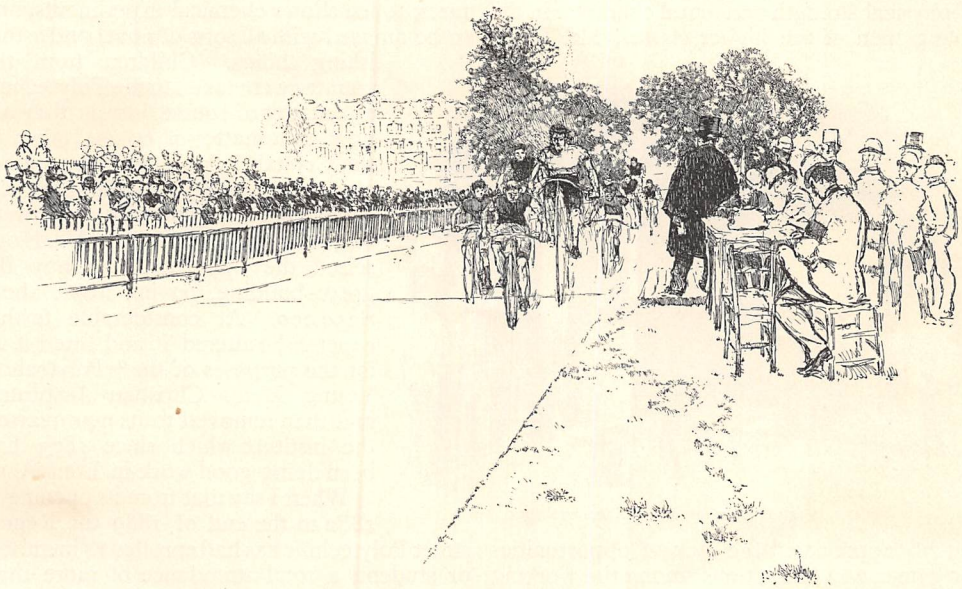
The English people are making the steadiest and most direct steps in the direction of socialism of any nation in the world. And they are doing this without either accepting or rejecting any theory as to the proper functions of the state or the municipal corporation. When it is perceived that a certain thing must be done, England proceeds to do it, using private and voluntary means, public and official means, or more commonly a combination of the two, in a manner peculiarly English and without the possibility of successful imitation anywhere else. In this way the matter of elementary education has been taken up, as has that of artisans' dwellings, various questions of sanitary concern, and still other things of which it is no part of my present purpose to make out a list. Every successive phase of the complicated social problem, so soon as it has fairly made its appeal to the public consciousness, becomes the subject of investigation by a royal or parliamentary commission. The report of the commission is usually a signal for action. In some cases — indeed, in many cases — the principal activity will not be through state channels, though under semi-public auspices and sanction. This British method of reform is remarkably illustrated by the great progress technical and practical education has made in England as the outcome, in large part, of the famous report of the royal commission on that subject in 1883, although no legislation has as yet resulted from the report. The English people became conscious of the fact that they were behind the rest of the world in providing educational facilities to meet the new conditions of production and to supplement if not to supplant the outgrown apprentice system. While perceiving that their industrial supremacy was threatened by the superiority of other nations in technical training, they also began to perceive that the supplying of a useful, symmetrical, and thoroughly practical education would prove a measure of social reform of the very largest consequence. There was developed an immense enthusiasm for technical education, many different ideas and schemes being covered by the term. Societies were formed, money was given, old foundations and endowments were reformed and made applicable to the new work, and the most sagacious minds joined in the task of devising the best sort of practical education for the young people of England under present circumstances. As a result, there is just now beginning to emerge something like the definite outlines of a distinctively English system of practical education. I know of no other single thing which promises to do so much in that grand work of social improvement to which England stands deliberately committed as the scheme of popular education — mental, moral, physical, technical, and recreative — that begins to assume form and substance, and that will certainly witness enormous development and expansion within the coming decade. The English people have taken the trouble to study the experience of the entire industrial world in this matter of practical education, but they have studied their own circumstances with equal fidelity, and their system will be essentially their own.



THE POLYTECHNIC IN REGENT STREET.

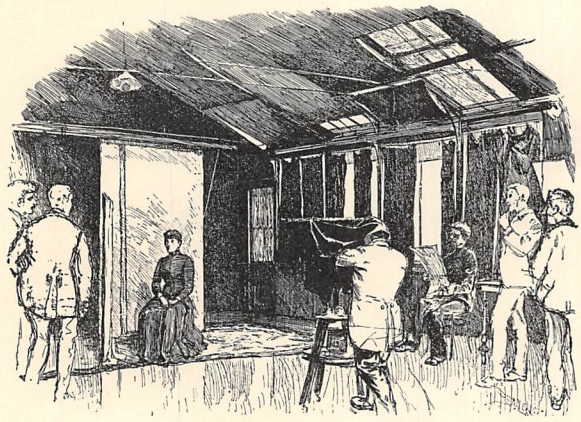
It is not my present purpose, however, to discuss the technical education movement in general, but rather to describe a particular phase of it in London, which is a very essential part of the general movement, and perhaps the most significant and characteristic part. While the social and educational aspects of the movement I purpose to describe seem more conspicuous than its relations to the industrial progress and supremacy of the country, it is nevertheless true that the more complete is its success from the former standpoint the more important will it be from the other point of view. If the country can raise up men and women of highly improved efficiency and capacity, its great industries need fear no rivals. What I have called in the title of this article the "people's palaces" of London would perhaps better be called the "polytechnic institutes" of London. Neither name is completely descriptive. Of the two institutions which stand as the pioneers and models in a group now rapidly forming, one is called by one name and one by the other. The name "polytechnic institute" implies a great school where many crafts and trades are taught. The name "people's palace" would suggest a place of luxury, recreation, and delight. The actual thing is a combination of the two on a good working plan.

The "polytechnic," as now definitely understood and accepted in London, is not an off-hand invention, or an experiment suddenly blossoming out of somebody's beautiful theory and likely to collapse at any time. It has grown by degrees, has discovered certain main principles by a large and careful induction, and seems as well adapted to the ends it has in view as the Bank of England or any other piece of machinery. It can best be described in the concrete. *The* Polytechnic is in Regent street, where it flourishes under the wise and pervasive autocracy of its founder, Mr. Quintin Hogg. Mr. Hogg, who is still in the vigorous prime of life, is one of the great merchants of London. His father was once a chairman of the East India Company, and the son owns sugar and coffee plantations in Demerara, and is the head of a large West India firm. There is not the faintest suspicion of the typical philanthropist about him, and perhaps that is one reason why his philanthropic work has been so singularly successful. Ever since his school-days at Eton, twenty-five years ago, Mr. Hogg has given his evenings and Sundays to enterprises under his own management for the welfare of the boys and young men of London. The Young Men's Christian Association did not, and does not, reach the apprentices and artisan classes among whom Mr. Hogg found his mission. He began with the "ragged-school" line of philanthropy, and developed the system into something better suited to the nature and needs of the lads with whom he had to deal. Religion and the three R's are excellent things for poor boys and apprentices, in London and everywhere else, but they do not form a sufficient equipment. The boy has a body which needs development by proper physical training; his mind and character as



POLYTECHNIC ATHLETIC MEETING AT PADDINGTON.

well as his muscles need the valuable education that manly sports and recreations give; and his success as a breadwinner requires instruction and training in the line of his calling as auxiliary to the practical knowledge and skill acquired from day to day in the shop. I am giving Mr. Hogg's ideas as I understand them. Educated himself in one of the famous English schools where athletic sports and contests have so much to do with the development of physical strength and moral character in the young men of the higher classes, Mr. Hogg



CLASS IN PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

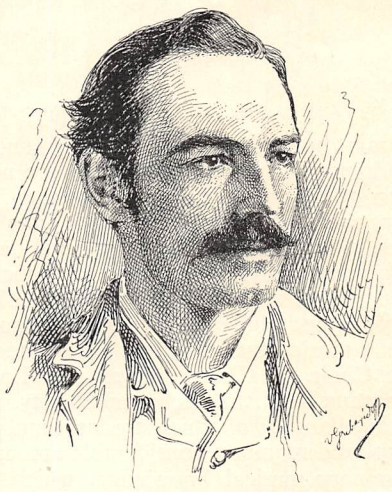
quickly appreciated the lack of opportunities for games and recreations among the working lads of the metropolis. As a practical man of affairs, also, he perceived the inadequacy under our modern industrial conditions of the old apprentice system, and the necessity for systematic instruction to supplement though not to supersede the education of the shop. With all this he believed that religious instruction should remain a part of the scheme, and that it would gain rather than lose by the presence of the other parts. Thus Mr. Hogg's ragged schools in the Drury Lane neighborhood developed into a home for boys in which regard was had to every side of the juvenile nature. In 1873 there was added to this earlier work an institute devised for older boys,—those from sixteen up into the twenties,—which was intended to adapt, modify, and expand the Young Men's Christian Association idea into suitability for the working class; in short, into an educational and recreative club that should in its attractiveness and its solid advantages be able to draw away young artisans from evil surroundings. Opened first in Endell street, the institute was soon transferred to Long Acre, where, in spite of inadequate accommodation, it flourished greatly, and meanwhile gave Mr. Hogg and his assistants the benefit of nearly ten years' experience as a preparation for the larger work that was to be undertaken at a later day. The opening for which Mr. Hogg had been "biding his time" came in 1882. The old Polytechnic Institution in Regent street was thrown upon the market, having failed in its original purposes and become an unprofitable property. It had been opened in 1838, and had been a place where children of the upper classes were taken to hear popular-science lectures, to see showy chemical experiments, and to be amused with all sorts of novel and astonishing things. Children from the country were taken to the Polytechnic as a matter of course, just as they are now, as a matter of course, taken to the Crystal Palace. But as superior attractions came into the field the Polytechnic degenerated. It went into theatricals, and failed. Mr. Hogg seized the opportunity to buy the great building, paying for it about $250,000. At considerable further expense he altered it and fitted it up for the purposes of the "Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute," and then removed to its new quarters the institute which since 1873 had been doing good work in Long Acre.

When I say that from its opening in 1882 to the end of 1889 the Regent street Polytechnic has had enrolled as members or students a total attendance of more than seventy thousand, and that its present yearly number of from twelve to thirteen thousand is limited only by the physical capacity of the establishment, it will be evident that it has earned the right to demand public attention. Primarily the institute is a club. It has all the adjuncts of a completely appointed club, and a definite membership as such. To this primary organization is added a great variety of educational facilities, available for members of the club at reduced prices, but also available for outsiders at certain fixed tuition charges for each class or course. These educational departments are for those who are at work during the day and who desire to improve their minds in the evening. But the establishment is also utilized for a day school for boys of the better classes, whose tuition fees are large enough to be a source of net revenue, and thus to aid in carrying on the main work. There are also certain special classes and lecture courses open during the day, to which I shall refer in a subsequent paragraph.

Membership in the institute is restricted to young men from sixteen to twenty-five. I do not mean that there is any retiring age, but that applicants will not be received as new members if they have passed the age of

twenty-five. Older men may join the classes and have the educational advantages of the Polytechnic, but they are debarred from participating in the social and recreative features that belong to the club side of the establishment. This is a perfectly sensible limitation. It is not the object of the place to furnish club facilities to mature men, nor would their presence in considerable numbers be advantageous for the younger members. Nor is the place suited to lads under fifteen or sixteen. They can best be taught and dealt with apart from the fully grown young men. Upon no point are Mr. Hogg and his efficient secretary, Mr. Mitchell, more fully satisfied by their experience than upon this point of classification by ages. The present number of active, paid-up members is 3500. The annual membership fee is twelve shillings ($3.00) if paid quarterly, and ten and a half shillings if paid in advance. The membership would be much larger if the rooms could accommodate all who desire to join. Membership entails no duties or responsibilities, and gives many privileges. It entitles to the use of all the club-rooms and facilities of the place, and gives admission to such classes as the member may choose to attend at about two-thirds the regular class fees. The social and refreshment room is one of the first the visitor will be likely to see. It is sixty feet long by forty-eight feet wide, and is the general lounging and rallying place. It contains a refreshment-bar, where members may order a cup of tea or a substantial supper at very moderate prices. The daily papers lie about on the tables, the latest notices of the various athletic clubs are posted on bulletin-boards, such games as chess and draughts are permitted for those who like them, and the place has an air of a very comfortable and hospitable living-room for a club of democratic but decent young men. Opening from the social room is a smaller club-room where committees and sections can meet to arrange for rowing events, foot-ball matches, or other affairs of interest and moment. Easily accessible is the lending library, of several thousand volumes, freely at the service of all the members; and in a separate room about forty feet square is the reading library, supplied with books, reference works, and a large number of standard periodicals. The great gymnasium, a hundred feet long and forty feet wide, is an especially popular feature, and nearly two thousand members avail themselves of it regularly enough to pay the small locker rent of eighteen pence per half-year. Excellent instruction is given by well-qualified and certificated army teachers. The swimming-bath is one of the finest in England, being beautifully walled with decorated tiles. Its dimensions are seventy-eight by thirty-five feet. In the winter it is floored over and carpeted and used for reading, writing, and lecture-hall purposes, although the establishment is otherwise provided with a large lecture hall in amphitheater form that will accommodate perhaps 1500 or 1800 auditors. Of the band-practice room, the barber's shop, and the various minor conveniences that pertain to the place in its character as a club, I need not say anything.

The recreative side of life at the Polytechnic is no mild pretense, but a very robust reality. The young men who go in for sports join the athletic club and pay five shillings a year towards the prizes and incidental outlays. The club has an active membership of 500 or 600, and is divided into sub-sections of cricketers, foot-ball men, tennis players, rowing men, cyclists, pedestrians, harriers, and perhaps others — individuals belonging, of course, to as many of these sections as they may choose. Mr. Hogg has provided for sports by securing a place at Wimbledon known as Merton Hall, with nearly thirty acres of land, and it has been converted into a cricketing ground and general play-ground that is, I am told, the finest in the kingdom. Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the famous cricketer and muscular Christian of Cambridge University, has become one of Mr.



J. E. K. STUDD.

Hogg's right-hand men in two parts of the Polytechnic work, namely, the sporting and the religious. He is captain of the Polytechnic's "first eleven," which is one of the most formidable teams in the country. The athletic club had about sixteen cricket teams at last accounts, and a number of foot-ball teams with good records in the English contests for cups and honors. The rowing club is the largest on the Thames, and is accommodated in a fine

new boat-house, there being nearly two hundred rowing men. The cycling club numbers from fifty to a hundred "machines," and the rambling club, which makes Saturday half-holiday excursions to the innumerable points of interest accessible from London, is prosperous with a hundred or more men. The tennis players have the best of grounds at Merton Hall, and number not less than a hundred.

The Polytechnic battery of the 1st City of London Artillery Volunteers, the Polytechnic company of the 1st Middlesex Engineers, and the Polytechnic contingent in the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, are all just sources of pride to the institution. I can only name such useful organizations as the Polytechnic Engineering Society, the Electrical Engineering Society, the Typographical Society, and so-

THE MILE END ROAD.

It must be remembered that many hundreds who do not join in the active sports are nevertheless getting regular physical training in the gymnasium, and find their recreation from daily duties, which perhaps involve a good deal of bodily exercise, in the numerous other societies which are as intimately connected with the Polytechnic as the athletic club. The young men who are of a musical turn may join the Polytechnic Male Choir, the Choral Society, the English Concertina Band, the Orchestral Society, or the Military Band, all of which are large and prosperous, and require a considerable amount of preliminary musical knowledge, which may be obtained in the Institute's music classes. The German Society and the French Society are composed of young men who have taken the class work in those languages and can speak with some fluency. The Chess and Draughts Club is composed of the first-rate players. The Mutual Improvement Society is a literary club. The Polytechnic Parliament is a debating club for the training of young politicians. The Polytechnic "E" company (West London Rifles), 4th Middlesex, is the strongest and best company of volunteers in the corps.

cieties of various trades and crafts for the discussion of the more advanced and theoretical topics affecting their respective callings. For all these organizations of its members, most of which meet weekly, the Polytechnic manages to find convenient quarters.

The arrangement of classes in the educational department of this Polytechnic, as of numerous schools throughout Great Britain, is made with reference to the requirements of two important central organizations that grant subsidies under certain conditions. One of these is the Science and Art Department of the general government, which makes grants for successful instruction in certain specified subjects, chiefly of a scientific character. The other is the City and Guilds of London Institute, which gives subsidies for successful instruction in technical subjects. The Polytechnic's evening classes may then be grouped as: (1) science classes, (2) technical classes, (3) practical workshop classes, (4) general and commercial classes, (5) art classes, and (6) music classes. The young student does not, however, concern himself with this or any other classification, but with the help and ad-

vice of the managers and teachers he makes out a programme for himself on the free elective plan. The science classes, nearly all of which are large, include such subjects as chemistry, geometry, general mathematics, general mechanics, building construction, machine construction, geology, botany, physiology, mineralogy, steam, electricity, and others, there being four or five separate classes in some of these subjects. The art classes give instruction in freehand and model drawing, perspective, geometrical drawing, modeling in wax and clay, designing and decorative art, wood carving, etching, chasing and repoussé, etc. All these classes come under the inspection of the Science and Art Department, and "earn" in grants perhaps half what they cost, the other half being mainly met by the pupils' fees.

The technical classes include subjects recognized in the scheme of the City and Guilds Institute; and among the principal ones in which advanced and theoretical instruction is given at the Polytechnic are carpentry, cabinet-making, carriage-building, brickwork, plumbing, boot-making, metal-plate work, tool-making, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, printing, photography, watch-making, oils and varnishes, and surveying. In deference to the trades unions and also to the regulations of the City and Guilds Institute, these technical classes are restricted to young men actually in the trades. Apprentices and young journeymen here have the privilege of learning those scientific principles affecting their trades that shop instruction alone could not adequately supply. The practical workshop classes, nearly all of which, also, are restricted to young men already in the trades, include carpentry and cabinet work, staircase work, brick cutting and arch work, machine and iron work, wood-carving, pattern-making, sign-writing, plumbing, watch-making, metal-chasing, brass-finishing, electrical work, upholstery, and tailors' cutting. It is an easier matter to give a list of these classes than to convey an adequate idea of their usefulness and efficiency, or of the scenes of animation and interest that arouse the enthusiasm of the visitor, whether in the social room, the swimming-bath, the gymnasium, or the workshops. In the machine room I found one young man engaged in making a three-horse-power horizontal engine with which to drive his lathe, as he was about to set up for himself in business. Other young men were making a launch engine. Another was at work upon a dynamo. Tools, lathes, gas engines, and much of the machinery with which the shop itself is equipped were shown me as the work of pupils and members done on the spot. The instructors in all these technical departments must themselves be men of thoroughly practical as well as theoretical knowledge. Electrical, physical, and chemical laboratories are much the same everywhere, and no description of those in the Polytechnic is necessary. They have an added interest, however, when occupied by young men of the working classes who give their evenings to the pursuit of science. In the art rooms, under enthusiastic teachers, one finds pupils drawing from the antique, modeling from copied or original designs in clay, wax, and plaster, working out architectural details, and studying both the principles of design and their technical applications to the industrial arts for wood and stone carvers; for workers in gold, silver, pottery, steel, and brass; for molding and ceiling designers; for designers of patterns for wall paper, carpets, and calicoes; and for other workers in the widening field of decorative and technical art.

The commercial and general classes cover all such subjects as arithmetic, bookkeeping, grammar, penmanship, shorthand, elocution, French, German, and composition, besides special training classes for civil service, pharmacy, ambulance corps, and other examinations. The music department has a number of vocal and instrumental classes.

The fullest allowance is made for the fact that boys and young men who work hard all day long cannot with impunity spend all their evenings in severe study or in shop-room work. The same individuals are, as a rule, not to be found in the chemical laboratory or the machine shop more than from one to three evenings in the week. In many of the technical and scientific subjects the instruction per week to each individual is limited to one hour, and the same thing is true of the commercial and general subjects. Instruction is, however, so distributed that any individual may cull out quite as full a course as he has time for, and by a combination of scientific and technical subjects may make the whole course bear strongly in the direction of his trade, supplying just those broadening and valuable elements of knowledge which supplement the daily routine of shop work.

The Polytechnic day school is a wholly distinct affair. It is for younger pupils who come from the middle class rather than the working class,— these class distinctions being sharply drawn in England,— and it accommodates about five hundred boys of from seven to sixteen years of age. The younger boys are in an elementary department, while the older ones are in the technical and commercial departments, or are preparing for college or professional courses or civil-service examinations. Two or three hundred boys are in the techni-

cal department, and they spend the forenoons in ordinary school-room work and the afternoons in the shops learning the principles of mechanical trades. An English boy usually leaves the elementary schools at about thirteen, and goes to his trade. He is too likely to forget what he has learned, and in his new surroundings to lose both education and character. If he could be kept at school two or three years longer, preparing for his trade while carrying his general studies further, it would be immeasurably to his advantage. He could enter the shop at fifteen as an "improver," instead of an apprentice, and reach the journeyman's status earlier rather than later and with very superior qualifications. Mr. Hogg's day technical school purposes to supply this desirable continuation of study for the "fifth-standard" boy leaving the public elementary schools. At fifteen or sixteen he is ready to go to his trade, and he will have formed associations and acquired tastes which may be counted upon to bring him into the evening recreations and advanced classes of the Polytechnic. Could there be a more promising scheme than this for the training of skilled mechanics and complete men? The tuition for this day school is rather high, averaging about $30 a year. This would seem to put its advantages beyond the reach of many mechanics who might appreciate them and desire them for their sons. The evening-class fees average about $1 per session for each study to members of the institute and about $1.50 to others. In some subjects they are much less, while in a few special and technical subjects they are much more. No one engaged in the polytechnic work doubts for a moment the wisdom of charging fees. These institutions are not to be regarded as charity affairs, although the fees do not suffice to pay all expenses. The young men and women value their opportunities more highly and use them more faithfully when they are required to pay something substantial for what they get. These young mechanics and clerks are neatly dressed and respectable, and it would be a blunder to give them palaces of knowledge, recreation, and social enjoyment without asking anything from them in return. They are not mendicants, and are glad to pay their way.

From the outset, young women were admitted to the art classes and some other of the educational advantages of the Polytechnic, but not until the early spring of 1888 did Mr. Hogg see the way clear to provide for young working-women those social and recreative advantages which in London they need even more, if possible, than young men. To do these things on a large scale requires a heavy initial investment, and payments for deficits from year to year. But, although doing so much more than one liberal man's part in sustaining the Young Men's Institute, Mr. Hogg has now opened a Polytechnic Young Women's Christian Institute in Regent street, a few doors removed from the other establishment. The buildings leased for young women were not sufficient properly to accommodate more than eight hundred, although a thousand girls promptly enrolled themselves as members, and the number could have been increased many fold if there had been room for them. The buildings have undergone extension, however, and now it is possible to accommodate at least a thousand members. The age limit is from sixteen to twenty-five. The institute is open every evening, except Sundays, from 6:30 to 10. Eighteen pence per quarter, or five shillings per annum, entitles members to the advantages of the social rooms, reading and writing rooms, sewing-rooms, and parlors, and also gives them the right to attend the concerts, lectures, and entertainments in the great hall of the Polytechnic at members' rates. The swimming-bath is reserved for their use on certain evenings, they have gymnastic instruction, and they have the benefit of reduced tuition rates in all the ordinary Polytechnic classes and in a number of special classes for young women only. Among these special classes are included elementary subjects, book-keeping, short-hand, French, German, the piano, violin, and other musical instruments, dressmaking, millinery, plain and art needle-work and mantle making, and cookery. This establishment for young women is an "annex" of the older and larger one for young men, the two being coöperative and coincident so far as is found feasible. The social rooms of which the young ladies have the liberty are home-like and pleasant, and the place has been in every way a brilliant success from its opening day. The young women are so fortunate as to have much personal attention from Mrs. Hogg, whose devotion to their welfare is as great as that of her husband to his thousands of young men.

The religious features of the life at the Polytechnic, while voluntary and unobtrusive, have evidently a pervasive and wholesome influence. There is a daily devotional meeting at 10 P.M., lasting just fifteen minutes. On one evening of the week Mrs. Hogg conducts a large Bible class. Of the Sunday services, Mr. Hogg himself takes charge. He conducts a Bible class on Sunday afternoon, attended regularly by from 500 to 700 young men, and sometimes by a much larger number. A Sunday evening service in the large hall has the special attraction of music by the Polytechnic Male Choir and the Orchestra, and it draws a congregation of

some fifteen hundred. Rooms are set apart for the Polytechnic's "Christian Workers' Union," which simply ranks as one of the many voluntary, self-governed societies of which an account has already been given. Its work is much like that of the Young Men's Christian Association, and it is announced by its secretary as existing for Polytechnic members "of all religious denominations interested in Christian work; having special rooms and library for preparation for Sunday-school and other classes, monthly conferences, temperance and social gatherings, open-air work, tract distributing, sick visiting, correspondence, visiting, and rambling." There is also an active "Polytechnic Total Abstinence Society." In the religious work Mr. Hogg and Mr. Mitchell take just as positive an interest as in any other part of the Polytechnic scheme. They include the spiritual in that symmetrical development at which their efforts are aimed. In the young women's department Bible classes are conducted on Sunday afternoons and one week-day evening by Mrs. Hogg and Mr. Studd.

Although desiring to keep my sketch of the Polytechnic within due limits, I must add that it publishes a weekly journal called the "Polytechnic Magazine," which is found an indispensable feature; that it has a savings bank which pays four and a half per cent. on deposits, and offers Mr. Hogg's personal guaranty as security to the depositors; that it provides accident insurance; and that one of its most important features — considering its constituency of thousands of young men in a great city — is the "sick fund." This mutual benefit society is one of the largest organizations in the Polytechnic. Its members pay a small weekly fee, which entitles them in case of sickness to a sufficient weekly cash allowance, besides the attendance of one of the forty or more physicians of standing living in all parts of London who constitute the medical staff; with other advantages, such as free medicines, and admission to hospital if necessary, a sum sufficient for burial expenses being also paid in case of death. It is needless to say that all such good features as this — and from time to time new ones are devised — bind young men to the Polytechnic, and that each part strengthens the whole.

Besides giving his unremitting personal attention,— no small sacrifice on the part of a man of his high social position and absorbing business affairs,— Mr. Hogg has since 1882 invested in the Polytechnic more than half a million dollars. Of this great sum, $300,000 in round figures has gone into the buildings and their equipment, and $200,000 has gone into the cost of current maintenance. The Polytechnic has a large staff of carefully selected specialists for its corps of teachers, and Mr. Hogg has been "running" one of the greatest popular universities in the world, without any endowments and without burdensome fees. He is a sound financier, and spends not a penny in needless or extravagant ways; for, while a man of large business and means, there is a limit to his fortune, and he does not roll up the Polytechnic's expense account for the mere pleasure of paying annual deficits. He has managed to keep the current yearly outlay down to about $70,000, of which the income of the day school and the various fees of the members and pupils return $40,000, leaving a deficiency of $30,000, which Mr. Hogg has been paying out of his own pocket from year to year. If invested permanently in English consols, an endowment fund of $1,200,000 would be required to yield an income equal to the sum paid yearly by Mr. Hogg to keep his institute going at full capacity. At a later point in this article I shall have occasion to refer to plans for the endowment of this model institution and the partial relief of Mr. Hogg from the burden he has borne, single-handed, so magnificently and without any signs of growing weary in well-doing. And now I shall turn to another brilliantly successful institution.

A variety of circumstances have combined to give the "People's Palace," recently opened in East London, a more extended and popular sort of fame than the Regent Street Polytechnic has acquired. The People's Palace needed skillful advertising, because it was dependent upon gifts and upon a thoroughly aroused interest in its objects for the means to erect its buildings and enter upon its work. The Polytechnic happened to have for its founder and manager a man with the means to pay its bills, as well as the skill and devotion to make it successful. The "Beaumont Institute," better known by its other name of the "People's Palace for East London," is the outcome in very large part of the efforts of a man who, though he could not pay the bills himself, is one of the most princely beggars of modern times, and has shown himself possessed of the tact and devotion to carry on the great institution he has built up. Sir Edmund Hay Currie is a very remarkable man. All his life he has been identified with East London, his business interests lying in that quarter. And all his life he has been interested in educational and philanthropic matters, in hospitals, and in the welfare of the masses generally. He distinguished himself in Crimean hospital management. He was chairman of the committee that provided for the extraordinary requirements of East London at the time of the great cholera epidemic. In a like capacity, when East London was scourged by small-pox,

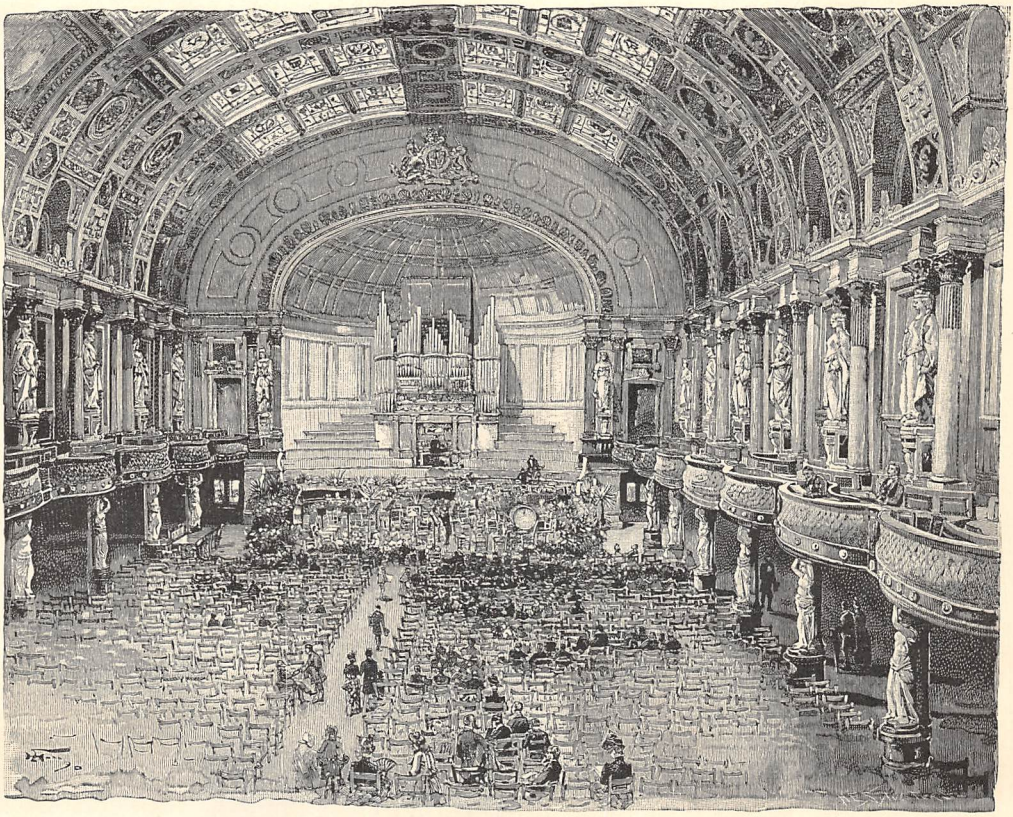
he took thousands of cases to an improvised hospital camp quarantined on a hillside in Kent. When the once great ship-building industry of East London succumbed to competition elsewhere, bringing terrible hardship upon thousands of families, Sir Edmund organized the necessary work of relief. The principal hospital of East London was at one time languishing for funds; Sir Edmund came to the rescue, and his irresistible tactics and energy as a beggar secured for it $750,000. When a man with such natural endowments of enthusiasm and energy, such capacity for organization, and so thorough a knowledge of the field and the people, gave up everything else in order to devote himself to the working out of a scheme for a great recreative and educational institution in East London, it was reasonable to look for results.

For providing the nucleus of the People's Palace funds credit should be given to John B. Beaumont, who died about 1840, leaving money the income of which was to be spent in promoting the education and entertainment of the people in the neighborhood of Beaumont Square, his East End property. The Beaumont fund wrought a certain amount of good for some years, after which the testator's survivors who were in charge seem to have got the property into a bad shape, and to have brought its usefulness quite to an end. Application was made to the Charity Commissioners of England, an important official body who have large powers of supervision and readjustment over charitable endowments, to rescue the Beaumont fund. Thus, some twelve years ago, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, as chairman of the newly appointed Beaumont trustees, was able to recover for its legitimate objects about $60,000 of the money originally devised. This sum was not large enough to set on foot any important enterprise, and after several years Sir Edmund in 1881 persuaded his colleagues of the Beaumont Trust to allow him to undertake the collection of $250,000 additional, with which to establish an institution of some magnitude. His courage has been amply rewarded, for the People's Palace has secured gifts and endowments worth at least twice that sum.

Sir Edmund's financial undertaking was aided by events and publications which gave the prosperous and aristocratic people of the West End their first conception of the condition and needs of East London, with its great neglected plebeian population. Mission workers and social reformers had discovered the existence of East London, and were beginning to make their discovery known. But still more timely for Sir Edmund's inchoate project was the discovery of East London by a popular novelist. Mr. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" appeared in the autumn of 1882. In his preface Mr. Besant tells us that he had undertaken many wanderings in the previous summer "in Stepney, Whitechapel, Poplar, St. George's-in-the East, Limehouse, Bow, Stratford, Shadwell, and all that great and marvelous unknown country which we call East London," and that he found there "many wonderful things, and conversed with many wonderful people." In the body of the book he mentions Stepney Green as being "in that region of London which is less known to Englishmen than if it were in the wildest part of Colorado or among the pine forests of British Columbia, . . . a strip of Eden which has been visited by few indeed of those who do not live in its immediate vicinity."

> Two millions of people, or thereabouts [says one of the descriptive passages in this fascinating novel], live in the East End of London. That seems a good-sized population for an utterly unknown town. They have no institutions of their own to speak of, no public buildings of any importance, no municipality, no gentry, no carriages, no soldiers, no picture-galleries, no theaters, no opera — they have nothing. It is the fashion to believe that they are all paupers, which is a foolish and mischievous belief, as we shall presently see. Probably there is no such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, neglected, forgotten great city of East London. It is even neglected by its own citizens, who have never yet perceived their abandoned condition. They are Londoners, it is true, but they have no part or share of London; its wealth, its splendors, its honors, exist not for them. They see nothing of any splendors; even the Lord Mayor's show goeth westward; the City lies between them and the greatness of England. They are beyond the wards, and cannot become aldermen; the rich London merchants go north and south and west; but they go not east. Nobody goes east; no one wants to see the place; no one is curious about the way of life in the east. Books on London pass it over; it has little or no history; great men are not buried in its churchyards, which are not even ancient, and crowded by citizens as obscure as those who now breathe the upper airs about them. If anything happens in the east, people at the other end have to stop and think before they can remember where the place may be.

Nothing short of personal inspection and study will give one so good an idea of "the east" and its ways of living and thinking as Mr. Besant's novel. The truth of fiction is in such matters superior to the truth of statistics. Yet statistics may tell us much, and I am inclined to give the summary findings of a most exceptionally thorough inquiry into the social and industrial condition of East London made recently by Mr. Booth, of the Statistical Society, and presented in an elaborate paper which appeared in the Society's journal for June,

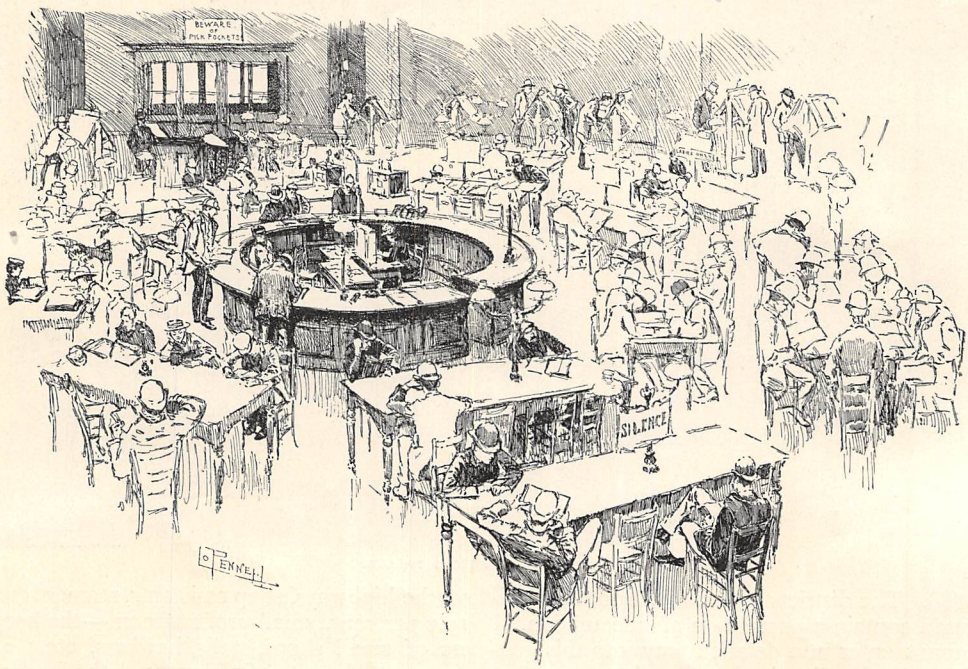


THE HALL, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

1888. The districts which Mr. Booth investigated contain a population of one million. I cannot enter in a detailed way into this gentleman's classification; suffice it to say that by "the poor" he means those below the line of full self-support. Within the poverty line he finds 35.2 per cent. of the population, which he further distributes into four classes, as follows: (A) the lowest class, loafers, semi-criminals, etc., 1.2 per cent.; (B) the "*very poor*," whose earnings are only casual, 11.2 per cent.; (C) intermittent earnings, 8.3 per cent.; and (D) small regular earnings, 14.5 per cent.,— the last two classes constituting "*the poor*" and being never wholly independent of public relief. Class E, composed of those who have regular standard workingmen's earnings above the poverty line, includes 42.3 per cent. The higher labor class (F) numbers 13.6 per cent. The "lower middle class" (G) is 3.9 per cent., and the "upper middle class" (H) is 5 per cent. A classification by callings shows 22.3 per cent. to belong to the "common labor" class; 23 per cent. to the "artisan" class, engaged in the building trades and mechanical pursuits; 9 per cent. engaged in "dress and food" preparations; 9 per cent. classified as "sundry wage earners," including workmen on the highways, shop assistants, seamen, etc.; 10.7 per cent., small-profit earners — the keepers of small shops, stalls, hawkers, etc.; 2.8 per cent., large-profit earners — the keepers of larger mercantile establishments; 5.3 per cent., clerks and the "sub-professional class"; .5 per cent., professional; .2 per cent., those of independent means — the residue being made up of those who have no occupations or are not earning a regular livelihood. These figures, in conjunction with Mr. Besant's descriptions and sketches from the life, may well give some adequate idea of the dullness and dreariness of the East End, and of its great need for those social, educational, and recreative diversions that break the monotony of the workaday routine and help to make life really worth the living.

Mr. Besant's novel is the story of an ingenuous and clever young gentleman and a lovely and fabulously rich young lady who were quixotic enough to leave the drawing-room life of the west and to devote themselves to the welfare of the east. They planned and built a great "Palace of Delight," with concert-halls, reading-rooms, picture-galleries, an art and design school, and various classes, social rooms, and frequent fêtes and dances.

They threw it freely open to the people, gave the people large share in its management, and made it a great recreative center. On the title-page Mr. Besant calls his book "an impossible story," explaining in the preface that he had done this in deference to certain friendly advisers, who had told him it was "impossible"; he adds, however, "But I have never been able to understand why it is impossible."



THE READING-ROOM, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

It would be an error to suppose that Mr. Besant was indebted for his plot to the then incubating project of the Beaumont trustees; for his work was done and given to the world before he had heard anything whatsoever of that project. On the other hand, the trustees would not fail to acknowledge their obligations to Mr. Besant, both for ideas and also especially for the aroused attention of people of wealth and position. The novel appealed most strongly to the imagination. It was evidently a book with a purpose, written with strong conviction. The novel gave the "People's Palace" its name, gave the project a great impulse, brought money and influence, and undoubtedly gave emphasis and prominence to the entertainment side of the Beaumont plan. But in the working out of the plan as a whole, and in the arrangement of practical details, the trustees of the Beaumont fund, who also became the People's Palace trustees, very wisely relied upon the experience and advice of Mr. Hogg and Mr. Robert Mitchell of the Regent street Polytechnic. Mr. Mitchell's services were incessant and invaluable.

The People's Palace is very fortunate in its location. It is in the Mile End Road, which, as a continuation of the Whitechapel Road, is the great thoroughfare of East London. The horse-cars come to it from north, south, east, and west, not to mention innumerable omnibus lines. As Sir Edmund says, "The net was put down in the right place." Immediately north is the populous district of Bethnal Green; on the south lies Stepney, St. George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, and Ratcliffe; on the west, all of Whitechapel; and to the east are the unknown regions of Bow, Bromley, and Stratford. Five acres of land were secured at this strategic point, and the main hall of the central building, called "Queen's Hall," was opened by the Queen in person on May 14, 1887. The active work of the Palace was begun on October 3, some old buildings on the ground being fitted up temporarily for class-rooms and workshops, and sheet-iron buildings, also quite temporary in character, being constructed for gymnasium, exhibition, refreshment, swimming-bath, office, and various other rooms. The Queen's Hall is a great room, with vaulted ceiling, showily decorated, and imposing in its appearance. It has a fine organ, a large stage for the Palace's chorus and orchestra, and audience accommodation for four thousand people. In June, 1888, the free library and reading-room

was opened. It is immediately behind the Queen's Hall, with a separate entrance. It is a huge, eight-sided room, with space around the walls for 250,000 books, and with room at the tables for many hundreds of readers. Donations, largely from publishers and authors, have already accumulated to the extent of about 20,000 volumes; and nearly all of the newspapers and periodicals which are to be found at the tables are sent free. Among the largest donors to the funds of the Palace is the Drapers' Company, one of the city guilds which for some reason did not join the others in the formation of the City and Guilds Institute which carries on so large a work in behalf of technical education. The Drapers subscribed to the People's Palace fund $20,000 a year for ten years,—half of which should be invested as endowment,—and also gave an additional $100,000 for the building of the permanent technical schools. These schools flank the main building on the east, and were opened in October, 1888. Externally the Palace has anything but a palatial appearance as yet, the front not having been completed. This front part will be a great semicircle, covering the main hall, the technical schools, and the buildings on the west side that will correspond with the schools on the east. The front will have three stories, the lowest one being a newspaper and rendezvous room, with especial reference to the wants of men who consult the papers for employment advertisements; and there is no reason why there should not be conducted employment agencies on the spot. There will be social and refreshment rooms above, and on the uppermost floor the art school will find its habitat. To the rear on the west will be a winter garden, inclosed in glass, full of palms and flowers and tropical fruits, communicating with the library and the Queen's Hall. The permanent gymnasium and swimming-bath will occupy a detached building just west of the principal pile. This description must answer for the buildings; which, I may add, will have a great variety of minor appointments and facilities for the various departments of the work.

In describing briefly the work of the Palace, I shall observe the following order: (1) The recreative features, or the Palace in relation to the general population of East London; (2) the social features, or the Palace in relation to its own membership; (3) the educational features, or the Palace in relation to those who join its classes; and (4) the technical day school for boys.

The happiness and edification of the general population has from the first been a large part of the scheme. It touches one's heart to find out how little pleasure these people have. There is an absolute dearth of amusement in their part of the town. Nobody lives in East Lon-

THE READING-ROOM, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

don who can help it, the better class of retail tradesmen who do business there living in the country. Many of the people, even the elderly folk, have never seen green fields. One might expect to find the cheap variety theaters flourishing in those quarters, but they are wholly lacking. The gin-palace is the only place of resort. Sir Edmund began his operations with a "show," and he has been giving shows ever since. That he has succeeded in supplying a want is sufficiently attested by the fact that *a million and a half* of people attended his entertainments in the first year, 1887–88. He began in October with a poultry and pigeon show, in his small sheet-iron exhibition shed, and in five days about 37,000 people paid twopence each for admission, and were delighted. The East End people are fond of animals, and Sir Edmund knew how to please them. In November a several days' exhibition of chrysanthemums attracted 20,000 people. In December the Prince of Wales visited the place to open an exhibition of the work of London apprentices, which remained open several weeks, and was visited by 86,000 people. A three-days' dog show in March, a two-days' cat and rabbit show in April, and a two-days' donkey and pony show in July, were all very largely attended. A workmen's exhibition,

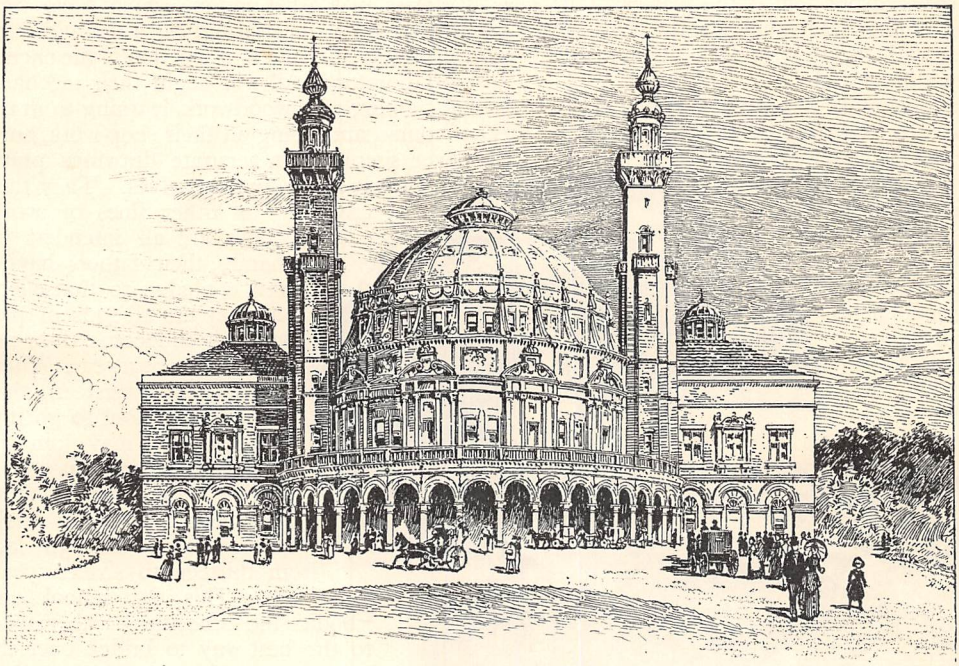
ROBERT MITCHELL.

opened in May, had been visited by about 100,000; and space forbids an account of flower-shows and picture exhibitions and children's entertainments. All these shows made awards of prizes and premiums, and thus stimulated interest, and excited lively anticipations of the next year's exhibitions and rivalries. The great feature of the recreation section for the year was, however, the closing one, opened by the Duchess of Albany in August, 1888. It was a six-weeks' fête, which included an admirable exhibition of pictures by the leading modern English artists, concerts by the choral and orchestral societies of the Palace, the constant attendance of a famous military band, flower-shows, and a profusion of bunting everywhere throughout the buildings and grounds, with rifle-galleries, swings, and all sorts of "side-shows." The admission fee was one penny; and 310,207 people, largely the very poor, entered at the turnstiles.

Meanwhile the beautiful library with its books and papers was free to everybody, and throughout the year it drew an average of a thousand readers a day on week-days and nearly twice as many on Sundays. In the Queen's Hall, also, three excellent concerts have been given each week on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, with an average attendance of 2500, the admission fees being only a penny or two. Not the least attractive of these concerts are those given by the well-trained choral society and the orchestra of the Palace's own members. The swimming-bath, opened by the Earl of Rosebery in May, was patronized to the extent of 70,000 during the summer, and is self-supporting. Altogether, the recreational section has been a most unequivocal success, and has already proved a boon to East London.

The organization of the People's Palace Institute and its social and educational characteristics are upon the general model of the Regent street Polytechnic. The same limits of age, sixteen to twenty-five, were adopted. The enrollment for the first year reached 4200, of whom about one-fourth were young women. The membership fees were made rather smaller than those at the Polytechnic, but after a year's experience they have been raised to precisely the same point. In its very different environment it seemed necessary for the Palace to make its amusing side more conspicuous than its sober educational side, and as a natural consequence the young people at first joined its Institute more for the entertainments and social diversions than for the classes. With the opening of the second year, in October, 1888, it was found advisable to reverse the original plan, and instead of admitting members to the classes at reduced fees, to admit to Institute memberships, at half rates, young men who had joined one or more classes — thus encouraging study and discouraging the use of the Palace solely as a meeting-place and a center of entertainment. The new rule seems a wise one.

While the young men and the young women



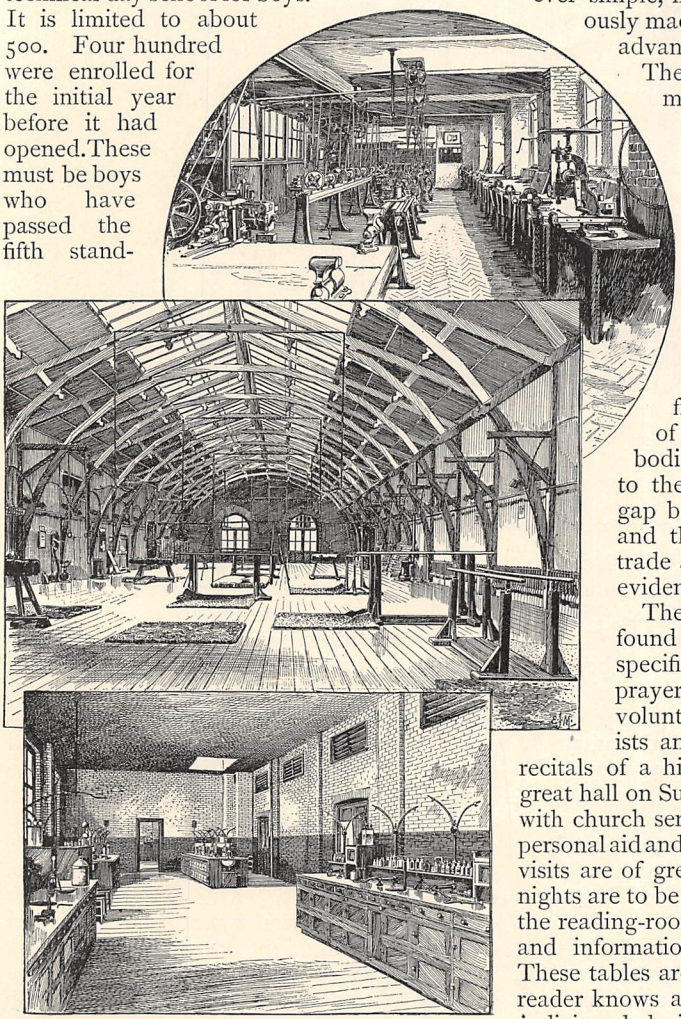
PROPOSED FRONT OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, AS SEEN FROM THE MILE END ROAD.

meet in the reading-room, concert-hall, classes, and various entertainments, their suites of social rooms are entirely separate. The old buildings at the back of the main hall, from which the technical schools have been removed to their new quarters, are fitted up for social purposes. The ground floor is exclusively for the young women, and contains a social room, reading-room, sewing-rooms, the lady superintendent's room, cloak-rooms, etc. Eleven rooms on the upper floor give accommodation to the young men, and contain a billiard-room, chess-room, club-room, and various others for committees, and the like. The Palace Institute has its full complement of athletic clubs, literary societies, and miscellaneous organizations. The Corporation of the City of London has supplied a ten-acre playground at Wanstead Flats for the cricket, football, and tennis clubs. Mr. Besant, who takes a lively interest in the Palace, is the leader of a literary circle and editor of the "Palace Journal," a weekly periodical full of announcements, reports of club meetings, athletic events, and local affairs of the Palace, and with literary features of a character that Mr. Besant's editorship might well be expected to supply. The social life of the young women comes under the wise and helpful superintendence of a very accomplished lady, Miss Adam, who was Lady Brassey's friend, and her companion on the famous *Sunbeam* voyages. The young women have the Queen's Hall for gymnastics three nights in the week, have their swimming clubs and their nights for exclusive use of the bath, have their dances and evening reunions in the social rooms, and are privileged occasionally to invite their masculine friends to dancing parties. East London being what it is, the association of the two sexes at the Palace on social occasions requires the wisest and most careful supervision. Miss Adam seems to be accomplishing among the young women of the East End that excellent work in the good cause of taste and manners that Mr. Besant's Miss Kennedy is described in the story as doing.

The educational work is particularly indebted to Mr. Mitchell, of the Polytechnic, who organized it for Sir Edmund, and undertook the delicate and important task of selecting a staff of instructors. A list of the evening classes would fill half a page. They cover the same fields of general and commercial instruction, science and art, technical and practical trade, music, and special subjects for young women that I have described in my account of the Polytechnic. The technical and practical classes are admirably conducted by instructors who belong practically to the trades they teach, and have also theoretical knowledge. The relations of these classes to the trades unions and to the examination and subsidy schemes of the Government's Science and Art Department and the City and Guilds Institute are precisely those of the Polytechnic. In 1887–88

3716 students joined the classes. Last year the number was much greater, and the facilities, with the new school buildings, were very much improved.

Sir Edmund dwells with special enthusiasm upon the advantages and prospects of his technical day school for boys. It is limited to about 500. Four hundred were enrolled for the initial year before it had opened. These must be boys who have passed the fifth standard in the public elementary schools, and are over twelve years of age. They are expected to be about thirteen when they enter, and it is desired that they shall stay at least two years, and three if possible. They are picked lads, preferably the sons of mechanics in the neighboring districts. A great number of free scholarships are provided, open to schoolboys on competitive examination. The others pay sixpence a week tuition fee. The lads are given a varied course of general instruction, shop work, and laboratory work. There are great numbers of chemical factories in East London, which have very few trained chemists; and Sir Edmund's lads will all have thorough instruction in the chemical laboratory. All will begin their mechanical training with woodwork, learning to draw, of course, and doing all their shop work, however simple, from accurate drawings previously made by themselves. They then advance to other lines of work. These boys are all intended for mechanics, their fathers having given a pledge to that effect, and they are all sons of parents whose income does not exceed $1000 a year. When, at fifteen or sixteen, they leave the school to go into trades, they may join the Palace's evening classes. A junior order of Institute membership has been established, limited to 250 lads from thirteen to sixteen years of age. This day school embodies the same ideas with respect to the best way to bridge over the gap between the elementary school and the proper age for going to a trade as those held by Mr. Hogg. It evidently suits English conditions.



MACHINE SHOP, GYMNASIUM, AND CHEMICAL LABORATORY, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

The People's Palace has as yet found it inexpedient to attempt any specific religious work, although prayers are said in the classes, and a voluntary Christian Association exists among the young men. Organ recitals of a high character are given in the great hall on Sundays at hours not conflicting with church services. The Palace enlists the personal aid and interests of many people whose visits are of great benefit. Thus on Saturday nights are to be found at a number of tables in the reading-room gentlemen who give advice and information about books and reading. These tables are labeled, so that the inquiring reader knows at a glance where to apply for judicious help in scientific reading, in poetry, fiction, history, biography, economics, etc. The idea is a very admirable one, and might be applied in all great public libraries with wonderful advantage. Mr. Longman, the publisher, is a member of the library committee, and gentlemen of the highest special qualifications are glad to give their services. Musicians of eminence take the solo parts in the concerts, literary men and famous scientists give lectures, and this East End university of the people has the benefit of much of the best talent of England. Sir Edmund has many ideas and plans yet to be put into execution; but the place is fairly established upon main lines that will not

be abandoned. The establishment as soon to be completed will represent an investment, chiefly in bricks and mortar, of about $600,000. Sir Edmund's three concerts a week and his numerous popular shows bring in pennies by the scores and hundreds of thousands, and these help to meet the current expenses. The Drapers' yearly largess covers a good part of the deficit, and the rest is to be permanently met by an endowment which I shall mention further on.

It is not to be inferred that in all the years of the past no other attempts more or less directly in this line had been made by good people for the benefit of the two million human beings of East London. A number of establishments still survive to tell the tale of brave efforts; but most of these have been inadequately supported, and none of them have rested upon so broad a foundation as the Polytechnic plan. It is one of Sir Edmund's generous ambitions to make the People's Palace the head and center of a coöperating group of East End institutions, which are not necessarily to be upon the same exact model, but which unite recreative and educational features for the welfare of the young. He believes that life and vigor can be infused into more than one enterprise now languishing under debt or bad management or paucity of resources.

The Rev. Freeman Wills is a gentleman whose share in the Polytechnic movement should have due and honorable mention. For several years, with voice and pen, he has been preaching the gospel of institutions upon Mr. Hogg's plan, and urging their establishment in different parts of London. Shortly before the opening of the People's Palace he had himself established a polytechnic known as the "Finsbury," near the eastern edge of "the City" and close to the well-known Broad Street Station. It is not as yet completely built, and has from the first been embarrassed for funds; but it has several thousand boys on its membership rolls and in its classes, and it manages to survive and do good work. It has influential friends who have made it very considerable gifts, and its large membership seems so strong an argument for its permanent maintenance that it is not likely that it will be allowed to close its doors for lack of funds. Its clubs and societies are in a very lively condition, and while its educational equipment is not equal to that of the two great institutions I have just described, it happens to be in the vicinity of excellent technical and night schools, and its especial function would seem to be the social, moral, physical, and recreative culture of the thousands of young men who live within easy reach of its doors. Mr. Wills had known much of the condition of South London, and of its great and crying need for institutions of just this character; and in the spring of 1888 he obtained on favorable terms the lease of a great building which had been erected at a cost of $140,000 in a populous part of South London as a public hall, swimming-bath, and place of resort. It had been a financial failure, and Mr. Wills secured it as a building which could easily be adapted for the uses of a polytechnic. It was opened in June by the Princess Louise, and within three months it had secured a membership of three thousand boys. Its future depends chiefly upon its success in securing, first, the funds that will be required to purchase the building and make the necessary additions, and then the public endowment for which it is a hopeful candidate. It is under the personal management of Mr. Wills, who conducts the weekly "Polytechnic Journal" as the organ of his two institutions. An influential committee acts as a provisional board of trustees. The surrounding districts, which include Kensington, Brixton, Clapham, Camberwell, and parts of other parishes, have a population of 250,000 within a radius of less than one and a half miles from the "Lambeth Polytechnic." It is mainly a working-class population, although not of the poorest orders.

I have spoken of a "public endowment" for which at the time this sketch was written the Lambeth Polytechnic was a candidate; and this brings me to a part of my subject which is, perhaps, the most important of all. The Charity Commissioners are a board which was created by Parliament in 1853 to superintend the administration of charitable and educational endowments all over Great Britain. In 1883 Professor James Bryce carried through Parliament a bill providing for the amalgamation of the old parochial charities of London and the application of the income to the welfare of the poorer classes throughout the metropolis, under direction of the Charity Commissioners, in the form of provisions for technical education, the maintenance of libraries or museums, the purchase of open spaces and recreation grounds, the establishment or assistance of provident institutions and hospitals, and whatever else might seem good to the commissioners in promotion of "the physical, social, and moral condition of the poorer inhabitants." In about a hundred old parishes there were a vast number of endowed charities of ancient standing whose original objects had become obsolete, or whose funds, having greatly outgrown the requirements of those objects, were being squandered or misapplied. Under the terms of this act the Charity Commissioners garnered funds and property to the total value of about $15,000,000, yielding (at three per cent.) a present income of $500,000,

PICTURE SHOW AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

about $200,000 of which is paid over to another body, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for Established Church purposes, while the remainder is at the disposal of the charity board for the objects specified in the act. Considerable sums have been devoted to the purchase of parks; and, in accordance with the evident wish of Parliament and the general public, it was determined by the commissioners to aid technical education. Very thorough investigation was made by the board with the view to discover the best way to promote a technical instruction that would benefit the lower rather than the middle classes. Institutions at home and abroad were studied, Mr. Henry Cunynghame, one of the assistant commissioners, making a special and expert examination of the whole subject. As a result, the commissioners concluded that in England only the richer and middle classes would go to day technical schools, and that night schools for apprentices and young people of the working classes should be supported. They also concluded that in England it would be wholly unwise and impracticable to attempt to make the technical school supplant the shop, and that its instruction should be supplementary and of a more scientific and theoretical character, rather than for the purpose of imparting mere working skill in trades. They were convinced that for the young workingmen of the metropolis it was highly desirable that the gymnasium, the swimming-bath, athletic games, and careful physical training should be provided. They also concluded that it would be fatal to mix ages, and that the period from sixteen to twenty-five was the approved one. Further, they agreed that it would not be well to give apprentice boys "things for nothing." And thus they had reasoned themselves into the acceptance of Mr. Hogg's polytechnic as the most complete and desirable form of technical school for the poorer classes of London. They determined to take his school as a model, and to promote the establishment of a series of similar institutes throughout the metropolis. Studying Mr. Hogg's experience, they were satisfied that $500,000 could be made to pay the cost of plain buildings and to provide an endowment fund that would yield enough to cover at least a good part of the difference between current receipts and expenditures for an institute that would accommodate say four thousand members and a larger number of students. It became known in the spring of 1888 that the commissioners would aid in the establishment of a number of these institutes, upon approval of their locations and plans, and upon the securing of at least half the necessary means from private donors. It was understood that $3,000,000, or the income of that amount, would be devoted by the commissioners to the promotion of polytechnics. They gave Mr. Hogg's polytechnic $12,500 a year in perpetuity, on condition that a private fund of $175,000 be raised — this being regarded as equivalent to $7500 a year. The conditions having been met, the Polytechnic has now an assured income from endowments of $20,000 a year, which places it upon a secure footing. The People's Palace also receives from the commissioners this same sum of $12,500 per year. The commissioners further offered in the early summer of 1888 to give outright $750,000 towards the maintenance of three polytechnics on the south side of the Thames on condition that an equal sum should be contributed from other sources. The offer created great enthusiasm, and a highly influential committee was formed to carry the project through. It was in anticipation of the acceptance of his institution as one of the three that Mr. Wills opened his Lambeth polytechnic. Large gifts to the South London committee from wealthy city guilds have assured the success of the project. South London has from 800,000 to 1,000,000 people, and many of its districts are almost as dreary and destitute as the East End itself. The easternmost of these South London polytechnics has been secured for New

SUNDAY CONCERT IN THE GREAT HALL, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Cross in Deptford. This parish is bounded by Greenwich, Lewisham, Peckham, and Rotherhithe, and the region has a quarter of a million people. The buildings and grounds of the Royal Naval School have been acquired for this polytechnic through the generosity of the Goldsmiths' Company, which in October announced its willingness to give an endowment of $12,500 a year, this income being regarded as equivalent to a capital sum of more than $400,000. The Charity Commissioners promptly met the gift with one of like amount and secured the premises. This polytechnic will be known as the Goldsmiths' Company's Institute, and that company will doubtless guard its future prosperity. It will, of course, be conducted upon the Regent street model.

The central polytechnic of the South London group will be at the Borough Road, on premises long owned by the Corporation of London, and as an annex it will have the great Royal Victoria Hall, purchased in August, 1888, by a committee, of which the Duke of Westminster was chairman, for a South London "People's Palace" as a tribute to the memory of the late Samuel Morley. For the vast population in the vicinity of the "Elephant and Castle" and Spurgeon's Tabernacle, this Borough Road Institute and People's Palace will be of inestimable benefit. It has the most promising situation, perhaps, that could be secured in the entire metropolis, excepting that of the People's Palace for East London. Whether Mr. Wills's Lambeth polytechnic will eventually be accepted by the South London committee as their third undertaking seems as yet to be uncertain, a rival site being the Albert Palace, at Battersea Park, which has of late been idle in the hands of a receiver, and which with its grounds could be readily transformed into a most suitable and attractive people's palace and polytechnic institute.

Southwest London, on the north side of the Thames, was made practically certain of a polytechnic institute when early in the summer of 1888 the Charity Commissioners offered $250,000 on condition of an equal sum being subscribed, and they accepted as satisfactory a site in Chelsea given by Earl Cadogan, valued at $50,000. Although surrounded by the wealthiest parishes of London, from Fulham to Westminster, this region has its hundreds of thousands of poor people who will profit by the institute.

The arrangements for North London have not progressed so far, at the time this is written, as those for South London; but the commissioners have signified their willingness to give $1,000,000 for the endowment of four polytechnics in North London, on condition that a like sum be secured by voluntary subscriptions for the erection and equipment of the buildings upon plans approved by the commissioners. Committees composed of members of Parliament and influential citizens of the boroughs of Hackney, Finsbury, Islington, and St. Pancras are earnestly working for the attainment of these very desirable institutions. Of the five million inhabitants of the metropolis, North London may certainly claim more than a million, and the need for people's palaces is only less urgent than in the east and the south.

Thus it is altogether probable that the near future will see from nine to twelve of these admirable institutions in the different parts of the metropolis, all well housed, all endowed, and able altogether to provide instruction and amusement for well-nigh a hundred thousand young people of the average age of twenty. They will all have excellent technical, commercial, and general schools for evening students, and technical day schools for lads in the early teens. Each will have an ample gymnasium, a swimming-bath, a recreation ground somewhere accessible, and cricket, foot-ball, rowing, tennis, cycling, and other out-of-door clubs. They will all have social rooms, reading-rooms, literary societies, and indoor clubs of every legitimate description. In addition to provisions for their own members, most of them will provide entertainment and instruction in popular form for the masses, the extent of this part of the work depending much upon the locality and its needs. Certainly this is a very remarkable and a very promising movement. If it stood alone it would be almost lost in the vastness of London's population and necessities. But it must be regarded as an harmonious part of the whole work of popular education that is making its advances tardily but surely in England. The night classes maintained throughout London by the School Board, assisted on the recreative side by the Recreative Evening Classes Association, accomplish no small good. The university extension movement, with its popular lectures, has become an appreciable educational influence; and Toynbee Hall, which has grown out of the university movement, is an increasing factor in the work of social and educational improvement among the poor. The famous schools of an older order, of which King's College, the Birkbeck Scientific and Literary Institution, and the Workingmen's College are instances, still flourish and give instruction to many thousands of people in day and evening classes. The Finsbury Technical College, the City and Guilds' Central Institution at South Kensington, and the great science and art colleges of the Government adjoining the Kensington Museum, are all at-

tainable by the exceptional young person who aspires to the highest scientific, artistic, or technical training; and all these, and many other successful schools of a more or less special character, have their places and perform admirably their proper functions. But the Polytechnic supplies a want so distinct as to be unmistakable. It gives the sons of the people a few years of experience in association together for studies and pastimes and the varied interests and pleasures of youth, that is akin to the experiences that the more favored sons of the wealthy enjoy at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, and the other great public schools, and at the universities. It is a kind of experience that develops manhood, and that may do much to preserve and bring to the front those best traits of English character which the life in crowded towns in too many ways tends to minimize if not to destroy. However successful the polytechnic movement might prove in other and smaller cities,—and it certainly would seem to have a wide applicability,—there can be no manner of doubt about its fitness for London conditions and about its brilliant and useful future.

Albert Shaw.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XIV.

JOHN RECKONS WITH CHENAGE.

"In the night time visited,
And seeing with close-shut eyes the day unborn."

"For she a woman, womanlike in mind,
Not of man's strength, alone, without a sword,
She hath destroyed me."

"This shall be thy lot,
My stern Avenger dwelling with thee still."

"What waters of the Don will cleanse me? Or what sea of Asoph with its barbarous waters bending over the Black Sea? Not Neptune himself, with his multitudinous waters, will be able to expiate such wickedness."

ANASTASIA had that night a singular experience. A few times in her life she had heard her father speak of a peculiar dream which at critical epochs in their fortunes visited all of the De Burg family. It varied as to its circumstances, but never as to its controlling demon, and she had heard this spirit of the dream so vividly and so recently described that she was conscious of a kind of recognition when she saw him.

For, the week before her miserable wedding, her father met this spirit of his house in that dim frontier of Eternity which we call Dreamland. And so terrible had been the meeting that in the cold, gray glimmer which precedes dawning he came to her for company, showing a face as wan as a specter. And as he flung open the casement and thrust his dark head into the still mysterious day she had shivered with an unknown fear—sympathetic, half divining, yet dumb either for question or for comfort.

She recalled his imperative knock at her door, his eager request to be admitted, his greed for light and air, the troubled terror in his eyes, the pallor of the unborn day upon the pallor of his face, the long, sad sigh with which he threw himself into the chair, the unnatural voice in which he whispered her name.

He had said nothing more at the time, but, lost in thought, seemed to be content to feel his daughter's presence, to hear her commonplace observations, and to watch her combing and brushing her long, black hair before the mirror. There was something so very mortal and fleshly about Anastasia that he got rid of the supernatural as he watched and listened to her; so that, when the sun touched the horizon, he felt able to fling off the dread and awe which had overwhelmed him.

She did not name the circumstance at breakfast, but when the meal was over De Burg took her to the terrace, where there was a great sun-dial with a stone seat around it, and he made her sit by his side. In the broad dayshine it was possible to speak of what she ought perhaps to hear.

"You will see him for yourself some day, Asia. He will come as your friend or your foe. He will make you taste the savor of death in

life, or else convey by secretest means the assurance of whatever you desire. Ah, me! The fear of him comes thundering back, and I am tormented with cruel expectation."

"Who is he?"

"My father believed him to be Glaive de Burg, who burnt the Saxons out of Shoreham and built there a castle whose walls still stand. 'T is said he was partner in all King John's treachery to his brother Richard, and that Glaive de Burg betrayed both brothers to each other. One day he was arrested for high treason and he knew his hour had come. As he crossed the courtyard of the castle, the mailed guards being on each side of him, he flung the great key of his home backward and bid his demon 'keep it well until he came again.' He was beheaded within a week, and came no more to Shoreham. But the castle was strangely troubled, and the De Burgs dwelt hardly there until King Henry VIII. gave them this priory. Then they deserted Shoreham and it fell into decay. But the man with the key grows no older. As my fathers saw him I see him. This morning he presaged great trouble to me. Lowering and black was his face, and his voice full of terror, and I fear death, Asia, knowing well what powers there be behind it."

"But he is not always terrible, and I will hope that he may be so far touched by my fidelity to the De Burgs, and by my helplessness against such as would hurt me, as to fight my battles. And surely, if I see him, father, I will not fear to ask that all evil designed you may be shifted to your enemies."

And yet when the mysterious adherent did visit her she was conscious only of an intensely personal instruction which she could not translate into human language—so personal, indeed, that she was inclined jealously to keep to herself all that she had supernaturally learned.

From this informed sleep she awakened with a sudden sense of life. It was as if the demon had said: "That is all. Go!" She opened her eyes wide, there was a moment of blank, then the whole communication flashed upon her mind and brought with it a feeling of strength and light-heartedness which not even her father's critical condition could essentially impair. For if Nathaniel Kelder had gone to Appleby she knew he would do all that was possible for the sick man. "Pious people are a comfort sometimes," she thought, "and cousin Nat's conscience will require him to be extra kind to his enemy."

She dressed herself with some care and ate her breakfast alone with a very good appetite, Chenage being still in the torpor of alcoholic sleep. Then, as the morning was warm and fine and the west wind brought on it delicious odors from the lavender beds in the lower part of the garden, she asked for scissors and a basket.

"The heads are full ripe, Gilbert," she said; "I will go and cut them. When the master is ready for breakfast let me know."

Gilbert watched her a moment going through the garden, and an unusual feeling of pity came into his heart. "She be pretty and good-natured, bless her—and my word, but she will catch it anon." Then he went into the kitchen to eat his own meal and found such sentiments little approved. The women all stood by master, and the inferior men-servants all had personal reasons for standing by the women.

But Anastasia was not thinking of their ill-will, though she was quite aware of it. That wondrous man of the dream, and the mystery and promise of his unexplainable revelation, filled her mind with a vague but positive sense of coming triumph over all her enemies. She went straight to the lavender beds and cut the small basket full. As she straightened herself her eyes met two other eyes. They were looking at her with such an intensity of regard as may have compelled her attention. Before she could move or speak a hand parted the hazel boughs, a brown hand covered with rings, and then Anastasia laughed lowly and went towards the beckoning fingers.

"O Pastro! Is it you at last?"

"It is Pastro, my lady. The captain wants your orders."

"Go and tell him that I am being slowly killed. Chenage flogs me like a dog."

"The great devil!"

"To-day Chenage goes to Kendal market. Tell Captain John to come, 'as from the king,' about one o'clock. I will see him, if I die for it. Pastro, look here"; and she pushed aside her handkerchief and showed a livid mark across her shoulders. "He did that yesterday. Go and tell Captain John what you have seen, what I say."

"I will tell, fear not."

"Remember, one o'clock! Pray God he kill me not before help comes. Help will come?"

He nodded decisively, and the mist of pity in his black, piercing eyes told her that she had a proper messenger. She waited a moment until the rustling among the hazel bushes ceased, then with her basket of lavender she turned towards the house. In a few moments she saw Gilbert at the open door looking towards her; Chenage, then, was at breakfast, and she hasted lest her delay should add to his usual irritation.

She was so nervous that she began to sing—a pitiful little murmur, the thinnest echo of her former clear, high trilling; that kind of

singing in which trembling souls hide, or try to hide, their crying. Chenage looked at her, and the poor pretense froze upon her lips. However, she noticed instantly that he wore the suit in which he usually rode to Kendal, and the circumstance gave her comfort. It was the sign and promise of all she wished. Chenage had dressed himself for his evil destiny.

"Well, mistress, gadding about, as usual."

"I have been cutting the lavender."

"Gilbert, fling that high-smelling stuff away."

She let the man take the basket without a word, but there was a look in her eyes which maddened Chenage beyond words.

"Where is the letter you got last night?"

She laid it at his side.

"Old Kelder! Lies! Where is Nat Kelder's letter?"

"I had no letter from Nat Kelder."

"You had."

"I had not. You see my father is dying. I want to go to him."

"You want to go to Nat Kelder. He is in Appleby. You shall not go within a hundred miles of him."

"What do I care for Nat Kelder? It is my father I —"

"'Ah, me! I would I had a Puritan lover! How I should adore one! How becoming is their dress! How refined and gentle their manners! Loving is their only vice, and I vow they love to perfection! Ah, me! I would I had a Puritan lover!'" So, with black, drawn brows and angry mimicry, he mocked her with the idle words she had taught him.

"I want to go to my dying father."

"You want to go to Nat Kelder. You are not going to Appleby now; no, nor at any other time."

"Are you above the law? I have been summoned there. And I swear I will go to my father."

"You will go to bed and stay there. When I am in Kendal I shall tell Dr. Kirby to be here to-morrow. Kirby will swear you are ill, or mad, if I tell him to. And, by Heaven! I will make you mad if you are any saner than suits my purpose."

As he spoke he grasped her arm. And he had a cruel grip; a vise of iron would hardly have pressed her flesh more torturingly.

"Let me go, Roger, please. You hurt me, you make me sick. Pity — pity — pity!"

To see the color leave her cheeks and mortal terror leap into her eyes, to see her red lips turn ashy and her eyelids droop and quiver, gave him a fierce joy. The brutal fingers closed tighter: he was mocking her about Nat Kelder, and forgot himself until he suddenly knew that he held a dead weight in that merciless grip. For a moment he was terrified. He called the women, and they loosed her dress and threw cold water over her face, but with the return of life he experienced an access of anger against her. She began to sob as consciousness came back, and he sent every one away and sat down beside her.

"Mistress," he said, "it will be more for your welfare to listen to me than to cry for yourself. I am going to Kendal. Ask Audrey to show you the room in the garret of which she keeps the key. It has a story, and she may tell it to you. My grandmother, Lady Cecilia Chenage, lived eleven years in that room. There is an iron staple in the wall, and an iron chain and bracelet on the floor. My grandfather kept the key of that bracelet. Lady Chenage was subject to faintings and cryings; she had had many servants as well as my grandfather, and she made his life uncomfortable. She became mad. Do you understand? Faith, if you do not, you have less sense than will serve your turn."

Then he went away, leaving the terror-stricken woman dumb with the horror of her situation. She lay still until she heard the clatter of his horse on the paved yard, and knew by the whining of the dogs and the clash of the iron gates that he was on the high road to Kendal.

It was then about ten o'clock, and if John came there were still three hours to be got over. If they should carry her to that dreadful room before John came! If John should not come! She tried to think what she must do, and the outlook appalled her. Her father was in prison, perhaps dying; he could not help her. The Bellinghams had cast her off since that affair of Roger Prideaux. Mistress Cecil, the Le Talls, the Sandersons, the Paleys, none of them had the power, even if they had the will, to help her. The Kelders? Yes, she believed the baron would shield her at any risk. But how could she reach him? The servants watched the house by day, the dogs would not spare her by night. It was impossible for her to walk to Kelderby; under what pretense could she get a carriage, or even a horse, to take her there?

In a hopeless and miserable round of revengeful cares and sullen sorrows she passed a couple of hours. Several times Audrey urged her to "go and lie down and get a bit of sleep." But she felt as if nothing could induce her to go upstairs again, unless John's coming should remove the hand of terror. Soon after the noon hour she heard the gallop of a horse and the slow movement of a man leaving his dinner to answer the unexpected visitor.

She stood breathless, with the door ajar, listening. It was an hour sooner than she ex-

pected her brother, but she could understand how hard it would be for John to wait after he received the message sent by Pastro. The imperative knock at the front door was repeated twice before Thomas Hodges reached it. It was a moment of supreme anxiety. She hardly breathed until she heard the voice, John's voice, ask for Chenage. There was the slow, expected reply, then some impetuous talking, and Hodges followed by John came into the parlor. He was perfectly disguised in a suit of almost Puritanical gravity.

The eyes of the brother and sister met. "Madam," said John, "here is the king's seal and authority for my intrusion. As I cannot see your husband, permit me to sit at this table and write my instructions." He spread out a sheet of parchment with a great seal and the signature of "Carolus Rex" attached to it. Anastasia played her part perfectly. She called in Gilbert and bid him look at the paper, and Gilbert bowed down to the sign and seal of royalty. In a whispered consultation with Anastasia he thought that the bearer of so august a paper should have all conveniences, and he himself proposed to spread refreshments for him in the best dining parlor.

"I shall have to ask you, madam, to give me your attention, as these instructions are in cipher, and must be explained to you."

With affected reluctance Anastasia remained, and at length the door was shut and she stood alone with her avenger. They wasted no time. She told her story in low, passionate words. She showed her wounds and her bruises. She revealed the threat made to her that morning, and as she spoke her eyes were full of such mortal terror that John saw in them the bare garret room with its iron chain and bracelet.

He listened with that quiet fury which intends nothing less than the direst vengeance. His pretty sister who had braved so much for him! What would he not do for her? As she made her mournful complaint his face grew blacker and blacker, and Anastasia knew that Master Chenage would go mad before she did.

"What time does Chenage leave Kendal?"

"Between ten and eleven to-night."

"Will he have any one with him?"

"He may have Squire Bevil, but only for two miles. Bevil Hall is about two miles out of Kendal."

"Will the brute be sober?"

"So sober as to keep his seat. His horse knows its master and the way home."

"He will never bring his master home again."

"Are you going to kill him?"

"Kill him? Not yet. Oh, no! He shall long for death a thousand times more than he ever longed for you. Kill him? Not until he has paid for every blow he has given you. Oh, I will kill him by inches, as he would have killed you in that living grave upstairs. He shall die daily, by hours, and minutes."

"I have not told you all yet. He promised father £200 to go to the king, and then he informed against him. 'T was his hope that father would be arrested before the money was paid."

"Oh-h-h! That accounts for what I saw at De Burg as I passed. Where is father?"

"In Appleby common jail."

He drew his lips tight, and an indefinable sound escaped them. It was the utterance of many feelings, but anger was the predominating one.

"I can never believe that you will forget this, John."

"You must needs know better. I shall think on it — and he will pay for it. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" Anastasia looking into John's face caught something of the passions which infused and infuriated it. Her glinting eyes had the fire of vengeance in them. Her lips wore the cruel smile of inexorable and pitiless retaliation.

"Shall I see you again, John?"

"Not at this time. I shall be pleasantly engaged with Master Roger Chenage. But Pastro will bring you a comfortable word. Get ready for Appleby if you wish to go, and trouble your heart no more about a dead man."

"Chenage is —"

"Chenage *was*, as far as you are concerned."

"John, I had *the dream* last night."

"Ah! that is doing business. Was he favorable?"

"He touched my wedding-ring, and it fell at my feet broken in two. He made my heart light as a bird on the topmost branch. I have assurances. If I could find words I might tell you more."

"You have said enough. I am invincible. My own sister, my only true friend, there are footsteps!"

He stood up, kissed her with hearty affection, and then faced the door with a haughty insolence that made Gilbert cringe and tremble before him.

"There is food and wine in the next room, if it please your lordship — your grace — your highness — to eat and drink."

"Bring me wax and a candle."

There were candles and wax in the room, and Anastasia watched with many queer thoughts the old man's trembling desire to serve. John sealed elaborately a sheet of paper and gave it to Anastasia with many exact orders for its safe delivery to Chenage. "Keep it in your breast, madam," he said; "things of great importance to the king and to the future Earl of Chenage are secured by it."

Anastasia bowed low, but even in that moment, when her existence was held in suspense

and tragical danger, she could not avoid giving her brother a glance from beneath her level brows which might have roused a fatal suspicion even in Gilbert's stupid mind if he had not been so lavishly impressed by John's moods and actions that he dared not raise his eyes. And he was further impressed by the fact that John refused all refreshment, his care being only to get forward on his journey as quickly as possible.

"Mistress! Mistress!"—and Gilbert sank his voice to a whisper—"'t is the king himself, I 'll warrant. He be here looking after his own business, and need for him to do so; and a grander man I never saw. I could fairly have knelt down and kissed his feet."

Anastasia gladly humored the idea. She went for a likeness of the exiled monarch, and Gilbert was certain of the identity of the two men. What an event it was for Chenage! The fact that the whole household was enjoined to secrecy gave the news something of the delightful flavor of stolen fruit. In the kitchen there was a grand feast prepared, and over it the stranger was discussed.

Even "the mistress" obtained a reflected respect. She was the keeper of a paper which was to make master Earl of Chenage. Gilbert had heard him say so, and every man-servant and woman-servant had their own hopes in the realization of such dignity. These hopes kept them in delightful conversation and in a constant appetite for something to eat or drink until the night was far advanced.

Anastasia understood the revolution in feeling, and she smiled complacently. She was no longer in mortal terror. She felt that John had succeeded in imparting to her an importance which would secure her safety until he had made her again mistress of her destiny. But she took the precaution to show herself to some one of the household every hour of the day. If there was any suspicion, she was determined to be beyond it. At eleven o'clock she consulted Gilbert about his master's return. She did not "wish to sleep until she was clear of the charge of the paper." Gilbert thought she ought not to do so. He was sure master would be home anon. Thus another hour passed,—two, three hours,—and the whole household being exhausted with their great expectations, it was finally concluded that master had staid the night with Squire Bevil.

"Or he may have met the stranger," said Anastasia, with an air of mystery and subdued enjoyment.

This suggestion was so excellent that it supplied a new interest to the exhausted theme. The servants resolved to sit another hour, and Anastasia bid them good-night with her sweetest smile. "I think," she said, "we have heard good news to-day; good news both for England and Chenage." The men gave a little cheer. The women dropped courtesies. They looked at her with a far more gracious interest than they had given that night on which she entered Chenage as a bride. They inferred from her parting speech that the king was coming back, and also that she had some surety of becoming Countess Chenage. And they were all shrewd enough to know that the king's return would restore De Burg to his estate, and thus give to the future countess a position and a protector which even Chenage would not dare assail.

All their thoughts and selfish plans were clear to Anastasia, and as soon as she was within her room she laughed softly but immoderately at them. She had not been mentally idle, for she was aware that her position was not yet in her own control. She desired most of all things to go to her father, but this step she could not take while her husband's fate was uncertain. She must remain at Chenage until public opinion had come to some decision on the matter. But she felt already the lifting of the incubus. Her flagging spirit, that ever since her marriage had flown under its natural pitch, as if it was a body in a body, and not a mounting essence, resumed its old daring, its pushing inquisitiveness concerning whatever affected its happiness.

As soon as she was alone she threw aside every restraint of mood and clothing. She was too excited to sleep, her mind was busy with probabilities, and she looked in vain for anything fixed to rest it upon. Underlying all her thoughts was the thought of her father. All that he had suffered, all that he was suffering, she laid to the charge of Chenage. He had denied this treachery, denied upon his honor, but Anastasia believed him not. And the contemplation of her dying father made her contemplate the probable condition of Chenage with satisfaction.

She recalled one by one his various acts of petty tyranny, she looked again at the marks which his cruel fingers had left, she shuddered at the threat which led her memory to that chamber of wrong and misery which might have become her grave. The thought of the poor lady who perished there filled her eyes with tears. The thought of Audrey, who had probably assisted at that burial of the living, filled her with horror and with strange dreams of retribution.

She heard the clock strike three, and she stood up to listen to each reverberation. John had told her that at three o'clock the tide would serve his purpose, and Roger Chenage would begin in reality his voyage to eternity. John's last words to her had been, "At three

o'clock he will be dead to you." Three had struck. She was free. She took a long breath. She stretched outward and upward her arms. She felt no motion of pity. She asked herself why she should pity him. "He never knew pity for any one, not even for the poor lady who could hardly have wronged him in any way.

"Whatever John does to him, he deserves it. I swear he does. I hope John will tell him that I planned the whole affair. I do not think that he will sleep much to-night; and on whom will he spend his temper to-morrow morning? Not on me. Will he try it on John? Ha! ha! His courage flies not so high. A weak woman, whom the law had tied hands and feet ready for him, makes the pastime he prefers. I wonder if by this time John has cut my bonds. I think he has. I believe it. I am free — free — free — free." She dropped suddenly asleep with the word parting her lips.

She was awakened by a loud and imperative knock at her chamber door, and the sound of a human voice full of wonder and fear. "Mistress! Mistress! Open, an it please you, Mistress, such a thing has happened! We don't know what to make of such a thing."

"What is the matter, Nan?"

"We don't know what, mistress. The master's horse is come home alone. Master is n't on him. A thing like that never happened before. It has given us all such a feel, you can't think, mistress."

In her white night garment and her bare feet she stood looking at the woman. Her long black hair fell around her face and shoulders, and she lifted her hands and pushed the froward curls behind her ears. In the respite this action gave her she tried to decide upon the proper rôle to play.

"Mercy on us, Nan! Send Gilbert to me, at once."

Unconsciously she spoke in her old imperative manner, and the woman resented its assumption, even in the midst of her excitement.

"Gilbert, you are to go to the mistress; and to go to her at once. She is in a very high way this morning. I don't know what to make of her. I walked myself off middling quick."

After such a message Gilbert thought his honor demanded an extra delay, and before he had made up his mind to go to Anastasia she had hurriedly dressed herself and was with him. Suddenly she opened the great oak door which shut off the kitchen, and stood gazing at its occupants from the topmost of the short flight of steps by which it was reached. The gloom and shadow of the long passage was behind her, the morning light from the wide kitchen windows shone in her face, and turned the Indian calico she wore into a garment of strange beauty and brilliancy; for its "pines" full of gorgeous coloring caught the August sunshine, and made around her a haze of glowing reflections.

"Gilbert!"

Gilbert turned and looked at his mistress, and in that first glance abandoned all his dreams of authority over her. Anastasia had regained herself. Her beauty was a thing to wonder at. Not a servant of them had ever before seen her face as they saw it then, with the eyes flashing fire and the cheeks blazing like carnations, and the long curling veil of her dark hair flung backwards in that studied confusion which permitted some of the locks to stray over the milky whiteness of her throat and bosom.

"Gilbert! What have you done? Who has been sent to Kendal?"

"I have been that moidered, mistress, I have had no thoughts about me. I would give a matter of twenty shillings to know what to do."

"This is your affection for your master, is it? A pretty crowd of sniffling, sneaking varlets he has been feeding and pampering! Every man-jack of you ought to have been on the search ere this. Come, sir; take horse and go to Baron Le Tall's and raise the cry there. Thomas, you make haste to Squire Bevil's. Jekyl, you ride post-haste to Kendal, rouse the constables and the justices, and see to their getting out a hue and cry. The master had gold on him. I tell you he had gold on him, and plenty of it. All of you knew that. Pray God all of you know not more than you ought to know about this delay and the reason of it. I am suspicious of you. Before God, I am suspicious of you all! A bad lot the master pampered. I always told him so. Guzzling and planning, instead of calling me and hurrying on the search yourselves. You have let hours go by without one word or effort. It looks evil. It looks scandalously evil!"

"Mistress, these are strange words."

"True words, Audrey. Only too true! If you are indeed innocent, make shift to reach farmer Gates, and what you cannot do he can. Jess, you foot it over the moor to the head-shepherd. Nan, you take the high-road and turn hither the first man you see, gentle or simple."

"Mistress, I am little able to ride."

"Make shift to do so, Gilbert. You will ride, perhaps, to the saving of your own life. For I swear by my conscience I trust none of you! Too much delay. Such a good master! Such an idle pack of ingrates around him!"

Her passion was so well assumed that it carried all resistance before it. The younger servants, white and terrified, hasted to do her bidding. Audrey and Gilbert had not the

moral courage to keep their own ground. In fifteen minutes she had the house to herself, and then she hastily sought the spot where Pastro had met her on the previous day. There it was most likely he would be waiting for her again. Her supposition was correct. When she reached the lavender beds the brown hand parted the hazel boughs, and the large brown face with its gold-ringed ears gleamed for a moment amid the green leaves.

"Pastro?"

"Here, my lady."

"What news?"

"All is well done."

"You got him?"

"Safe."

"Where is he?"

"The devil or Captain John knows. He is between them and the deep sea."

"Where did you get him?"

"Two miles out of Kendal."

"At what hour?"

"At eleven last night. He was in drink."

"How was it done?"

"We were three. One stopped his horse. One felled him. Captain John gagged him. I had borrowed after dark the horse and cart of a fisher who was out with his lines. We laid the brute at the bottom of it. I and my mate went with the cart. Captain John rode the horse of Chenage to the sea-shore. We reached it about one o'clock. All was quiet. Our boat was waiting. We tossed him into it, struggling like a caught conger, and just as dumb. I saw him put on board."

"Then?"

"I took back the horse and cart. The fisher's wife heard me. I told her a bit of smuggling had been done, and gave her a gold piece. She nodded very sensibly. Then I rode the horse nearly back to Chenage and turned him loose. He did his part well also. I have waited here for you."

"Pastro! Pastro! How can I thank you?"

"For Captain John I would cut off my hands. To help a fair lady out of trouble is thanks by itself. I am paid."

"You are a fine gentleman. I swear there are few as fine! Where go you now?"

"To the sea-shore. The farmers stare at me. By the sea I am with my kind. For three days the captain will keep in deep water; on the last night I shall meet him by Barrow and get aboard again."

"Then you will see Chenage?"

"Yes"; and he nodded with the syllable most expressively.

"Will you have wine or meat? I have time to bring them."

"They will be a great gift to me."

So she hasted back to the house and took from the buffet a bottle of wine and some meat and bread. As she passed through the hall she stood a moment and lifted a riding-whip which lay upon a table with Chenage's hunting-cap and gaiters. A bright but vindictive smile widened her mouth as she did so, and after she had given Pastro his food she said:

"When you see Roger Chenage give him this whip, and tell him 'to take patience' with it. That was commonly his word when he used it on me—'Take patience, mistress.' Deliver as much to him, and say with it that I think of him hourly, and find in the thought a very reasonable happiness."

Then Pastro wrapped the long lash round the leathern handle, laughing low as he did so, for he was thinking within himself what a delightful, devilish thing it would be in Captain John's hand.

She stopped on her return to the house and gathered a handful of lavender. She put her face in its hot perfume, and then fastened the purple heads in her girdle. She did not hurry, and she found plenty of time to eat a refreshing breakfast before there was any answer to the many calls for help she had sent out.

Le Tall came first. She did not think it necessary to affect any great show of grief to him. He knew that Chenage treated his wife brutally; he knew it, though Anastasia never said so. As a friend of both De Burg and Chenage, he assumed the duty of directing the search for the missing squire. As a magistrate he made the servants miserable, for he evidently regarded Anastasia's suspicions of them as not altogether improbable. They durst not leave their service, and it was now Anastasia's pleasure to render it a very hard one.

Revenge made her a most economical housekeeper. Comfortable meals and confidential chats might have done much to help their anxiety, but she kept them on bare rations and at constant and divided service. "Every piece of money was needed for the search," and whenever she found two of them together she accused them of making plots to hide their crime, and hinted at the necessity of securing them behind bolts and bars.

For many days Chenage Grange was busy with comers and goers. Two generations had not seen the old gray house so apparently gay. Constables, magistrates, friends, and curious people of all kinds found business there. Every one was received by Anastasia. She listened to their suggestions. She wept where she knew weeping would be effective. She smiled radiantly through her tears where it was best to dazzle. She let no one go away without eating or drinking. She earned the good-will or the admiration of all who approached her.

Of course the strange visitor of the previous day became the prime subject for suspicion and inquiry. The paper given to Anastasia was solemnly opened in the presence of two magistrates—and found blank. At that day this was not a remarkable circumstance. The king had probably an understanding with Chenage as to what a blank message would mean. Or, what was more likely, the paper might contain information which could only be made visible by the use of some secret preparation.

Gilbert described the man according to his own wonderful opinions and suspicions. Anastasia, in clever but guarded speech, contrived to represent a person as utterly dissimilar to John de Burg as it was possible to be. And when nothing could be learned of Chenage, and every trace of the man beyond Bevil gates vanished, popular opinion settled itself upon the surmise that Chenage had met this stranger, that he was really the king or some one very close to the king, and that Chenage had considered it best for his Majesty's interests, or his own interests, to go away, secretly and at once, upon some important political errand.

"He will return as unexpectedly and suddenly as he went away," said the greater part of the friends of Roger Chenage. Le Tall did not echo this opinion. He had heard from Anastasia during these days the full story of her sufferings and her husband's wickedness, and Le Tall was a superstitious man.

"The devil has taken him," he said with a gloomy terror. "He has gone down into hell while he was yet quick."

And Anastasia answered him not a word. But there was such a strange intelligence in her gleaming eyes, in her parted lips, in her white fingers upon them, that he mentally added, "And you know it!"

XV.

IN APPLEBY JAIL.

"But if one righteously hath borne the rod
The angels kiss those lips which spake for God."

"Send thy silver on before, tending to his sick and poor.
Every dirhem dropped in alms touches Allah's open palms
Ere it fall into the hands of thy brother. Allah stands
Begging of thee when thy brother asketh help."

"Men are more sensitive to contemptuous language than unjust acts; for it is harder to bear insult than wrong."

THE little party of relief from Sandys had left home in the sunshine, but it was raining heavily when they entered Appleby—that warm, misty summer rain which seems so unreasonable and is so depressing. It was too late to visit the jail that night, and they were all weary enough to be grateful for the rest and refreshment of the comfortable hostelry near it.

In the morning it was still raining, and Olivia looked mournfully into the wet street. Not far away she could see a low stone building with iron gratings across its small apertures, and she knew instinctively that it was the jail. Unflinchingly she looked at it, in her serious eyes the vague, sad speculation with which we approach the unknown factors of our destiny. Nathaniel stood silently beside her. They were waiting breakfast, for Hannah Mettelane was trying to get into her hands in orderly fashion the new circumstances out of which she was to make daily life.

"And I 'll tell you what, children," she said, "if you are set, both of you, on going into that place, it will be a deal better for me to stay out of danger. If we should all be sick together who is to nurse the sick? Every soldier cannot go to the battlefield; some one must be left in camp."

Black and miserable in the rainy morning looked the iron-grated jail. And its interior was crushing. For there is always some incubus of horror and sadness in the air of a place where men have suffered for generations, just as in old churches where men have prayed for generations the presence of the supernatural is almost palpable. An interview with the jailer was the first necessity, for in that day this functionary was an autocrat, responsible to none, guided only by his own passions, prejudice, or interest.

He was found to be a very moderate fellow, hiding beneath his Puritanical garb and address a strong liking for the king in exile. Towards De Burg and Prideaux, who were in prison for their presumed sympathy with the king, he had a favorable feeling, and had willingly permitted them such comforts as they were ready to pay for.

"But you see, master," said he to Nathaniel, "I do rent this place of the town, and hard work it be to make my rent and living out of such as are sent here—being mostly Quakers, who are a stubborn lot; and, though many of them rich, standing on the unlawfulness of their imprisonment, and dying rather than paying their dues."

He was taking his keys from his leather belt as he spoke, and Olivia and Nathaniel followed him without further remark. The opening of a door introduced them to the upper prison. It was a large room, used for the women prisoners and for light offenders, and though foul and close beyond words and but dimly lighted by the open grates, still immeasur-

ably more comfortable than the lower one, into which they descended by a trap in the floor and a steep, ladder-like stair.

In this dungeon, which was below the street, there were only three small gratings in front; the back part of the room remained in perpetual chill and shadow. The common sewer of the town ran through it; the air was full of noxious gases; frogs and toads and crawling things had there a constant dwelling-place. It was always cold; its stone seats were wet and slimy, and into it the blessed sunshine never came; only a dim light, shorn of all its warmth and glory, crept timidly in for a few yards, and was then quenched in the heavy miasma of the place.

Nathaniel ejaculated in a passionate whisper the great, compassionate name of "God!" Olivia stood still and looked with widening eyes around her. A Friend with placid face near one of the gratings was braiding shoelaces and dreaming of heaven. Another Friend was drawing through the bars a loaf of bread which a sympathizer had brought him. A third sat backward in the gloom. Two men waiting trial for murder were quarreling over a pot of beer near him, and a highwayman by his side was spitting out curses at the gibbet and chains he foresaw for himself. But the Quaker in the midst of them heard them not. Distrammeled of earth, he had retired into the inmost inmost of the soul, where neither man nor angels but only God cometh. He was in an ecstasy. In that divine depth his soul had recovered her wings, and on the six pinions of contemplation found out that third heaven where there is a dividing asunder of soul and spirit by the sword of the Lord and the spirit is joined to the Lord.[1]

There were two cell-like rooms cut off from this larger one, and Prideaux and De Burg occupied them. Nathaniel went at once to his cousin. Olivia was speedily in her father's arms. He had not dreamed of her coming; she was like the vision of an angel to him. And he was so worn-out, so near the point of exhaustion, that he covered his face with his hands and wept. But there are few situations so bad that money will not ameliorate them. A kind of stiff-necked carelessness had prevented Prideaux from buying comforts of which he had been unjustly deprived, but Olivia felt no such restraint. The jailer brought, at her order, plenty of fresh straw, and spread it for Roger in a corner of the larger room, and he lay down upon it gratefully and fell into a sleep which every prisoner respected. And Asa put his burning hands in Olivia's with a sweet content.

"It has been my prayer to see thee once more," he whispered. "And thou needst not fear, for no harm shall come to thee — God's love so walls thee round about."

"What shall I do for thee, Asa?"

"Stand faithful to thy God and bear thy testimony bravely. Let not thy love ever come before thy duty. In due time love will be blessed by duty. Thy father hath changed much. His heart is on fire. He hath a zeal beyond his strength. Leave him not till thou canst leave him wisely. Be a good girl, and God will make thee happy. Thou canst trust him?"

"From the beginning to the end."

All there was left of mortal life seemed to have fled to Asa's eyes. They had an ardent, longing gaze, as if his soul was watching through them for the angel bringing his release.

"Be a good girl, and God will make thee happy." He said the words again, and fell into a sleepy stupor from which he did not rouse himself until sunset. Then he touched Roger and said:

"I have heard with my inward ear the voice of God. I am come to the day which shall judge all my days. Wash my hands, Roger, and my face, and put on me clean linen, and then I will lie down and wait for my change." It was the last intelligent act of a noble death-bed. Calmly and steadily through a week of great suffering he had been going down to the grave, with a certain solemn pomp of conscious grandeur, as one who knew himself victorious over it.

So Roger washed and dressed Asa for his burial. He became rapidly worse. Though he had semi-lucid intervals during the next twenty-four hours, though his inner man mounted higher and higher, his outward man hourly wasted and drew towards its place and center. During this last remnant of conscious life he spoke but five times, and each effort appeared to be made from a distance farther and farther away from earth:

"Here I have been very close to Him, but now I escape to the courts of heaven, where I shall see him face to face."

"Rest in the Lord! Rest! Rest! and again rest!"

"The river is very low and calm; he that is washed needeth only to wash his feet!"

"Light! Light! A tide of glory!"

"Felicia!"

Felicia was his wife's name. She had left earth more than forty years before.

"Felicia!" It was the last effort of mortal speech, though he lay in a deathlike stupor for more than three days afterwards. Why was not his earthly tabernacle dissolved without this pause? For what was he waiting? For whom was he waiting? Neither of *this* nor of *that* world; it was evident that he was so far beyond mortality as to

[1] "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."—1 Cor. vi. 17.

Feel through all his fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

Olivia watched him constantly, but at midnight of the fourth day the watch was over; the act of death was accomplished. It was a dark sultry night, with no light of moon or stars. The rain plashed heavily on the pavement outside; the rush candle in the heavy air of the cell burned very dimly. Nathaniel and Olivia knelt together on the damp straw of the dying man's bed; Roger clasped his hands and repeated in a low, intense voice Paul's triumphant defiance of death. The three Friends in prison sat in silent prayer at a little distance. There was a calm beyond the calm of earth, and the faint stir and mutterings of the restless prisoners in the larger room touched not the peace of this place of death. At the last moment a heavenly radiance transfigured the face of the dying man. It was the light of the rising, not of the setting, life. Out of bonds and darkness through the constellations! Was there any wonder that the rapture of that release glorified the moment of death?

The night of Asa's death was the crisis of De Burg's illness. Nathaniel had dared to leave him only for the few sacred moments of the great mystery. Immediately after it De Burg recovered that consciousness he had lost for many days. During that sojourning at the mouth of the grave he had been constantly to his own soul muttering his crimes. But it was a confession without repentance and without promise. He came back to life insolent with that hate and anger whose fever had already burnt him to ashes and left him without power to give it the graphic utterance he had been accustomed to. The sight of Nathaniel almost convulsed him with abortive rage, and it was evident that his presence would no longer be serviceable.

The jailer's wife had given a bed to Olivia, and the weary girl was sleeping. Prideaux sat beside his dead servant lost in a revery which Nathaniel could not disturb. He awoke one of the Friends in the prison and left De Burg in his charge. Then he went to one of the gratings, and standing by it waited for the morning. The rain was over, but there was a wrack of clouds driving on the wind; all the stars were muffled, and the little town was so deeply hushed in sleep that the wailing of a sick child a little distance off seemed to fill the street with a portentous and sorrow-laden sound.

An influence he could not escape was around him, and as the dawn came dimly and showed him the white faces turned heavenward in their sleep he comprehended the divine pity of Christ. And he stood among those prisoners of sorrow and sin with prayers and tears, bringing each separate soul, as he understood it, to the heart of infinite pity. Thus in the night when there are no ordained priests in the temples God has priests consecrated without imposition of hands. Clouds of darkness were in the sacred aisles and over the altars of every church in England, but still priests ministered before the Lord. The Friend watching by De Burg was praying. Prideaux, sitting by "his servant departed this life in hope," was praising God for him. Nathaniel standing in the prison-house lifted up his hands and with holy intercession ministered before God. Everywhere souls were awake with sorrow or with pain and were serving, each soul in its course, before the Lord. "For these are they to whom the night-watch is appointed."

As soon as the jailer was awake Nathaniel left the prison. He found at the inn a messenger from Kelderby with letters from the baron and Lady Kelder. The baron informed him that George Sanderson of Penrith wanted to borrow one hundred pieces of gold on mortgage, and he requested Nathaniel to accompany to Penrith the lawyer who had the money in charge and examine the security given, "if it was within his duty to De Burg to leave him for so long." Lady Kelder wrote more explicitly:

SON NATHANIEL: My cousin Annie's husband is in trouble through tampering with politics — a thing no decent man can do and keep out of trouble; and if your affections are not totally and sheerly given to those Quakers, 't will be a service to me, your mother, if you convey the gold with some words of sympathy and good-will in your own person. 'T is not to be hoped that you will return to Kelderby until after the assize, yet I pray you to remember that you may have some indebtedness to your father and myself. Your father hath a failing sickness, I fear, and I — but it is little matter on that subject to complain. But I pray you to care a little for your own body's welfare, seeing that the soul is very useless without the body on this earth. For I do assure you that good health is the soul's good fortune, and though a man so far gone in love may not believe it, good health is the very salt of life. My son, I long to see you, and so abide your loving mother, JOAN KELDER.

To the duty nearest to us! Wise and good men have obeyed that dictum long before Carlyle voiced it. To go to Penrith was Nathaniel's most evident duty, and he went. And Olivia was not sorry to be rid for a while of Love's fearing importunities. She perceived that a great "opportunity" had been given her, and she desired to accept it gladly, without fear and without restraint. But Nathaniel's constant cautions and anxieties clouded her enthusiasm, and really hindered her usefulness. So it is that even in love a part is sometimes better than the whole.

The two weeks that followed were weeks of

great though subdued excitement. Roger's heart was in a flame, he forgot everything in the great strait of obligation which he felt towards his fellow-prisoners. He was an evangelist filled with his own evangel. The power and fervor of the Indwelling Light burned within him, and kindled every soul that he approached. For men catch doctrines by actual contact, by heart acting upon heart, not by reasoning and written arguments. And to these men and women in prison, sinking through long, hard pressure of obscure distresses, or buffets of outrageous fortune, or bonds of actual crime, the gospel Roger preached was the Gospel of a great Deliverance; and none of them quite escaped the almost miraculous influence of his burning words.

Olivia's power was equally deep, though less marked. She spent the long hot days among the women prisoners. There were nursing babies with them, and the mother of one was shivering and burning with an ague. What could Olivia do but take the wasted little atom and nurse it in her own arms? She listened to all these poor creatures' sorrows. She taught them several small arts by which they could earn a trifle of money. She brought them the good food which Hannah Mettelane prepared. She gave gold freely where gold could give liberty. She filled the hours of her voluntary confinement with deeds whose loving unselfishness touched even the rough hearts of the jailer and his wife to a far-off imitation of them.

Nor did she forget De Burg. He had no conscious remembrance of her, and the quiet girl in her duffle gray gown who washed his hands and face in sweet waters, who brought him jellies and broths and the delicate food he longed for, evoked no particular speculation in his mind. He had indeed a double portion of the selfishness of the convalescent — he was served and comforted, and the fact was for many days sufficient for him.

But one afternoon, when he was so much stronger as to be lifted into a chair near the grating, he did begin to wonder vaguely who the girl might be. In two more days he had progressed so far as to reflect that the men who lifted and dressed him were evidently Quakers, and then it was easy enough to infer that Olivia also was in prison for her faith. He called to mind in a rambling way the number of wealthy and refined women who had been thrown into jails for not going to church, or for talking to small congregations in their own houses, and he speedily decided that his nurse was one in the same case. Then some convincing thought connected her with the Quaker Prideaux, whom he had himself helped into Appleby prison. A strange suspicion followed, and he was about to trace it to confirmation when the door was softly opened and his own daughter stood upon the threshold. She glanced at her father, and, instantly comprehending his ability to receive her, fell at his feet with a glad cry. She put her arms around his neck and drew his wasted face down to her own and covered it with tears and kisses.

"Asia! Asia! Why came you not before?"

"'T was the fault of that hound Chenage. But he will never come between us again, my father. Never again!"

"What mean you? Is he dead?"

"He is gone."

"Gone? But where?"

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "I know not, and I care not. He treated me like a servant, and he flogged me like a dog."

"Flogged *you!* He flogged *you!* A thousand hells!" And his parchment-like skin, wrinkled with the waste of sickness, glowed as if there was a flaming fire beneath it.

"He put you here also, and by God's day! I would I had him here under my own hand and foot."

"Gone! Gone! Where hath he gone? Speak, Asia!"

"Le Tall saith that the devil hath him, and faith! I am sure Le Tall has guessed to a miracle."

"I am too weak to guess your riddle. In plain words, what mean you?"

"The day he disappeared a stranger came to Chenage, and he asked me many things about him. I kept nothing back; I showed him the bruises on my arms and bosom. He made my wrongs his, as he had a right to do. Chenage went to Kendal market that day, and he never came home."

"Kidnaped?"

"The man said he came on the 'king's business,' and the general report is that Chenage went with him on the same, and will return as unexpectedly as he left."

"Think you that?"

"When to-morrow comes back again I shall begin to tremble."

She had grown suddenly gloomy, and De Burg looked uneasily at her. "You must know, dear father, I could not come here earlier; for there was a blaze about the affair, and for my own safety I sat still where I was, in the sight of all. But when the nearness of your trial gave me excuse I grudged every moment of delay."

"I have been in the grip of death, Asia."

"Baron Kelder wrote me of your illness, and also of Nat Kelder coming to you. Nat hath a conscience, and I knew he would be good to you for the contradiction of the thing."

"'T was but one of many humiliations. I know well that out of Prideaux's pocket have

come many things of prime importance to me, drugs and the like. Also, I have been nursed by Prideaux's daughter, or else I have dreamt it. 'T is hard to stomach such favors."

"Faith! 't is very easy, if you look at it in the right way. Let Prideaux pay for your drugs. Let Nathaniel give you comforts and service. Let Saint Olivia mend your laces and linens and make you soups and jellies. Too much honor for the lot of them! Nothing is more comfortable to me than to reflect on the good things I get out of them that hate me." She spread her velvet skirts, and looked down at the jeweled clasps of her shoes and up at her embroidered gloves, and then removed the beaver hat she wore and shook out its white plumes. And as she did so she said, with a toss of her haughty head:

"Chenage paid for these braveries — that is one point in their favor. I can see him hugging his purse and counting out the gold pieces one by one, as if they were drops of his heart's blood. I tread upon him every time I buckle my shoes. I wish I could send him word how gladly I wear the velvets whose cost he counted so grudgingly. Faith! these white plumes in my hat he bought for his own beaver, and being of the primest quality, I make myself welcome to them. Odsbodkins! What are your enemies for but to serve you? Have you forgotten, father, that the assize begins in two days, and that even if your trial is put off until the last there is but little time to prepare for it?"

"I have been unable to think of it. You must see a lawyer for me."

"I will do better than that. I will see the two judges; Lord Cecil is one of them, and I have so worked on Mistress Cecil as to get a grace letter from her to him. As for Lord Sutton, the other, he never yet could resist the 'I pray you' of a pretty woman. I shall make sure of your verdict ere they try your case. Keep your heart at full ease."

The conversation then turned upon Chenage and her married life, and though nothing definite was told De Burg, he had a very clear intelligence as to his son-in-law's fate. In his heart he thought it very good news; and good news is a cordial tinctured with the elixir of life. Before Anastasia left him he was sitting straighter, and holding his head with something of its old domineering poise, as he drank in his daughter's promises and hopes for the future.

She put a full purse into his hand as she went away. "Chenage's gold," she said, with a merry laugh. "I hope he remembers how much he saved for you and for me. When the king comes to Whitehall, dear father, faith! we will carry it with the highest there."

She was in a royal humor, and as she passed through the prison rooms she left some of her smiles and gold among their wretched inmates. They talked about her as if she was some creature of different clay, and when they wearied of their speculations they sat pondering gloomily, each in his own heart, the different darkness in which we have our mortal birth.

The next day she came early to the prison. It was a wet day, and it angered her, for she was a woman made for the sunshine. As imprudent as she was impulsive, she took no pains to preserve the good-will it had pleased her to buy on the previous day. She spoke peremptorily to the jailer, and manifested without restraint her contempt and loathing for the situation in which she found herself.

As her eyes pierced the gloomy room their sullen stare suddenly turned to one of passionate anger. Olivia was walking in the more quiet space at the end of the room, and she had a babe in her arms. Its white puny face lay against her bosom, and she was softly singing it to sleep. Anastasia stood still a moment and looked at her. The gray dress, the square of white lawn folded across her breast, the placid face, irritated her beyond control. She remembered at the moment what her father had said of the care given him by the Prideaux, and it struck her only as a piece of impertinent interference with a life too weak to resent it. She walked straight to Olivia.

"Your servant, Mistress Prideaux. I take credit to myself for my forethought in sending you here. 'T was for my father's sake I did it, and sure the motive will be excuse enough for the deed. But faith! I have no taste for your further company." She made a scornful courtesy with the words, drawing down her handsome brows in a black frown.

"Thou sent me not. I came here for the love of God, and out of charity for thy father's desolate condition."

"Then pray make your charity a large claim on the Almighty. Faith! I hope he may be so good as to pay you, for I vow I have not a fair word or a gold piece for you."

"Thou art freely welcome for God's sake."

"Where is Nat Kelder? 'T is said you were in London in his company, and that you found the excuse of your father to follow him to Appleby. Fie! fie! I would you had more modesty or more pride."

Olivia answered her not. She still continued her walk, but she had ceased singing, and her cheeks were flaming with indignation.

"Answer me, mistress."

Then the sick woman turned and looked at Anastasia, and a virago called Moll Bassing went close to her, and, putting her hands upon her hips, defied her by the dumb provocation of a face shoved in closest proximity.

"Off, you pestilent creature!"

"Off thyself. Or if thou be so fain for a fight, look 'ee here!" And she bared her brawny arms, and doubled her huge red fists in Anastasia's face.

"Moll, be quiet. Thou knowest well that nothing can harm me."

"A God's-blessing on thee, mistress! 'T would be a hard death for any who tried to harm thee here." Then, addressing Anastasia: "Now, Mistress Penny-Pride, be off! Go thy ill ways. This room is for better folks than such as thou be."

Anastasia looked scornfully at the woman; she despised her brutal passion, and mocked it. Turning to Olivia with a laugh, she said: "So this is one of your friends, Mistress Prideaux. I ever thought you were base-born."

"Base-born! Hear her! hear her!"

The women were now all talking together, and the room was in a tumult. Anastasia stood her ground, but there was a look of terror in her eyes. She knew they were quite capable of giving her a far more severe punishment than ever Chenage had attempted.

Then Olivia, holding the babe in her left arm, put her right hand upon their leader. "Moll, thou must sit down and be quiet. If thou strikest, thou wilt hurt me most of all."

Her voice, so calm and even, had an authority they had learned to love and a charm they could not resist. They obeyed her at once, dropping their hands, but still muttering threats as Olivia turned to Anastasia.

"Mistress de Burg, be pleased, for thy own sake, to remove at once. Here is danger for thee, though none for me. I wish not to see thee hurt." And though the proud woman stood flashing hatred and scorn on the speaker, she was yet insensibly controlled by her stern, still face and the calm, positive voice with which she commanded her obedience.

"I owe you somewhat already, Olivia Prideaux, and you may add this impertinence to the bill."

Then there was another passionate outcry from Moll Bassing and her companions, and the jailer angrily strode towards the group.

"Moll, I will give both you and the fine madam you are quarreling with a taste of my whip if you keep not the peace."

"O jailer, kind jailer, take us both to task! I 'd say 'thank 'ee for fifty,' if you give her likewise."

"Mistress de Burg," urged Olivia, "I pray you dispute no further, but go at my word. You do but provoke those that you must needs obey."

"Well, then, 't is no shame to flee from such a rabble lot. Jailer, open the door."

"Patience, mistress. This is my house, and, by Heaven! 't is easier to get in than to get out. Go into the passage-way and cool yourself. I would not have you set the town on fire."

She gave Olivia one steady, vengeful look before she went, and Olivia, still holding the child close to her breast, looked steadily back at her. And Anastasia was astonished. For in that moment she saw, not the gentle Quaker maiden, but a tall, noble-looking woman, holding her head high in conscious rectitude, and glowing with sinless indignation at outrage unnecessary and unprovoked.

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

MAN.

I WAS born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a Southern fountain;
Free as the sea-fed bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain;
Free as the wind that mocks at the sway
And pinioning clasp of another,—
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw, and knew — my brother!

Vested in purple I sat apart,
But the cord that smote him bruised me;
I closed my ears, but the sob that broke
From his savage breast accused me;
No phrase of reasoning judgment just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
A creature vile, abased to the dust,
I knew him still — my brother.

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded;
A gloom, more dreadful than Nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded;
I thought of the power benign that made
And bound men one to the other,
And I felt in my brother's fear afraid,
And ashamed in the shame of my brother.

Florence Earle Coates.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

IYÉMITSŬ.

WE were told by our good friends that the temple of Iyémitsŭ, the grandson of Iyéyasŭ, far less pretentious than the shrine of the grandfather and founder, would show us less of the defects which accompanied our enjoyment of yesterday. The successors of Iyémitsŭ were patrons of art, sybarites, of those born to enjoy what their ancestors have sown. The end of the seventeenth century has a peculiar turn with us, a something of show and decadence, of luxury and want of morals; and the same marks belong to it even in Japan. Indeed, I feel in all the Tokugawa splendor something not very old, something which reminds me that this was but the day of my own great-grandfather; a time of rest after turmoil, of established sovereigns on various scales, of full-bottomed wigs, of great courtliness, of great expenses in big and little Versailles. I miss the sense of antiquity, except as all true art connects with the past, as the Greek has explained when he said that the Parthenon looked old the moment it was done.

. . . . . .

The temple of Iyémitsŭ is indeed charming and of feminine beauty, complete, fitted into the shape of the mountain like jewels in a setting. From near the red pagoda of Iyéyasŭ's grounds a wide avenue leads, all in shade, to an opening, narrowed up at its end to a wall and gate, which merely seems a natural entrance between the hills. There are great walls to the avenue, which are embankments of the mountain, from which at intervals fountains splash into the torrents at each side, and overhead are the great trees and their thin vault of blue shade. The first gate is the usual roofed one, red, with gilded rafters and heavy black bronze tiles, and with two red muscular giants in the niches of the sides. Its relative simplicity accentuates the loveliness of the first long court, which we enter on its narrowest side. Its borders seem all natural, made of nothing but the steep mountain sides, filled with varieties of leafage and the columns of the great cedars. These indeterminate edges give it the look of a valley shut at each end by the gate we have passed, and by another far off disguised by trees. This dell is paved in part, and with hidden care laid out with smaller trees. Down the steep hillside a cascade trembles through emerald grass, part lost, part found again, from some place where, indistinct among the trees, the jaws of a great bronze dragon discharge its first waters. A simple trough collects one rill and sends it into the large stone cube of a tank, which it brims over and then disappears.

The little pavilion over this well is the only building in the inclosure. It is more elegant than that of Iyéyasŭ, with its twelve columns, three at each corner, sloping in more decidedly, their white stone shafts socketed in metal below and filleted with metal above, melting into the carved white architrave. In the same way the carvings and the blue and green and red and violet of the entablature melt in the reflections under the shadow of the heavy black-and-gold roof with four gables. From under the ceiling, and hanging below the lintels, flutter many colored and patterned squares of cloth, memorials of recent pilgrims.

As we turn to the highest side of the court on the left and ascend slowly steep, high steps to a gorgeous red gate above our heads, whose base we cannot see, the great cedars of the opposite side are the real monuments, and the little water-tank upon which we now look down seems nothing but a little altar at the foot of the mountain forest. The gate, when we look back, is only a frame, and its upper step only a balcony from which to look at the high picture of trees in shadow and sunlight across the narrow dell which we can only just feel beneath us.

The great red gate has two giant guardians of red and green, and innumerable bracketings for a cornice, all outlined, and confused all the more by stripes of red and green and white and blue.

Just behind the gate, as if it led to nothing, rises again the wall of the mountain; then we turn at right angles towards a great esplanade, lost at its edges in trees, from which again the forest would be all the picture were it not that farther back upon the hill rises a high wall, with a platform and lofty steps, and the carved red-and-gold face of a cloister, with another still richer gate of a red lacquer, whose suffering by time has made it more rosy, more flower-like.

Up these steps we went, the distant trees of the mountains ascending with us, and rested in the red-and-gold shade. Above us the gold brackets of the roof were reflected back, in light and dark, upon the gold architrave, adorned by great carved peonies, red and white, and great green leaves which stood out with deep undercutting. From the fluted red columns projected great golden tapirs' heads and paws, streaked with red like the bloom of tulips. The gilded metal sockets and joinings and the faint modeled reliefs of the wall, all of dull gold, looked green against the red lacquer. Beyond, the inner lintel was green, like malachite, against the sunny green of the forest. Its chamfered edge reflected in gold the lights and shadows beyond, and against the same green trees stood out the long heads and trunks of the tapir capitals in red and gold.

Through this framework of red and many-colored gold we passed into the inner court, made into a cloister by walls and narrow buildings, rich in red lacquer and black and gold. As before with Iyéyasŭ, so also within this inclosure, is another raised upon a base faced with great blocks of granite, fretted, spotted, and splashed with white and purple lichens. The sun-embroidered wall or fence that edges it is black with a bronze-and-gold roof; its trellises are of white, edged with gold; as usual, bands of carved and colored ornament divide so as almost to pierce its face; and its beams are capped with jointings of chiseled metal. The central gate spots joyously the long line of black and gold and color and bronze, with imposts of white carving, framed in rosy lacquer, and with gold pillars and a gold lintel, upon which is spread a great white dragon, and with a high gold pediment, divided by recesses of golden ornament on ultramarine, and with golden doors fretted with a fairy filigree of golden ornament.

Through this lovely gate, with an exquisite inlaid ceiling of pearl and gold and walls of carved and colored trellises, we pass to the main shrine, only just behind it.

Here again, less pretense than with Iyéyasŭ, and greater and more thoughtful elegance. The long white carved columns of the portico run straight up to the brackets of its roof — except where, to support the cross-beam of the transoms, project red lions' heads and paws, looking like great coral buds. The entire architrave of the building is divided into a succession of long friezes, stepping farther and farther out, like a cornice, until they meet the golden roof. Only a few gold brackets support the highest golden beam — carvings, color, and delicate stampings of the lacquer embroider the gold with a bloom of color. The gold doors look like jewelers' work in heavy filigree.

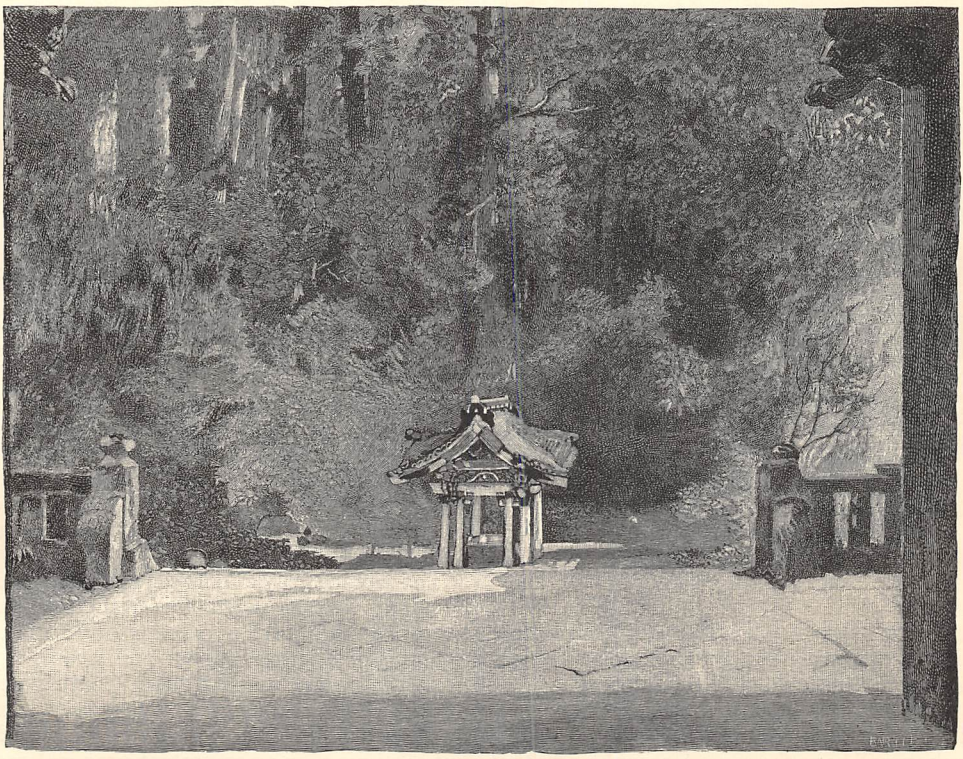
All within was quiet, in a golden splendor. Through the small openings of the black-and-gold gratings a faint light from below left all the golden interior in a summer shade, within which glittered on lacquer tables the golden utensils of the Buddhist ceremonial. From the coffered ceiling hangs the metal baldachin, like a precious lantern's chain without a lamp.

The faces of the priests who were there were known to us, the elder's anxious and earnest, the younger's recalling an Italian monsignore. One of them was reading by the uplifted grating and rose to greet us, and to help to explain. We entered the narrow passage which makes the center, through whose returning walls project, in a curious refinement of invention, the golden eaves of the inner building beyond. Gratings which were carved and gilded trellises of exquisite design gave a cool, uncertain light. We passed out of a trellised door on to the black lacquered floor of a veranda, and then sat awhile in a simple room with our hosts to look at temple manuscripts and treasures, and at the open palanquin which once brought here the dead Iyémitsŭ — not reduced to ashes, as his grandfather Iyéyasŭ, but wrapped and covered up in innumerable layers of costly and preserving vermilion. We passed into the corridor behind the building and looked at the picture hanging on the wall, which faces the mountain and the tomb, in which Kwan-on the Compassionate sits in contemplation beside the descending stream of life. Then for a few moments we entered by a low door the sanctuary, narrow and high and with pyramidal roof.

By the flickering torch which alone gave light, all seemed of gold — the wall, the columns which run up to the central golden roof, and the transoms which connect them. In the darker shade stood a golden shrine, never opened. Whatever precious details there may be were bathed in a shade made of reflected gold. An exquisite feeling of gentle solemnity filled the place. We passed out suddenly into the glare of day and under the blazing blue sky, which hung over the inclosure of tall trees and the temple like the ceiling of a tent.

Again a great wall, spotted with moss and lichens, is built around as an inclosure. It makes a base for the greater wall of the mountain rising above it, which is covered with forest trees, as if the skirting of the wilderness of northern Japan were here suddenly limited. Across one single opening, on the side, where show the seams of the immense cyclopean construction, and joining two corners, broken by great patches of the shadows of the gigantic trees, stretches a white wall, heavily roofed,

against a shadow almost black. In its center is a strange, white gate-building, moundlike in shape, absolutely plain, but capped by a great roof, which is stretched out upon a mass of brackets, all of gold and colors, and with carved golden doors, whose central panels are all fretted and chiseled and stamped with the Wheel of the Law. Here begin the distant steps leading through the trees to the tomb where lies the body of Iyémitsŭ, cased in layers of vermilion, under golden bronze, like his grandfather Iyéyasŭ, and surrounded by the still more solitary splendor of the forest.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE WATER-TANK, OR SACRED FONT, FROM THE SECOND GATE.

Astonishing as is the contrast to-day, in the abundance and glory of summer, of the bronze and the lacquered colors, and the golden carvings, with the wild rocks and trees, the grass and the mosses, I should like to see in the snow of winter this richness and glitter and warmth of red and white and black and gold.

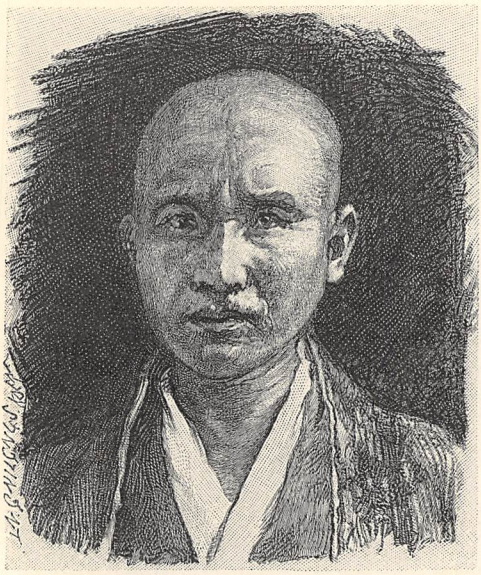
Can it bring out still more the lavishness of refinement, which wells up as if exhaustless? Does its white monotony and the dark of the great cedars make one feel still more the recklessness of this accumulation of gold and lacquer and carving and bronze, all as if unprotected and trusted to the chances of the recurring seasons?

As we repeat each look, on our slow return through the temples, the same elegance, the same refinement, the same indifference to the outrages of time, contrast again with the permanence and the forces of nature. With the fatigue and repetition of the innumerable beauties of gold and color and carving and bronze, the sense of an exquisite art brings the indefinable sadness that belongs to it, a feeling of humility and of the nothingness of man. Nowhere can this teaching be clearer than in this place of the tombs. It is as if they said, serenely or splendidly, in color and carving and bronze and gold: "We are the end of the limits of human endeavor. Beyond us begins the other world, and we, indeed, shall surely pass away, but thou remainest, O Eternal Beauty!"

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE.

NIKKO, August 2, 1886.—I fear that of all my description the refrain of the words gold and bronze will be all that you will retain. How can I have any confidence in my account of anything so alien, whose analysis involves the necessary misuse of our terms, based upon another past in art?—for words in such cases are only explanations or easy mnemonics of a previous sight. But soon I shall have photographs to send, and if I can summon courage for work, in this ex-

treme heat and moisture, I shall make some drawings. But again, these would not give the essential reasons for things being as they are; and whatever strange beauties would be noted, they might appear to have happened, if I may so say, and not to have grown of necessity. It is so difficult for our average way of accepting



A PRIEST AT IYÉMITSŬ.

things to think of what is called architecture without expecting structures of stone — something solid and evidently time-defying.

And yet, if architecture represents the needs of living of a people, the differences that we see here will have the same reasonableness that other devices show elsewhere. The extreme heat, the sudden torrents of rain, will explain the far-projecting and curved roofs, the galleries and verandas, the arrangements for opening or closing the sides of buildings by sliding screens, which allow an adjustment to the heat or the damp. But weightier reasons than all these must have directed in the construction of such great buildings as the temples, and I think that, putting aside important race influences, these sufficient reasons will be found in the volcanic nature of Japan and its frequent earthquakes. Whatever was to be built must have had to meet these difficult problems: how successfully in the past is shown by a persistence of their buildings which to us seems extraordinary, for many of them are lasting yet in integrity for now over a thousand years.

I speak of the influences of race because it is evident that very many traditions, prejudices, and symbolic meanings are built into these forms, and that many of them must have come through the teachings of China. Everywhere the higher architecture, embodied in shrines and temples, is based on some ideal needs, and not essentially upon necessities; is, in fact, a record or expression of a religious idea or mystery. In this case I am too profoundly ignorant, as most of us are, to work out origins; but my mind feels the suggestion of an indefinite past, that once had meanings and teachings, just as my eye recognizes in the shape of the massive temples the image of a sacred box, or ark, once to be carried from place to place. There is, perhaps, in this direction a line of study for the men to come.

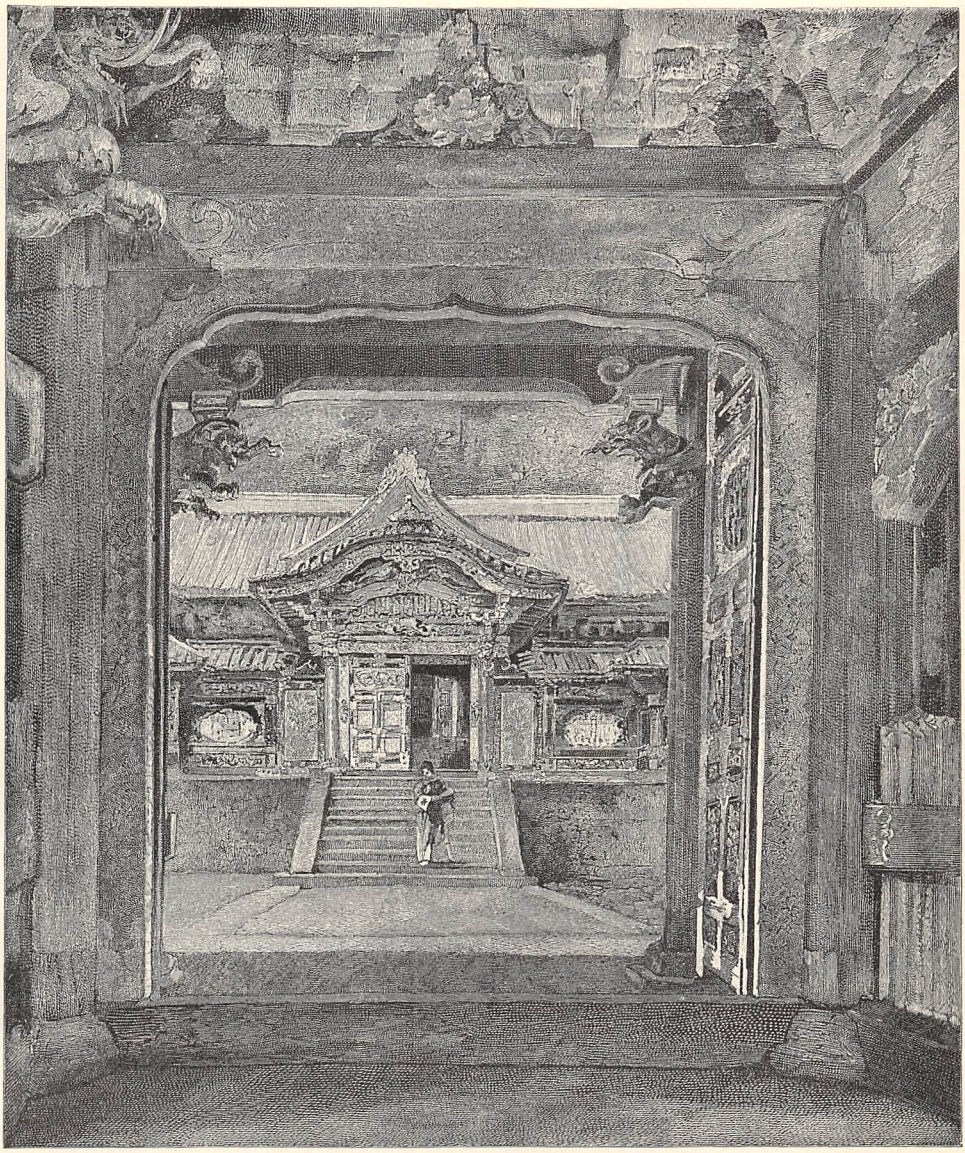
Like all true art, the architecture of Japan has found in the necessities imposed upon it the motives for realizing beauty, and has adorned the means by which it has conquered the difficulties to be surmounted. Hence no foundations, which would compromise the superimposed building by making it participate in the shock given to its base. Hence solid pedestals, if I may so call them, or great bases, upon which are placed only, not built in, the posts which support the edifice, leaving a space between this base and the horizontal beams or floors of the building. The building is thus rendered elastic, and resumes its place after the trembling of the earthquake, and the waters of bad weather can escape without flooding any foundations.

The great, heavy, curved roof, far overhanging, weighs down this structure, and keeps it straight. An apparently unreasonable quantity of adjusted timber and beams supports the ceiling and the roof. Complicated, tremendous corbelings, brackets grooved and dovetailed, fill the cornices as with a network; but all these play an important practical part, and keep the whole construction elastic, as their many small divisions spread the shock.

Still more, in such a building as the charming pagoda at Iyéyasŭ's shrine, which is full one hundred feet high, slight looking and lithe, the great beam or mast which makes its center does not support from the base, but is cut off at the foundation; and hence it acts as a sort of pendulum, its great weight below retarding the movement above when the earthquake comes.

I have heard the whisper of a legend saying that the architect who devised this, to correct the errors of a rival and partner, was poisoned in due time, in jealous return. For those were happy times when backbiting among artists took the more manly form of poisoning.

Now besides all this, which gives only the reason for the make of certain parts which together form the unity of a single building, there are other principles before us. The relation of man to nature, so peculiarly made out



IN THE THIRD GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF IYÉMITSŬ, LOOKING TOWARDS THE FOURTH.

in the Japanese beliefs, is made significant, symbolized or typified through the manner in which these buildings are disposed. A temple is not a single unity, as with us, its own beginning and end. A temple is an arrangement of shrines and buildings meaningly placed, often, as here, in mountains — a word synonymous with temples; each shrine a statement of some divine attribute, and all these buildings spread with infinite art over large spaces, open, or inclosed by trees and rocks. The buildings are but parts of a whole. They are enveloped by nature, the principle and the adornment of the subtle or mysterious meaning which links them all together.

Besides all this is the religious symbolism underlying or accompanying all, as once with us, of which I know too little to speak, but which can be felt and occasionally detected because of many repetitions. But this would carry me beyond my limits; and indeed we find it very difficult to obtain any more information from our instructors, whether they do not know securely, or whether they reserve it for better minds and worthier apprehensions. Nor do I object to this Oriental secrecy or mystery, as it adds the charm of the veil which is often needed.

And I should wish that soon some one might undertake to make out in full the harmony of

proportions which has presided over these buildings. It is evident that a delicate and probably minute system of relations, under the appearance of fantasy, produces here the sense of unity that alone makes one secure of permanent enjoyment. My information on the subject is fragmentary: I know that the elegant columns are in a set relation to the openings of the temple; that the shape of these same columns is in another relation to their exquisite details; that the rafters play an important part, determining the first departure. I have seen carpenter's drawings, with manners of setting out work and measurements, and I feel that there is only a study to carry out.

Nor is my wish mere curiosity, or the interest of the antiquarian. What we need to-day is belief and confidence in similar methods, without which there is nothing for ourselves but a haphazard success; no connection with the eternal and inevitable past, and none with a future, which may change our materials, but will never change our human need for harmony and order.

You have heard of the little gardens, and of their exquisite details, in which the Japanese makes a little epitome of nature, arranged as if for one of his microscopic jewels of metals, ivory, or lacquer.

Here in our own garden there would seem no call for an artificial nature. The mountain slope on which we live must always have been beautiful of itself; but for all that, our garden — that is to say, the space about our landlord's house and our own — has been treated with extreme care. Our inclosure is framed towards the great temple groves, and the great mountains behind them, by a high wall of rock, over which, at a corner edged with moss, rolls a torrent, making a waterfall that breaks three times. The pool below, edged with iris that grow in the garden sand, is crossed by a bridge of three big flat stones, and empties secretly away. On each side of the fall, planted in the rock wall, stands a thick-set paulownia, with great steady leaves, and bending towards it a willow, whose branches drop far below itself and swing perpetually in the draught of the waterfall. Bunches of pink azalea grow in the hollows of the rocks, and their reflections redden the eddies of the pool. Steps which seem natural lead up the wall of rock; old pines grow against it, and our feet pass through their uppermost branches. On the top is planted a monumental stone, and from there a little path runs along, leading nowhere nowadays, as far as I can make out. I am right in calling this mass of rock, which is a spur of the mountain's slope, a wall; for I look down from its top to the next inclosure far below, now overgrown and wild. What is natural and what was made

KWAN-ON, BY OKIO.

by man has become so blended together, or has always been so, that I can choose to look at it as my mood may be, and feel the repose of nature or enjoy the disposing choice of art.

Where the little bridge crosses over, and where mossy rocks dip down a little to allow a passage, edged by a maple and a pine, I look over across the hidden road to a deserted *yashki*, with one blasted tree, all overgrown with green and melting into distances of trees which, tier behind tier, reach to a little conical hill, that is divided and subdivided by sheets of mist at every change of heat and damp, so that I feel half as if I knew its forms perfectly — half as if I could never get them all by heart.

In the sand of our little garden are set out clumps of flowers, chrysanthemum mostly,

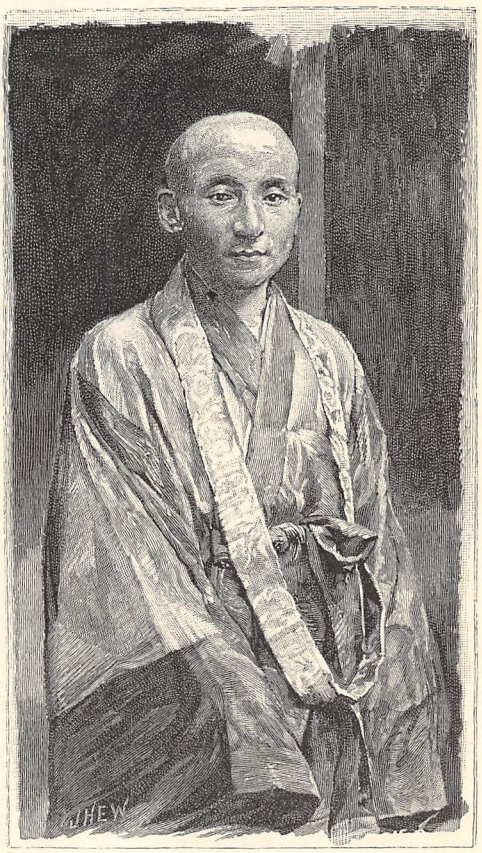
and occasionally iris and azalea; and the two houses make its other two sides. The priest's house, an old one, with large thatched roof projecting in front and supported there by posts covered with creepers, is nearer the water. I see the little priest with his young neophyte curled on the mats in the big front room whose whole face is open; while in a break, or wing, is the opening to the practical housekeeper side of the dwelling.

Our own house, which faces south like the priest's, completes the square, as I said. It is edged on the outside by a small plantation of trees with no character, that stretch away to the back road and to a wall terracing a higher ground behind. There a wide space overgrown with bushes and herbage, that cover former care and beauty, spreads out indefinitely towards conical hills hot in the sun, behind which rises the great volcanic slope of Nio-ho. A little temple shrine, red, white, and gold, stands in this heat of sunlight and makes cooler yet the violets and tender greens of the great slopes. This is to the north. When I look towards the west I see broad spaces broken up by trees, and the corner of Iyéyasŭ's temple wall half hidden by the gigantic cedars, and as I write, late in the afternoon, the blue peak of Nan-tai-san rounded off like a globe by the yellow mist.

The garden, embosomed in this vastness of nature, feels small, as though it were meant to be so. Every part is on a small scale, and needs few hands to keep things in order. We have a little fountain in the middle of the garden, that gives the water for our bath, and sends a noisy stream rolling through the wooden trough of the wash-room. The fountain is made by a bucket placed upon two big stones, set in a basin, along whose edge grow the iris, still in bloom. A hidden pipe fills the bucket, and a long, green bamboo makes a conduit for the water through the wooden side of our house. With another bamboo we tap the water for our bath. In the early morning I sit in the bath-room and paint this little picture, through the open side, while A——, upstairs in the veranda, is reading in Dante's "Paradiso," and can see, when he looks up, the great temple roof of the Buddhist Mangwanji.

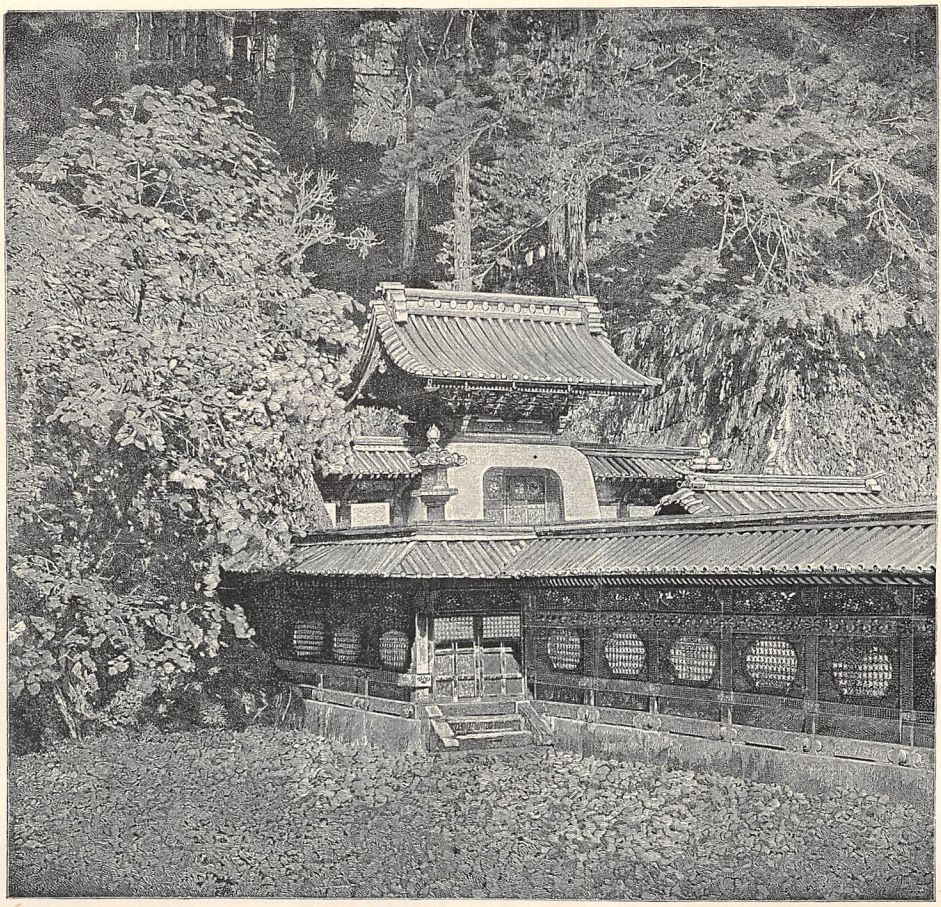
Occasionally the good lady who takes care of our priest's house during his weeks of service at the temple of Iyémitsŭ salutes me while at my bath, for the heating of which her servant has supplied the charcoal. She is already dressed for the day, and in her black silk robe walks across the garden to dip her toothbrush in the running water of the cascade. Then in a desultory way she trims the plants and breaks off dead leaves, and later the gardener appears and attends to one thing after another, even climbing up into the old pine tree, taking care of it as he does of the sweet-peas; and I recall the Japanese gardener whom I knew at our Exposition of 1876, as I saw him for the last time, stretched on the ground, fanning the opening leaves of some plant that gave him anxiety.

Thus the Japanese garden can be made of very slight materials, and is occasionally reduced to scarcely anything, even to a little sand and a few stones laid out according to a definite ideal of meaning. A reference to nature, a recall of the general principles of all landscapes,—of a foreground, a distance, and a middle distance; that is to say, a little picture,—is enough. When they cannot deal with the thing itself — when they do, they do it consummately — they have another ideal which is not



A PRIEST AT IYÉMITSŬ.

so much the making of a real thing as the making of a picture of it. Hence the scale can be diminished, without detriment in their eyes, until it becomes Lilliputian to ours. All this I take to be an inheritance from China, modified towards simplicity. I do not know



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF IYÉMITSŬ.

to what type our little garden belongs. For they have in their arrangements manners of expressing ideas of association, drawing them from nature itself, or bringing them out by references to tradition or history, so that I am told that they aim to express delicate meanings that a Western imagination can hardly grasp; types, for instance, conveying the ideas of peace and chastity, quiet old age, connubial happiness, and the sweetness of solitude. Does this make you laugh, or does it touch you — or both? I wish I knew more about it, for I am sure that there is much to say.

I have spoken of simplicity. The domestic architecture is as simple, as transitory, as if it symbolized the life of man. You can see it all in the drawings, in the lacquers, and it has recently been treated completely in the charming book of Professor Morse. Within, the Japanese house is simplicity itself; all is framework, and moving screens instead of wall. No accumulations, no bric-à-brac; any lady's drawing-room with us will contain more odds and ends than all that I have yet seen together in Japan. The reserved place of honor, a sort of niche in the wall, the supposed seat of an ideal guest, has upon its bench some choice image on a stand, or a vase with elegant disposal of flowers or plants, and above it the hanging roll with drawing or inscription. Perhaps some other inscription or verse, or a few words on a tablet upon some cross-beam, and perhaps a small folding screen. Otherwise all works of art are put aside in the fireproof storehouse, to be brought out on occasions. The woodwork is as simple as it can be — occasionally, some beautiful joinery; always, when it can be afforded, exquisite workmanship; and, above all, exquisite cleanliness. For there are no beds — only wadded coverlets and the little wooden pillow, which does not disturb the complicated feminine coiffure in the languors of the night. No tables; food is laid on the cleanly mats, in many trays and dishes. No chairs; the same mats that serve for bedstead and table serve for seats, with, perhaps, a cushion added.

And this is all the same for all, from emperor's palace to little tradesman's cottage.

There is nothing, apparently, but what is necessary, and refinement in disposing of that. The result is sometimes cold and bare. There is the set look of an insistence upon an idea — the idea of doing with little : a noble one, certainly ; as, for instance, when the emperor's palace at Kioto is adorned merely by the highest care in workmanship and by the names of the artists who painted the screen walls — in solitary contradiction to the splendor and pomp of all absolute rulers, no storehouse for the wasted money of the people, but an example of the economy which should attend the life of the ruler. It is possible that when I return I shall feel still more distaste for the barbarous accumulations in our houses, and recall the far more civilized emptiness persisted in by the more esthetic race.

John La Farge.

TRACK ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.

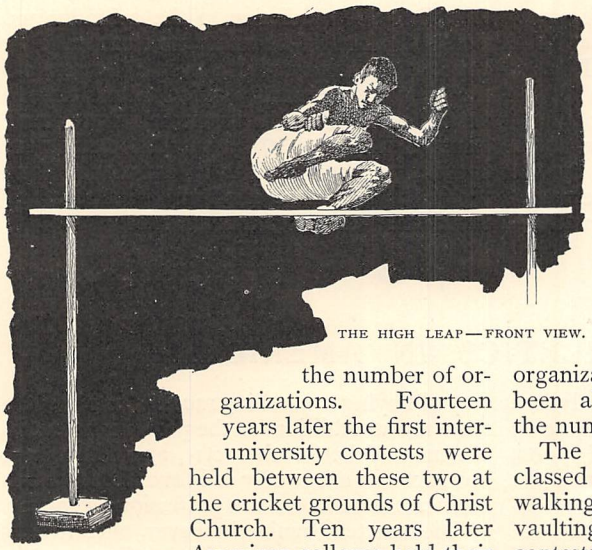
ENGLAND has been in advance of us in track athletics, as in many other branches of sports, having long ago learned the advantages of all outdoor exercise. But Americans are already realizing that the unfailing laws of nature demand more attention to the physical welfare of the body, and base-ball, foot-ball, and boating have done much for us; but track athletics offer a wider field, as they give more opportunity for individual endeavor, and demand nothing of that team work or united exercise which must always place something of a limit upon the universal enjoyment of and participation in the other sports.

The professional side offers but little of interest to us beyond the records. The reason for this is that, in America at least, professional running is, like professional sculling, under a heavy cloud of questionable practices in the way of buying and selling races. Certain of the more recent additions to the professional ranks are men of better character, and men whose conduct will eventually tell favorably towards an increase of interest in professional running.

The amateur ranks, however, offer a very different phase of the subject. Two classes may be at once selected; not because they are actually distinct, but because their growth has been different, and because the conditions under which they exist must always differ considerably. These two classes are college athletes and other amateurs. College athletes are competing more and more in the general amateur meetings, and it is not improbable that they will eventually join with a general association of amateurs.

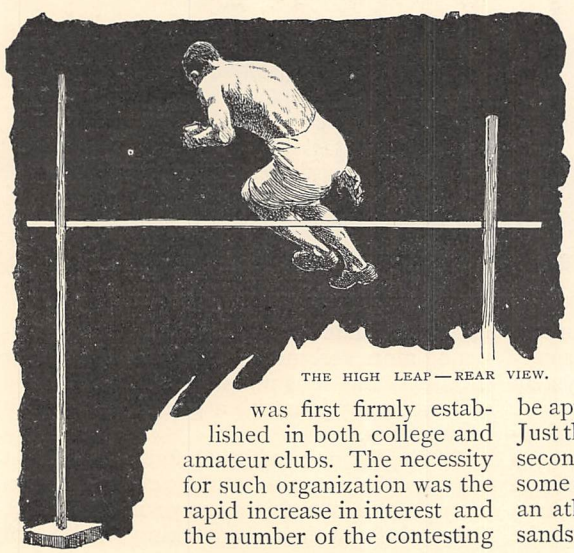
THE ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH — THE START.

Of English universities Oxford was the first to possess an organized athletic club. This was forty years ago, and in a few years Cambridge followed, for a time even taking the lead in



THE HIGH LEAP — FRONT VIEW.

the number of organizations. Fourteen years later the first inter-university contests were held between these two at the cricket grounds of Christ Church. Ten years later American colleges held their first intercollegiate contest at Saratoga. This American meeting was, however, only a sort of side show to the intercollegiate boat-racing of that date. The incentive of these contests, nevertheless, brought about the formation of athletic associations at both Harvard and Yale, Harvard's organization antedating Yale's by a few months. The Intercollegiate Association was not formed until college sports had been in progress for some three years. Then in 1876 the Intercollegiate Association of American Athletes of America was organized. The same year the New York Athletic Club gave an annual meeting for the decision of the amateur athletic championship of America. The year 1876, then, may be taken as the date when organization



THE HIGH LEAP — REAR VIEW.

was first firmly established in both college and amateur clubs. The necessity for such organization was the rapid increase in interest and the number of the contesting clubs. This was most marked in the college meetings, for in 1873 only three colleges competed, in 1874 eight, and in 1875 thirteen. The year after organization only six colleges competed, but since then the number has never been below nine, and ten years from the date of the formation of the Intercollegiate Association there were fifteen colleges represented by contestants. The number of events, which in 1873 was one, increased in the following year to five, and was twelve when the organization was formed. These events have been altered somewhat since that time, and the number is at present fifteen.

The various games which are generally classed under the term "track athletics" are walking, running, jumping, bicycling, pole vaulting, throwing of weights, and tug-of-war contests. Of these, running occupies the first place in point of public interest. The very idea of a race between two men stimulates interest at once, and to watch a close contest between trained runners is pleasant even to those uninitiated in the mysteries of the track.

The fastest running thus far done by any amateur for one hundred yards from a standstill is ten seconds, and if one may believe the best authorities in the way of sporting journals, amateur runners have been coming up to this limit occasionally ever since 1868, but not one has passed it. In that twenty-odd years some eight American amateurs and an equal number of Englishmen have dashed down the track in the even time of ten seconds, while hundreds have run the course in the next fraction of a second. This record was made first in London in 1868, and last in Detroit in 1889.

A story was once written of a man who traveled many a mile to attend performances of a lion tamer. He was possessed of the insane desire to see the man eaten by the wild beasts, and eventually his passion was gratified. There is a similar feeling of expectation in the minds of most of the enthusiasts who attend the amateur meetings of track athletes. Sometime that ten-second record will be beaten, and it will be a story worth the telling if one has seen it done. Naturally, the fifth of a second by which this coming champion will dash into prominence will not be appreciable to the eye of the best of judges. Just the slightest movement less of the fine split second-hand on the watches of the timers, and some man's name will be famous as the name of an athlete who has accomplished what thousands have been attempting for twenty years.

When one thinks that these sprinters, as they are called, go at the rate of thirty feet a second, he realizes something of the meaning of the term "dash" as applied to the short-distance races. Nor are the longer distances without especial interest, each in its own way. From a quarter of a mile down the races are run at the top of the man's speed, but the half-mile, mile, and above require the husbanding of strength and proper putting forth of just enough to run out the entire distance at the best uniform speed. The walking requires a rather more accurate idea of the rules to make it of the most interest to the average spectator, who fails to feel that the walkers are putting forth their best endeavors *because they do not run.* This feeling is but human, and it often seems to take possession of the contestants themselves, as one may see from the occasional warnings given by the judge.

The other features of track athletics are not brought so prominently before the public as are running and walking, but no one can fail to find a keen enjoyment in each when once or twice he has been a spectator of the contests. There is no better way to acquaint the reader with these various events than to answer in detail the questions which one might ask who for the first time attends one of these field meetings. The very heading in the newspaper, speaking of the men as the "Athletes of the Cinder Path," provokes a question. They come by this designation legitimately and on account of the peculiar construction of the track upon which they run. This track is a scientific affair, and not a mere stretch of black dirt. It is made of six inches of the most approved constituents, carefully laid, and occupies months in its construction.

First the ground is accurately surveyed and measured, and the track so marked out that the required distance is given. The best tracks have straight sides, while the ends are upon moderate curves, either circular, elliptical, or parabolic, there being considerable difference of opinion regarding the respective merits of these curves. This distance is measured just eighteen inches from the inner edge, in order that the runner may have room to run freely and yet not be obliged to traverse more than the correct distance. When the track is thus mapped out the proposed space is excavated to the depth of six inches, and curbings of seasoned lumber, an inch thick and eight inches wide, are set up around both inner and outer edge. Then the first layer, consisting of four inches of ordinary rough ashes freed from the coarser lumps, is deposited for a foundation. This layer is carefully raked and leveled, and then covered with two inches of loam. This loam in turn is carefully picked over and all small stones taken out. It is then rolled and watered frequently, usually for some weeks, but occasionally for two or three months, in order to have it thoroughly firm and hard. Finally the top layer, of cinders, is put on. This should be just sufficient thoroughly to cover the loam in every spot. The track is then complete, but it requires the constant care and attention of an experienced man to see that it is kept in condition. The object of all this is to give the runners a firm, dry, and elastic surface upon which to make their best efforts successfully.

One of the first things on the programme of events received on entry to the grounds is a summary of records. This plainly means the best time or distance, as the case may be, by which the contest has been won at any preceding meeting. But records have become things of nicety, and it requires certain conditions to make them of value.

A professional runner named Seward was at one time accredited with running one hundred yards in nine and a quarter seconds. From the time when belief in that record was exploded down to the present day there have been many discussions relative to timing. The English are partial to a single watch in the hands of an experienced timer; but to make a record in this country requires the presence of three timers or measurers, and two of these must agree or the intermediate one of the three be taken as the correct one. These timers and measurers, together with the other officials of the meeting, may be distinguished by the various ribbons which they wear. In this respect track athletics differ considerably from either base-ball or foot-ball. Two officials on the field suffice in these sports, but on the track there are nearly a score. First there is the referee, who decides all questions in dispute which are not otherwise covered by the rules, and who has power to disqualify a competitor. Then there are two or more assistants to the referee, who are called clerks, and who act as witnesses before him in case of fouls. There are three judges at the finish, who determine the order in which the contestants finish. Three other judges are called field judges; these measure and tally the trials of competitors in jumps, pole vaults, and weight competition. There are three time-keepers, who take the time in the events requiring it. There is a clerk of the course, who notifies the contestants to appear at the starting time, and assigns them their positions. There is one starter, who assumes control of the competitors after the clerk has placed them in their positions, and who, either by word or by pistol-report, starts each race, and whose duty it also is to disqualify any contestant making a false start. There is a

judge of walking, who determines the fairness or unfairness of the walking, and warns or disqualifies any contestant guilty of adopting an unfair gait. There is one scorer, who records the order in which contestants finish, as well as their time. Finally, there is one marshal, who has police charge of the inclosure. There is occasionally an official reporter, who announces the record of each event. Any number of assistants may be given to such officers as the judge of walking, clerk of the course, scorer, and marshal. All these officials are necessary to the careful conduct of the events and to the accurate recording of them.

As the first array of contestants in the 100-yard run come up to the starting-point, and the clerk of the course assigns them their positions, one is struck by the difference of build among them. Tall and short, light and heavy, there are few men who are prevented by physical make-up from competition in one of these dashes. Brooks at 170 pounds, and Myers at 110 pounds, made one of the prettiest 220-yard contests ever seen in America, and both could run a fast 100. In this 100-yard race one of the chief points to be mastered is the start. How to get off quickly is the problem, for a fifth of a second means five feet of ground. They are on the mark, and the starter stands behind them where they cannot see his movements nor the flash of his pistol. "Are you ready?" "Set!" An instant, and at the crack of the pistol down they come, and almost before an inexperienced man can select his favorite from the rush, they breast the tape which is held across the finish-line, and the race is over. Nothing is prettier in any race than the running up out of the crowd of a fast sprinter who is too good for his companions, but who has perhaps lost a fraction at the start. There is none of the gradual cutting down of competitors such as one sees in the longer distances — just a mad dash for the front, as it seems; and yet when one comes to analyze it, to know the training gone through to get that stride, he begins to realize that it is by no means what it appears at the first glance, almost a matter of luck. The start, too, requires weeks of practice, and one might almost say years of experience. If an ordinary spectator were to watch the start of an experienced sprinter against a novice, he would almost invariably suspect collusion of some kind between the starter and the sprinter. More than this, he would think that the experienced man got off considerably more ahead of the novice than he really did; for the sprinter gains not only in leaving the mark, but in getting instantly up into his stride, whereas the novice is not fairly under way for several feet after he has actually left the mark. The rules regarding unfair starting are necessarily strict, on account of this great advantage to be gained. In all short races, those up to 300 yards, the penalty for a false start is to be put back one yard. It is greater in the longer races. Two yards is the penalty in races up to 600 yards, three yards in races up to 1000 yards, five yards in races up to a mile, and ten yards in those over a mile. In all races a third false start disqualifies the competitor; and any attempt to advance ahead of his mark after the words "Are you ready?" is met with immediate disqualification.

The 220-yard race is similar to the 100 in all respects. The contestants belong to the sprinter class, and go at high speed the entire distance.

With the 440-yard, or quarter-mile, one sees the first signs of grief in those whose condition is not of the best, or who cannot hold out for the entire distance. It is at this distance that the runner shows that he is not a machine. The best illustration of this is found in the records of the events. The speed of a runner at his best, as shown in the 100-yard race, is ten yards a second. This speed he holds with machine-like precision in the 220-yard race, the record being a bare fraction under 22 seconds. When the 440-yard race is reached, however, he cannot gather the power necessary to finish in 44 seconds, but at this distance we find the best man nearly 4 seconds behind time. The quarter-mile has more in common with the sprint runner than the distance man, however, for the sensation is that of running at full speed the entire distance, rather than by a perceptible effort so husbanding power as to make the pace a steady one, which is the feeling of, for example, the mile runner. The distance runners appear to run easily all the way, and to the spectator it seems that they might go faster if they would make the effort; but where the sprinter would have run himself out, and would begin to go unsteadily and manifestly with an effort, the distance man is still springing easily over the ground, apparently with no thought of fatigue, but rather with a consciousness of strength.

Hurdle racing is a sport which stands between running and jumping, being a combination of the two. It does not require a man of marked jumping ability, however, as the flights are only 3 feet 6 inches, and any average athlete, although he may have paid no attention to jumping, finds no difficulty in clearing them. The point, in fact, at which the hurdler aims is to clear them just as little as possible, skimming over the tops so closely that he almost grazes each. In the early days of hurdling the runner ran as fast as he could between each flight, and with no definite number of steps took the hurdles as he might

obstructions thrown in his pathway at haphazard. The scientific hurdler now takes a certain number of steps between the flights, and, fetching each at the most favorable point for his rise, actually clears them without a break in his stride, one leg being put out while the other is bent just as though it were but an exaggerated step. The distance covered is 120 yards, and there are ten hurdles set 10 yards apart with a 15-yard clear start and finish. Other distances are sometimes run, as 220 yards most commonly. In this case the hurdles are a foot lower, and are set 20 yards apart. The amateur record for the 120-yard hurdle race is 16 seconds. This shows that the runner loses almost half a second at each one of the obstacles in his course.

The walkers next attract our attention. To the ordinary pedestrian who tramps out for twenty or thirty miles into the country the gait of these racers is entirely unfamiliar. There seems the most intense exaggeration of every muscular movement. Watch this man who walks a mile in seven minutes! It certainly seems as if he would twist his spinal column apart just above his hips. But if one attempts to walk alongside of him, one soon realizes with what rapidity he covers the ground. Even a modest trot will not keep one even with him. Roughly speaking, it takes only a little over two minutes longer to walk than to run a mile. The distinction between running and walking is, that in the latter the heel strikes the ground first, and some part of one foot is always touching the ground, whereas in running the toe strikes first, and there is a period in the stride when both the runner's feet are off the ground. It requires the most expert of judges to see that the walking is fair, for there are a dozen tricks of gait, not in the least apparent to the uninitiated, which are unfair. Perhaps none is more common than what to us would seem the faintest suspicion of a limp, but which means the failure to straighten the leg at each step, thus not striking the heel first, from which an unfair walker can gain a very marked increase in speed. Long-distance pedestrianism, such as six-day walking-matches, has nothing in common with the walking of the short-distance cinder-track men. Most of these long-distance matches are now of the go-as-you-please class; that is, there is no restriction as to the gait, the majority taking to a kind of jog-trot which yields the greatest results with the least fatigue.

To watch the jumping is rather a relief after the strain of sympathetic effort one feels inclined involuntarily to make when the walkers are exerting every particle of power to pass each other. Here the effort is a concentrated one, a sudden putting forth of muscular energy. The contestants jump in turns, and in the case of a long or a broad jump the greatest distance covered in three attempts wins the event. The run is unlimited, each man suiting his own taste in the matter. The scratch, or line from which the jump is taken, is a joist, some five inches wide, sunk flush with the ground. Just in front of this the earth is removed to the depth of three inches from a space of six inches, and the rule regarding the jump is that it counts a trial with no result if a competitor step over the scratch line, or if he make any mark on the ground in front of the scratch. The measuring is done at right angles to the scratch line and to the nearest mark made by any part of the person of the competitor.

The high jump is made over a flat bar, which is supported on two uprights in such a position as to be easily dislodged. Competition begins at some height, selected by the measurers, which all the contestants can easily clear. The bar is then steadily lifted at the regulation of the measurers. A competitor may decline to use his jump at any height in his turn, but by so doing forfeits his right to jump again at that height. Three trials are allowed, and if on the third the jumper fails to clear the bar he drops out. The removal of the bar constitutes a failure. To run under the bar is a balk, and three of these successive balks constitute a trial jump. A fair jump is one made without the assistance of weights, diving, somersaults, or handsprings of any kind.

Pole vaulting is another species of jumping, in which the jumper aids himself by the use of a long pole which he plants in the ground a little distance from the bar, and with which he lifts himself as he springs into the air. As the pole is reaching the perpendicular he swings himself over the bar, letting go the pole at the same moment. The same rule governs the pole vault as the running high jump, and there is no limit to the size or weight of the poles.

Putting the shot is a contest requiring not only the same amount of skill as the other events, but also unusual muscular strength. The shot is an iron sphere weighing either 16 pounds or 24 pounds, the more usual weight being 16 pounds. It must be put with one hand only, and in front of the shoulder. The competitor stands in a seven-foot square, and must not step out of this square in putting, nor until his put has been measured. The front side of the square has a board standing four inches high, and no part of the competitor's person must be on this board in making the attempt. Puts are measured in a line at right angles from the front line of the square, or that line prolonged, to the nearest mark made by the shot. Three trials are allowed, and the contestants take turns as in the broad jump.

Throwing the hammer, like putting the shot, requires a combination of skill and muscular strength. The hammer is a metal sphere into which is set a handle, the projecting length of which, together with the diameter of the head, is four feet, the combined weight of head and handle being sixteen pounds. The throwing is done from a circle seven feet in diameter, and the competitor may not overstep the front of this circle until his throw is measured. The throw is measured from the nearest mark made by the hammer-head to the circumference of a circle on a line with that mark and the center of the circle. In throwing the hammer under the Amateur Athletic Union rules there are no further restrictions as to the man's method, but it is usual to swing the hammer two or three times over the head at the extended length of the arms, and then to let it go over the shoulder. Other contests in weight-putting and hammer-throwing are indulged in, but these are the most common in the programmes in this country.

Bicycling has grown to be so common and widespread that it has a life, rules, and records quite apart from ordinary track athletics.

The tug of war is the only event in track athletics that necessitates any team work. Only when this event is an individual tug is it similar in conditions to the other contests. The individual pull is not, however, as popular at athletic meetings as the team tug. This latter may be limited in weight, and usually is limited. The limits for the aggregate weight for the four men constituting the team vary considerably, from 550 pounds up to 650. The former would be called a light-weight limit, and the latter approaches the heavy weight, although many heavy-weight teams are unlimited in regard to avoirdupois. This tug is a test of pulling capacity between two teams, one at each end of a $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 inch manilla rope. Formerly the contestants pulled upon ordinary turf, and one of the chief points of skill was the rapid excavation of holes after the word was given. At the present day, however, the indoor method of providing cleats of wood for braces has been adopted in the outdoor contests as well. These cleats are 4 inches by 6 inches, and 22 inches long, and are bolted to a plank about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart. They are so placed that the first cleat on each side shall be at least 6 feet from the center. This places the teams 12 feet apart. The anchors, as the men at the ends of the rope are called, are provided each with a leather belt weighing twenty pounds or less, which is worn as a protection from the rope. This is almost a necessity, as the anchor brings the slack end of the rope only once around his body, and then takes in the slack which his team gains, or holds his own against the pull of the opponents. To go into the scientific points of team-tugging would require almost as much space as a treatise upon cricket or foot-ball, for not only is individual skill a requisite, but also the most highly practiced team work. The time limit is five minutes, and the team having gained the most rope at the expiration of that time wins. Of course a record of this sport cannot be made.

To summarize the records made at track meetings and compare the American athlete with the athlete of Great Britain is perfectly fair in all but the last two of these contests. Hammer-throwing and weight-putting are, unfortunately, not yet governed generally by similar rules in the two countries, so that a comparison means selecting particular cases in order to find a similarity in the methods. In the running and jumping, however, there is not only an opportunity of comparing records, but also in some events the actual contest between the individual best men. In the 100 yards we stand on a level with the English amateurs, a few reaching ten seconds, but none going inside that limit. In the 220-yard run the English amateur has beaten our record. When we reach the quarter-mile, however, our men not only have won in records both here and on their own tracks, but have run away from all their champions in actual races. At the half-mile we have been recently overtaken by a fleet-footed Briton, while another of the race has shown us his heels in the mile. On the hurdle they have long surpassed us, but at the running high jump our champion has beaten their records both at home and abroad. The long jump we also hold, but the pole vault is theirs. On the whole it is a fair division, and leaves us little to be ashamed of.

There is one feature of these sports not yet mentioned, but which forms an important element in the interest and progress of the games. This is what is known as handicapping. Were it not for this many a meeting would lose much of its interest, and undoubtedly it stimulates to the improvement in general ability much more than would only level racing. As the term implies, handicapping is the taking away certain of the advantages of the superior men, and so arranging the acknowledged superior contestants that they must not only do better than the rest in order to win, but do enough better to make it a fair struggle on both sides. Sometimes a time allowance is made to the weaker men; more often, as in running matches, the best man is started from the scratch, and is obliged therefore to run the full distance, whereas his competitors are placed at certain intervals ahead of him, these distances being proportioned to their relative ability as displayed by the records they have already made. In order

that this system of handicapping may be properly carried out, it is, of course, necessary that the handicapper be not only thoroughly familiar with the usual speed developed in all the various races, but also that he keep accurate tables of the records of each one of the runners whom he must place. Even then, unless he be possessed of excellent judgment, he makes occasional mistakes that result in unsatisfactory races. The Amateur Athletic Union, which at present embraces the majority of prominent clubs, employs an official handicapper, whose duty it is, upon receipt of the names of contestants, to map out from his table of records the proper handicaps for the entries in each race. The rules of the A. A. U. provide for this official handicapper at a salary not to exceed $1500; he is expected to keep records and to handicap all entries as directed by the secretary of the Union, also to do other work such as the board of managers may direct.

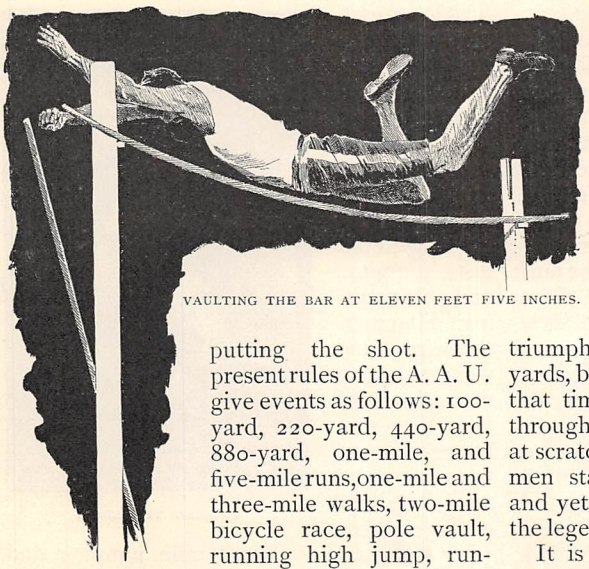
SHOT-PUTTER BALANCING.

PUTTING THE SHOT.

There are a few pertinent questions that arise, to which a review of the annual amateur championship meeting affords more or less satisfactory answers. The question of the age at which a man is fitted for his best athletic work has always been a mooted one in all sports. In the games belonging particularly to track athletics the record of events shows that maturity is most needed in the events requiring unusual muscular development, such as weight-putting contests and hammer-throwing, while the extreme of youth seems no detriment to the running contests, jumping, and pole vaulting. Hammer-throwing and weight-putting championships have been won by men over forty years of age, while boys of eighteen years have taken 100-yard, mile, jumping, and pole-vaulting championships. W. B. Curtis has shown the most mature development by winning championships at the age of 40, 41, 42, 43, and 44 years. The longest continuous connection with track athletic sports has been that of C. A. J. Queckberner, who has competed in twelve successive years, ever since 1878, winning one or more championships at nine meetings. L. E. Myers, whose career is noted later in this article, and F. L. Lambrecht, both held a championship against all competition for six successive annual contests. The entries for these annual championship meetings have ranged from 100 to 150, once even as high as 169. As a rule, four-fifths of those entering start in the events. The tendency to go from the ranks of the amateur into professionalism was much more marked in the earlier days of these meetings. The first annual championship meeting, in 1876, had on its programme the following events: 100-yard, quarter-mile, half-mile, one-mile runs; 120-yard hurdle race; one, three, and seven mile walks; running high jump; running long jump; throwing hammer; and

PUTTING THE SHOT.

SHOT-PUTTER. (LEFT VIEW.)

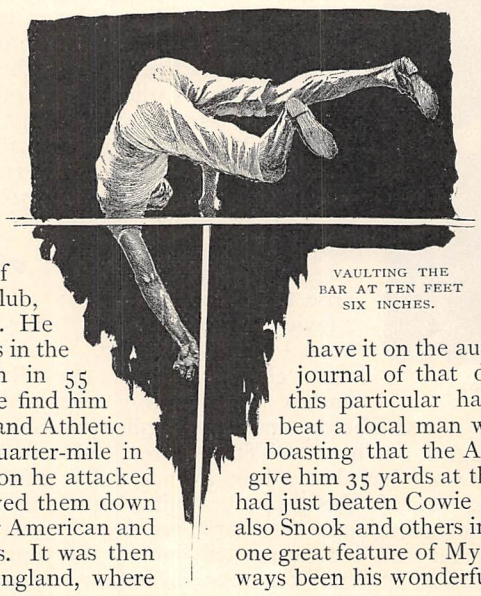


VAULTING THE BAR AT ELEVEN FEET FIVE INCHES.

putting the shot. The present rules of the A. A. U. give events as follows: 100-yard, 220-yard, 440-yard, 880-yard, one-mile, and five-mile runs, one-mile and three-mile walks, two-mile bicycle race, pole vault, running high jump, running broad jump, throwing 16-pound hammer, throwing 36-pound weight, putting 16-pound shot, 120-yard hurdle race, 220-yard hurdle race, individual tug of war, and team tug of war — a total of nineteen. The seven-mile walk is the only event that has been absolutely lost, while eight have been added.

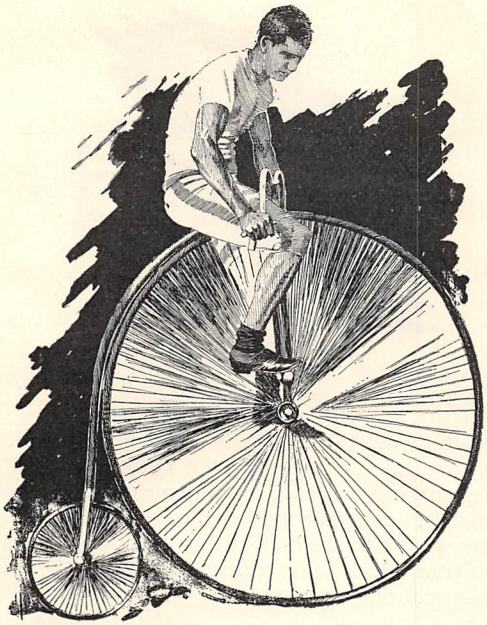
Some of the contests of American athletes have stirred the enthusiastic spirit of more than the mere spectators. No one can read the story of one of his own countrymen contending against a foreigner, and showing pluck and skill enough to win, without a secret satisfaction. The performances of one amateur of our day are so remarkable as to be worthy of chronicling. That man is L. E. Myers, who has now joined the ranks of professional runners; but who, while strictly an amateur, lowered more records, and ran away from more really good runners, than any other man ever upon the cinder track. His first appearance was at the games of the New York Athletic Club, election day, November, 1878. He was given a start of 18 yards in the quarter-mile race, and won in 55 seconds. The next spring we find him in the games of the Staten Island Athletic Club, where he won the quarter-mile in 54 seconds. From this time on he attacked records and men, and mowed them down steadily. In 1880 he won four American and four Canadian championships. It was then decided to send him to England, where they had little faith in the genuineness of his records, and predicted that their second-rate men would run the American off his feet. Previous to his first appearance, Englishmen interested in track athletics laughed at the possibility of his winning. With many runners the time when much is expected of them is very apt to be the occasion when they appear at their worst. Myers, however, never displayed this unfortunate trait, and his first English race was a grand triumph. Not only did he win by a clean eleven yards, but he broke the English record. From that time on he ran on every kind of track, through fields of all sorts of men, was placed at scratch with what appeared at least a line of men stationed all the way down the course, and yet the summary of nearly every race was the legend, "Myers romped in an easy winner."

It is needless to say that the Englishmen became thoroughly satisfied with the genuineness of his records. In 1884 he again visited England, and lowered three records. The following year he crossed once more to meet the best of England's men on various tracks. Two of these meetings were notable. At the Civil Service sports he was entered in a handicap quarter when Cowie, the English champion, was given eight yards' start. Myers ran him down and won in 48⅘ seconds. A month and a half later, having in the mean time won many races, he was entered at Blackburn in two handicaps, and after winning the half-mile he ran the final heat of the quarter, giving Barton, of Scotland, 20 yards. Snook and others were given good starts in this, and it was generally believed that for once the American was to be defeated. Myers picked them all up, and won over a grass course in 49⅖ seconds.



VAULTING THE BAR AT TEN FEET SIX INCHES.

A half-mile race of Myers at Widnes shows the caliber of the man. As we have it on the authority of an English journal of that date, Myers entered this particular half-mile handicap to beat a local man who had been freely boasting that the American could not give him 35 yards at that distance. Myers had just beaten Cowie again in the quarter, also Snook and others in the level half. But one great feature of Myers's running has always been his wonderful ability to keep on



THE BICYCLE-RIDER.

running race after race as long as there was any one before him, and he stepped up to the scratch in the handicap half as ready as ever. One by one he ran through his field, and 30 yards from home had them all behind him, coming in with an easy 8-yard lead in 1 minute $57\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. As the English journal took occasion to remark of the local runner's impression about the 35-yard start, "At five o'clock on Saturday evening Mr. —— had quite altered his opinion on the subject, which only shows what changeable mortals we all are."

SWINGING THE HAMMER.

The only man who has actually run Myers off his feet in a burst of speed was Brooks, a college sprinter. This man had beaten Myers in 1882, but in that race he had made his lead and kept in front to the end. In 1883, however, Myers had the pole, and when the two entered the straight with 90 yards to go Brooks was some 3 yards in the rear. The watches of some reliable experts say that the collegian ran the 90 yards in $8\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. At any rate he gained inch by inch, and 25 yards from the finish was within a yard of Myers. Then it was that both felt the final struggle, and as Brooks came up by Myers's side, both men tried for that impossible speed which is beyond the limit. Myers's limit came a shade nearer than that of Brooks, for he fell headlong in the attempt, and Brooks breasted the tape a winner.

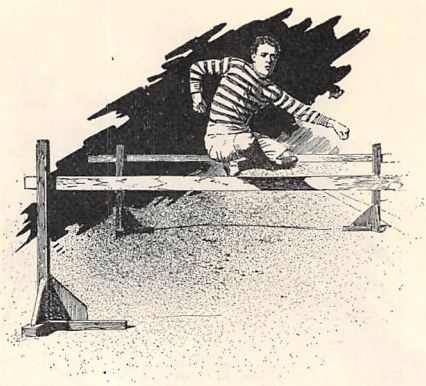
CONCERNING the financial status of track athletics, while they do not, like base-ball, have an existence for the purpose of money-making, there is nevertheless a large amount of capital involved indirectly. Almost all of the clubs now prominent in this branch of sports have a winter existence, games, and habitat as well as an outdoor one. In most of the large cities there are athletic clubs which own desirable property. The club-houses in many instances are as much marvels of comfort and luxury as clubs with a different *raison d'être*. The New York Athletic Club has a membership of twenty-five hundred and property to the value of nearly $500,000. The Berkeley Athletic Club has only about five hundred men, but its property is valued at $400,000. The Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, with a membership of over twelve hundred, is worth probably $75,000. The Detroit, the Manhattan, and the Staten Island Athletic Clubs are rich in membership and have a respectable amount of property.

THE HAMMER-THROWER — THE START.

One feature of these sports has not yet been mentioned, and that is the prizes. These have varied much from time to time. The first prizes given in English university sports were money prizes, but this practice was almost immediately altered, and there is now even a rule forbidding an athlete from pawning his medals or in any way converting them into money. While the correct theory for the amateur is that the prize should be valued and valuable only as a token of the victory it represents, as a matter of fact it has become the custom to have the prizes for record-breaking of more than a merely nominal value. So long as the present very stringent rules are in force regarding professionalism

of any kind, there is but little danger of prizes becoming so great in value as to induce men to wish to obtain them with an eye to their marketable nature.

The progress of track athletics in this country has been rapid. The extension of the games of the cinder track throughout all large cities marks a different standing for them than any that they have obtained in the colleges and universities. There they had to wage direct warfare with boating and ball, and for a time the battle was an unequal one. The other sports were older and had the support of those who had gone before, while sports of the track were looked upon as interlopers which would interfere with the more regular games by directing men to other athletic enjoyment. The day has now come, however, when they have an assured position at all the large universities and colleges, while in amateur athletic organizations track athletics have the first rank, and the other sports are of but minor interest. Nor is the day far distant when the audiences that assemble to witness these contests will be equal to those assembled at any amateur ball game or boat race. Moreover the number of contestants is increasing, and that means that more men are enjoying the benefits of open-air exercise, and by the help of the pleasant stimulus of contest are being drawn towards a better physical development.



TAKING THE HURDLES.

Walter Camp.

TRUSTY, NO. 49.

"WHAT should we do without you, Jerry?" said Phillipson, the prosecuting attorney, "the only murder case on the docket for years, and you have n't been running a week."

Jerry only smiles a wrinkled kind of smile, pushing his hands deeper into his pocket. Then he and the two men with him watch Phillipson and his companion as they enter the court-house. The companion is a Northerner, a director in the railway which may run through the town.

Neither poverty nor a grudging spirit is responsible for the L—— County court-house being Barker's old all-sorts store. Some years ago lightning destroyed the old court-house, which had a portico and a wide hall and a white cupola, and was the pride of the countryside. Now a brick court-house is rising in its place, an ambitious estray from some Northern

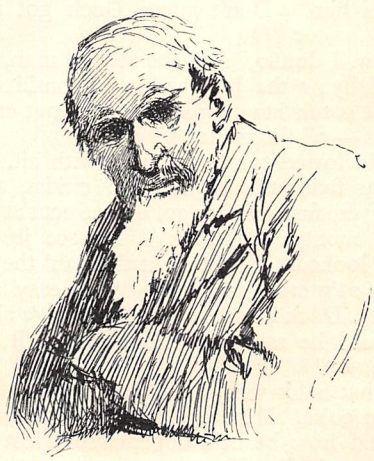
THE HORSE-TRADER.

THE BLACKSMITH.

architect's brain, with Tudor windows and Gothic gables; and in the interval Justice balances her scales in Barker's store.

From the doorway one has a good view of the town. It is an ancient town for Arkansas: in keelboat times it was bustling and prosperous; but the railroads passed by on the other side, and it fell into a gentle decay. Those old-fashioned Southern houses, with their modest pomp of column, architrave, and gallery, and those dingy "all-sort stores," the gambrel roofs of which project at each end to shield loiterers from the Arkansas sun, are a kind of high-water mark of the vanished prosperity. But a change has come; there is talk of a railway; hence the few smart modern cottages elbowing their gay sides through the pines. Something alien and picturesque mingles everywhere with the Southwestern roughness. Perhaps it is because the narrow streets wind so crooked up round the hill, or because the rope ferry spans the river below, or because the near hills are checkered with vineyards and wheat-fields and the far hills have a dark haze of pine, and across the swift green water an old turnpike draws a straight line down a shining avenue of birches, until, crooking suddenly, it is lost in the forest. Over the river are the cotton plantations, the rich black loam where a plowshare will never be dulled by a stone; the vast, dim woods of oak and gum; the canebrake and the cypress swamp. Here the boulders grind through the soil as plentiful as oaths in a river captain's talk, and each farmer tills his own tiny farm. The railroad villages of the bottom have newspaper offices and meat-markets, but the old hill-country county-seat reads its Arkansas "Gazette" once a week, and when a farmer "kills" he hawks his meat from house to house. None the less, however, does the octopus of civilization fling out tentacles into the wilderness: witness the flaming circus-bills, plastered over Jerry Milligan's saloon; witness indeed the saloon itself, which stands, appropriately, next door to the court-house.

THE YOUNG FARMER.



THE OLD JUROR.

DOCK AND THE GAMBLER.

"Looks smart, don't he?" remarked one of the men. "Say, he allus wears them lawyer clothes." He spoke after an admiring glance at the snugly fitting seams of Phillipson's coat and the glossy white rims showing below his black sleeves. "Pore Dock!" he added, spitting gloomily at the short-skirted lady on the white horse. "He fell on downright hard luck in his lawyer. Hops round like a chicken with his head cut off every time Phillipson tackles him. Don't guess Dock got much show."

"Aw, I dunno," said the second man, more cheerfully; "the jury had orter consider how rilin' 't is tuh have a feller skin ye out er fifty dollars — all the money ye got."

"He 'lowed tuh buy a mewl with hit. They all was fixin' tuh go tuh the cirkiss, an' he come yere fust. Feller got everye cent at three cyard monty. Yass, sir. I kin see jes how Dock looked. He sot right thar, an' the feller was a-sa'nterin' down the street easy 's you please. Dock was n't r'arin' on him 't all. All the word he sayd was, 'Lord, whut 'll I say tuh Sis?'"

"That 's his wife, hay?"

"In co'se. Minute I heerd tell 'beout it I knowed how he be'n done, ca'se I lost three dollars an' fifty cents onct that away. Feller changed the cyards an' plum left out the one I bet on; but Dock 's a turrible simple kind er feller, an' he never mistrusted tell I tole him."

"An' more 's the pity ye ondesaved him," muttered Jerry.

"How c'u'd I know he 'd gether you' new gun offen the byar an' light out that away?" the other demanded indignantly.

"An' we all ayfter 'im, hollerin' with all the power," said the second witness, with a chuckle. "Did n't he burn the wind, though! Ketched up tuh the feller 'fore we got tuh the cote-heouse. 'Member how he sayd suthin' an' the

THE OLD FARMER.

feller slid his hand back tuh his pocket? Dock war tew briefly fur him, fired 'fore ye c'u'd bat you eye. Feller keeled over dead 's a hammer. Never seen a purtier shoot."

"Yes, sir, it was so," agreed Jerry; "an' by that same token 't is a shame tuh be sindin' him tuh prison fur a thrifle like that."

"Say, Mis' Muckwrath goes tuh the trial evereye mornin' in the world," Dock's first mourner observed. "That 's her now in the blue sunbonnet, totin' the baby, an' the tew boys hangin' on ahind."

The woman passed the men unconscious of the observation. Her short cotton skirts, limp with dew from the grass and the dog-fennel through which she had walked, were flapping against her bare ankles and coarse shoes. The fat baby hung over her shoulder and beat her thin back with a muddy stick. Evidently the stick was coveted by the younger boy, for he made futile jumps after it while he ran, until greed overreached itself and landed him in a mud-puddle, whence he was dragged by his mother with a shake. The action disclosed her face — a narrow, pale, freckled face, with anxious brown eyes.

"Thar, Luke, quit you' meanness," she cried fretfully. "Take Bud's han' an' walk quiet or they all will put ye in jail."

"I don't keer," the child answered; "paw's thar!"

"O Lordy!" cried the poor woman; "but he 'll come out; he 'll shore come out!"

"Do hush the pitiful critter!" muttered the nearest of the witnesses.

There were other observers of the scene near enough for sight, if not for hearing. First walked the judge, a tall man, carelessly dressed, holding a rose in his mouth. Behind him the sheriff was conducting the jury from the little hotel to the court-house. They paced along two by two, Captain Baz Lemew's head towering above the soft hats. It was a fine, massive head, covered with curly black hair, which shone like a coal against his white hat-brim.

JERRY AND THE TWO MEN.

All the Lemews were property holders, men of substance and dignity, Captain Baz in particular owning one of the best plantations on the river. There was a tradition of a wild youth passed away from home; but years of kind neighborliness, and good citizenship, and generous service in the church had so blurred the old rumors that they retained only enough of their erratic outlines to excuse a familiar affection; Captain Baz he was, not Captain Sebastian Lemew.

Arm in arm with Captain Baz, the foreman, came Dr. Redden, slim, agile, with keen eyes,

THE DOCTOR.

and a yellow beard that curled upward at the ends. He had a trick of clutching his beard, and then flinging his palm outward for a gesture. His loose coat fluttered as he walked, and he swung a branch of dogwood like a cane. The two men following in order were a farmer from the hills and the shrewdest horse-trader of the bottom. The former was sighing:

"Hick'ry buds all out. Mighty purty cotton-plantin' weather. Bright er the moon, tew."

"Tew airly," grunted the horse-trader. "April cotton 's apt tuh git the sore shin."

"Waal, onyhow, I want out," declared the farmer, kicking his heavy heels among the bluets which besprinkled the wayside.

"No, sir," the doctor was saying in a hortatory tone; "no, sir, on principle I avoid looking at the prisoner's wife. Really it 's no palliation of his offense that he has got a wretched woman mixed up with his lot; yet that 's the way people argue."

"There she is," said Captain Baz; "the woman in front. I know her; Muckwrath is one of my [1] renters."

The doctor's eyelids dropped and a flash like the flash of a knife-blade stole out of the half-shut eyes. Every other juror's position he could gauge to a nicety; but the workings of Captain Baz's mind were, so to speak, under water and left no trail.

Now, Dr. Redden desired a conviction ardently. His motives were the cleanest in the world. Of the new South himself, he believed in immigration, enterprise, and their natural promoters, law and order. His zeal was fanned by a pygmy breeze of opposition from one or two in the jury. So was his vanity. Dr. Redden plumed himself on his deft handling of prejudices; here was a chance for tact. But Captain Baz — where did he stand? What was he studying at this minute, for instance? He had turned round on the court-house steps — for the little procession had reached the door — and was gazing absently at river and fields. The landscape had the lovely freshness of morning and spring. Drops of rain glittered in the water-oak leaves, the roses in the gardens wore a richer pink for last night's shower; even the furrow-slices and the blunted edges of the cotton-hills were dyed a deeper tone of brown.

"I love this country," said Captain Baz; but it appeared more to himself than to the doctor. "I was born and raised here. I should hate terribly—" Then he stopped.

"Come on, gentlemen," called the sheriff, jocosely. "Mr. Phillipson won't want to speak without you."

Entering the court-room on a warm morning — such a morning as that which saw the conclusion of the case of the State of Arkansas *vs.* Muckwrath — the first impression is of cool dampness. The room is long and scantily lighted, unplastered and unpainted. The authorities have removed, as unseemly, the rosy damsels who lent their charming presence to

"I FLUNG MYSELF ON HIM."

[1] Tenants.

praises of starch and baking-powder, but the public is still informed by three-feet letters on the joists that "Oliver Chilled Plows are the best"; and still can read a small placard spared by the hand of reform — perhaps for its wholesome moral — affirming that if you pay as you go then you won't owe. Decorations of a more legal cast are not lacking; from estray notices, advertisements of sheriff's sales and delinquent tax lists, to embossments of tobacco quids and gum. The lawyers sit around a rude pine table, the judge presides in a pine arm-chair, and there are chairs without arms for the officers of the court; the rest of the world must content itself with benches. There is a fiction of inclosing the prisoner according to the venerable usage, an uncertain structure of fence palings guarding his chair and giving him infinite trouble if the habit of a lifetime assert itself and his heels swing up to the top.

This morning the room was crowded, for it was known that Phillipson was to conclude his argument, and he had a reputation as an orator, to which, rather than to the intrinsic attraction of the case, was due a sprinkling of the gentry of the region among the shirt-sleeves and sun-bonnets. Immediately after the court was opened Phillipson rose. He had a fascinating voice — sonorous, musical, flexible. Convinced of the prisoner's guilt, he spoke with magnetic fervor. The jury were palpably impressed, while the prisoner's pale wife grew paler and the prisoner nervously chewed gum. He was a tall man and well built, although this was concealed by his ungainly posture, crouched over the fence-railing, his feet squeezed between the palings, his elbows on his knees. His long, curling auburn hair fell over his collar. His eyes were bright violet in tint and of a very gentle expression. His face was one common in Arkansas among the renters, where the loosely hung mouth will often seem to contradict fine brows and straight noses and shapely heads. One could see that he was wearing his poor best in clothes, namely, a new ill-fitting brown coat, blue trousers, rubber boots, and a white shirt with a brass stud but no necktie.

When the lawyer pictured in glowing metaphors and more glowing statistics the incomparable natural gifts of Arkansas, her genial climate, her wonderful forests, her rich mines and richer soil, her mountains and rivers and healing springs, the prisoner listened with an air of relief and interest. When Phillipson, on tiptoe, swung his fist and shouted that the Black River country was "the best poor man's country in the world," he nodded cordially "That 's so!" to the deputy at his side, adding, "Looks like he ar' lettin' up on me an' talkin' 'beout the croaps." But in a second his expansive manner collapsed; his jaw fell, and he leaned over the palings, his lean fingers gripping them hard. Phillipson was demanding why a State so beautiful, so fertile, so attractive to every class of emigrants, is neglected.

"Why is it, gentlemen?" cried the lawyer, waving his white hands at the jury. "I will tell you. It is because the old taint of blood and crime clings to our garments still. Years ago Arkansas in very truth was a 'dark and bloody ground.' Murder stalked unpunished through our smiling cotton-fields and noble forests. All that is past. To-day every one of you knows, gentlemen, that there is not in all this broad land a more peaceful, law-abiding section than ours, or a section with better enforced laws. But people in other States are only just beginning to realize this. Strangers hesitate to bring their families and settle among us. They wait even now, even here, to come among us, willing and able to pour their thousands into our industries, or to link us with iron bands to the great heart of commerce and civilization which throbs outside." There was a general turning of heads at the Northerner. "They wait. What for? To learn that life and property will be respected by you! Gentlemen of the jury, the honor of the State of Arkansas rests in your hands. The dead man was a stranger. He was not a good man. But the law extends the august ægis of her protection even as the rain is shed over the just and the unjust. You are not to consider his character, but only the question, Has he been wronged? You cannot afford, gentlemen, *we* cannot afford, to let the word go forth to the world that Arkansas does not punish murder."

He sat down amid a grateful rustle of applause and many admiring smiles from the ladies in the crowd.

The judge, who had pulled a heap of papers towards him, took the rose out of his mouth and began to read the charge. Captain Baz was listening with frowning attention; the other jurors had been cheered by a bag of peanuts handed up by the amiable deputy in charge. The prisoner was leaning back with folded arms and an expression of eager interest. The judge stated the charge against the prisoner and gave the usual exposition of the law and the usual definitions. He spoke in a slow, gentle voice, and the Northerner's admiration was excited by his luminous and infinitely patient explanations. Indeed, he was so clear that the prisoner himself could follow him, after a grotesque and dazed fashion, tripping now and then over the legal verbiage, but recovering himself at every familiar phrase. He listened to the definition of murder in the first degree with indignant agitation. "All murder which shall be perpetrated by means of poison or by lying in wait"— So

far had the judge gone before Muckwrath exclaimed:

"Why, Judge, I never seen the man afore; an' iz fur layin' in wait an' fixin' tuh pizen, I w'u'd n't do sicher meanness —"

"Shet up!" whispered the deputy. "He 's readin' what you did n't done."

Muckwrath sank back, relieved, to tap his palings with a virtuous finger at every adjective of the "willful, deliberate, malicious, and premeditated killing" described in the statute, and every felony enumerated, "in the perpetration of, or in the attempt to perpetrate" which, "the killing shall be committed." But his countenance darkened at the explanation of murder in the second degree and grew more anxious at the definition of manslaughter, "the unlawful killing of a human being without malice, express or implied, and without deliberation." But he glanced across to where his wife sat with renewed cheerfulness as the judge passed on to justifiable homicide, since here it was that his counsel had made his boldest stand on the right of the defendant to retake his property by force. Muckwrath actually smiled as the judge read:

"Section 1279 defines justifiable homicide as follows: 'Justifiable homicide is the killing of a human being in necessary self-defense, or in the defense of habitation, person, or property against one who manifestly intends or endeavors by violence or surprise to commit a known felony.'"

The smile, however, faded quickly at the judge's comment: "But, gentlemen of the jury, where it is sought to justify the killing under this statute the killing must be to prevent threatened injury to property or the taking thereof by violence or surprise, and no more force must be used than is reasonably necessary. The statute has no application to cases of killing when the deceased has obtained peaceful possession of the property of the slayer by fraud or trickery, without force or surprise —"

"My word!" cried the prisoner, leaping excitedly to his feet, "'t was surprise. I hain't had nare sich surprise in my life like I got when I seen them kyards. They be'n plumb changed up —"

The deputy pushed him back into his seat amid a sympathetic laugh from the audience. "And is slain while in possession of the property so obtained," concluded the judge, who then passed on to the duty incumbent on the State of proving the defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, with the explanation of a reasonable doubt. To all this the jury listened with an air of patient bewilderment, excepting only Dr. Redden, an image of the appreciative listener, and an old man in an extraordinarily frayed and rusty black coat, who was sunk into unobtrusive slumber behind a palm-leaf fan. He awakened in time for the peroration, erecting his head and inflating his chest in a dignified manner, as one who had been following the argument closely all along, let appearances be what they might.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the mild, deliberate voice, "if you find from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendant and the deceased were engaged in a game of cards in Jeremiah T. Milligan's saloon, in said L—— County and State of Arkansas, and that the deceased had, in a game of cards, by cheating or otherwise, won money of the defendant, and had left said saloon; and that the defendant was informed as soon as the deceased left that he had been cheated —"

"Yaas, sir, so I was," said the prisoner. His attorney, amid various winks and smiles from the lawyers, bent a very red face close to his ear. The prisoner pursed his lips for an inaudible whistle, then nodded.

"And thereupon," the judge continued, "in a fit of passion, he snatched up a revolver from the bar, with the intention of killing or doing great bodily injury to the deceased, and without time for reflection pursued and shot the deceased on sight, you will then, and in that case, find him guilty of murder in the second degree. The fact, if you shall find it to be a fact, that the deceased attempted to draw a revolver, would not excuse the killing, or turn the offense from murder in the second degree into manslaughter. But if you shall find from the evidence that the deceased obtained the defendant's money as before stated, and that the defendant, upon being informed that he had been cheated, was seized with a sudden passion and snatched the revolver and pursued the deceased without any intention of killing the deceased, but with the intention of using threats to make the deceased return the said money, intending also to use the revolver in case he might thereby become involved in a fight with the deceased and need the same to protect himself" (here the prisoner made an expressive pantomime of assent to the deputy); "and if you also find that while thus excited, and while acting pursuant to this intention, he overtook the deceased and the deceased attempted to draw a revolver to shoot the defendant, and thereupon the defendant, in the excitement and in fear of his life" ("Jesso," cried Muckwrath, unable to keep still), "shot and killed the deceased, then, and in that event, you will find the defendant guilty of manslaughter" ("O Lordy!" gasped the prisoner) "and fix the penalty accordingly. The defendant's counsel has asked for the following instruction, which is given, with some modifications: If you find from the

evidence that the deceased was a man of violent disposition and dangerous character, prone to shoot quickly and without provocation, and that the defendant was informed of this dangerous disposition on the part of the deceased prior to the killing, and that the deceased swindled the defendant out of fifty dollars at three-card monte in Jeremiah T. Milligan's saloon, on the third day of April, 1888, and that thereupon the defendant, being told that he had been cheated, got up to follow the deceased to demand back his money, without any intention of doing any injury to the deceased or of making any threats of so doing, and that defendant, having in mind the dangerous disposition of the deceased, picked up and took with him a revolver which was lying on the bar, intending to use the same in case of necessary self-defense" (a grin at what to such an audience seemed broad irony spread from face to face); "and if you further find that when the defendant overtook the deceased the deceased attempted to draw a revolver, and thereby the defendant was placed in danger of his life or limb, and, while acting under the belief that it was necessary to shoot to save himself, did so shoot and killed the deceased — *then* the homicide was justifiable, and you will find the defendant not guilty."

But at this point the prisoner's baby lifted up her voice in a dismal clamor. Vainly the mother tried to hush the child; the prisoner called out, "Gimme the little trick, Sis; she jes wants to get tuh me"; the sheriff commanded, "Silence in the court!" and the audience tittered; all of which rather drowned the judge's voice, charging the jury to lay aside all fear, prejudice, or favor, and render a verdict consistent with the law and the evidence and in harmony with their oath.

The jury themselves were generally absorbed in Mrs. Muckwrath's tussle with her baby and the infant's final consolation by a stick of candy, handed over the heads of the audience from some unknown donor. By the time the stir had subsided the friendly deputy was whispering:

"You all got ter go now."

The Northerner watched them as they were conducted through the side-door to their room, or, to be accurate, their sheds. Up to this moment the grotesque surroundings and the prisoner's antics had made him forget that this rough-handed justice was weighing a fellow-creature's life. Now he remembered.

Phillipson was speaking: "Yes, sir; the charge *was* favorable. Splendid charge. Clear, straight to the point."

"You 'll get a verdict if the jury have n't got on to the Coal Hill horror," said the gray-haired lawyer. "Redden is for you, and he 's a stirring fellow."

The Northerner looked from the man behind the palings to the woman, whose eyes were fixed on him while she hugged her baby tighter. Then he asked, "What kind of convict-camps do you have in this State?"

"All kinds," replied Phillipson, testily.

THE jury had taken various easy attitudes about their table, but they all looked serious.

Captain Baz's mild, bright, dark eyes went from one face to another in a glance that was keen without ceasing to be gentle. He settled his large frame back in his chair and softly fanned himself; quite a typical figure of a planter sitting there, with his dainty linen, and cool pongee coat, and the old-fashioned diamond-pin in his blue neck-scarf. It was an attractive face also which rested on his hand — such a face as a lonely woman would turn to confidingly though she saw it for the first time; a kind, frank, strong face, handsome in spite of the long scar marking one tanned cheek.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Baz, "perhaps we shall gain time by talking this business over a little before we take a ballot."

Speaking for the others, the doctor assented. For his part, he said, he believed that the prisoner ought to be punished. Why did n't he get the constable to arrest the man? It was this habit of trying to right our own wrongs when the law stood ready to right them for us that had given the country an ill name. Phillipson was right; it discouraged immigration. He had seen Mr. Thornton (the Northerner) in court. They all knew he was fixing to build a canning factory. Was he likely to do that if they convinced him that any of his men could get mad and pop away at him with a gun, sure of getting off? It looked like they might lose their factory, maybe their railroad, if they monkeyed with the verdict. Let them remember their oaths and the law; that was all he asked.

The next speaker, who kept an "all-sorts store" at the cross-roads, agreed with the doctor. So did half a dozen others. Their natural sympathy with a defrauded neighbor was offset by the composite motive of self-interest and public spirit to which the doctor had appealed. As the storekeeper expressed it, they all could n't afford to scare off factories and railroads just to pull Dock out of a hole.

The horse-trader was for a verdict of murder in the second degree, on general principles of rigor towards "folks that squealed."

"What in thunder is Dock r'arin' and chargin' 'beout onyhow?" cried he. "If he got skinned up, war n't he tryin' tuh skin t' other feller? 'T ain't noways shore, neither, that the cyards war n't throwed fair. Them

fellers kin juggle the cyards reoun' so ye cayn't tell Ham from Japhet. Dad gum me, I los' twenty dollars myself oncet. But do ye reckon I pulled out my gun an' killed the cuss? Naw, sir. I guv 'im five dollars tuh show me how the trick be'n done. An' he done so. But, law me, I mout try tell I was wore to a frazzle, I c'u'd n't ketch up with it!"

"I 'lowed they all allus cheated," said a young rustic whose mouth hung ajar as naturally as a door without a latch. "Ef Dock ain't be'n cheated that makes a heap er differ. I don't guess we 'd orter let 'im go. Hay, Mr. Hogard?" He addressed the shabby man in the black coat, who might be called a professional juror, being one of those court-room hangers-on always ready to the sheriff's hand either for jurors or talesmen. Apparently occupied in spelling out the judge's charge, he merely shook his head. Really he was waiting until he could discover the drift of opinion, in order to join the minority, thereby protracting the session and enlarging the fees.

His right-hand neighbor, a young farmer from the bottom, spoke up quickly: "I don' see no differ ef they cheat with their fingers or their cyards. I observe they git thar jes the same. Onyhow, Dock, he 'lowed he be'n cheated; an' t' other feller drawed on 'im—"

"Drawed on him!" interrupted the horse-trader with sardonic emphasis. "By gum, who would n't draw on a feller runnin' at ye with a gun?"

"Waal, I don't keer," said the farmer, doggedly. "I 've knowed Dock risin' er twenty year, an' I ain't goin' tuh send him tuh be beat an' pounded in them convict-camps."

"Now ye talk," said the farmer who wanted to get home; "but what fur did he kill the feller? Why c'u'd n't he of given him the bud[1] an' taken the money back?"

"Did get his money back," said another juror, the blacksmith on Captain Baz's plantation; "taken it out of the dead man's pockets, right thar. Must 'a' had a' anxious notion er gettin' that money back, shore. Say, did n't no kin er the feller ever turn up?"

He was answered by the old juror, who pushed a loose pile on the table towards him, saying: "Nary. Nothin' foun' on the person er the deceased neether, 'cept this truck—handkerchief, watch-chain 'thout nare watch, revolver, wallet, Hot Springs cyar tickets, two packs er cyards, an' fifty cents."

The jurors, except Captain Baz, fingered the articles with much gravity and scrutinized them as carefully as if they held some occult evidence of Dock Muckwrath's guilt or innocence.

[1] "To give the bud" or "to give the hickory" is Arkansas for to thrash.

The old juror brought them back to the question.

"Dock's lawyer," he modestly suggested, "made a right smart outer Dock's right tuh take back his property. Jedge ruther favored him thar, I consider."

"I wisht you all c'u'd fix up suthin' this mornin'," said the young farmer. "I 'm right anxious tuh git tuh go tuh Little Rock tuh-night, an' thar 's a long way tuh ride tuh the railroad from my place."

"What ye say tuh manslaughter, then, Baldwin," said the old farmer, "an' let him off easy 's we kin?"

"That 's two year," said the old juror, always strong on the minor points of law; "we all fix the penalty. Two to seven years."

"Say, the Knights Templar p'rade tuh-night," said the blacksmith.

"Splendid parade, I hear, it 's going to be, too," the doctor remarked, with his knife-like side-glance at Baldwin. "Miss Morkin and a lot of our folks are going."

Miss Morkin was the pretty girl whom Baldwin was only too anxious to please. He appealed with a kind of harassed gasp to Captain Baz: "I 'll tell you what I cayn't stand. They tell terrible things 'beout the prisons. Say, what 's your notion, Cap'n?"

The doctor, who had the medical eye for complexion, observed that Captain Baz was certainly very pale. "My opinion, sir," said the Captain slowly, "is that in the present state of convicts in Arkansas if you don't find the man not guilty you had better find him guilty enough to be hanged."

"By gum," muttered the blacksmith, "that are a way ter put it!"

The doctor's eyes brightened, a sure sign with him of rising combativeness. "Do you say that because you have been reading the horrors in the newspapers?"

"No, sir,"— the reply came very quietly,— "I say it from personal experience."

For once the doctor's wits failed him, but he flinched from his first idea. "You were a—an inspector, a—warden," he said huskily.

"No, sir," said Captain Baz as quietly as before; "I was a convict."

"Lord A'mighty!" cried young Baldwin, and was instantly red with shame over his indecorum.

The horse-trader, not so sensitive, declared, "Waal, I bet 't war n't from no meanness, onyhow!"

The other jurors exchanged furtive glances, while Dr. Redden took shelter in a handkerchief and elaborately wiped his face.

"P'raps,"— this was the shopkeeper's best mercantile voice,—"p'raps, bein' like you interjuced the subjeck, Cap'n, you w'u'd tell us some more."

Captain Baz had been watching their confusion, smiling a little bitterly. It seemed to Captain Baz that already they began to wonder over him and look down on him.

"Naturally," said he, "I did n't speak just for the fun of the thing. I had a purpose. I want you to know the kind of punishment you are proposing to give our old neighbor. Well, gentlemen, this was the way of it: I was a wild young man running a cotton-boat, and Owens, my partner, sent me to Little Rock on business. I was young and foot-loose, and I went straight into mischief; got into a gambling den and a fight before sundown: a man was killed. Of course he was a promising citizen with a terrible sight of kin. I am tolerably sure that I did n't touch the fellow, but I was the only man there too drunk to run away; so they caught me and tried me, and the upshot was I got three years. In point of fact, gentlemen, I have no legal right to sit on this jury, being a convicted felon. However, it was not Sebastian Lemew who put on stripes, but Thomas Jones. I was so ashamed of my being such a blamed fool that I fixed it up with Owens to keep the business from my folks. They sent me with a dozen other fellows in a cattle-car to Arkansas River to make a corduroy-road. There — that is what I am going to tell you. I have been quiet for so long on account of my wife. She hated to have me pointed at as having been to the penitentiary. That 's all right; women think a heap of such things; but I can't keep quiet any longer."

"I kin tell you one thing, Cap'n," cried Baldwin, "nobody 'll ever be the wiser for *me!*"

"Nur me," the old juror echoed.

"I say 't war all a blamed shame!" said the blacksmith.

"You must act your pleasure about that, gentlemen," said Captain Baz; but a little of the color returned to his face. "I was saying they sent me off; I went off with a rough crowd. However, there was one gentleman among them. 'Radcliffe,' he called himself. I never saw him again, nor I don't know his real name; but he did me a good turn with his information. He told me, what I found was true, that the whole convict system is a money-making affair. They are all on the make. The board, commissioners, contractors, lessees, wardens, and guards — they all just naturally squeeze the convict. He 's let and sublet, and every man has to make something out of him each time. What do the lessees care if they work a man to death in the camps? They can get plenty more. It is for their interest to underfeed the men and not clothe them or give them medicines or decent human treatment any way. The real man in charge is the warden, and he has practically unlimited power. All the lessee asks of him is to get work out of the men. They are mostly trifling, shirking fellows, and to make them work he has to punish them; so he gets to crowding the punishment on. Wardens and guards are apt to be a brutal lot — first-class men don't want such a job. But the meanest feature of the whole business is its discrimination. It is a fact, gentlemen, as our prison laws stand now the rich man can do almost anything. Suppose a jury does its duty, and sends a rich criminal to the penitentiary, what then? Why, his friends hire him out and he lives at his ease. Radcliffe told me of a large number of convicts hired out that way; his uncle was going to hire him to work on his plantation. 'And do you reckon I 'll work too hard?' said he. 'No, sir; I 'll ride round like a gentleman, and in my own clothes, too, by ——.' He told me about our warden. He seemed to know all about him, and I 'm bound to say his information always turned out correct. Captain Moss, our warden, was an Alabama man. He killed two men down there before he came to Arkansas; but he had influential friends, and the matter was hushed up some way. They need dare-devil fellows in a convict-camp, so Moss got the job. Radcliffe said he was rather a quiet fellow when sober, but the devil and any when drunk. Radcliffe advised me to bribe him by giving him my money that came to me to spend. 'He 'll take out his commission, don't fear,' says he. 'If you 've got money you 're all right. But God help the poor man in a convict-camp!' You may imagine, gentlemen, that such a talk as this did n't cheer me up much. But the reality was worse.

"We got to our place at sundown and had to walk four miles from the railroad through the swamp. The camp was in a cypress slash. You could cut the miasma with a knife. But what did it matter how unhealthy the place was? You know what the cypress slashes are. Our shed was on a kind of ridge. Higher up from the river there were some houses built — a cookhouse, and storehouse, and house for the warden in charge. The shed we had was, I should say, sixteen by twenty feet, and there were thirty-three men packed into it. It was worse built than any of these old cabins which we all think ain't good enough for steady living in and give up to the cotton-pickers. A few of the meanest, dirtiest mattresses you ever saw were lying on the floor. Not enough of these, even, for half the men. The others had a blanket and slept on the floor. The cracks in that floor — I do assure you they were bigger than my arm! Of course the shed was simply stood up on four cypress stumps over the mud, and it had settled lop-sided. The roof had no shingles, nothing but

scantling; and when it rained it leaked worse than the famous roof of the Arkansas traveler. Puddles of water were standing on the mattresses and the blankets; and with the flicker of the lamps screwed to the wall, and an awful kind of steam rising up from the swamp, and the chains everywhere,— they always chained us at night, you understand,— and the miserable black and white faces all huddled together, oh, it was a hard sight! The men's rags were dropping off them. Not a man among them had a decent pair of shoes. They never were washed or changed up, and some of them had been in camp two months. And while I stood in that hole, half faint, like a flash I seemed to see my room at home and the clean white curtains, and the big tin tub I had for washing, and my mother's and the girls' pictures on the walls, and my father's sword hanging over the glass, and the honeysuckle outside swinging — it turned me dizzy. Just then the dogs outside began to howl. 'Somebody 's lit out,' said the guard. 'Here, get along, 49, I got to go; thar 's you place.' Such a place — a space between two convicts, and next to it a poor fellow crumpled all in a heap, with his shirt cut into ribbons and his back the awfulest sight! He lay right under the lamp. I can see the way his hands dropped down as if they would drop off his wrists, and the sharp look of his nose and chin. Somebody had dipped a hand down through an extra big crack and plastered him with mud to ease the smarting. I can assure you all," Captain Baz added with a very grim and queer smile, "it helps a heap. The fellow was hardly more than a boy, and had a right innocent, pitiful kind of face. As soon as the guard was gone I asked the man who had put the mud on — you could see the mud in his hand, that 's how I knew — I asked him what was the matter. He was a villainous-looking fellow, looked like he had some nigger in him. He was No. 28, but the boys all called him Chuckey. Chuckey gave me a scowl and said, 'Got a lickin'.' Then I saw him shove his own blanket, which he 'd rolled up, under the poor fellow's head. So I helped him, and the poor fellow looked up and thanked me. Gentlemen, it was sort of awful to be thanked in that place; it stirred me all up. While I was trying to find out more the guard came with my supper. Radcliffe had been telling some tall stories about me to the warden, I reckon. Well, I was powerful hungry, for they had skipped our dinner, so I did n't look too closely at the salt pork and corn pone, and was fixing to drink my coffee when I observed that the poor fellow who had been licked was staring at me with a terribly ravenous sort of look.

"Instinctively, I suspect, I broke the bread into two pieces, a big piece for me and the smallest piece for him,— because I was so hungry I was mean,— but somehow, when I looked up to pass it and saw his miserably pinched face, I gave him the biggest piece instead, and tore off some of the meat too.

"Chuckey scowled at me in his way, and said, 'He 's plumb starved; hain't had nuthin' sense yestiddy mornin'.' Poor Slowfoot!"

"Was that what they called him?" asked the blacksmith.

"Yes, sir. He had something the matter with his ankle. The bone was hurt, and it hurt him to walk. Many a time Moss beat him for not 'getting about lively enough,' as he called it."

"Probably necrosis," muttered the doctor.

"I asked Chuckey if we got enough to eat. He said yes, usually, but mighty poor stuff — bread, meat, and pease. No variety, of course, and the cooking not half-way decent. The man who leased us did n't care no more for us than for so many pigs. We all were always chilling, but that made no difference; we had to work just the same. I did n't fare as badly as some, thanks to Radcliffe's talking and the money that I got from Owens. The next morning I saw the warden. I 'm not likely to forget how he looked. We were all hustled out at sun-up and set to work laying the logs in the swamp. The man who walked by me was a strange-looking fellow. I make no doubt he was a bit off in his head; anyway we all called him Looney. He was there because he walked into a Little Rock restaurant, got a dinner, and then said he had n't any money. The proprietor had him arrested, and he was sent to the penitentiary. So he got into our camp. They said that he was so banged about and ill-treated that it had run him distracted. One thing about his looks I remember. He had a very large head and kept wagging it about and talking to himself. The guard who had us that morning was Todd Baxter. He was a very clever fellow, too, when he could keep away from liquor. This poor Looney, by and by, lay down on a log and said he would n't work. Todd was coaxing and threatening when Moss came up, pretty full. He rode a good horse, and was, I suppose, what you would call a handsome man. He was fond of dress, and a great ladies' man. Oh, I can tell you *his* clothes were changed often enough. He had a palish face, the eyes were always a little red at the rims, the face clean shaved except a mustache, and he had brown curly hair and always wore some kind of perfumery. Well, he needed it in that place. The instant he saw Looney he was off his horse, swearing. 'I ain't going to work,' said Looney; 'I 'm sick.'

"'I know your kind of sick mighty well,' says Moss. 'Git up, or it will be the worse for you.'

"When Looney would n't get up he and another guard, by the name of Forbes, tied Looney to a gum-tree by strips of pawpaw bark like the niggers make reins out of, you know, and lashed him with ox-whips. I told Moss, as respectfully as I could, that I believed the man was crazy. He knocked me down. Well, gentlemen, some things are too horrible to be described, though they are not too horrible for poor souls to suffer. Moss swore he 'd conquer Looney, if he had to kill him. He did n't conquer him, though you could hear his screeches clear across the slash. But he would n't work. By and by Todd interfered; they took him home and Todd put him in his own bed, and he died there. That night — "

The horse-trader struck the table a sounding blow with his fist. "The bloody tyke!" he cried. "What did they do to him? "

"Nothing," said Captain Baz.

"Don't you reckon he was ha'nted? " said the blacksmith.

"Not he," said Captain Baz; "if he had been that kind of man the poor fellows he killed in Alabama would have haunted him. Yet it is hard saying what such a man feels; it is possible one reason for his sprees was a bad conscience. But to all appearance he went on as wicked and careless as ever. He shoved poor Looney into the river and went about with his whip slashing at us just the same. Gentlemen, I can't give you any idea what an incarnate devil he could be. To this day I sometimes wake up yelling and cursing, dreaming that I am back in that hell. To show you the meanness of the man: there was a poor boy there, and his mother sent him a pair of rubber boots and a letter. Todd told me about it; that 's how I know. She 'd gone picking cotton to earn the money. She knew it was in the bottom-lands, and she sent the boots, begging the warden to let her boy have them. Mind you, too, the poor boy was chilling at the time. Do you reckon Moss gave him the boots? Not a bit of it; he sold them to one of the guards for three dollars. That 's the kind of man he was. Yet since his meanness procured me most of my own privileges, I have reason to thank it. Owens sent me money, and he took it; but he made me a trusty,[1] and out of fifty dollars I got a straw hat and a pair of second-hand horse-blankets, and sometimes an extra bite of something which I could share with Slowfoot. He was schemy, too. He let me go to the river and wash. I had pretty good clothes, and he would send me to the settlement on errands. Usually Todd went with me. Then folks would look at me, decently clothed, clean, and all that, and they would say: 'Must be lies 'bout the convicts being so abused. Look at that trusty!' Which was exactly what Moss aimed to have them think. Oh, he was powerful schemy! But I was schemy too. That's how I got out. There was a new inspector who lived on the yon side of the river and had a big plantation. Most of the inspectors had been so deviled and conjured by the commissioners and by Moss that no matter what yarn he told them they 'd grease its head and swallow it whole. But this gentleman was sharp. He made some trouble about Looney, but he could n't get to find out anything. Well, I stole some brown wrapping paper and I borrowed a pencil from Todd, pretending to need it to show him a trick at cyards."

"I don't guess ye got time tuh l'arn it tuh we all," said the horse-trader insinuatingly; "'t would make the story sorter plainer."

"Oh, the story don't need it," said Captain Baz. "The point was I needed a lead-pencil to explain, and I just naturally lost the lead-pencil — dropped it, or a stick, spang into the mud. Then very cautiously, at odd minutes, I wrote on that paper to the new inspector to come and see how we were treated. The next thing was to get the paper to the inspector. That came by accident. I was sent to town with a guard to get some flour. The guard was in the store and I sat outside holding the horses. No show of running, for he had his gun. While I sat there trying to study out a plan to speak to somebody — anybody — and fairly wild with thinking, two young ladies came riding up. By luck — no, by God's mercy — one of them was the inspector's sister. I knew it because I heard the storekeeper call her name when he spoke to her. It was speak to her, some way, or miss my best chance on earth — one! She had a rather ill horse and he kept prancing about. 'Lady,' said I, though my heart was in my boots, 'your horse has picked up a nail.' And before she could answer I was on the ground projicking round that horse's foot, my back to the guard's back, mind you, all the while. 'There it is. Look here!' said I. Of course it was n't the nail I handed her, but the brown paper rolled into a spike. 'For God's sake, give it to your brother, Miss!' I whispered."

"Did she ketch on? " cried the horse-trader, in high excitement, and the other jurors hitched their chairs closer, almost equally moved.

"She did indeed," said Captain Baz, smiling. "She hid the paper in her hand, calm as calm, and thanked me like she would have thanked any gentleman — me, a convict! I don't reckon you can guess, Doctor, what balm that courtesy of hers was to me, sore all over with the degradations of my odious life. God bless her! God bless her! I kept saying. And then that

[1] The better behaved and more trustworthy convicts are called "trusties," and have certain privileges.

great blundering jack of a guard must see me; and he went for me with his whip for talking to ladies. Maybe it was a fool thing to do, but I could n't bear to be humiliated before those young ladies. Before I knew what I was doing I wrenched the whip out of his hand and flung him backward into the store. 'I 'm a gentleman,' said I, 'and I have done nothing to forfeit the right to help a lady. If you touch me I 'll kill you!'"

"Good for you, Captain!" said the doctor. The blacksmith cried, "That 's the stuff!" slapping his thigh gleefully. And there was a little chorus of plaudits from the circle of listeners. They had half forgotten the cause of their presence in the new excitement.

Captain Baz hardly noticed the words. He continued in that white heat of passion which makes a narrator oblivious of everything but the life he is living and suffering over again. "No, he did n't hit me. I could n't have stood that! The girl was looking at me, so gently, so — I reckon I am forgetting myself." He passed his hand over his face, and spoke in a different tone. "She said, 'Don't hurt him, please!'

"'Oh, I won't hurt him, Miss,' said the guard. 'I was afraid he was sassy. Look alive, 49, git in!' I got in, wishing myself dead. Well."

Captain Baz stopped again. The circle of faces and elbows was contracted a little by an instinctive movement of sympathy. "Think er bein' hit an' not able tuh hit back!" said the blacksmith, in an awed tone. "Myme! Myme!"

The doctor was so interested that he flung away his cigar. "Baz," said he, "was the girl Mrs. Lemew?"

Captain Baz nodded. After a second he resumed his story with a hard composure, evidently forced. "I expect there never was a madder or wretcheder man than I the next week. Never before had I realized the infernal isolation of my position as I did then, cuffed and shamed before a woman. Every instinct of manhood in me seemed to blaze up, like a smudge will if you fling on cotton-seed. So I was in a fit frame for anything. As the days went by and nothing happened,— of course I could n't know the inspector was away,— I got nearly out of my head, I was so desperate. The warden promised me a licking if I ever spoke to any one in the settlement again. I believe he had about made up his mind that I knew too much, and that he 'd better pick a quarrel and kill me. Honestly, I think that very idea was in his mind. But he did n't dare kill me without provocation, knowing that I had friends. Those days he was likely to get his chance, for I was determined to make a break for liberty. The worst difficulty was I wanted to take Slowfoot with me. I had got attached to the boy. He used to talk to me and Chuckey — you get plenty of chances to talk in camps — about his mother and a little baby sister he had. Poor boy! I believe he was as innocent a fellow as ever lived. He was in for stealing horses, but I think the real thief swore it off on him. If he did, God forgive him; he had better have shot the boy in his tracks. Such a life as we lived! We not only had the tyranny of the warden and the killing work, the filth and cruelty, but there was no restraint put on the brutality of the men towards each other: the bullies used to maltreat the weaker ones, take their rations or blankets or log-poles, make them tote more than their share of the log, pound them, and beat them, and worry them every way on earth.

"Chuckey and I, however, did up a few of the big fellows, and finally even they were sorry for the poor boy with his iron grinding into his sore ankle. But we could n't do up the boss, and it looked like he had a special spite against Slowfoot; he was hammering and beating him the whole enduring time. I have seen that great hulking Chuckey *cry*, telling of Slowfoot's tortures. It could n't last always. One morning — gentlemen, excuse me; I thought I was strong enough to tell this straight, but — I — I ain't. Will you give me a drink of water?"

Silently the old juror took the tin cup to the bucket, filled it, and handed it to Captain Baz. Not a man there but felt a thrill of sympathetic emotion over the spasm of recollection which drew Captain Baz's features and roughened his voice when, a moment later, he continued:

"One morning Slowfoot fainted when he tried to get up. Todd would have let him stay behind, but he said Moss was on one of his crazy sprees, and might take a notion to look in; and Slowfoot begged to go with us. Todd said he would have to send to the settlement for nails, and he would risk Moss being mad, and send for the country doctor. It was his business to look after us — though mighty little did we all see of him. So we toted Slowfoot out between us, Chuckey and I, and made a sort of bed of leaves. Brutes as we were, most of us, that patient, grateful fellow had so touched the heart left in us that all the men helped. Slowfoot was point-blank bad, burning up with fever, and half out of his head. Todd gave him some quinine and whisky, and I was wrapping some wet rags round his ankle when the devil sent Moss along. He was just drunk enough to be ugly and utterly reckless. He saw us, and jumped off his horse. Whether he meant to hit me through Slowfoot, I don't know. I have sometimes thought he did. There happened to be an ironwood sapling, we 'd sawed off to make gluts of, lying in the road. Moss picked it up, and ordered Slowfoot to get up and go to work.

"'I cayn't,' said the poor boy.

"Then Moss began to curse him. 'I 'll break you in two! And at every word he was banging Slowfoot over the head with that hard stick. I could n't bear it, and jumped at him. He hit me one cut. There it is on my cheek. The blood blinded me, but I wrenched the stick from him — I hit him across the shoulder. Oh, I marked him for life! but he got out his revolver and fired. I felt I was shot through, but I flung myself on him, and got my hands on his throat. But the guards held me, and I saw Moss catch a branch of thorn tree up, shrieking out oaths and foaming at the mouth, and run up to Slowfoot and strike him. Todd caught his arm.

"'Ye cayn't hurt him,' said Chuckey; then, 'Look at his face!'"

"Dead?" said the doctor in a low tone.

Captain Baz answered solemnly, "Yes, thank God, they never could hurt him any more."

"Wa'al!" exclaimed the horse-trader, "what did they do tuh you all — an' tuh Chuckey?"

"I reckon they did n't want two dead bodies on their hands. They took me back, and the first person they met was Miss Edgerton and an old justice of the peace she had coaxed to accompany her to see the camp — because her brother was n't home yet."

"Then they did n't hush it up that time?" said the doctor.

"No, sir. Chuckey spoke up —"

"Dad gum me, but I like that Chuckey!" cried the old farmer.

"And Todd was so sick of it all he made a clean breast, too. The contract was taken away from the lessee, and the men were hired to some one else. I think they were fairly well treated. The new inspector hired Chuckey and me. Chuckey is with him still. Nobody could ask a better stockman than he is. As for me, as soon as I was legally free, I married Miss Edgerton. You know the rest about me. But men to-day are suffering what I suffered. I won't vote to send a human being to a convict-camp. That 's all."

"Well," said the doctor slowly, "I don't want to risk it either. And yet —"

"Lord, I c'u'd n't sleep all night ef I done it!" cried the old farmer.

The professional juror studied the agitated faces about him. He could see a limitless perspective of disagreement and fees, if he would take a lonely position against Muckwrath; but under his ragged buttons beat a swindling, eccentric, soft old heart. He drew a prodigious sigh. "Gentlemen, I reckon we 're all agreed," said he.

"But fust, Cap'n, 'bout the warden?" said the blacksmith.

Captain Baz rose. "I was coming to that, gentlemen. They got out an indictment against him, but he lit out and I never heard a word about him until I was in town the day of the killing and saw the corpse. Gentlemen, the man that Dock Muckwrath shot was my old warden, Captain Moss."

The court-room was hushed as the twelve men filed into their places and answered to the clerk's call of their names.

"They look terribly solemn," whispered Phillipson's legal friend. "Bet you it 's five years, if not second degree."

Phillipson, convinced of the jurors' solemnity, had leisure to feel sorry for the pallid man in the box and the woman whose eyes never turned from his face.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed on a verdict?"

"We are, your Honor."

A wave of interest, surprise, excitement, swept half the audience to their feet. The verdict was — not guilty.

Mrs. Muckwrath insisted on shaking hands with each member of the jury, lifting a smiling but by this time unpleasantly sticky baby to kiss the dismayed liberators of her father, assuring each that Dock never would so much as kill a chicken again, and he would join the Children's Band of Hope, there being no adult temperance society within reach. Meanwhile Dock stood by, shifting his weight from one foot to another and grinning sheepishly.

"Say, Mr. Phillipson," shouted the revengeful Jerry Milligan as the attorney strode past the door, "ye don't 'pear to fale so gaily like ye done; but I 'm thinkin' Dock fales a hape better!"

The Northerner, who was with Phillipson, laughed outright. "They do seem pleased," said he. "See, Phillipson, there go the interesting family home together in one of the jurymen's wagon; Muckwrath is kissing the baby. Well, I confess I am glad he has n't got to go to your confounded penitentiary."

But Phillipson was boiling with vexation which spattered over the first juror whom he encountered. He demanded profanely why they all brought in such a fool verdict, plumb against the judge's instruction.

"Waal," answered the storekeeper, — for it was he, — "fact er the matter is, we all got tuh talkin' an' discussin' them convict-camps, an' we 'lowed 't w'u'd n't be right tuh send a neighbor tuh ary sich place."

And this is all that Phillipson or any other man outside the jury knows to this day regarding that verdict. Nor, to this day does Dock Muckwrath know that he was the unconscious and guilty avenger of innocent blood.

Octave Thanet.

The Women of the French Salons
Part II

LITERARY INFLUENCE OF THE SALONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE are certain women preëminently distinguished by diversity of gifts, who fail to leave behind them a fame at all commensurate with their promise. It may be from a lack of unity, which results from a series of fragmentary efforts, no one of which is of surpassing excellence; it may be that the impression of power they give is quite beyond any practical manifestation of it; or it may be that talents in themselves remarkable are cast into the shade by some exceptional brilliancy of position. The success of life is measured by the harmony between its ideals and its attainments. It is the symmetry of the temple that gives the final word, not the breadth of its foundations nor the wealth of its material.

It was this lack of harmony and fine proportion which marred the career of a woman who played a very conspicuous part in the social and political life of her time, and who belongs to my subject only through a single phase of a stormy and eventful history. No study of the salons would be complete without that of the Grande Mademoiselle, but it was not as the leader of a coterie that she held her special claim to recognition. By the accident of birth she stood apart, subject to many limitations that modified the character of her salon, but it had certain marked features which emphasized its influence while narrowing its scope. It was only an incident of her life, but through the quality of its *habitués* and their unique diversions, it became the source of an important literature.

The Duchesse de Montpensier has left a very distinct record of herself in letters, romances, memoirs, and portraits, written out of an abounding fullness of nature, but with infinite detail and royal contempt for precision and orthography. A princess by birth, closely related to three kings, and glowing with all the fiery instincts of her race, she curiously blended the courage of an Amazon with the weakness of a passionate and capricious woman. She casts a romantic light upon the trivial wars of the Fronde, which were ended by her prompt decision and masculine force. We see her, at twenty-five, riding victoriously into the city of Orléans at the head of her troops, and, again, opening the gates of Paris to the exhausted army

GEO. WHARTON EDWARDS.

of Condé. This adventure gives us the keynote to her haughty and imperious character. She would have posed well for the heroine of a great drama; indeed, she posed all her life in real dramas. When only nineteen she was seated upon a throne at a grand fête in the Palais Royal, with Louis XIV. and the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., at her feet. "My heart, as well as my eyes, regarded the Prince *de haut en bas*," she wrote. "I had the spirit to wed an emperor."

"She had beauty, talent, wealth, virtue, and a royal birth," says Mme. de Motteville. "Her beauty was not without defects, and her intellect was not one which always pleases. Her vivacity deprived all her actions of the gravity necessary to people of her rank, and her mind was too much carried away by her feelings. As she was fair, had beautiful eyes, a pleasing mouth, was of good height, and blonde, she had quite the air of a great beauty." But it was beauty of an imposing sort and without delicacy. The same vivacious writer says that "she spoiled all she went about by the eagerness and impatience of her temper. She was always too hasty and pushed things too far." What she may have lacked in grace and charm she made up by the splendors of rank and position.

About the time of the king's marriage, which shattered one of her most brilliant illusions, she wrote a characteristic letter to Mme. de Motteville, picturing an Arcadia in which men and women should lead a simple pastoral life, tending sheep on pleasant days for amusement, and devoting the rest of the time to visiting, driving, music, and books. This platonic and Christian republic is to be composed of very "amiable and perfect" people, but it is to be quite free from the entanglements of love or "the vulgar institution of marriage." Mme. de Motteville defends the latter on the ground that, as it is difficult to repress love altogether, it might be better to accept that "common error which an old custom has rendered legitimate." This curious correspondence takes its color from the Spanish pastorals, which tinged the romantic literature of the time. It illustrates, too, the peculiar idealism of a woman who could play the rôle of a grand heroine of Corneille or a sentimental shepherdess, as the caprice seized her.

At the close of the Fronde Mademoiselle was compelled to retire to her estates at St. Fargeau for a time, in disgrace, and there she amused herself with literature, beginning the "Memoirs" which were finished thirty years later and writing romances, after the manner of Mlle. de Scudéry, in which she describes her own little court. She gathered about her a small but exclusive coterie, and took refuge from her many chagrins in the charms of conversation, which she regarded as "the greatest pleasure in life, and almost the only one." On her return to the Luxembourg these reunions were continued, with many additions, mainly from the noblesse. Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de La Fayette, and La Rochefoucauld have thrown a brilliant light upon this salon. We find there, among many others, the witty Mme. de Choisy, the Comtesse de Maure, and her lifelong friend the Marquise de Sablé.

One day in 1657, while still in the country, Mademoiselle proposed to her friends to make pen-portraits of themselves, and set the fashion by writing her own with a detailed description of her physical, mental, and moral qualities. This was followed by carefully drawn pictures of others. They were bound in honor to give the lights and shadows with the same fidelity. As may be imagined, with such material, the result was something piquant and original. That it was popular goes without saying. People are not

likely to weary of seeing themselves reflected in the minds of their acquaintances, with the modicum of subtle flattery that is quite sure to be thrown in under such conditions, nor of giving their version of their own virtues and foibles. Among those whom Mademoiselle portrayed were Louis XIV., Monsieur, and the Great Condé. These sketches were clear, forcible, and full of life. It was here that Mme. de La Fayette made the vivid portrait of her friend Mme. de Sévigné. "It flatters me," said the latter long afterwards, "but those who loved me sixteen years ago may have thought it true."

It was under this stimulating influence that La Rochefoucauld made the well-known pen-portrait of himself. "I will lack neither boldness to speak as freely as I can of my good qualities," he writes, "nor sincerity to avow freely that I have faults." After describing his person, temper, abilities, passions, and tastes, he adds, with curious candor, "I am but little given to pity, and do not wish to be so at all. Though there is nothing I would not do for an afflicted person,—and I sincerely believe one should do all one can to show sympathy for his misfortune, as miserable people are so foolish that this does them the greatest good in the world,—yet I hold that we should be content with expressing sympathy, and carefully avoid having any. It is a passion that is wholly worthless in a well-regulated mind, that only serves to weaken the heart, and should be left to ordinary people, who, as they never do anything from reason, have need of passion to stimulate their actions. I love my friends; and I love them to such an extent that I would not for a moment weigh my interest against theirs. I condescend to them, I patiently endure their bad temper. But I do not make much of their caresses, and I do not feel great uneasiness at their absence."

As a specimen of the close and not always flattering self-analysis so much in fashion, I should like to quote this in full, but its length forbids. The revelation of hidden springs of character is at least unique.

The poet Segrais, who was attached to Mademoiselle's household, collected these graphic pictures for private circulation, but they were so much in demand that they were soon printed for the public under the title of "Divers Portraits." They served the double purpose of furnishing to the world faithful delineations of many more or less distinguished people and of setting a literary fashion. The taste for pen-portraits, which originated in the romances of Mlle. de Scudéry and received a fresh impulse from this novel and personal application, spread rapidly among all classes. It was taken up by men of letters and men of the world, the nobility, and the bourgeoisie. There were portraits of every grade of excellence and every variety of people, until they culminated, some years later, in "Les Caractères" of La Bruyère, who dropped personalities and gave them the form of permanent types. It is a literature peculiarly adapted to the flexibility and fine perception of the French mind, and one in which it has been preëminent, from the analytic but diffuse Mlle. de Scudéry and the clear, vigorous, spirited Cardinal de Retz to the fine, penetrating, and exquisitely finished Sainte-Beuve, the prince of modern critics and literary artists. It was this skill in vivid delineations that gave such point and piquancy to the memoirs of the period, which are little more than a series of brilliant and vigorous sketches of people, outlined upon a

shifting background of events. In this rapid characterization the French have no rivals. It is the charm of their fiction as well as of their memoirs. Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Daudet are the natural successors of La Bruyère and Saint-Simon.

A tragical bit of romance colored the mature life of the Grande Mademoiselle. This princess of intrepid spirit, versatile gifts, ideal fancies, and platonic theories, who had aimed at an emperor and missed a throne; this amazon, with her *penchant* for glory and contempt for love, fell a victim, at forty-two, to a violent passion for the Count de Lauzun. Her royal cousin, after much persuasion, consented to their union, but before the arrangements could be completed his permission was withdrawn. The rage and despair of Mademoiselle were of no avail. A secret marriage; ten years of loyal devotion to the lover, who was imprisoned at Pignerol; a brief reunion at the cost of half her estates; a swift discovery that her idol was of very common clay; a bitter disenchantment — and her little drama was ended. But she lived until 1693, devoting the sad remnant of her existence to literature and conversation

She lacked the measure, the form, the delicacy of the typical *précieuse*, but her quick, restless intellect and ardent imagination were swift to catch the spirit of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and to apply it in her own way. Many subjects were interdicted in her salon, and many people were excluded, but it gives us curious glimpses into the life of the literary noblesse. Under different conditions one would readily imagine her a second Joan of Arc or a heroine of the Revolution. She says of herself: "I know not what it is to be a heroine; I am of a birth to do nothing that is not grand and elevated. One may call that what one likes. As for myself, I call it to follow my own inclination and to go my own way. I am not born to take that of others." But princess, writer, amazon that she was, it was through the diversion of her idle hours that she has left the most permanent trace upon the world.

THE transition to the more restful character and the convent salon of her friend and literary *confidante*, Mme. de Sablé, is a pleasant one. Perhaps no one better represents the true *précieuse* of the seventeenth century, the happy blending of social *savoir-faire* with an amiable temper and a cultivated intellect. Born in 1599, she was one of the early favorites of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and on terms of lifelong intimacy with its hostess and her gifted daughter. Without the striking talent that leaves definite records of itself, she played an important part in the life of her time through her fine insight and her consummate tact in bringing together the choicest spirits and turning their thoughts into channels that were fresh and unworn. Beautiful, versatile, generous, but fastidious and exacting in her friendships, with a dash of coquetry inevitable when a woman is fascinating and French, she repeated the oft-played rôle of a *mariage de convenance* at sixteen; a few brilliant years of social triumphs marred by domestic neglect and suffering; a period of enforced seclusion after the death of her unworthy husband; a brief return to the world; and an old age of mild and comfortable devotion.

The Marquise de Sablé [writes Mme. de Motteville] was one of those whose beauty made the most noise when the Queen (Anne of Austria) came into France. But, if she was amiable, she desired still more to appear so. Her self-love rendered her a little too sensible to that which men professed for her. There was still in France some remnant of the politeness which Catherine de Médicis had brought from Italy, and Mme. de Sablé found so much delicacy in the new dramas, as well as in other works in prose and verse, which came from Madrid, that she conceived a high idea of the gallantry which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors. She was persuaded that men can, without wrong, have tender sentiments for women; that the desire of pleasing them led men to the greatest and finest actions, aroused their spirit, and inspired them with liberality and all sorts of virtues; but that, on the other side, women who were the ornaments of the world, and made to be served and adored, ought to permit only respectful attentions. This lady, having sustained her views with much talent and great beauty, had given them authority in her time, and the number and consideration of those who continued to be her friends have caused to subsist in our day what the Spaniards call *finezas*.

Mme. de Motteville adds that she has "much light and sincerity," with "penetration enough to unfold all the secrets of one's heart."

Mlle. de Scudéry introduces her in the "Grand Cyrus" as Parthénie, "a tall and graceful woman with fine eyes, the most beautiful throat in the world, a lovely complexion, blonde hair, and a pleasant mouth, with a charming air, and a fine and eloquent smile which expresses the sweetness or the bitterness of her soul."

She dwells upon her surprising and changeful beauty, upon the charm of her conversation, the variety of her knowledge, the delicacy of her tact, and the generosity of her tender and passionate heart. One may suspect this portrait of being somewhat idealized, but it seems to have been in the main correct, according to more veracious reports.

Of her husband we know very little, excepting that he belonged to the family of Montmorency, passed from violent love to heart-breaking indifference, and died about 1640, leaving her with four children and shattered fortunes. To recruit her failing health, and to hide her chagrin and sorrow at seeing herself supplanted by unworthy rivals, she had lived for some time in the country, where she had leisure to fit herself by reading and reflection for her later life. But she was obliged to sell her estates after the death of her husband, and we find her established in the Place Royale, with her devoted friend the Comtesse de Maure, and continuing the traditions of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Her finished manner, fine taste, exquisite tact, cultivated intellect, and great experience of the world made her an oracle in social matters. To be received in her salon was to be received everywhere. Cardinal Mazarin watched her influence with a jealous eye. "Mme. de Longueville is very intimate with the Marquise de Sablé," he writes in his private note-book. "She is visited constantly by D'Andilly, the Princesse de Guéméné, D'Enghien and his sister, Nemours, and many others. They speak freely of all the world. It is necessary to have some one who will advise us of all that passes there."

But the death of her favorite son and the dispersion of her friends by the Fronde, added to the loss of her fortune and the fading of her beauty, turned the thoughts of the Marquise to spiritual things. A note to an old friend who had neglected her gives us a glimpse of the

state of mind which led her first into a mild form of devotion, serious, but not too ascetic, and, later, into pronounced Jansenism.

I have wished for a long time to talk with you, in order to make some reflections upon yourself; but, as I learn you no longer wish to see me, I must write you all that I have thought upon the misery and nothingness of the world. Confess that there was never a friendship which seemed so well established as ours; it was founded upon esteem, upon mutual attraction and reciprocal confidence. Nevertheless, without anything having passed which would destroy or shake such foundations, you have deserted me even at a time when I was doing everything to retain you. Not a day has passed during your illness in which I have not sent to inquire after you. When you began to recover you said to one of my friends that your first visit would be for me. I have spoken of you with the same sentiments I always had. In spite of all that, you have abandoned me. Is it not a great example of human weakness? I speak thus because I prefer to lay the fault upon all of human kind rather than to accuse you in particular. I want you to understand this and detest the emptiness of that nature which, even in the most perfect men, can do nothing which is not defective. Your course with me is a grand proof of it, for, having no reasons to give to excuse yourself, you have not sought the semblance of one. Although deceit always makes things worse, in my opinion, I do not know but it would have been more supportable. After the things I have begged Mme. de V. to say to you there is nothing more to do; but I could not bury you without speaking to you once more. I do this, and at least tell me that I am right and that I deserve a happier fate.

Time has given a strange humility and forgivingness to the woman who broke with her dearest friend, the unfortunate Duc de Montmorency, because he presumed to lift his eyes to the Queen, saying that she "could not receive pleasantly the regards which she had to share with the greatest princess in the world."

The fashion of the period furnished a peaceful and dignified refuge for women when their beauty waned and the "terrible forties" ended their illusions. To go into brief retreat for penitence and prayer was at all times a graceful thing to do, besides making for safety. It was only a step further to retire altogether from the scenes of pleasure which had begun to pall. The convent offered a haven of repose to the bruised heart, a fresh aim for drooping energies, a needed outlet for devouring emotions, and a comfortable sense of security, not only in this world, but in the next. It was the next world which was beginning to trouble Mme. de Sablé. She had great fear of death, and after many penitential retreats to Port Royal she finally obtained permission to build a suite of apartments within its precincts, to which she retired about 1655 to prepare for that unpleasant event, which she put off as long as possible by the most assiduous care of her health. "If she was not devoted, she had the idea of becoming so," said Mademoiselle. But her devotion was in quite a mundane fashion. Her pleasant rooms were separate and independent, thus enabling her to give herself not only to the care of her health and her soul, but to a select society, to literature, and to conversation. She never practiced the severe asceticism of her friend Mme. de Longueville. With a great deal of abstract piety, the iron girdle and the hair shirt, in any sense, were not included. She did not even forego her delicate and fastidious tastes. Her elegant dinners and her dainty comfitures were as famous as ever. "Will the anger of the Marquise go so far, in your opinion, as to refuse me her

recipe for salad?" writes Mme. de Choisy, at the close of a letter to the Comtesse de Maure, in which she has ridiculed her Jansenist tendencies. "If so, it will be a great inhumanity, for which she will be punished in this world and the other." She had great skill in delicate cooking, and was in the habit of sending cakes, jellies, and other dainties prepared by herself to her intimate friends. La Rochefoucauld says, "If I could hope for two dishes of those preserves, which I did not deserve to eat before, I should be indebted to you all my life." Mme. de Longueville, who is about to visit her, begs her not to give a feast, as she has "scruples about such indulgence."

This spice of worldliness very much tempered the mild austerity of her retreat and lent an added luster to its intellectual attractions. But the Marquise had many conflicts between her luxurious tastes and her desire to be devout. She suffered much, too, from the loss of the sense of smell, and writes thus to Mère Agnès, who had reproved her for murmuring: "You say truly that the privation of this sense can serve me as a penance for the pleasure I have taken in fine odors. I am quite persuaded of it; my reason and my will submit to it; but I confess to you that my imagination is so pained at seeing myself in life carrying about a sort of death in a part of me, that sudden starts awaken me from sleep."

In this brief outline it is unnecessary to dwell upon the dainty and epicurean habits, the extraordinary anxiety about her health, and the capricious humors which were the subject of so much light badinage among her friends. She suffered, with all the world, from the defects of her qualities. Her extreme delicacy and sensibility appear under many forms and verge often upon weakness, but it is an amiable weakness that does not detract greatly from her fascination. She was not cast in a heroic mold, and her faults are those which the world is pleased to call essentially feminine.

The records of her life were preserved by Conrart, also by her friend and physician Valant. They give us a clear picture of her character, with its graces and its foibles, also of her pleasant intercourse and correspondence with many noted men and women. They give us, too, interesting glimpses of her salon, which has a distinctive tone of its own. We find there the celebrated Jansenists Nicole and Arnauld, the eminent lawyer Domat, Esprit, sometimes Pascal, with his sister, Mme. Périer; the Prince and Princesse de Conti, the Great Condé, La Rochefoucauld, the penitent Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de La Fayette, and many others among the cultivated noblesse who are attracted by its tone of *bel esprit* and graceful but by no means severe devotion. The Duc d'Orléans and the lovely but unfortunate Madame were intimate and frequent visitors.

In this little world, in which religion, literature, and fashion are curiously blended, they talk of theology, morals, physics, Cartesianism, friendship, and love. The youth and gaiety of the Hôtel de Rambouillet have given place to more serious thoughts and graver topics. The current which had its source there is divided. At the *Samedis*, in the Marais, they are amusing themselves about the same time with letters and *vers de société*. At the Luxembourg a more exclusive coterie is exercising its mature talent in sketching portraits. These salons touch at many points, but each has a special channel of its own. The reflec-

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS · INV.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

ANNE MARIE LOUISE D'ORLÉANS, DUCHESSE DE MONTPENSIER.

CALLED LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE. (FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

tive nature of Mme. de Sablé turns to more serious and elevated subjects, and her friends take the same tone. They make scientific experiments, discuss Calvinism, read Socrates and Epictetus, and indulge in moral dissertations upon a great variety of topics. Mme. de Sablé writes an essay upon the "Education of Children," which is very much talked about, also a characteristic paper upon "Friendship." The latter is little more than a series of detached sentences, but it indicates the drift of

ANNE DE ROHAN, PRINCESSE DE GUÉMÉNÉ, DUCHESSE DE MONTBAZON.
(FROM A COPPERPLATE.)

her thought, and might have served as an antidote to the selfish philosophy of La Rochefoucauld.

"Friendship," she writes, "is a kind of virtue which can only be founded upon the esteem of people whom one loves, that is to say, upon qualities of the soul, such as fidelity, generosity, discretion, and upon fine qualities of mind."

After insisting that it must be reciprocal, disinterested, and based upon virtue, she continues: "One ought not to give the name of friendship to natural inclinations, because they do not depend upon our will nor our choice, and, though they render our friendships more agreeable, they should not be the foundation of them. The union which is founded upon the same pleasures and the same occupations does not deserve the name of friendship, because it usually comes from a certain self-love which causes us to love that which is similar to ourselves, however imperfect we may be." She dwells also upon the mutual offices and permanent nature of true friendship, adding that "it cannot be changed by any of the accidents which happen in life unless one discovers in the person whom one loves loss of virtue and loss of friend-

ship; because, being founded upon these things, one can lose the friendship when the foundation is gone. He who loves his friend more than reason and justice will on some other occasion love his own pleasure or profit more than his friend."

In her early days Mme. de Sablé had taken high ground upon the subject of friendship between men and women, and this was a favorite topic of discussion in her salon, where it found one of its most notable illustrations. The well-known friendship of Mme. de La Fayette and La Rochefoucauld, which dated from this period, proved, by fifteen years of pure devotion, the mutual influence of a critical man of intellect and a deep-hearted, thoughtful woman who had passed the age of romance. Its nature was foreshadowed in the tribute La Rochefoucauld paid to women in his portrait of himself. "Where their intellect is cultivated," he writes, "I prefer their society to that of men. One finds there a gentleness one does not meet with among ourselves; and it seems to me, beyond this, that they express themselves with more neatness and give a more agreeable turn to the things they talk about."

Mme. de Sablé was herself, in less exclusive fashion, the intimate friend and adviser of Esprit, Arnauld, and La Rochefoucauld. Their correspondence shows clearly their warm regard, as well as the value they attached to her opinions. "Indeed," wrote Voiture to her many years before, "those who decry you on the side of tenderness must confess that, if you are not the most loving person in the world, you are at least the most obliging. True friendship knows no more sweetness than there is in your words." Her own character, so delicately shaded and so averse to all violent passions, seems to have been peculiarly fitted for this calm and enduring sentiment, which cast a soft radiance as of Indian summer over her closing years.

Esprit wrote an essay upon "Des Amitiés en apparence les plus saintes des Hommes avec des Femmes," which was doubtless suggested by the spicy conversations of this clever coterie. At this time the days of chivalry were not so far distant, and the subtle blending of exalted sentiment with thoughtful companionship, which revived their spirit in a new form, was too marked a feature of its social life to be overlooked. These friendships, half intellectual, half poetic, and quite platonic, were mostly formed in mature life on a basis of mental sympathy. "There is a taste in pure friendship which those who are born mediocre do not reach," said La Bruyère. At a later period Mme. de Lambert spoke of it as "the product of a perfect social culture, and, of all affections, that which has most charm."

It is true that the word, later, came to mean something quite different, and the sacred name was used to veil relations that had lost all the purity and delicacy of their primitive character. No one can defend the Italian manners and the recognized system of *amis intimes* which disgraced many of the salons of the next century. But, while it is greatly to be deplored that the moral sense did not always keep pace with the emancipation of the intellect, it is not to be supposed that the lax morality was in any degree the result of it. The lives of the distinguished women of rank who had no claim to wit or intelligence are a standing proof to the contrary.

It was Mme. de Sablé who set the fashion, at this time, of condensing the thoughts and experiences of life into maxims and epigrams. This

ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

MADELEINE DE SOUVRE, MARQUISE DE SABLÉ.

(FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

was her specific gift to literature, but her influence was felt through what she inspired others to do, rather than through what she did herself. It was her good fortune to be brought into contact with the genius of a Pascal and a Rochefoucauld, who reared immortal works upon the pastime of an idle hour. One or two of her own maxims will suffice to indicate her style, as well as to show the estimate she placed upon form and measure in the conduct of life.

A bad manner spoils everything, even justice and reason. The *how* constitutes the best part of things, and the air which one gives them gilds, modifies, and softens the most disagreeable.

There is a certain command in the manner of speaking and acting which makes itself felt everywhere, and which gains, in advance, consideration and respect.

We find here the spirit that underlies French manners, in which form counts for so much and sincerity for so little.

There is another which suggests the delicate flavor of sentiment then in vogue.

Wherever it is, love is always the master. It seems truly that it is to the soul of the one who loves, what the soul is to the body it animates.

Among the eminent men who lent so much brilliancy to this salon was the great jurist Domat. He adds his contribution and falls into the moralizing vein.

A little fine weather, a good word, a praise, a caress, draws me from a profound sadness from which I could not draw myself by any effort of meditation. What a machine is my soul, what an abyss of misery and weakness!

Here is one by the Abbé d'Ailly, which foreshadows the thought of the next century.

Too great submission to books, and to the opinions of the ancients as to the eternal truths revealed of God, spoils the head and makes pedants.

The finest and most vigorous spirit among those who frequented the salon of Mme. de Sablé was Pascal, who was seen here, more or less, previous to his final retirement to the gloom and austerity of the cloister.

His delicate platonism and refined spirituality go far towards offsetting the cold cynicism of La Rochefoucauld. Each gives us a different phase of life as reflected in a clear and luminous intelligence. The one led to Port Royal, the other turned an electric light upon the selfish corruption of courts. The "Pensées" of Pascal were published about this time, and many of his unfinished sentences were found among the papers of Valant, also a "Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour," which presents the grave and ascetic recluse in a new light. Cousin, who had free access to these papers, some of which he has published, claims that many of the "Thoughts" were suggested and discussed in this salon. The subjects were those much talked of here, and the sentiments were always ennobling.

But its presiding genius was La Rochefoucauld. He complains that the mode of relaxation is fatiguing, and that the mania for sentences troubles his repose. The subjects were suggested for conversation, and the thoughts were condensed and reduced to writing at leisure. "Here are all the maxims I have," he writes to Mme. de Sablé; "but as one gives nothing for nothing, I demand a *potage aux carottes, un ragoût de mouton*," etc.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ANNE D'AUTRICHE, REINE DE FRANCE.

(FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

When La Rochefoucauld had composed his sentences [says Cousin], he talked them over before or after dinner, or he sent them at the end of a letter. They were discussed, examined, and observations were made by which he profited. One could lessen their faults, but one could lend them no beauty. There was not a delicate and rare turn, a fine and keen touch, which did not come from him.

CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS, REINE DE FRANCE. (FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

After availing himself of the general judgment in this way, he took a novel method of forestalling criticism before committing himself to publication. Mme. de Sablé sent a collection of the "Maxims" to her friends, asking for a written opinion. One is tempted to make long extracts from these letters, which give us a clear insight into the spirit of this coterie. The men usually indorse the "Maxims," the women rarely. The Comtesse de Maure, who does not believe in the absolute depravity of human nature, and is inclined to an elevated Christian philosophy quite opposed to Jansenism, writes with so much severity that she begs her friend not to show her letter to the author. Mme. de Hautefort expresses her disapproval of a theory which drives honor and goodness out of the world.

There is one, written by the clever and beautiful Abbess de Rohan, which deserves to be read for its fine and just sentiments. In closing she says:

The maxim upon humility appears to me perfectly beautiful; but I have been so surprised to find it there that I had the greatest difficulty in recog-

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FRANÇOISE BERTAUT, MME. DE MOTTEVILLE.

(FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

nizing it in the midst of all that precedes and follows it. It is assuredly to make this virtue practiced among your own sex that you have written maxims in which their self-love is so little flattered. I should be very much humiliated on my own part if I did not say to myself, what I have already said to you in this note, that you judge better the hearts of men than those of women, and that, perhaps, you do not know yourself the true motive which makes you esteem them less. If you had always met those whose temperament had been submitted to virtue, and in whom the sense were less strong than reason, you would think better of a certain number who distinguish themselves always from the multitude; and it seems to me that Mme. de La Fayette and myself deserve that you should have a better opinion of the sex in general.

Mme. de La Fayette writes to the Marquise: "All people of good sense are not so persuaded of the general corruption as is M. de La Rochefoucauld. I return to you a thousand thanks for all you have done for this gentleman."

At a later period she said, "La Rochefoucauld stimulated my intellect, but I reformed his heart." It is to be regretted that he had not known her sooner.

At his request Mme. de Sablé wrote a review of the "Maxims," which she submitted to him for approval. It seems to have been a fair presentation of both sides, but he thought it too severe, and she kindly gave him permission to change it to suit himself. He took her at her word, dropped the criticisms, retained the eulogies, and published it in the "Journal des Savants" as he wished it to go to the world. The diplomatic Marquise saved her conscience and kept her friend.

The "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld, which are familiar to all, have extended into a literature. That he generalized from his own point of view, and applied to universal humanity the motives of a class bent upon favor and precedence, is certainly true. But, whatever we may think of his sentiments, which were those of a man of the world whose observations were largely in the atmosphere of courts, we are compelled to admit his unrivaled finish and perfection of form. The same theories of human nature run through the "Maxims" of Esprit and Saint-Évremond, without the exquisite turn which makes each one a gem in itself. It was the tone of a disappointed courtier, with a vein of sadness *au fond*, and only half disguised by cold philosophy and bitter cynicism. La Bruyère, with a broader outlook upon humanity, had much of the fine analysis that distinguished La Rochefoucauld, with less conciseness and elegance of expression. Vauvenargues and Joubert were his legitimate successors. But how far removed in spirit!

"The body has graces," writes Vauvenargues, "the mind has talents; has the heart only vices? And man capable of reason, shall he be incapable of virtue?"

With a fine and delicate touch, Joubert says: "Virtue is the health of the soul. It gives a flavor to the smallest leaves of life."

These sentiments are in the vein of Pascal, who represents the most spiritual element of the little coterie which has left such a legacy of condensed thought to the world.

The crowning act of the life of Mme. de Sablé was her defense of Port Royal. She united with Mme. de Longueville in protecting the persecuted Jansenists, Nicole and the great Arnauld, but she had neither the courage, the heroism, nor the partisan spirit of her more

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ardent companion. With all her devotion she was something of a sybarite and liked repose. She had the tact, during all the troubles which scattered her little circle, to retain her friends, of whatever religious color. It is a singular fact that this refined, exclusive, fastidious woman, in whom the artistic nature was always dominant to the extent of weakness, should have left a request to be buried, without ceremony, in the parish cemetery with the people, remote alike from the tombs of her family and the saints of Port Royal.

With her death, in 1678, the last of the salons directly connected with the Hôtel de Rambouillet was closed. Two years later Mme. de Longueville and La Rochefoucauld were both dead. Mme. de La Fayette lived until late in the century, but she was never the leader of a representative salon. Her health was too delicate, and it is quite probable that her best gifts did not lie in that direction.

We have passed cursorily through a few of the great social and intellectual centers in which the fashionable, artistic, literary, and scientific Paris of the seventeenth century found its meeting-ground. In such a school its versatile, flexible, feminine minds were trained. It was a practical training, in which thought was not divorced from life. Women entered intelligently and sympathetically into the aims and pursuits of men who did not think it necessary to reserve their best topics for an after-dinner chat among themselves. There was interest and diversity, as well as stimulus, in the two modes of thinking and being. Men became more courteous and refined, women more comprehensive and clear. But conversation is the spontaneous overflow of full minds, and this light play of the intellect is only possible on a high level, when the current thought has become a part of the daily life, so that a word suggests infinite perspectives to the swift intelligence. It is not what we know, but the flavor of what we know, that adds "sweetness and light" to social intercourse. Hence these French women had special motives for mastering the subjects in which men of affairs were most interested. It was this keen understanding, added to the habit of utilizing what they thought and read, their ready facility in grasping the salient points presented to them, and a natural gift of graceful expression, that gave them their unquestioned supremacy in the salon. But it was impossible that intellects so plastic should not expand in such an atmosphere. The results are clear. From Mme. de Rambouillet to Mme. de La Fayette and Mme. de Sévigné; from these to Mme. de Staël and George Sand, there is a logical sequence. The Saxon temperament, with a vein of La Bruyère, gives us George Eliot.

It is needless to discuss here the much vexed question of sex in literature, but we may assume that, whether through nature or a long process of evolution, the minds of women as a class have a different coloring from the minds of men as a class. Perhaps the best evidence of this lies in the literature of the last two centuries, in which they have been an important factor, not only through what they have done themselves, but through their reflex influence. The books written by women have rapidly multiplied. In many of them, doubtless, the excess of feeling is unbalanced by mental or artistic training; but even in these

crude productions, which are by no means confined to one sex, it may be remarked that women deal more with pure affections and men with the coarser passions. A feminine Zola of any grade of ability has not yet appeared.

It is not, however, in literature of pure sentiment that the influence of women has been most felt. It is true that, as a rule, they look at the world from a more emotional standpoint than men, but both have written of love, and for one Sappho there have been many Anacreons. Mlle. de Scudéry and Mme. de La Fayette did not monopolize the sentiment of their time, but they refined and exalted it. The tender and exquisite coloring of Mme. de Staël and George Sand had a worthy counterpart in that of Chateaubriand or Lamartine.

But it is in the moral purity, the touch of human sympathy, the divine quality of compassion for suffering, the swift insight into the soul pressed down by

> The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,

that we trace the minds of women attuned to finer spiritual issues. This broad humanity has vitalized modern literature. It is the penetrating spirit of our century, which has been aptly called the Woman's Century. We do not find it in the great literatures of the past. The Greek poets give us types of tragic passions, of heroic virtues, of motherly and wifely devotion, but woman is not recognized as a profound spiritual force. Aphrodite, the ideal of beauty, is the type of sensual love. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, is cold, crafty, and cruel. The Greek heroine is portrayed with all the delicacy and clearness of the Hellenic instinct, but she is the victim of an inexorable fate, a stern Nemesis, an Antigone patiently hopeless, an Iphigenia calmly awaiting a sacrifice. It is a masculine literature, perfect in form and plastic beauty, but with no trace of woman's deeper spiritual life. This literature, so vigorous, so statuesque, so calm, and withal so cold, shines across the centuries side by side with the feminine Christian ideal—twin lights which have met in the world of to-day. It may be that from the blending of the two, the crowning of a man's vigor with a woman's finer insight, will spring the perfected flower of human thought.

Robert Browning in his poem "By the Fireside" has said a fitting word:

> Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
> Your heart anticipate my heart.
> You must be just before, in fine,
> See and make me see, for your part,
> New depths of the Divine!

Amelia Gere Mason.

MÈRE MARCHETTE.

I.

IT was half-past eleven of a hot July day in Paris. The sunlight lay over the whole city and shone nowhere more strongly than upon the great hospital of the Salpêtrière. The hush of noon brooded over all the place. Nobody was stirring unless forced to activity by some pressing duty. In the long white wards the patients were asleep or lying quiet in exhaustion under the burning fervor of the summer heat.

Down one of the corridors, where it seemed refreshingly cool after the warmth of the outer air from which he had come, a young man was passing. His step, though rapid, had the noiseless quality which bespeaks familiarity with the sick-room and the hospital. His figure was compact and nervous, his glance clear and keen. Dr. Jean Lommel was one of the house physicians of the Salpêtrière, although that he was not now making his regular rounds was evident, from the fact that entering a certain ward he passed quickly to a bed near the middle of it without stopping at any of the others.

On the bed lay an old woman. Her face was one which showed great strength of character. It was of a marked peasant type, and for all its innumerable wrinkles, its sunken temples, the coarse texture of its skin, and the shrunken lips, which showed the lack of teeth behind them, it was full of a nobility and kindliness which no ravages of time or disease could wholly hide. The hair that straggled in thin locks from beneath the white cap was hardly less snowy than the lawn which covered it; and when the patient opened her sunken eyes, as the doctor stopped beside the bed, they were bright and shining with a luster which was not all either fever or anxiety. Her glance was one of intense and pitiful inquiry. The young man touched her white hair with the tips of his long, fine fingers in a pitying caress before he took hold of the withered wrist, shrunken and marked with blue veins, that lay outside the coverlid.

"In an hour, Mère Marchette," he said, answering her look — "in an hour he will be here; keep up a good heart. You do not suffer?"

The old woman feebly shook her head. The ghost of a smile, faint but full of happiness, shone on her face. She did not speak, but she thanked him with a look before she closed her eyes and lay motionless as before he had come.

The young man looked at her a moment, an expression of pity in his brown eyes; then with a sigh he turned away and moved softly down the ward again. By the door he encountered one of the nurses, who had risen and come forward to speak with him.

"Will she live, M. Lommel?"

"Yes," the doctor answered. "She has given all her energies for days to keeping alive till her grandson gets here. It is very singular," he went on, in a voice of low distinctness that could have been acquired only in sick-rooms, "how her instinct has taught her to save her strength. She neither moves nor speaks; she simply lives."

"She has been that way," the nurse returned, "ever since we told her that Pierre was coming. Will he be here by twelve?"

"Not till half-past twelve," Dr. Lommel replied. "I will return before then."

And he went out into the hot sunshine.

II.

EVERYBODY connected with the ward of the Salpêtrière wherein she was had a kindly feeling for poor old Mère Marchette. The doctors and the nurses could not have been more kind or more tender had she been of their own blood. She was one of those who always win affection. She was so patient, so simple, so kindly. She was a peasant woman from Normandy, who had in her old age drifted to Paris with her grandson Pierre, a lad of sixteen years. All the rest of the family were dead. Pierre's father had been a soldier, and it was with the hope of securing a pension for the son that Mère Marchette had left her home and the life in Normandy she loved, to throw herself into Paris as into the sea. The dead soldier, however, had been mustered out before the malarial fever, contracted in the swamps of the Landes, had developed itself, and the pension could not be obtained. The disappointment was a bitter one, made worse by the fact that Mère Marchette had been told by one and another that the claim would have been granted had the case been properly managed. The poor old creature could not escape a feeling of self-blame in thinking that it was her want of keenness which had deprived Pierre of his pension. Her grandson for her represented the world, and to him she devoted all

her energies. She toiled for him, and watched and suffered with that unselfish egotism possible only to the old and lonely.

Fortunately Pierre was a good lad, who returned his grandmother's love with a devotion hardly less complete than her own. They lived together in two attic rooms, where they passed the evenings sitting in the dark and talking of their Normandy home. They recalled the past and built endless air castles of the time when they should be able to return. They had grand plans of repurchasing the old cot where both of them had been born, and which had been lost by the foreclosure of a mortgage after the long illness of Pierre's father had ended. They were never tired of talking of what they would do then, and of devising little ways in which the worn-out old farm might be made more profitable. They remained as truly children of the soil as if they had been still in Normandy instead of in their attic in the midst of Paris.

In the daytime Mère Marchette went out to do work as charwoman, while Pierre had been fortunate enough to obtain a place as assistant in a little grocery in Rue M. le Prince. It was in connection with this that Pierre gave his grandmother the only real grief he ever caused her while they were together. Suddenly the boy began to stay away in the evening, and when Mère Marchette sought to know the reason he put her questions aside. One evening as she was making her way home she saw her grandson chatting with a girl at the door of a milliner's dingy shop. The heart of poor old Mère Marchette sunk within her. The castles in the air, from whose glittering towers had shone delusive lights to strengthen and encourage her, fell in ruins before her eyes. In a moment the burden of her age, her poverty, her weariness, seemed increased tenfold. Feebly she climbed the long stairs and sat down to wait, heart-broken. She had all the peasant's instinctive distrust of Paris: she had not been able to live in the Latin Quarter without comprehending something of the evil about her, although, happily for her, the worst features of Parisian life would have been so unintelligible that she might have seen them unmoved. She thought no evil now of Pierre, but she was seized with a terrible fear lest he might fall a victim to one of the sirens of the Latin Quarter, who, to Mère Marchette's thinking, destroyed soul and body alike.

Mère Marchette did not tell Pierre of the discovery she had made. She was only more gentle with him, while in secret she prayed more fervently. For some days longer the lad's mysterious absences continued, the sad hours of the evening stretching like long deserts of agony, over which the soul of Mère Marchette walked painfully with bleeding feet. And then one night Pierre came home with eyes aglow, and all was explained. He put into his grandmother's hand a little pile of francs, a sum pitiful enough in itself but large to them, and told how a milliner in the street beyond had employed him in moving boxes and clearing out the attics of her house, which were to be remodeled into lodgings. This had been his secret, and in his thought of the joyful surprise he was to give his grandmother he had forgotten the pain she might endure by misunderstanding his absence.

It was such trifles as this that were the great events in the life of Mère Marchette and Pierre. There was a tenderness, an unselfishness, an idyllic devotion in their love which no amount of wealth, or culture, or rank could have heightened, but in the lad's veins was the blood of a soldier that stirred hot with the currents of a vigorous youth. Of the army he had dreamed from his cradle, and strong as was his love for Mère Marchette the force of destiny was stronger. It was the old tragedy of youth and age, of the absorption of maternal love and the restless impulses of the boy's heart. Pierre justified his desire to himself with the excuse that he could earn more money in the ranks; but his grandmother knew, only too well, the force of the instinct he had inherited. She had seen the same struggle in the life of his father.

When Pierre was eighteen he shouldered his musket and marched away, leaving poor old Mère Marchette as much a stranger in Paris as when she had come to it two years before to weep and pray alone. It would hardly be within the power of words to paint the anguish which lay between Pierre's departure and that hot July noon when Mère Marchette lay dying at the Salpêtrière. Always in Paris she had been like a wild thing, caged and bewildered, confused by the life that swirled about her in the great city, even when she had been sustained by the presence of Pierre. When he was gone the gentle old soul began to die of homesickness and heartbreak. For two years she fought death stolidly but persistently, refusing to acknowledge to herself that she was breaking down under the stress of loneliness and sorrow. She came of a race that died hard, and although she was past eighty she looked forward hopefully to the time when Pierre should leave the army and come back to live with her again.

But the struggle for existence in Paris was hard, even when the joy of working for Pierre sustained her; when he was gone it became intolerable. At the end of two years even the strength and courage of the sturdy Norman peasant woman were exhausted; and then a

dreadful disease, which had before shown itself in her family, seemed to take advantage of her weakness to spring upon her. She had been a charwoman in the family of Jean Lommel's mother, and so it came about that through the influence of the young doctor she had been admitted to the Salpêtrière when she was already dying from cancer in the stomach.

There was no patient in the ward who was not of better birth than Mère Marchette. She was of all most deficient in education, in knowledge of the world, in the graces of life; and yet of them all it was only the poor old peasant woman who awakened in the minds of the attendants a glow of genuine affection. There are some people who are born to be loved, and when these rare beings remain worthy of it, neither age, nor poverty, nor sickness can destroy their power of awaking affection. The hired nurses touched their lips to her forehead in kisses given furtively, as if they were surprised and prepared to be ashamed of the emotion which called from them this unwonted display. The doctors spoke to her in tones unprofessionally soft, while Dr. Lommel, who had charge of the ward, treated her with an affectionate courtesy scarcely less warm than that he would have shown to his own grandmother. They all knew that Mère Marchette must die, and from counting the time in weeks they had dropped to days and then to hours. Indeed it seemed only the old woman's will which kept her alive now until Pierre should come. She had borne all her sufferings without a murmur, but she had not been able wholly to repress the cry of her heart. The young soldier's regiment was in Algiers, and there had been difficulties about his furlough. Had it been any other death-bed in the hospital to which he had been summoned these difficulties would hardly have been surmounted; but in behalf of Mère Marchette the physicians had worked so zealously that all obstacles were removed and Pierre's leave of absence granted. From the moment she had been told that her grandson was on his way she had been perfectly quiet, and, as the doctor said, had devoted her whole being to keeping alive until Pierre should come.

And on this hot July noon the train which was bringing Pierre was drawing nearer to Paris, and Mère Marchette lay so still that she seemed scarcely to breathe; so still that one might fancy she would not even think, lest in so doing she exhaust some precious grain of strength and so should die without the blessing of that last embrace.

III.

WHOEVER keeps himself informed of the course of modern scientific investigations is likely to be aware that during the last decade especial attention has been given at the Salpêtrière to that strange physical or psychical force known as hypnotism. M. Charcot, chief of the school of the Salpêtrière, has particularly distinguished himself by his researches. Attacked at first by his professional brethren, it has been his good fortune to live to see the scientific value of hypnotism acknowledged and to be triumphantly readmitted to the Academy of Sciences, which had at first stigmatized his investigations as mere charlatanism. Charles Féré, an assistant physician at the Salpêtrière, with Richer, Bourneville, and nearly a dozen other distinguished men, have pursued their investigations with great zeal and thoroughness and have produced a valuable literature devoted to this intricate subject.

It will be easily understood that all the physicians at the Salpêtrière, and especially the younger men, could not fail to be deeply interested in this new and fascinating branch of science. The facts upon which had been founded the theories of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and other shadowy systems were reduced to order and scientifically tested. M. Charcot and his associates worked with much care and thoroughness, and, without being able to solve the mystery of the force with which they dealt, they proved its value as a therapeutic agent. In the cure of nervous diseases, and in dealing with hysterical patients, they obtained remarkable and satisfactory results. They were even able to alleviate suffering by simply assuring the patient, while in a hypnotic sleep, that he would be free from pain on waking. To the outside observer no feature of this strange power is more remarkable than the influence the hypnotist may exert over his subject after the trance is broken. A hypnotized person may be told to perform any act on awaking, and, when seemingly restored to his normal condition, bears the impress of that command so strongly that he is urged to obey it by an irresistible impulse. It is quite as easy, moreover, to foist upon the patients the most extraordinary delusions. The subject is told that upon awaking a bottle will seem to be a lamp, a blank card a picture, or any other deception which comes into the mind of the hypnotist; and so perfect is the working of this mysterious and terrible law that the delusion is accomplished to its minutest details.

Dr. Lommel, like all his young confrères, had become intensely interested in all these researches, so like a scientific realization of the fairy tales of the Orient. He had even tried some experiments on his own account; and when the sufferings of Mère Marchette became pitifully intense he had ventured to attempt the substitution of hypnotism for opiates in

relieving her distress. The old woman had not easily yielded to this influence. Susceptibility to hypnotism is more apt to be found in hysterical or nervously sensitive subjects than in such sturdy characters. By degrees, however, Dr. Lommel established control over her. In the end, to throw her into a hypnotic sleep, he had only to hold his forefinger an inch or two from her forehead, so that her eyes in looking at it turned upward and inward a little. He did not experiment with Mère Marchette; he felt too tenderly towards the old woman to make her the subject of scientific investigation outside of the direct line of treatment. He simply said, "When you awaken you will be free from pain, Mère Marchette"; then he would breathe lightly on her forehead and the sick woman would awaken, to lie as peaceful and painless as if no terrible disease was gnawing like a tiger at her vitals.

The case had attracted a good deal of attention at the Salpêtrière, and although Mère Marchette was utterly ignorant of it, her sickbed was a point of interest towards which were turned the thoughts of physicians over half of Europe. The unlearned peasant, to whom the simplest terms of science would have been unintelligible, was furnishing data for future scientific treatises; and people of whose very existence she was unaware read the daily bulletins of her condition with closest eagerness.

IV.

It was a few minutes after twelve o'clock when Dr. Lommel reëntered the ward. Mère Marchette lay apparently sleeping, but as he approached her bedside the old eyes opened with a piercing and eager question. The young man shook his head, smiling tenderly.

"Not quite yet, Mère Marchette," he said; "there are still some minutes to wait."

He sat down beside the bed and laid his fingers on her wrist. The pulse was so faint that he could scarcely feel it, but it was steady. For some minutes he remained quiet, with his eyes fixed on the poor old face before him. There came into his mind the thought of what this woman's life had been: her childhood and youth in the hut of a Norman peasant; of what her own home might have been when she became a wife and mother; of the desolation which had come upon her in the death of all her family, save only Pierre; of the strange fate that had brought her to Paris; of the terrible wrench which her old heart must have felt when her grandson was taken from her; and of the pathetic patience with which she had borne privation, loneliness, and suffering. He knew only the outlines of her history, since Mère Marchette had spoken little of herself. What her feelings might have been he could only imagine: the old woman could not have told her mental experiences; she had never even analyzed them. Unless he had been a peasant and a mother himself Lommel could not have divined Mère Marchette's emotions; he could only reflect what he should have felt in her place. He said to himself at last that, after all, the circumstances which made Mère Marchette's lot so pathetic must also have deadened her sensibilities and so have softened her suffering.

He sighed and looked at his watch. His assistant had gone to the railway station to meet Pierre, and the time he had fixed for their return was already past by five minutes. He felt again of his patient's pulse, with a terrible dread lest after all the young soldier should arrive too late. The artery throbbed more feebly, but still steadily; and at his touch the sick woman opened her eyes with the old questioning look.

"Patience, Mère Marchette," he said, nodding encouragingly; "all goes well."

She did not speak, but she gave him a look so eloquent with gratitude that words were not needed. Then she lay quiet again and the silent watch went on. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen; the young doctor became extremely uneasy. At last in the distance he heard a clock strike one. At the sound Mère Marchette opened her eyes with a quick, startled glance.

"Pierre!" she cried, in a voice of intense love and terror.

"Victor has gone to the station to meet him; patience yet a little."

The old woman regarded him with a look of terrible pathos.

"God could not let me die without seeing Pierre," she murmured.

At that moment, through the still afternoon, was heard the sound of a carriage. Mère Marchette's eyes shone with a wild and fevered expression.

"You must be calm," Lommel said. "I will bring him to you."

He administered the little stimulant she could take and passed quickly out into the corridor.

V.

Dr. Lommel closed the door of the ward behind him and started down the corridor, but at the first step he stopped suddenly with a terrible sinking of the heart. Victor was coming towards him, but alone, and with a white face.

"Victor," Jean cried, in a voice intense but low, "what has happened? Where is Pierre?"

"There has been an accident," Victor returned. "A bridge broke under his train."

"But, you do not know," began Lommel.

"Yes," the other interrupted; "M. de Brue, who was on the train and escaped with a broken arm, was in the same compartment with Pierre. He rode through on the engine that came in for help. Pierre had told him I was to meet him, and so when M. de Brue saw me he stopped to say that the soldier was struck on the chest and killed instantly."

Dr. Lommel stood regarding his companion with terror and compassion in his look.

"O *mon Dieu!*" he said; "poor Mère Marchette."

"It will kill her," Victor responded.

"That is nothing," was the doctor's reply. "It is not death, but the agony she will suffer."

At that moment the nurse came out of the ward and hurried down the corridor to join them.

"M. le Docteur," she said, "I beg your pardon, but the excitement of Mère Marchette is so great that I venture to suggest that her grandson hurry."

She glanced around as she spoke, and saw that he was not there. An exclamation rose to her lips; the doctor checked her by a glance.

"Go back to Mère Marchette," said he, "and say that I am cautioning Pierre — stay, I will go myself. Wait here, Victor."

He went back into the ward and passed down between the cots, from which eyes that the indifference of illness scarcely left human watched him with faint curiosity. Mère Marchette was sitting up in bed, trembling with eagerness and excitement. All the reserve which she had maintained for weeks had been swept aside. The moment for which she had kept herself alive had come at last, and there was no longer any need to save her energy. Her eyes shone, a feverish glow was on her cheek, even her withered lips had taken on for the moment a wan and ghostly red. It seemed to the doctor, as he looked at her, as if all the vitality which remained in her feeble frame was being expended in a last quick fire.

"Ah!" he said, "I have been warning Pierre to be calm, when it is you to whom I should speak. Come, it will take only a moment, but I must give you treatment before I can let you see him."

As he spoke he put his forefinger up to her forehead with the gesture he always used in hypnotizing her. Mère Marchette struggled a moment as if she could not yield to anything which delayed her reunion with Pierre; then she sank into a hypnotic sleep. The doctor leaned forward and spoke with an emphasis which he had never before used with his patient.

"When you awake," he said, "you will see Pierre; the person I shall bring to you is your grandson. Remember," he repeated, "it is Pierre who will come in with me."

He breathed on her eyelids in the usual method of awaking her.

"Now," he said, "I will bring him, Mère Marchette."

He went back to where Victor and the nurse were awaiting him.

"Victor," he said quickly, "you know the experiment M. Charcot tried yesterday when he made a hypnotized patient believe one person was another; I have told Mère Marchette that you are Pierre. You must take his place; come quickly."

The young man drew back.

"I cannot," he protested.

"You must," Lommel returned almost fiercely. "Come."

VI.

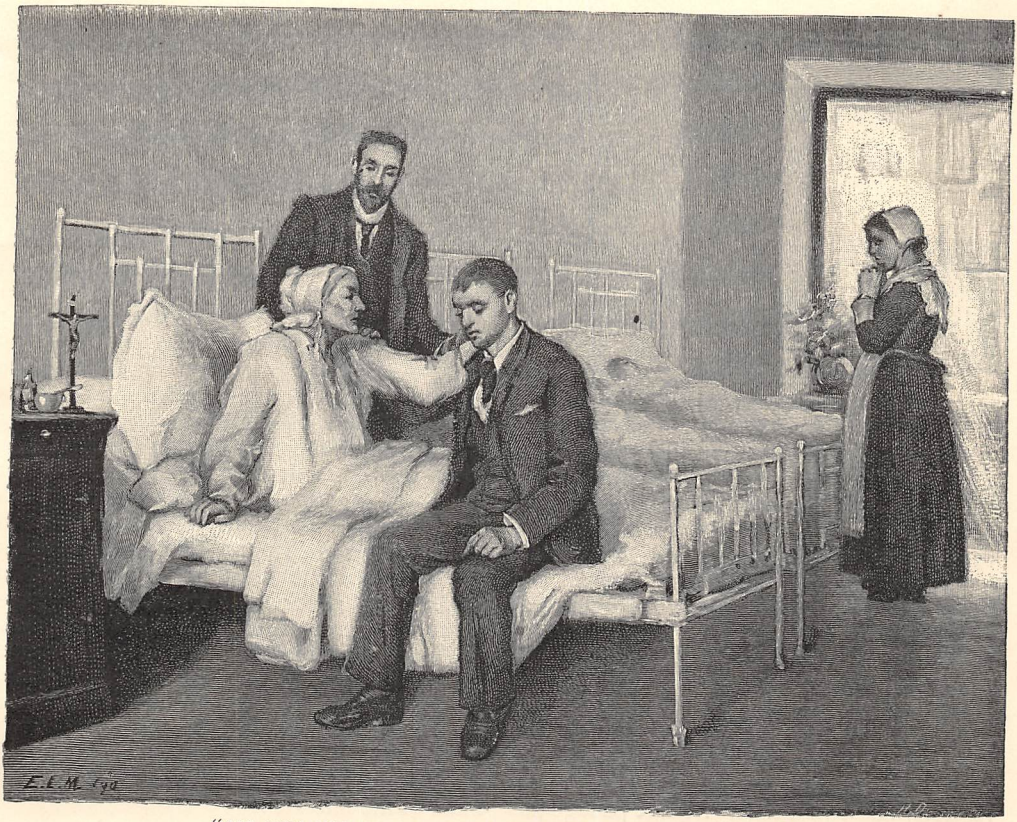
It was with terrible inward misgiving that Jean and Victor entered the ward; but as soon as the eyes of Mère Marchette fell upon the latter they knew that the experiment was a success. Such a look of yearning love illumined the withered old features, such an unspeakable joy shone in the sunken eyes, such quivering eagerness was expressed by the outstretched hands, that the young men found their way to the bedside blinded by tears. An inarticulate cry, that was half moan and half sob, burst from the lips of Mère Marchette as Victor fell on his knees by the bedside. Carried out of himself by genuine feeling, the young man had no need to simulate the emotions necessary for the part he was playing. Seizing the wrinkled hand which lay before him on the bed he covered it with tears and kisses; then, with a cry of piercing sweetness, Mère Marchette flung herself forward into his arms.

"O Pierre, Pierre!" she sobbed. "O the good God, the good God!"

She clasped her arms about his neck, she strained him to her breast, the feebleness of her dying embrace transformed to strength by the divine fervor of maternal love. She mingled her kisses with a soft and hardly articulate babble of endearing words; the terms which she had used over his cradle she mingled with the pet names of his childhood and the loving speech which belonged to maturer years. She held him away from her that she might look at him, and her eyes were holden so that she saw in his face the changes that her fancy had pictured in thinking of the real Pierre.

"Ah," she said, "how brown thou hast grown; and thou art such a man now! Ah, thou rogue," she went on laughing softly, "I knew thou hadst grown — and not a word of it in thy letters. But I knew."

She put her thin fingers under his chin and with a sudden gravity lifted his face.



"SHE HELD HIM AWAY FROM HER THAT SHE MIGHT LOOK AT HIM."

"Look in my eyes," she said; "why dost thou turn away? Hast thou not been a good boy; hast thou not loved the good God?"

Poor Victor, overwhelmed with the dreadful consciousness of deceit, found it almost impossible, in face of this touching and pious affection, to meet the old woman's glance. He struggled to force himself to look into her eyes unwaveringly. Dr. Lommel laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder.

"Yes, Mère Marchette," said he, "Pierre is a good lad; that I will answer for."

The old woman raised her eyes towards heaven, and her lips moved. She was evidently praying. She had received extreme unction just before noon, but this moment in which she commended her grandson to God was to her no less solemn than that of her own last communion. Then she put out her hand to Dr. Lommel with her smile of wonderful sweetness and an air of noble simplicity.

"You have been so good to old Mère Marchette," were her words; "the good God will reward you."

He looked at the old dying peasant woman and tried to speak, but his sobs choked him. He bent and kissed her hand and laid it back gently in that of Victor. Her little strength was evidently failing fast. With a last effort she made a movement to drag herself nearer to Victor. He understood her wish and supported her in his arms.

"Promise me," she murmured, her voice wasted almost to a whisper, "that thou wilt be good."

"I promise," he answered.

And the words were no less sincere because she mistook the speaker. A smile of heavenly rapture came over her face; she tried to speak and failed. But Victor understood her wish and kissed her. As their lips parted she sighed quiveringly.

"She is dead," said Dr. Lommel.

VII.

VICTOR laid the body gently back upon the bed and rose to his feet. He seized his friend by the shoulders; the tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"O *mon Dieu*, Jean!" he cried, "to deceive such trust. I feel as if I had been violating a sacrament."

"I know," the other answered; "but ah, how happy she was!"

Arlo Bates.

A MODERN COLORIST.

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER.

IF they were self-examining and thoroughly candid, many artists would acknowledge that pictures give them little pleasure. They have to make their bread out of pictures—talk pictures, see pictures, live pictures; but they do not love them. In most laymen and in a vast number of artists the color sense is not strongly developed. They may see color truly enough, but color does not impress them greatly; they are never ravished with sweet hues. Everything conspires to keep an artist from color. There is an absence of the color sense, in its passionate phase, from most patrons, most fellow-artists, and many old masters who are held up as standards. There is the old tradition in France against color and in favor of form. There is the popular fallacy that the larger part of art is painstaking labor, and the kindred fallacy that colorists do little work.

A young artist who dares to trust his genius for color has a hard time. Artistic pedagogues wring their hands over him. Any mechanical stippler without an ounce of brains or half a heart battery may turn up his nose at him. All the old-fashioned art critics, nourished on the blunders and fitful flashes of truth in Ruskin, expostulate in chorus. They know so well the path genius ought to take that when they see somebody who has not come by that path, with the same wisdom they know that he is not a genius. Walk by the light we recognize, they cry, or you are not of us!

This is all very well for the time being, but it cannot last forever. Such critics are often fond of denying any originality or other worth to American art, and by unreasonable pessimism do much to discourage native art and artists, thereby keeping matters as unfortunate as possible. But perhaps American art, like American mechanics, literature, politics, has a mission of its own. Perhaps it may teach the great lesson in the fine arts which the United States is teaching in many other fields—individuality, freedom, rejection of the authority of any one school.

When the great past schools are under discussion, has it not crossed the mind of most readers to wonder why it was, that among the followers of some great master his ideas, so fertile before, became all of a sudden sterile, so that hardly half a century need elapse and there are no more painters at all? Not even talents show themselves! How comes it that the fire divine exhausts itself so quickly? Because the disciples of a great master take the husk for the grain; they harden into the ruts of scholarship. True, it is the school that helps produce the flourishing epoch; but it is also the school that destroys it. Like a plant it contains the germ of another, but must perish and lie long in the fallow before a new sprout arises. Now it is more than probable that never again will there be schools after the old system. In the United States everything opposes the upspringing of such schools; and while they linger on after a fashion in Europe, Europe becomes each decade more like America, and will doubtless follow her in this as in many other things. Doubtless the Hudson River school, if it was a school, is the last remains of a past habit of mind in the domain of the fine arts.

In place of schools we have phenomena much more inconvenient for neat criticism. It is no longer possible to bunch artists together as we used. In America we try to fit the painters into Düsseldorfers, the Munich men, or those of the Hague or Paris, according as they chose one or another of those cities in which to pass their apprenticeship. But even in these the old uniformity is on the wane, and apprentices often pass from the ateliers of one to those of the other town. Still, something by way of classification can be done with artists who show a trace of foreign schooling. But each year adds to the number of humble and by no means popular workmen who owe very little to Europe directly and whose work shows no trace of foreign masters. How can they be classified? They are extremely irritating to the critic. There are his round holes fairly punched in his board and duly and decently labeled. Here is a square peg that will not in. A parlous plight! But obviously the only escape from the difficulty is not to throw away the square peg, saying that pegs have no right to be square, but to examine the board and answer the mute question, why should there not be square holes as well as round?

The parable fits to a young painter who slowly and with endurance of insulting pity, of

ridicule and of inappreciation, has worked his way to a small but very enthusiastic practice. In the Academy exhibitions your eyes, if they are sensitive to beauty in color, may suddenly fall with surprised delight on a small square canvas or panel, unsigned, modest,— a landscape, a marine, a moonlight with cattle,— the color of which makes most of the surrounding pictures cheap and tiresome. With some difficulty you find that this "queer" little picture is by Albert Ryder. Who is he? you ask.

"Oh," answers a certain kind of painter, "he 's a mannerist who does n't know how to draw." "An impressionist!" cries another, glad to use a word that his hearers understand but vaguely. "I could make pictures like that," says another sort of artist, "a dozen a day." "He has some idea of color," speaks up a critic, "but such slovenliness of execution will never do!"

With all this adverse comment it is remarkable that art students may often be found imagining that Albert Ryder's pictures are peculiarly delightful to them, wondrous stimulating, and also that painters who have twice his reputation, "strong painters," "realists," as the able critics call them, are fond of owning one of his little pieces, and sometimes will show that they cherish it with a peculiar playful affection. They come to laugh and stay to pray. In themselves are not these facts regarding any artist enough to warrant the belief that to study his work a little deeper will be not entirely a waste of time?

Any workman has a right to demand that he be first of all judged on his strongest point. Otherwise there is no meaning in criticism, no purpose served in noting the differences between man and man. Now on Mr. Ryder's strong side, color, it is with the greatest difficulty that the painter can be found who should be placed beside him. The late George Fuller had elements of a colorist; so, in a narrow range, had the late S. R. Gifford. A richer, heavier color sense than either is found in Rothermel of Philadelphia, who by his very name carries "on his sleeve" one of the strongest pigments of the palette. The late William M. Hunt had a fine sense of color, and sometimes C. W. Stetson of Providence is a natural colorist. George Inness and Homer D. Martin show themselves strongly responsive to color impressions. Mr. John La Farge is a brilliant and magnificent colorist. Turning to England, there was Turner, undoubtedly a great colorist; we find occasionally in the sea-pieces of Mr. John Brett a touch of talent for color like that of the late William M. Hunt. Orchardson has color; Erskine Nicoll, color of a certain sort. In Belgium and Holland there are delicate colorists like Mauve and Maris, and masters of tone like Israels. In France Jules Dupré was the last colorist of the first rank. And yet Albert Ryder is most certainly a finer, more thoughtful, more poetic, wider-ranged colorist than the veteran Dupré. Cazin, whom it is now the fashion to hold a great colorist, is not to be mentioned beside him. In his

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY MRS. JANET H. DE KAY.

MOONRISE; OR, PLODDING HOMEWARD.

flower pieces Diaz comes nearer. Still nearer, but more monotonous than Ryder, stands Monticelli. Henner has a repetition of one strongly felt picture by an Italian old master; Millet had a limited sense of color; Corot was also great between narrow bounds; Rousseau had a robuster and wider range. But all these masters fail to impress one with the luxury of enjoyment in color which will be observed in any assemblage of Albert Ryder's works. His pictures glow with an inner radiance, like some minerals, or like the ocean under certain states of cloud, mist, wind. Some have the depth, richness, and luster of enamels of the great period. He is particularly moved by the lapis lazuli of a clear night sky and loves to introduce it with or without a moon. The yellow phase of the moon when she is near the horizon, and also occasionally when she is on the zenith,—in Indian summer, or when fine smoke or dust is distributed through the air,—finds him always responsive. The mystery and poetic charms of twilight and deeper night touch him as they do poets; Ryder attempts to reproduce their actuality in colors. A man should be judged partly by the magnitude of his attempt. Ryder has to be considered by standards very different from those for prudent souls who avoid the dangers of untrodden paths and find a steady income by adhering to formulæ of subject and technique which the world of amateurs and picture buyers has agreed to accept as truthful transcripts of nature.

Mr. Ryder is now forty-three years of age; that is to say, with his slowly evolving temperament approaching the period of greatest achievement. He is still considered promising —baleful adjective, which gives one to understand that in the arts there is such a thing as arrival at absolute success, chilling the struggler for fame and wealth with the idea that he must die before people will take the trouble to find out whether or not the promise has been fulfilled! His first schooling was at the Academy. His master was Edgar Marshall of New York, the etcher-engraver and painter. If on the side of form he has not reached his master, on the side of color he soon surpassed him.

Mr. Ryder is a native of Cape Cod, of mixed ancestry, English, Scottish, and Irish, and his name is one often seen in that part of Massachusetts. Pretty much always, as indeed at the present time, some members of his family have followed the sea. His boyhood was passed at Weymouth; his father was for several years boarding officer of the port of New Bedford, but his formative years fell in the period when his family moved to New York. Without having suffered hardship the artist has undergone the usual amount of incredulity which befalls, or until lately befell, the youth who tries to open up a new career in which rewards are very rarely immediate and very commonly absent. So uneventful outwardly has been his life that a month's stay in London years ago and a hurried trip through England, Italy, Spain, and Holland in the summer of 1883 are the only facts to record. What is most curious in this connection is the little liking he showed for travel, the strong dislike for hurry, the comparative weakness of the impression made on him by the old galleries, and his almost complete rejection of modern art in Europe. To his companions, Messrs. Warner the sculptor and Cottier the art dealer and connoisseur, this natural chauvinism was entertaining. Nine persons out of ten will call it weakness. Perhaps the tenth, if he ponders on what it can mean, will come to the conclusion that an artist completely saturated with his own conceptions of things, his own ways of looking at nature and evolving a picture, would be likely to be somewhat obtuse, and, what is more, would be all the healthier in consequence. What was it that neutralized the native vigor of William Page? The overwhelming impression of Titian. What destroyed many a "promising" young Netherlander who settled in Italy during the great Flemish and Dutch epoch? The influence of masters of a nation alien to his own in religion, sentiments, manners, morals. He who is not thrown off his balance by European types in art is a healthier, sturdier artist than the American to whom the work of some Bavarian or Parisian master is aim and ideal.

It would indeed be difficult to find a more thoroughly native workman than Ryder. The traits on which most European artists plume themselves—smart drawing and smart grouping—are found in Ryder at a minimum. Those of which the vast majority seem to have not a suspicion, viz.: color and harmony, poetic perception of nature, sensuousness pure-minded to a surprising degree, are seen in him as in no other living painter. In some respects he suggests Millet—not by the way he paints or the subjects he chooses, but along more intricate channels of resemblance: by his humble boldness, if one may be forgiven the seeming paradox; by his imagination, seriousness, and childlike temperament. Yet his popularity is so small that the editors of "Artists of the Nineteenth Century and their Works," published at Boston in 1879, have ignored his existence.

Like most artists who move on higher planes of thought and emotion, Ryder has little financial fame. Art dealers for the most part shrug their shoulders over his pictures. The regular buyers at the sales would much sooner

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY THOMAS B. CLARKE.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND.

"handle," as they express it, the worst daub by a modern Italian, staring and in horrible taste, than touch one of Mr. Ryder's little jewels. It should be said, however, that such a thing as a picture by him at an auction has rarely occurred since he became an exhibitor. Small pictures, generally gifts made during his student life, have been shown in bric-à-brac shops, but not long. Curiously enough, the very persons who laugh a little at his work will not part with a specimen if they gain possession of it. What can this mean, except that, willy nilly, they value it? Though they may not fully understand it, ten to one it has a quiet intensity, an emotion in its color alone, which forces an owner at first to respect and then to love it. The picture may not be a great dramatic group, nor an historical fact, nor a remarkable view, nor even an actual landscape, and yet it holds one with some hardly explicable charm. As near to it as anything would be a strain of lovely music which refuses analysis, or a string of simple-seeming words which forms by some enchantment a great little poem.

When one searches for the origin of these complex emotions, one comes inevitably upon the personality of the artist. And there we meet the specter that stands in the path of all criticism of art worth the name — thoroughly honest and serious criticism, without fear or favor, than which none other can ever hope to live beyond the day it is penned. It is the personality of the artist interwoven with his work which makes him sensitive to criticism to a degree that many persons consider childish. Such persons have never been artists or they would scoff less. None but an artist can understand the almost unbearable sense of injustice felt when the work of many weeks is judged adversely. A queer list might be drawn up to tabulate the different kinds of artists while under the fire of the critics. None, we may safely conclude, are quite indifferent. Some are burlesque in their wrath; others, angry with a passing irritation. Some take it sullenly, others coolly, others with deep and nearly always successful prudence. Lucky is the writer who has more good than bad to report. Mr. Ryder's personality, then, is tremendously involved in his work.

Take an artist who devotes himself to one field — to marines, to cats or dogs, to country and city children, to the family life of respectable people. He needs to put only a small proportion of his personality into a picture; the chief burden lies on the objects depicted. Are these well painted, like the reality, pleasantly grouped, reasonably and interestingly occupied? But with Mr. Ryder's works how different! For the most part they are creations of his own fancy. They have wings; they hardly touch earth at all. For Mr. Ryder is that rarest and at present most scorned artist, an idealist; not in the same sense as the painter of an "ideal head," but in a much higher and more difficult way. Before his pictures we find ourselves suddenly invited to enter fairyland. His color is an enchantress. We follow her lead and presently discover a new country, like earth and of it, but not earth exactly, in which the fancy can travel uncontrolled. In the truest sense of the word Mr. Ryder is a poet in paint.

He is also a poet in words, and although his verses are far more lawless and unacademical than his paintings, they have the same charm of the original, the unconventional, the lovely, the naïf. Perhaps the verses called "The Wind" will not be out of place here, if only to throw light on his works in that sister art which he has made his profession. Need it be said that they were composed for reciting to his friends, not for printing? In fact many of his best lyrics seem never to have been committed to paper.

THE WIND.

The wind, the wind, the wind,
The breath of balmy, balmy evening,
That am I, that am I!
My unseen wanderings
Who can pursue, who comprehend?
Soft as a panther treads
When moving on its prey,
I fly o'er beds of roses sweet
And violets pale,
Till, disturbed within their slumbers,
They bend from my gay caress —
Only to lift their heads again
And send the aroma of sweet perfumes
To call me yet once more
Ere that I pass away.

I am the wind, the wind, the wind,
As fickle as lightning, swift as light.
I seize on the giants of the forest
And shake them to their roots!
I make them tremble to their sap!

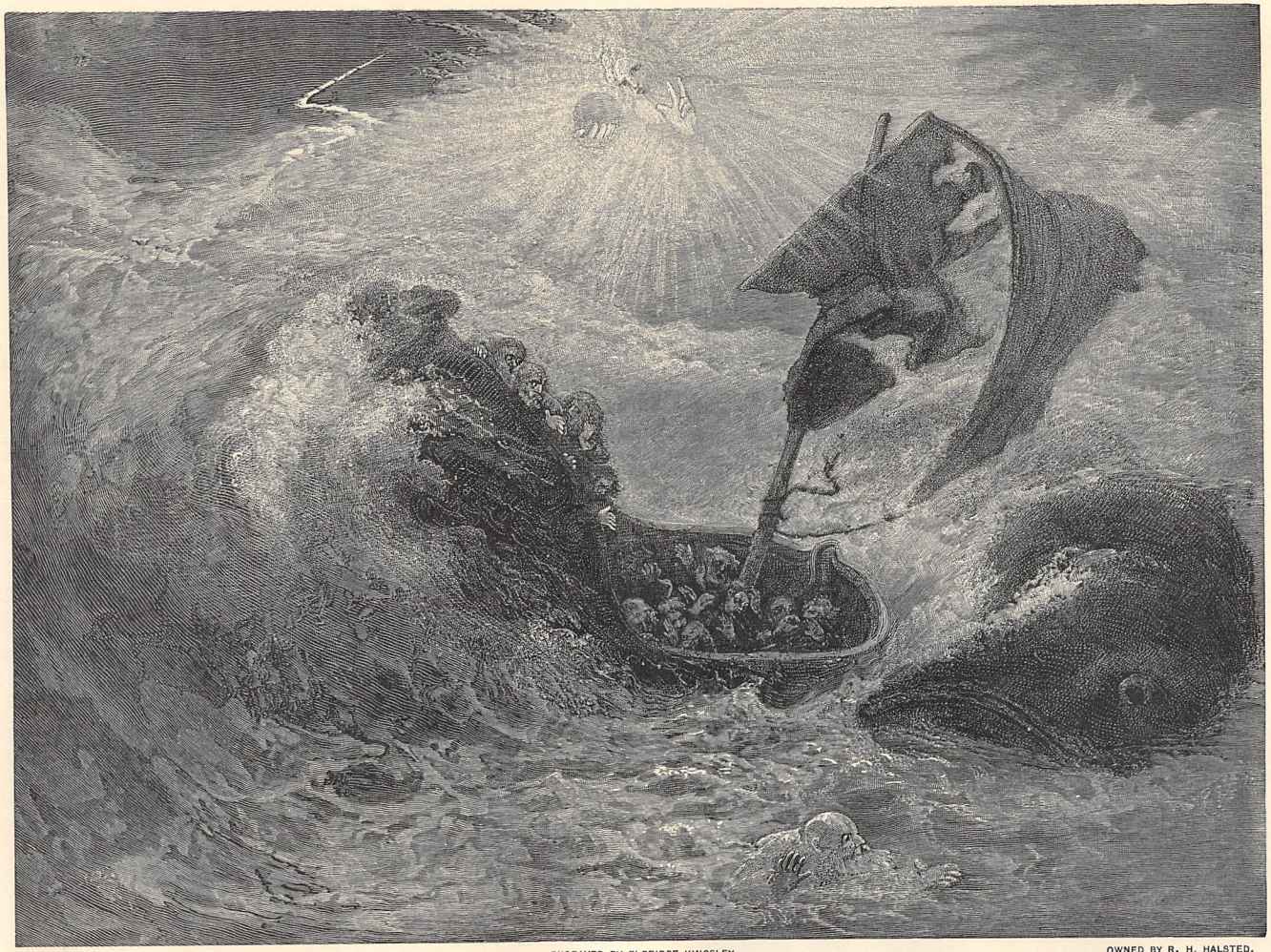
I am the wind, the wind, the wind!
I 'll away, I 'll away to where maidens
Are sighing for fond lovers,
And softly coo and woo and whisper in their ears,
With sigh answering sighs,
Making their hearts to throb,
Their bosoms rise
Till I seem hardly from without —
Almost within the voice
Of their soul's illusion!
What lover would not give his all for this:
To kiss that rosy cheek,
Those dewy lids, that luscious mouth;
So wantonly to lift those woven tresses,
And breathe upon those rounded bosoms?

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY JAMES B. INGLIS.

LANDSCAPE, LATE AFTERNOON.

But I 'm the wind, the wind, the wind!
I 'll away, I 'll away to gloomy pools profound,
Stirring the silence of their reflective depths
With rippling laughter
At my wanton freaks —
For I 'm the wind, the wind, the wind,
And my fantastic wanderings
Who can pursue, who comprehend?

Some years ago, when Mr. Ryder had but lately graduated from the schools of the Academy, he was passing through the street with a little panel in his hand. Suddenly a man stopped him. He was clad in a long Oriental gown, slippers on his feet, a fez on the back of his head. Apologizing in very fair English, he asked the young artist if the picture he had in his hand was not Persian. Very much surprised, Mr. Ryder handed it to him. The Persian examined it with great interest and explained that the color and drawing — it showed a horse and rider — was extraordinarily like those in pictures among his own countrymen. Ryder has indeed the sense for color which the subjects of the Shah used to have when they manufactured the priceless rugs and carpets of bygone reigns. And in oils at that time his drawing was as naïf as Persian. The Orient attracted him from the first. I remember a desert scene with a walled town on the horizon and in the middle distance a small Arab rider with lance. It belonged to the late Mrs. Middlemore of London. Another, much richer, is an oblong panel showing horses tethered near a long white wall in which is the arch to a garden. One sees the domes of a mosque over the wall. After the hackneyed pictures of the Orient this charming mosaic of colors had a most original effect. Still earlier in making is a landscape from nature, a view on the lowlands near High Bridge. A simple slope of woodland runs from the left downward to the center; the Harlem flats are in the foreground; above is one of the subtlest, quietest of cloudy skies. About the same period he painted a moonlight with sheep lying scattered about the foreground and a shepherd's hut in the right distance. It is one of three paintings owned by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce of Edinburgh. A spirited "Chase" owned by the Rev. Mr. Conkling was in its first state remarkable for the green tones which extended to the deer and hounds passing in profile, and suggested medieval glass or Persian tile decoration. A slender stream is beyond the stag, and to the right and beyond the stream is a huntsman in full gallop. The water is finely indicated where the brook turns. The tones of this picture were changed in the direction of greater realism about 1879. A milkmaid standing rather stiffly owing to the pail of milk on her head, and looking out of the picture, is a very attractive little upright. One of two cows in the background turns her head after the maid in the way that Corot liked to draw cows. Another picture, that is a



PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY R. H. HALSTED.

JONAH.

mere exercise in color, shows a forest interior with a man in antique costume carrying a boy on his shoulder, followed by a small woman. The robe of the man and the bodice of the woman are boldly colored, and the whole, while full of neglects in drawing, is most suggestive. "The Wandering Cow," owned by Daniel Cottier, is one of his little triumphs. The moon is half veiled by thin clouds, yet shimmers on a pool before which a cow stands in an attitude of alarm. People who have watched the movements of cattle at night will recognize the truthfulness of the drawing in this cow. The sky and night landscape are admirable. A yellow sunny landscape hangs in his studio. The foreground contains a raw-boned white horse, a cart, and a laborer in blue overalls. The golden distance of plain, the rolling hills, and the slightly clouded sky are robust and broad. To Mr. I. T. Williams belongs "The Two Lovers," the *motif* taken from Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty"; to Mrs. Bickley of Philadelphia a charming marine — a brig coming on with sails set, a moon above clouds, and bright clouds above moon. There appeared some years ago at the Society of American Artists "The Lovers' Boat," which was bought by the Rev. Mr. Conkling.

Among the earlier works is a little woman's figure on a panel, standing with a harp at her feet and the sides of a tent-door about her. Originally this picture had a background with a man sailing an enchanted bark. The figure is called "Melancholy," and for it, as for many of his pictures, the artist composed verses which are lost. "The Phantom Ship" is a small marine owned by Mrs. W. T. Moore of Paris, a strange conception and a fantastic, little in keeping with the material work in favor nowadays in France. With all sails set the spectral galleon glides mysteriously between a headland and a low shore with trees out to the calm ocean, over which hangs a bank of clouds with the moon just emerging. At one time he engaged to paint panels for frames to mirrors and for the doors to cabinets. Of the former sort he has painted three — one now in Albany; another in New York owned by Mr. Thomas Williams; and a third for Mrs. Janet H. de Kay, with suggestive figures, portraits, and landscapes on small panels relating to Drake's "Culprit Fay." A three-leaved screen for Mrs. W. C. Banning gave him a chance to paint nude babies, two of much grace and originality on one of the compartments. A very impressive night scene with rising moon is the "Macbeth on Horseback meeting Three Witches" owned in Boston. The singularly bold, simple outline of hills, between which an orange full moon is just about to quit the horizon, is as notable as the deep beauty of the sky and the mystery of the dark heath, all the darker because the light floods a winding path which seems to proceed in snaky loops from the moon itself. Through the night a little horseman is seen. The horse has shied from the path and the objects that have scared him are not bushes,— they look almost like three bushes at first,— but three figures in an impish dance, each with a torch above its head. Like many of Mr. Ryder's low-keyed pictures, this requires on first acquaintance a powerful morning light; otherwise the story is lost and only the landscape is impressive for its severe grandeur. Another night effect with a country house, old-fashioned and with lights glowing in its casements, is a tender moonlight owned by Miss Howes of Boston. A pool with horseman watering his horse belongs to the collection of Mr. Erwin Davis, for whom he has painted some of his most spirited, breezy marines. For Mr. Daniel Cottier he has made a vivid marine called "The Waste of Waters is their Field," a bark with small lug sail and three fishermen, which is flying merrily over long, living billows. These compare very favorably with the marines of Dupré, and show a more highly developed sense of color.

As may be inferred from what has gone before, Ryder won his way chiefly as a landscapist up to a recent time. Ideal treatment of landscape is seen occasionally in Elihu Vedder, and oftener in John La Farge. George Inness, McEntee, Wyant, Swain Gifford, and others introduce veins of sentiment. It has remained for Ryder to produce imaginative landscapes of the first rank. He is legitimately enough an outcome of the American landscape school, with but few and obscure forerunning hints to warrant his appearance. A common-school education which he somewhat neglected, a pupilage at the Academy, a few lessons at the Art Students' League, some practical hard work in an artist's studio in a strictly subordinate position, some experience as a buyer and seller of pictures, in which he showed wonderful ability to pick out fine ones and little to sell them again, comprise his preparations for a painter's life. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was content with landscape or with pictures in which landscape is the main thing. As a painter of horses he has gone far. Perhaps he never achieves the smartness of drawing needed for a racer, but his cart-horses are often extremely true. One drab interior of a stable with an old heavy fetlocked horse hangs in his studio; a large white horse before which a hostler in a red shirt is bending to wash its hoofs is another such. Mr. Ryder has worked hard studying city horses from the life, but he is every year

painting more and more the human figure. His tendency is towards voluminous draperies. "Florizel and Perdita," from "Winter's Tale," is an order from the sketch given by Mr. R. B. Angus of Montreal. Perdita leans towards her lover in a most naïf and pleasing movement. Her lamb is in her arms and his left arm is behind her, while his right hand supports her right elbow. He too shows in the lines of head, neck, and legs the same lover-like tendency towards his mistress. Sentiment so pronounced and yet so dignified is the rarest of all things nowadays. Those who feel it are ashamed to reproduce it. The coloring of this picture, which marks a great advance in drawing and composition, is up to the very best Mr. Ryder can do — that means beyond what all but one or two of his contemporaries produce. "Plodding Homeward," a twilight with rising moon and a man in a cart, low greenish in tones, exquisitely engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley, and "The Curfew Hour," an ideal twilight warmly brown in tones, showing farm-buildings such as one sees in French Canada, grazing cattle, and a high moon, are pictures of extraordinary depth of sentiment, quietness, and internal charm. They have an effect on the nerves like slow organ music.

Mr. Ryder's first admirers were artists, a sprinkling of amateurs, and one or two art-critics. Artists either admire or denounce him vehemently; many are glad to exchange pictures with him in order to have in their studios a specimen of his fascinating work. In the rough comradery of the atelier the bits of color have to suffer much ridicule, but they are cherished and very seldom parted with. For the most part his patrons are men and women of limited incomes, in some cases of very straitened means, busy people, intellectually active and endowed with sympathies broad and refined. He is a painter with the highest, most chivalrous, but for the most part silent, admiration for women, and it is among women he always finds some of his warmest admirers. He has the humility of genius, but also the fine impatient scorn that goes with genius; yet he is enough of the world to show the latter rarely. One of the founders of the Society of American Artists, he has had the quiet tact never to offend the authorities of the Academy of Design during the years of tension between the older and younger organizations. Perhaps his pictures are accepted at the Academy partly because he is a graduate of its schools; or it may be that the narrow and timid do not value his work sufficiently to fear it, recognizing its present state of unpopularity. It is one of the best signs in Mr. Ryder that he appears little disquieted by the narrowness of the circle to which he now appeals. There is little attempt to repeat continuously the note, no striving to hit a paying line of pictures. He declined a dealer's offer to pay liberally for ten pictures, to be completed in three years, though ready money was sorely needed. On the contrary, he is always reaching out towards more difficult problems, before, some of his admirers are timid enough to think, he has well secured his position on lower levels. Fearing failure, they doubt his powers and often discourage him. Some years ago he had brought almost to a finish, when it was ruined while being transferred to another canvas, a very remarkable picture. It represented an age when Christianity had vanished from most communities but still lingered among the shepherds. The scene is a wood, with a crucifix by the side of the way. A stalwart shepherd leads a white mule, on which is seated a lady in rich dress, holding her child. She is looking curiously at the cross, and he, with upturned face, is telling her the story of the Passion and Crucifixion. The color was as remarkable as the idea, which plainly aims at the present confusion in Christendom. "The Poet on Pegasus entering the Realm of the Muses" is a masterpiece of boldness and simplicity. Pegasus and his rider have come from the ocean to a narrow pass between rocks. The winged horse is dropping from the air and his hoofs are not yet on terra firma. To the left stands a graceful girl in light drapery and holding out a hand in welcome. In the foreground to the left sits with inclined head an older and graver nymph, holding an open book; to the right and in front a third with pensively bent head, holding a harp. The draperies of the two seated nymphs are abundant and subtle in color. The distant glimmer of ocean and sky behind the poet is exquisite.

This picture is an instance of the way in which Ryder fills his canvas. He rarely leaves wide spaces, and in some exhibits a very singular power of composing an ideal scene. It is also an example of subtle color.

"The Flying Dutchman" belonging to Mr. James S. Inglis is a splendid marine which Turner would have been glad to own. Vanderdecken's ship mingles with cloud and foam in the left distance, while a goblin sun looks down the trough of a great sea, where the foreground shows a bark with three sailors. Its sail is torn and it seems about to bury itself forever. An old man recognizes the spectral ship and points it out to his doomed comrades. Something like this is the "Jonah" owned by Mr. R. H. Halsted and shown at the New York Athletic Club. The drama is going on in the trough of a colossal sea. On the right is the great fish created for the purpose of swallowing the prophet. The latter waves his gaunt

arms before the monster's mouth, while the middle distance contains a heavy galley crowded with gesticulating sailors and horror-struck passengers. The sky is as impressive as the ocean. Against the sun's globe is God, as an ancient man with long flowing beard and hair. He holds the world symbol in one hand and with the other makes a gesture towards the fish. Less tremendous are the two pictures Mr. Ryder painted for Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. One is a "Christ appearing to Mary at the Sepulcher." The other is "The Temple of the Mind," a piece of pure symbolism, as beautiful in thought as the finest work of the kind during the Middle Ages, and lovely in color as nothing else. It is a picture steeped in faery, and may be taken as one of the greatest achievements American painting has yet shown. With this picture, the "Mary at the Sepulcher," the "Springtide" owned by Mr. James W. Ellsworth, the "Jonah," and "Flying Dutchman," the painter has established for himself a rank that nothing can now shake. He treats the religious, the symbolical, and the purely ideal with a vigor and a subtlety unsurpassed. His art is not merely exquisite tone, not merely marvelous color. It has great range in subject and is original in every direction.

"In the morning, ashen-hued, came nymphs dancing through the wood," is the legend for a very blonde picture, a lyric of dawn, containing three whirling nude nymphs in the middle distance and center, with a seated nymph of mature charms in the left foreground by a stream. In fairyland Mr. Ryder is peculiarly at home. The three dancing dryads have lovely proportions; they skip in a joyous round, and their yellow hair mingles delightfully with the eastern horizon. The trees about are springlike, not over-leafy, and the whole picture is in keeping with the joyous, cool freshness of dawn in April. An ideal landscape showing on the left, walking, an old bearded man, with a peasant woman and basket, and to right and rear a boy on muleback, is owned by the painter William Gedney Bunce. It has rich yellow tones and an exquisite distance, showing small hills, a pond, and a temple.

Whatever limitations of but and if shall be taken with them, the pictures accomplished by Albert Ryder prove that he has passed the threshold of an enviable career. People who insist on ranking artists by the prices they get may place him low, though even on that scale his position is by no means of the lowest. A critical examination of his technique shows a slow but steady progression on the side where he was weak. He holds his wonderful gift for color, and is able to give more and more attention to elaboration of form without prejudice to that rarer quality in which he is almost alone. Critics who assail him for lack of drawing readily obtain a hearing, but they are ignorant that his strong side is the most precious quality a painter can have. They honestly fail to see that there is more than one path in art. Because they themselves and the artists they admire reach color by way of form, they think it folly to suppose that another mind can reach form by way of color. Reflection on the arts in savage nations and on the probable genesis of the plastic arts ought to make them less dogmatic. It might be readily argued that the colorist who works first for color, then for form, is only following the course of history in the development of painting among races who used brushes rather than pencils as the ordinary tools. Doubtless form and color have equal claims to having begun what we now call painting; but even so it only proves that the dogmatism of artists and critics is unphilosophical and wrong. When we see Homer D. Martin produce a rich-colored, soft, poetical landscape from a hard and unsympathetic sketch, we applaud. No less must we confess the master when we see Albert Ryder equal him by a reversal of his processes. Genius must be its own final judge. What is ruin for nine men is the salvation of the tenth. To shackle all minds by the tradition of the past is a habit which may have excuse in Europe; but in America it means a failure to look with our own eyes and think with our own brains; it means dependence; it means that artists, critics, and amateurs allow themselves to live out of sympathy with the political and social fabrics in which they dwell.

Henry Eckford.

"WHAT 'S THE NEWS?"

ONE day last year there reached the editorial office of the Philadelphia "Times" three letters, written by Mr. Charles A. Dana, Mr. E. L. Godkin, and Mr. Henry W. Grady, respectively. Replying to one query, all three suggested another: "What is news?" Not finding in the books any definition of news, as the newspaper-maker and newspaper-reader understand the word, I asked a number of journalists to define the commodity in which they deal, and out of the correspondence which followed was evolved this definition: "*News is an unpublished event of present interest.*"

It is an event, rather than a fact or circumstance, because it contains the element of happening. It is unpublished, in the sense that it is unknown to the readers of the newspaper whose editor contemplates its publication. It is of present interest — present, because it changes existing conditions or impressions; and of interest, because it affects either the heart or the pocket-book of humanity.

An event which fulfills these three conditions is news, irrespective of time or locality. Both Livingstone and Unyanyembe died in Africa. The world did not hear of the explorer's death until months after it occurred. Time did not affect the character of the news. The world never heard of the death of the negro. Locality did not affect the character of the news. That which did affect the news-character of both events was their relative value.

Editing a newspaper is the process of weighing news. No newspaper ever prints all the news, although many advertise to do so. Events which are printed are those which the editor believes to be of the greatest interest to the greatest number accustomed to read his journal; and the lengths and positions allotted to the items, as they appear in the journal, illustrate the editor's notion of the public's estimate of their varying values as news.

While the editor edits the newspaper, the public edits the editor; hence it follows that the public, so greatly given to grimaces over the perusal of its follies, possesses full power to season its news to its own taste.

What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news — namely, the publishers — of the entire news-product of the United States? An answer to this question would be of interest, but it has never been answered. For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate. Publishers have uniformly extended me every courtesy; nevertheless I find it an exceedingly difficult quantity to arrive at, and for my figures I do not claim absolute accuracy. Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press despatches	$1,820,000
" special "	2,250,000
" local news	12,500,000
	$16,570,000

The business of the Associated Press, a mutual concern which pays nothing for its news, and which serves its patrons at approximate cost, amounts to $1,250,000 per annum; and that of the United Press, a stock corporation, is $450,000 per annum. The former aims to provide news about all important events, in which work $120,000 in telegraph tolls is expended; while the latter endeavors, above all else, to provide accounts of events occurring in the vicinity of the respective papers served.

The estimate for special despatches includes telegraph tolls and pay of the correspondents who furnish the news. This service is conducted by the publishers in the large centers of population, who find the reports furnished by the press associations either not full enough, or not to the political taste of their readers. Here are the average monthly bills for special despatches of fourteen leading journals:

Atlanta "Constitution"	$1,100
Boston "Herald"	5,500
Chicago "Herald"	6,500
" "Tribune"	4,500
Cincinnati "Commercial-Gazette"	5,800
" "Enquirer"	4,750
Kansas City "Journal"	1,050
Minneapolis "Tribune"	3,000
New York "World"	9,514
Philadelphia "Press"	3,600
San Francisco "Call"	3,500
" "Examiner"	8,000
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"	11,660
St. Louis "Republic"	3,300

The foregoing are the extreme in this department of expenditure. Many excellent journals find it possible to limit their bills to from $400 to $1000 per month.

The cost of the "local" news far exceeds that of both the other departments; not because the local services of individual papers cost more in every instance, but because so many journals maintain local bureaus, yet pay nothing for press or other despatches. The bills for local news of the leading New York dailies are the largest of any in the country,

and for two reasons — a larger territory to cover, and a greater demand from outside for the local news of New York. Their weekly bills range from $1500 to $3400.

When news is delivered upon the news-editor's desk it has then to be edited; and editors' services command in Boston, from $30 to $60 per week; in New York, from $40 to $100; in Philadelphia, from $30 to $70; in Cincinnati, from $25 to $50; in Chicago, from $40 to $80; in St. Louis, from $20 to $45; and in San Francisco, from $40 to $65. There are 35,000 persons in the United States engaged in editorial work upon daily and weekly newspapers. This is the report of the labor organizations; but more than half this number more properly belong in the list of news-gatherers rather than of editors, a class whose services command only from $10 to $35 per week.

White-paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher. Here are the annual paper bills of eighteen leading journals:

Atlanta "Constitution"	$63,000
Baltimore "American"	103,000
Boston "Herald"	315,000
Boston "Globe"	326,000
Chicago "Herald"	265,000
Chicago "News"	324,000
Chicago "Tribune"	195,000
Cincinnati "Enquirer"	252,000
Kansas City "Journal"	53,000
Louisville "Courier-Journal"	135,000
Minneapolis "Tribune"	60,000
New York "World"	667,500
Philadelphia "Press"	245,000
Philadelphia "Times"	165,000
San Francisco "Call"	120,000
San Francisco "Examiner"	155,000
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"	205,000
St. Louis "Republic"	125,000

It is to be remembered that circulation is not the only factor which determines the amount of the publishers' white-paper bills. Both the size of the sheet issued and the quality of the paper used are material considerations.

Following are weekly composition bills of several of the great dailies:

Baltimore "American"	$2,000
Boston "Globe"	4,100
Chicago "Herald"	2,106
Chicago "News"	1,500
Chicago "Tribune"	2,500
Cincinnati "Enquirer"	3,200
New York "Herald"	3,780
New York "Times"	3,000
New York "World"	6,000
Philadelphia "Ledger"	2,150
San Francisco "Call"	1,650
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"	2,700
St. Louis "Republic"	2,000

The New York "Sun" pays $140 per week to proof-readers; the New York "Times" and New York "Tribune," $245 each; and the New York "Herald" and New York "World," $315 each. A new "dress" of type for the New York "Times" or New York "Tribune" costs $12,000; for the New York "Herald," $15,000, including mailing type; and for the New York "World," $13,890, excluding mailing type. As a rule, new type is purchased annually.

Immediately the newspaper leaves the office of publication there are items of expense that are seldom considered. They are the pay and the profit of the person who leaves the paper at your door. The fact that you regularly receive and pay for the paper is worth to him, in the form of good-will, $2 if you live in Atlanta, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville, or St. Paul; $3 if in Pittsburg, San Francisco, or St. Louis; and $5 if in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington.

Even your circumstances are taken into the account — wealth, age, disposition — as affecting your likelihood to continue a subscriber. Newspaper-delivery routes are staple properties, varying in value according to the number and — oddly, but logically — the social standing of the patrons served.

A route-owner who regularly receives from a subscriber twelve cents per week for the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" holds the name of that subscriber, when he sells his route, at a stiff $4 to $5 — the highest, if its list be taken as a whole, of any journal in America. Carriers deliver 60,000 copies daily of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger." Note the large capital here represented. The man who buys the news of the day for a penny contributes his mite towards the support of an American journalism whose product, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer estimates, foots up $100,000,000 per annum.

Newspaper routes are worth from $200 to $2000 in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Milwaukee, and New Orleans; from $400 to $3000 in Cleveland, Minneapolis, and Pittsburg; and from $1000 to $5000 in Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Washington.

Newspapers have two sources of income, advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize an income in about the proportion of two-thirds from advertising to one-third from subscriptions and sales. The value of great newspaper plants is difficult to arrive at. A rule is, to value the good-will, a quantity which does not include building, outfit, or machinery, at the sum of the profits during the preceding five years. But this rule is followed only in legal appraisements; I know of no publisher who ever sold at such a price.

The proportion of daily-newspaper circulations to city populations is rapidly increasing.

This is because newspapers are cheaper and earlier delivered than formerly. Leaving out Brooklyn, six American cities have populations of over 300,000. Now if we admit the claims of the publishers, it is found that, in proportion to population, the copies of newspapers printed and sold in them stand thus:

	Morning.	*Evening.*	*Total.*
Boston	53.54	62.87	116.41
New York	64.28	31.17	95.45
Chicago	41.25	22.60	63.85
Philadelphia	36.89	16.33	53.22
St. Louis	23.75	14.08	37.83
Baltimore	25.08	5.41	30.49

A material element in the foregoing figures is tributary territory, an important consideration in what publishers term the "field." With the three tributary cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Newark, New York, the metropolis and financial center of the country, has a very decided advantage. Yet it is easily distanced in the matter of proportionate newspaper circulation by Boston, and rather closely pressed by Chicago.

In the six cities having populations above 200,000 the proportions stand:

	Morning.	*Evening.*	*Total.*
San Francisco	64.28	28.60	92.88
Pittsburg	53.23	33.50	86.73
Cincinnati	43.17	36.71	79.88
Cleveland	21.29	24.22	45.51
Buffalo	6.44	23.46	29.90
New Orleans	19.44	8.16	27.60

San Francisco's proportion is high, because of the metropolitan character of the city towards the Pacific Coast, and because of the large ratio of adult males. Pittsburg and Cincinnati are high, because of their vast tributary territory, for two finer newspaper fields than these do not exist in the world. But Cleveland drops to almost one-half the ratio of Cincinnati. Why? Because Lake Erie cuts off one-half her tributary territory.

If the location of Cleveland be disadvantageous as a field for newspaper enterprise, that of Buffalo is far worse. The proportionate circulation of her newspapers tells the story. Little assistance to newspapers is gained from the lake traffic, while the lake itself cuts off a large part of the field. The boundary of Canada is a dead-line to newspaper circulation, the Dominion reading public preferring Toronto or Hamilton papers, on account of political and national affiliation. Lake Ontario is disagreeably near on the north, but not more so than Rochester, with her journals to flood Buffalo's field on the east. The only outlet is the territory on the south, but even there the Pennsylvania line is soon reached, beyond which readers prefer home newspapers.

Eight cities have populations above 100,000. Their proportionate newspaper circulations stand:

	Morning.	*Evening.*	*Total.*
Kansas City	29.28	34.28	63.56
Detroit	21.14	33.14	54.28
Rochester	22.91	21.30	44.21
Providence	7.28	36.44	43.72
Louisville	22.35	18.33	40.68
Washington	9.52	25.77	35.29
St. Paul	22.00	10.00	32.00
Minneapolis	9.14	16.00	25.14

Disadvantageous newspaper fields are Galveston and Key West, where water wastes are on every side; Milwaukee, where Lake Michigan cuts off one-half the field, and Chicago papers well-nigh ruin the remainder; Washington, where almost everybody has interests other than local; and Wilmington, where three uncomfortably near State boundaries are scarcely less deadly in their effect than the deluge of Philadelphia penny newspapers. Galveston and Milwaukee gain, however, from the loyalty of large States.

The city of Erie is, perhaps, more unfortunately located for newspaper enterprise than any other in the Union. Lake Erie wipes out its field on one side, and a range of hills and indifferent railroad communications almost wipe it out on the other side. The boundaries of Ohio on the west and New York on the east are dead-lines to circulation in those directions; and, as if the situation were not sufficiently desperate, the city itself is the apex of a triangle of railways which bring in Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Buffalo newspapers before the ink of the struggling Erie journals is dry. It is not strange, therefore, that the ratio of circulation to population in the city of Erie is the lowest of any in the United States: morning, 6.42; evening, 8.85; total, 15.27.

Never before was newspaper competition so fierce as now. Vast investments are at stake and the best brains are commanded at salaries which, already high, are steadily growing higher. Yet here is the opinion of Mr. George W. Childs:

> In my twenty-five years' experience I have never seen a daily newspaper injured by competition. If a paper degenerates, as many have done within my recollection, the cause is always to be found inside, not outside, its own office. I have seen one publisher take another publisher's business, never, though, because of the superior ability of the former, but always because of the marked incompetence of the latter. Daily papers sometimes die of dry-rot, sometimes reach the sheriff's hands through political blunders, internal quarrels, or jealous ambitions; but a paper that is successful, wide awake, and honest can never be injured by competition, however fierce.

Eugene M. Camp.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

THE KEANS IN AUSTRALIA.

AN English audience is as loyal to an old favorite as the nation is to its queen. The visit, therefore, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean to the colonies was hailed with delight by the public.

Old Londoners who remembered young Charles Kean and Ellen Tree in the springtime of their lives were charmed to think that they would not only renew their acquaintance with these celebrated artists, but could take their children to see the favorite actors who had delighted their fathers and mothers in days gone by. The Keans on their opening night were welcomed with great warmth; the audience rose from their seats and cheered them as they came upon the stage; old ladies and gentlemen waved their handkerchiefs and stood up to applaud their former favorites as though they would have said, "Welcome, welcome to our new home. Age has dimmed our eyes and wrinkled our brows, but, thank Heaven, it has not weakened our affection."

The engagement was a financial success, for every one was anxious to see the Keans; but time had told upon them, and there was a feeling of disappointment in the audience that with all their kindness they could not shake off or conceal — the veterans had tarried too long. Mr. Kean felt this, and regretted that he had come so far only to shatter his reputation.

About a week after their appearance I was walking through St. Kilda Park, when I came suddenly upon an old gentleman alone and sitting upon a bench; he seemed to be looking out upon the bay with a sad and thoughtful expression. I had not seen Charles Kean upon the stage since I was a boy: he was then young, vigorous, and in the zenith of his fame, full of hope and ambition, and just married to that gifted actress Ellen Tree; and here he sat an old man, in a far-off land, and from the melancholy look upon his face was perhaps thinking that the closing scene of his career was near at hand. I had been regarding him for some time, when at last he looked up and caught my eye; he stared at me with no very pleased expression: my apparent rudeness had evidently offended him, so I at once told him who I was, and he seemed glad to see me. "Sit down," said he. "I was just going to write you to call on me; you ought to have done so before: I am the last comer; and, between you and me, I am sorry that I came." I told him that I had intended to call, but had heard that he was suffering from dyspepsia, so I thought I would delay paying my respects to Mrs. Kean and himself until he had quite recovered.

"Well," said he, "as I said, I was going to write you; and, curiously enough, I believe I was thinking of you while you stood in front of me. By the way, what was I doing while you were looking at me? — anything foolish; making faces or any nonsense of that kind, eh?"

"Oh, no!" said I, laughing at his anxiety. "You were quite correct, I assure you."

"Well," said he, "you know an actor when alone is very apt, if he is thinking of his part, to frown and stare in a very unmeaning way. I remember once in London I had ordered lunch at Verey's in Regent street, and while I was waiting for it, began, in an abstracted kind of way, going over one of the scenes of 'Louis XI.' to myself. Suddenly I saw two young fellows talking to one of the waiters and pointing at me; then they passed out, apparently laughing at something I had done. I was quite indignant, and called the waiter to ask what they said. Well, sir, it all came out: I had been frowning and staring, first one way and then another, going over my parts, and those fellows thought I was mad"; and here he burst out in an immoderate fit of laughter. "Well, come," said he; "I have had a good laugh, at all events, and, as it is the first for a week, I have enjoyed it. Now, then, I wish to consult you on a matter of some importance; and as it is in reference to our approaching visit to America, I am quite sure that you can, and will, give me all the information I require. I heard that you were in front several times during the last week: now tell me candidly, — don't be afraid of giving offense, — what do you think of our engagement here?"

"Well, in the first place your reception was one of the warmest I ever remember to have seen," I said.

"Yes, yes," said he; "the reception was cordial. But after that there was a coldness, a lack of enthusiasm; and this feeling has characterized the audience during the entire week: now don't you think so?"

This question was rather a poser. I felt that every word he had spoken was true, but I knew

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he was ill and needed encouragement more than facts; so I put a bold front on the matter, and told him that I thought he was oversensitive, and only fancied that the audience was cold, and that the crowded houses ought to convince him of this.

"That is what my wife says," said he; "but she is so full of hope and cheerfulness that nothing daunts her. Well, now then, to the point. We go from here to California, and then to New York, Philadelphia, and so on. What play would you advise us to open in — 'The Gamester'?"

"By no means," I replied.

"Why not? Don't you think it a good play?" said he.

"It was a good play fifty years ago," I replied, "but not now. It is old-fashioned and beyond endurance, and details the misery of a married couple in a most mournful way. Just think of sitting through five acts of woe unrelieved by one touch of humor. The theme is a gloomy one; and, believe me, when you lay it upon the shelf it will gather dust and mildew. I would suggest that you open in 'Louis XI.' Without Mrs. Kean your name will be sufficient to attract on the opening night; then bring out your wife as *Queen Catherine*, yourself playing *Wolsey;* follow this with *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth:* in fact, I should not, if I were in your place, extend the *répertoire* beyond these plays; if you confine yourself to this prescription, your success is assured. 'The Wife's Secret' and 'The Gamester' are all well enough here: your audience is largely made up of friends who remembered you both with pleasure — the plays, too, memories; but you have been so long away from America that the present generation of playgoers will be new acquaintances, who have no former remembrance of you, and will only look at the entertainment for just what it is, and not for what it was."

"Humph!" said Kean; "that is rather a delicate way of hinting that Mrs. Kean and I should act parts better suited to our age." And here he eyed me with a sly, peering look.

"Well," I replied, "you have asked me to be candid, and that is just what I mean."

"And I believe that you are quite right," said he; "but my wife will have it that we are as young and beautiful as ever. I believe that she would act *Juliet* now if I were fool enough to play *Romeo* with her." And here he had another good laugh.

Although Charles Kean was irritable at times, he was delightful company, and told a good story with great glee. Some of his anecdotes of the London stage were most amusing. While we were chatting, a party of some three or four blacks came in sight. I hailed them, thinking that Kean might like to see the throwing of the boomerang.

A tall, gaunt fellow, with scarcely a pound of flesh on his ungainly bones, and evidently the leader of the party, astonished us with his dexterity. He walked three or four paces forward with a swinging kind of gait, and, casting his eye behind, pointed to where he intended to make the weapon strike; now whirling it straight forward it shot into the air, and, making a sudden turn, came back and struck the spot he had indicated.

"Ah," said Kean, "they may well call Australia the antipodes; when the natives want to hit a mark in the west, they hurl the weapon towards the east."

The black came up for his exhibition money, and stood in front of us with his limp hand extended and an idiotic grin on his face; and surely he was a sight to look at — as lean as a skeleton, and as black and shining as a piece of polished ebony. His attenuated form was crowned with an ugly head, covered with a bushy shock of unkempt hair, and his face was blank and expressionless. What a contrast he made to the intellectual and thoughtful face of the tragedian! Here was a Shaksperean scholar, who had been educated at Eton, standing side by side with this uncouth savage, so low down in the scale of humanity that he was barely conscious of his own existence; and yet the actor was rewarding the black for the performance of a dexterous feat that would have puzzled the old Eton boy to accomplish if he had tried it until doomsday.

Nothing would do now but that I should join him at luncheon, so we walked to the hotel, where I was presented to Mrs. Kean, who was in a high state of anxiety at the prolonged absence of her husband. There was no affectation in her solicitude; one could see at a glance that she was a noble companion for her liege lord, and full of care and affection for him. He at once turned the conversation on the disappointment he felt on the result of their first week's engagement; his wife laughed at the idea, and I joined in with her. After we had settled this matter, he detailed to her our late conversation in part, out of pure mischief, I believe, beginning somewhat in the following strain: "My dear, Mr. Jefferson thinks that it is high time for two such old fools as you and I to give up playing young parts and go into characters whose antiquity will be more suited to our dilapidated appearance." I felt like throwing a loaf of bread at his head for daring to place me in such a false position, and endeavored to explain to Mrs. Kean how he had forced the whole affair upon me, while he was laughing immoderately and enjoying my discomfort. However, she took the matter so

ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

MR. CHARLES KEAN AS "KING LEAR."

good-naturedly that I felt satisfied that she understood me in relation to his fabrication as well as she did her husband's exaggerations. As soon as my mortification was over I began to enjoy the joke. Kean was in high spirits, though now and then, in the midst of his hilarity, a sad and despairing expression would force itself into his face. He went out on the balcony to enjoy his cigar, leaving Mrs. Kean and me alone. During his absence her cheerful manner altered, and it was plain to me that she had taken in the situation of their engagement more clearly then he had, for she said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Thank you for keeping up his spirits; he needs it."

Ten years after this, I met Mrs. Kean at a garden party in London; she was then a widow. This estimable lady has since that time passed away. Peace and happiness be with her! As an actress, she was for years the delight of the public; and as a wife, a comfort and an honor to her husband.

A CHINESE THEATER.

DURING my visit to Australia I acted at Daylesford, and after the performance, by the invitation of a friend, I visited a Chinese theater. We rode through the woods for three miles to a camp or gold-diggings worked by the Chinese. There was a large population of them here — about two thousand. It was past twelve o'clock when we reached the theater, where the actors were hard at it, and had been from sundown. The theater was under a tent, looking like a small modern circus cut in two. The seats were arranged in a half-circle, the stage coming out well among the audience. The Chinese manager had been apprised of our visit, so he had reserved seats in the center of the tent, which was quite full of Chinamen. The orchestra was at the back, and the music — if the hideous sounds they made can be dignified by that name — was played at intervals during the whole performance. I recognized the play by its action to be our old friend, "The Young Scamp." In French it is called "Le Gamin de Paris"; in Chinese, "The Mother's Pet"; and I suppose every nation in the world has a free translation of this universal piece of humanity. What on earth the music has to do with a Chinese play, I could never discover. The band will remain perfectly quiet for five or ten minutes, and then, apparently without the slightest provocation, burst forth upon the audience, splitting their ears with the most dreadful din — the scraping of catgut, the tooting of pipes, tinkling of triangles, and banging of gongs, altogether making a most discordant clatter. Now dead silence; then a long speech by some actor, punctuated by little taps on a small sheepskin drum, the catgut man now and then scraping a parenthesis. The musicians sit bolt upright, staring in front of them, without any movement or expression, looking like a lot of badly made wax figures in a museum. Then, when all is quiet and you least expect it, they will bob their heads up and down, banging and tooting and scraping everything they can lay their hands upon. The interpreter tried to explain to me that this was done sometimes to attract the attention of the audience, but to me it would seem to have the contrary effect.

The dialogue began to get monotonous, and I asked permission of the manager that I might go behind the scenes and see some of my Chinese brother actors. This, after some red tape, was allowed me. Instead of the actors getting themselves ready to go home, as I naturally supposed at this time of night, or rather morning, they would do, the entire company was preparing for another play — enrobing themselves in richly embroidered costumes, and covering their faces with all the colors of the rainbow, which they got out of little round pots filled with oil paint. As the manager was given to understand that I was in my way a "star" from America, he insisted that I must only be introduced to his "star"; so I was ushered into a small tent set apart for that celebrity.

This person seemed to have got through with his portion of the entertainment before I came. Of course we could only talk through our interpreter, who seemed to have the faculty of explaining everything the wrong way. I understood, however, that it would give the great actor much pleasure if I would have a little gin and smoke a pipe of opium with him. Upon my declining these delicacies, he faintly smiled on me in a pitying and sympathizing way, as much as to say, "Ah, these barbaric Americans; they have no idea of comfort or refinement." He was himself already well under the influence of the fatal drug, and, whatever the end might produce, was certainly now on good terms with himself and all the world. I could not help thinking what a curious incident this was — to be here at the antipodes, sitting in the dressing-room of a Chinese tragedian. I looked at his fat and inexpressive face, and wondered if he had even heard of Shakspere. He sat there in front of me nodding his head as if he were answering my question and saying: "Oh, yes, young man. Shakspere? Oh, yes, very often; but he 's quite a mistake, I assure you."

My friend now entered the tent and admonished me that it was near daylight and time to go home. As I went out, I turned back for a last look at my Oriental companion, who had by this time entirely succumbed to the influ-

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

MRS. CHARLES KEAN AS "HERMIONE."

ence of the narcotic. He was stretched out in a chair, his smooth yellow face widened out with an imbecile smile of idiotic bliss, and his two conventional Chinese eyes elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. The fresh air revived me; so we mounted our horses and rode away, just as the day was dawning, while the gong and the tooting and the scraping were going on in the distance.

In April, 1864, I took a steamer from Melbourne to New Zealand. This was a rough and treacherous voyage. The great island has an iron-bound coast, and the ragged rocks were horrible to look at as we approached the harbor of Dunedin.

On my arrival I found the theater in which I was to act doing a great business with some novel attraction that had just hit the public taste. Clarence Holt, the manager, requested me, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected success that had attended his new enterprise, to delay my opening for two weeks. As time was no great object to me, I consented, deciding to spend the interim at a Maori village on the coast called Wikawite, where there was good fishing and shooting; and, as I had been quite ill for the month previous to leaving Melbourne, I felt that the rest and sea-bathing would strengthen me, and perhaps assist to fill out my attenuated form; so I took up my abode for a week at a little hotel at this place, surrounded by the native Maoris. Of course these people were in a semi-civilized state, though they had formerly been cannibals, and when out fishing with them I could not help smiling at Sydney Smith's description of a New Zealand lunch, "with cold missionary on the sideboard," and his solemn farewell to the minister who was leaving England for the purpose of christianizing the Maoris. "Good-by, my reverend friend," said he; "and, if they eat you, I hope you 'll disagree with them." I felt quite safe among them, however, for, as I was very thin, I presented anything but a tempting morsel to these voracious warriors. The Maoris are said to be the finest race of savages in the world. They are giants in size and strength, and their symmetrical bodies are tattooed in grotesque figures and patterns, sometimes from head to foot.

I saw a party of them act in a play that had been written to show off their sports and ceremonies, and in one of the scenes where they were tracking an enemy the grace and earnestness with which they moved were surprising.

My engagement in New Zealand was quite successful, the old comedies, strange to say, being preferred. I now returned to act in Sydney, from which place I had been absent nearly three years. On my arrival Father O'Grady called on me, and, to my surprise, introduced me to his wife. He was still faithful to his Church, but had given up his orders and had married. I did not blame myself for making him an apostate; for it was evident, from the beauty of the lady, that not my advice, but her black eyes, had been too much for the "good St. Anthony."

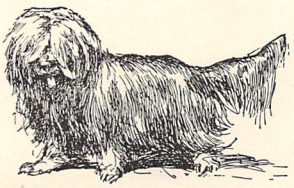
From Sydney I returned to Melbourne, to play my farewell engagement in the colonies and bid adieu to the many friends I had made. And as I look back upon the four years I passed in Australia I can only recall a dear remembrance of the kindness that was shown to me by the refined and hospitable people of that country. For a long time after I left there I contemplated paying it another visit, but year after year rolled on, and now I fear it is too late. To wander through the streets that I so well remember and find them altered would be nothing; we are too used to these changes in our own country to be affected by the wonderful growth of cities and the sudden shifting of localities; but I should feel lonely indeed to miss the faces that were so familiar, and to think over the olden time when I was young and full of hope — surrounded by loving companions who had gathered around me when I was a stranger among them. It is nearly a quarter of a century since I left that distant land and those dear friends, but I have never forgotten them, and I am told that there are many who still remember me. And now farewell, Australia! I have no feeling but loving gratitude for you, and should these pages meet the eye of some old friend, let us feel that we have come once more together upon this earth and shaken hands.

Joseph Jefferson.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

I.



"WE shall send the dogs and servants at once to Washington Square," said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, settling another little cushion in the curve beneath her shoulder-blades, as she leaned back in her steamer-chair on the deck of the *Etruria*, homeward bound. "My husband will of course meet us at the dock, and take all the bother of customs off our hands. It is possible we may sleep at home for a night, but I am more than half decided to take Lily directly to Tupelo. It will be in the middle of the week, you know, and there 's no place so good to rest in as Tupelo in the middle of the week. So soothing! Such an atmosphere. So un-American, in short."

"Ah, yes! there is nothing like Tupelo," murmured Mrs. Clay, whose manner conveyed a confidential tinge to her simplest utterance. In her heart she was saying: "Why, the woman is delicious! Who would suppose she had never been there, and that she knows I know it? It is all right. I am safe in taking her up this way. For a beginner she 's immense."

"Mr. Curtis has bought land there recently, and is waiting for me to decide on the plans to build our cottage. One needs something to do away with the first impression of those nasty New York streets on landing," pursued the elder dame. "Actually, the whole thing seems more dingy and deplorable to me every time I come back. Such a dreadful rattle in one's ears, the sidewalks so filthy and obstructed, the lower classes so presuming, and the sun glaring so you can't help seeing everything. Lily, if you 'll believe me, likes it. She says it makes her blood jump. Why, when Lord Frederick told her his cab had gone into a rut and smashed a hat for him before he had driven a block away from the Cunard dock, last year, and that he 'd half a mind to write a letter to the papers in complaint, Lily made fun of him so that he almost found it out. Such a tiresome child! One might think she had been educated in the States, instead of having every advantage Europe can afford."

They were two days out from Queenstown. It was a fine October morning, that brought up the invalids in force. The ship might have been a great floating hospital. All sorts and conditions of men and women were equalized by costumes and attitudes suggesting alternately a mummy and an Indian papoose. The deck steward, with fruits and drinks, was the hero of the hour. Conversation among those of the sufferers who knew each other had sunk to the lowest ebb. To keep up, to keep respectable, in most of them, precluded all mental as well as physical effort. "Please go away," breathed a bride to her beloved one. "I was just feeling better when you said 'Poor darling!' and now I 'm ill again." "There is no use in your being witty," another young woman remarked to the man who was endeavoring to make her forget her woes. "If I laugh, I 'm gone."

Those provoking people whom the consciousness of the screw did not affect were variously disposed. Some were walking as if without intention to stop short of the other continent. Others formed into confidential if lethargic groups, holding novels, lap-dogs, parasols, turning their backs upon the ailing, each woman secretly wondering if shipboard was as unbecoming to her as to her comrade. With the two ladies we have to do with, matters had already progressed far beyond the usual unfolding of trivial plans and personalities common to voyagers at sea. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis (note, please, the fashionable hyphen now in such common use: it had been acquired and packed up with her latest batch of London stationery; "Mrs. Eliphalet F. Curtis" the good lady had gone forth from Sandy Hook in May) was a fine specimen of the American woman in her forties. Her features were small and regular, her complexion was like a china doll's; her dark hair, worn in scallops on her brow, was even at this hour elaborately dressed; a veil of dotted lace covered the tip of her nose, and she was buttoned up in a tight-fitting Redfern suit of tweeds. The rug over her knees, half concealing an abject scrap of a thing she called an Algerian poodle, was of softest otter. The little cushions tucked in around her spine were of silk-covered eider-down. They — the deck-chair, the rug, and the apology for a dog — had been brought out and put in place for my lady by an obsequious menial, who immediately after retired from service and was prone during the rest of the voyage. This one act, however, performed with such radiant effect before the eyes of the other passengers, fully justified his engagement as a first-class traveling footman.

"WHY, LILY, WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?"

One could see in looking at Mrs. Floyd-Curtis that her figure was considered by her to be her strong point. She was of the well-developed, small-waisted type familiar in the cashier's seat of a French restaurant. The sole interruption to her self-complacency in this matter was the inevitable tendency of flesh compressed around the waist-line to escape below it. No device of her men-milliners could entirely conquer this defect. Mrs. Curtis hardly ever forgot to be conscious of it. It chastened her moments of otherwise perfect satisfaction with temporal affairs. Little Mrs. Clay, on the other hand, was as indifferent as Sara Bernhardt is to considerations of close-fitting drapery. Her frocks wrinkled around her slim body like the long Swedish gloves upon her arms. They rose in peaks upon her shoulders, and were girdled by loosely clinging zones around her waist, the scant skirts escaping into curling waves around her high-heeled feet. Spiteful women compared her to a billiard cue, but Mrs. Clay was better than pretty — she was picturesque. Each pose was a study for a Mendelssohn or Roseti photograph, and to both of these artists she had been a mine of suggestiveness. Everybody knows Mrs. Clay's photographs — the little childlike creature with the large wistful eyes and tiny mouth, sitting curled up in a *moyen-âge* arm-chair, or holding to a curtain with one arm above her head, or shading her cheek with a huge feather fan. There is a steady call for them in the shops where such things may be bought.

Mrs. Clay's title to sympathy for an Iliad of matrimonial woes, while conceded by New York society at large, was but vaguely understood. She was a New York girl, well placed, coming of a family of merchants who, by grace of a generation or two of wealth and culture, took rank among later aspirants as if born to the purple. Ten years or so ago she had married Bertie Clay, a handsome young Englishman, son of a poverty-stricken lord, and had carried

him in dowry a not inconsiderable sum of ready money. Cash was all that Bertie ever needed to make him good and happy, and for a time the Clays were seen and heard of on the top wave of London's "smart" society. Then rumors came to Barbara's old friends of domestic infelicity, of duns, of money borrowed from every American who could pay for a foothold on the social ladder where Barbara had already climbed.

Presently Mrs. Clay returned to New York without her husband. "Dear Bertie is on a yacht," she would say pleasantly when asked about Mr. Clay. To judge from his persistence in this pastime during many years thereafter, the Honorable Bertie must have led a very Vanderdecken kind of life.

And then Barbara's father, who had always lived well, and had given good dinners, died, leaving his stricken dove of an only child a mere pittance of an income. Speculations had wiped out his bank account, and the world said Mrs. Clay would starve. But instead of starving, Barbara took a little nest of a flat in the Guelph apartment house in Fifth Avenue. It was six flights up, but there was a lift, and a boy in buttons to show visitors the way. Besides, Barbara was hardly ever at home, except to the few men and women she elected to receive. She was always running off on little jaunts to Newport, Lenox, Bar Harbor, England, Trouville, Homburg. She had been a Little Sister of the Rich. People asked her on yachts a good deal, and she was a connoisseur in country houses. She was at no expense for gloves or flowers, and what could such a little woman eat? The "Honorable Mrs. Clay" was the glory of the society newspapers, and it was known that visiting dukes and countesses resorted, on arrival in America, to the sixth story of the Hotel Guelph. Naturally, New Yorkers asked no inconvenient questions.

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who had often heard of the famous Mrs. Clay, had met her for the first time at an impromptu breakfast party, assembled in Lily's honor, at Homburg, by an exalted personage. The Personage had seen Lily, and thought her — as indeed she was — the prettiest and most dazzlingly fresh creature of the year. He brought about the presentation of the girl and her mamma, and with much courtesy bade them to breakfast. Lily, as is natural in a girl unjaded by gaieties, jumped at the breakfast, and appeared there in a pink frock and hat, looking like a rose of June. With this her success began and ended, for the willful maiden, to her mother's woe, at once gave unmistakable token of preferring the society of a handsome young guardsman to that of the giver of the feast. Worse still, upon remonstrance, had not the terrible girl flatly told her mother that she did not like talking to the Personage because he was too old, and that equally she *did* like talking to that beautiful young man? These things are written in the chronicle of Homburg summer gossip. Upon Barbara Clay, who was a former chum of his, had devolved the task of consoling the Personage. Then, for the first time, she perceived the attractions of the Miss Lily Curtis, who had thus fallen, as it were, from a chariot of fire to the common sidewalk. The little incident of Lily's contumacy at the breakfast, however, was cabled to America by a correspondent of the New York press, and in the end, perhaps, better served the purpose of advertisement of a coming beauty than otherwise. Various paragraphs about the young lady had, in the month following, been diligently circulated by the society writers for the best known newspapers. The age, complexion, hair, height, of Miss Floyd-Curtis was now definitely known at every club, corner grocery, and wine-room in the metropolis. A description of the gowns made for her by Worth and Felix had even found its way before the public. One enterprising journal gave a Sunday column to the illustrated catalogue of the boots and shoes and stockings to be worn by the fair maiden in walking, riding, and dancing along the rose-strewn path awaiting her. This charming article was thoughtfully laid, by one of his clerks, before poor Eliphalet F. Curtis, and had almost succeeded in making the honest father break a blood-vessel in fruitless wrath.

If any one had foretold to Mrs. Floyd-Curtis that her return voyage to America was to be gilded and glorified by the intimacy of Mrs. Bertie Clay, she would not have believed it. But after Homburg the ladies had met in Paris. Mrs. Clay was gentleness and thoughtfulness itself to both mother and daughter. Her vote decided every toilet made for either, she was seen continually in their carriages, she introduced them to more fine people than they had ever dreamed of. How perfectly delightful, therefore, that she should have decided to take passage on their steamer. For Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, be it known, although she possessed every external evidence of being a genuine American great lady, knew in her heart that her place was not yet made. True, she had done much in a short space, but there were still women who put up their glasses at the opera and inquired who might she be. There were a score of houses never open to her when their awnings for a party were run out. There was even a Mordecai in her very gate, Mrs. Peter van Shuter, whose town dwelling adjoined that of the Curtis's, a consummate flower of fashion, who had not yet brought

"TAKE MY ARM, THEN. I 'LL STEADY YOU."

herself to believe in the existence of the Floyd-Curtis family.

Six years before the present voyage of the *Etruria*, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, with their two children, were living in a quiet cross-street in New York, content with the modest comforts accruing to them from the thriving business in dry-goods occupying the head of the family during his working hours. Curtis, like a thousand and one respectable citizens of his kind, came up town on a street car regularly at the same hour every evening, let himself into his own door by his latch-key, and after slight preliminary ablutions sat down to his dinner-table in morning clothes, too tired to do more than carve the joint or the pie, and well pleased to let his lively wife carry the burden of conversation. When the children were in bed the couple would sit beneath the Argand gas-burner in their narrow, home-bedecked drawing-room, he reading the newspaper until he fell off in a doze, she doing crewel-work, or trimming a hat for Lily. Their wildest idea of dissipation was a church sociable or a couple of tickets to opera or theater. Mrs. Curtis, an energetic, ambitious woman, took high stand in the charitable world, where she shone in presiding over ladies' meetings and in regulating missionary boards. On Sunday it was their custom to proceed decently to church, followed by the children, and after service to sit down to an early dinner, in order that the cook might have her afternoon as well as evening out. On the same day, at half-past six P. M., they would be served with a dish of escalloped oysters, flanked by some slices

from the midday roast, under no superintendence of domestic save that of the alternative, then engaged in kitchen duties varied by running to answer the front bell. After supper, Mrs. Curtis herself clearing the table, and depositing the dishes on the dumb-waiter with a quick and skillful hand, the family would unite around the melodeon to sing Moody and Sankey hymns. Curtis verily preferred these strident ditties, as piped by his two young ones, to anything heard at the operas or concerts whither his wife occasionally led him lamb-like to the slaughter.

Thus, content and cheerful, twelve years of married life had found and passed them by. Then the astonishing news came that the speculative old father, who in his narrow way had doled out gifts to Mrs. Curtis from behind the desk of his grocery in a Western town, had died, leaving her a fortune such as even in New York might entitle them to congratulatory comment. Eliphalet was fairly dazed when he tried to realize the income that would now be theirs to control. To his imperfectly developed civilization there seemed to be no way to spend it. Luxuries did not appeal to him; of amusements, he craved none. The world of books, of art, was sealed forever from his sight. In this crisis, as usual, the American wife rose grandly to the emergency.

"Do?" said Mrs. Curtis, briskly. "Well, the first thing is to rent this house and go to Europe."

From that trip abroad Eliphalet returned bored and almost cross. His "store," his clerks, his thick-skinned junior partner, seemed to him worth all he had seen across the water. The day he put on again his office coat of worn alpaca the merchant vowed a vow:

"Amelia 's made all the fool she 's going to out of me," he said to himself. "Let them do what they please with old man Johnson's money; I 've come back where I belong, and I guess I 've come to stay."

And so, in spite of the nagging of his wife, he doggedly kept on. What Mrs. Curtis at that epoch called "a society lady" on the board of one of her infant hospitals had taken them up and landed them beyond their former level. They had purchased a fine house, furnished in admirable taste by a family who had no longer means to support it. The great embarrassment was new servants; even Mrs. Curtis was awed into passing humility by a head man who had lived with the Van Shuters. One of Eliphalet's most overt acts of resistance to social evolution was his way of eluding the attendance of a man to hold his coat and another to open his front door. To avoid this superfluity of tribute he would gladly have gone down a fire-escape. Day after day he slunk out of his lordly portal with the plate-glass swinging doors, not to regain an erect attitude till he found himself rushing with the rest of the mob to board an elevated train. The leveling effect of contact with the brotherhood of humanity in the business quarters of New York is, at most times, able to counteract even the depressing influence of being served in whispers by the ex-butler of a Mrs. Peter van Shuter.

Early in the upward movement it had become clear that foreign travel was yearly indispensable. Mrs. Curtis loved her husband after her fashion, but she loved her children better, and for their sakes every effort must be made. She had the wit to see it was not her father's grocery or her husband's dry-goods that stood like lions in her path. Some of the most conspicuous of the people whose lead she longed to follow had sprung from the same beginnings. But it was the second generation among them who were lording it so gallantly, who were intermarrying with the great names of older civilizations, who were creating for their families the high place Americans begin to crave when they begin to think. Upon her girl and boy this ambitious woman saw she must pin her fondest hopes. Hamilton, a stolid and commonplace youth of sixteen, she had succeeded in placing at school at Eton. Lily, now nineteen, with her red hair, hazel eyes, and cream-and-strawberry complexion, her figure erect and graceful as if the only pressure it had known had been the bark of a wood nymph's prison, was clearly as much the pride and stay of the Floyd-Curtis house as Nelson was of England at Trafalgar.

Naturally, then, the companionship of Mrs. Clay, who with graceful variations harped upon the one string, was both soothing and stimulating to the anxious mother on the eve of such a trial as Lily's coming out. "I am not flattering — I never flatter," rippled Mrs. Clay. "It is not I alone who think so. Why, the Princess Puzzuoli says that with her looks and your fortune Lily can marry anywhere in Europe — *anywhere*."

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis shut her eyes. A vista opened before her mental vision that was a whirl of rose color. "Not on the Continent, dear Mrs. Clay," she said, modestly. "England, perhaps. At any rate, that is what *I* should wish."

"England, of course," said Mrs. Clay. She could not hide an inflection of contempt.

"All the English people we 've met have been so very kind. I confess I had feared that Lily's impetuous ways — her — her — "

"'Flamboyant Yankeeism,' Mr. Gore-Thompson called it," suggested Mrs. Clay.

"We are from the Southwest originally,"

rather stiffly answered Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who took Yankeeism to cover the reproach of a New England birthplace. "My daughter's spirits are certainly high. I had almost feared it would go against her in such circles as we have moved in."

"You don't know the English! Mrs. Tracy Brooks, who set out last spring to conquer London, flatly failed because she would insist upon carrying out her ideal of a Fifth Avenue *grande dame*. She had to go home, having acquired an English accent and an English courtesy — nothing else! She 's been sulking ever since. Won't show at Newport, or anywhere. Lady Bell, now, proved her good sense. She played the banjo and danced nigger breakdowns for her husband's noble relatives, and her success is howling. It 's quite time our women should find out that we can't outshine theirs on their own ground. It 's all rubbish to say we can, in the face of those big, still, magnificent creatures, with jewels we can't begin to match. They don't care about us; they think we are no better than our own cooks and chambermaids; and the only way for us to leave any impression on their ranks is to make a circus of ourselves, with Barnum and Bailey inscribed upon our banners."

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis sighed. Vague notions of Lily in fleshings being shot from a cannon into the air passed through her puzzled brain — and were dismissed as impracticable.

"When you consider that the only American periodical they read much in the Athenæum Club — I mean Lord Salisbury and the Bishops — is 'Slings and Arrows,' said Mrs. Clay."

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis. She was conscious of a copy of that much discussed journal in her dressing-bag, bought in London the day she came away, and hidden from Lily's sight. She really felt now that she might take it out.

"Well, we have nothing to complain of in the way they 've treated *us*," she went on. "I, for one, adore England — but my husband! The work I had even to carry my point about putting my dear boy to school there! Mr. Curtis was all for having Hamilton go to St. Paul's, and afterwards to Yale. If we could have got him in at Groton, now: I admire the tone at Groton; the boys' mothers are all in the same set. But I 've settled him at Eton; and though he does n't like it much as yet, he 'll be certain in time to see what advantages he has. Mr. Curtis pretends it will unfit him for living in America — when he 's in the same form with Mrs. Peter van Shuter's son!"

"The one they call 'The Great American Terror'?" said gentle Barbara. "Harry van Shuter is, without exception, the most badly spoiled cub it has been my privilege to meet. And among the children of our ambulating Americans one has certainly a range of choice in *enfants gâtés*.'"

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was shocked. It seemed to her just a little vulgar to call Mrs. Peter's son a cub.

"Ah, well! Boys, you know," she said, apologetically. "No one can say I have n't always told my children when they did wrong. Often and over again Mr. Curtis has said, 'Do, Amelia, let up on that poor child.' But I considered that when the father is so much away in business the children ought to be the mother's care. Whether they were sick or well, I 've never spared myself. Traveling about, and having so much notice taken of them, does upset children a little; there 's no doubt of it. I shall never forget one trying winter I spent at Cannes. Both of my young ones seemed possessed. That was the winter Lily had the measles."

A veiled but rather dangerous look came into the violet orbs of Mrs. Clay. In her secret soul she was tired to death of Mr. Curtis, of Hamilton's schooling, and of Lily's measles. It was only a shade better than when Mrs. Curtis chanted her cooks, butlers, first men, second men, third men, assembled from various nations to equip her household.

These were weary moments for Barbara. The cruelest cut of fate was to deprive her of the power to repay social martyrdom by insolence. Oh, for an income to enable her to be uncivil when she would! "I only ask to be a rich duchess for one short hour," she would say to her intimates. "In that time I would crush all the people who have bored and patronized me, and then die happy."

"I think I understand," she now said, with admirable patience. "There are always difficulties in achieving high results. But you have managed everything so well. If only New York were not so — what shall I say? — hard to count upon. With a débutante the start is everything."

"The newspapers," suggested Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, dropping her eyes modestly.

"Yes, they have done their share. Strange how they know so much," Barbara said, guilelessly. "But I 've seen many a newspaper belle who 's gone up like a rocket come down like the stick before the end of her first year. The trouble is to find out what New Yorkers really expect and ask. There 's always room there, certainly. They crave constant novelties. When people come back to town, and the opera and Delmonico balls begin, the thirst for fresh gossip and sensation in the way of a new girl is something extraordinary. As I said, what exactly they require in her would be hard to

decide: not old family; that is respected vaguely among us, and is handled like a piece of brittle porcelain — *i. e.*, left upon the shelf. We have them, but they do not take the lead. Money is essential; but just look at the amount of money in New York, and then count the list of people one cares to receive or to visit. Originality and wit are dangerous to own. The young men, especially, won't encourage them. As to literary tastes, they are impossible. Did you ever hear that Mrs. Peter van Shuter wrote a little book once, before she was married? The Van Shuters hushed it up, and the affair has been forgotten. Accomplishments — I mean the usual thing — don't count for much. All the foreigners we have now speak English, and prefer to do so. A girl in the swim has n't time to paint or to draw, and there is no music listened to from amateurs. Beauty, after all, and a certain individuality in dress, would seem to be the chief requisites for success."

"I always say, cling to Worth, and he will never play you false," interjected the listener, devoutly.

"A good *chef* is a powerful backer," mused Mrs. Clay. "And yet, at best, the thing 's a lottery. Do you remember how Agassiz used to construct an entire big fish out of a single scale? I 've seen a reputation for belleship built up on a bouquet of the same kind of flowers carried by a plain little girl to every successive ball; and was n't Kitty Kershaw's nose tided triumphantly over her first season because her mother started some dinner-dances?"

Eagerly as Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was drinking in this accumulated wisdom, vitally interested though she was in Miss Kitty Kershaw's nose, she was not quite willing to appear to make a direct application of her Mentor's generalities. So she took refuge in the tiny white mop with eyes and claws that nestled beneath her rug.

"Bijou! Toutou! Mignon! Chéri!" she cried, with punctuating kisses. "*Embrasse-moi donc.*"

It was a triumph of mind over matter when Mrs. Floyd-Curtis acquired the art of carrying and caressing dogs in public. At the period of her exodus from her first married home in Twenty-sixth street, East, she had been known to speak of these appendages of fashion as "nasty little wretches that would make a Christian's flesh creep." It was the same kind of moral victory as that attained by her consenting to smoke after-dinner cigarettes. This diversion, introduced by a Russian lady of rank in Washington, had swept like a prairie fire over certain circles of American society. It was a sight for gods and men to behold the strenuous efforts of respectable home-bred matrons, like our Mrs. Curtis, to assume the enjoying nonchalance of demeanor befitting this Oriental exercise. The poor woman had to struggle with physical pangs, as well as those unwelcome suggestions that would intrude upon her inner consciousness of the impression this exercise would make on the ladies of the church sociable could they behold their former sister in good works.

"There is one serious danger to the success of our plans," resumed Mrs. Clay. "And that is a fear we have always with us. Lily must by no means be allowed to fall in love."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, I don't believe she ever thought of such a thing. I don't believe it 's in her."

"So much the better. This being established, I see no room for you to be afraid. Setting out with the aim that Lily is to make a grand match, and keeping it steadily before you, there 's no such word as fail."

"You are an angel!" cried Mrs. Curtis. "With you to help me, I feel as if I could bear anything. But you 've no idea what I 've had to contend with in Mr. Curtis."

"We shall manage that," said the oracle, comfortably. The obstacle of a mere commonplace American husband did not seem to her insurmountable.

"You dear, dear thing!" went on Mrs. Curtis, now roused to real gratitude. "How, oh, how, can I ever repay you?"

This, being a practical soul, Mrs. Clay was not yet prepared to answer. She contented herself with a rapid and masterly review of schemes for the coming campaign. She had, before long, brought the Curtises home from a successful spring in London, had given them a month at Newport, and was in treaty for a cottage at Lenox a year hence.

"But I tried Lenox two years ago," said Mrs. Curtis, clouding over. "Took the Branwell place, paid six thousand dollars rent, and staid only two months. I don't think the air of Lenox exactly suited my — ah — bronchitis."

"Lenox air does not suit everybody, I believe," Barbara answered, with a faint, inscrutable smile. (Of course she had heard all about the celebrated failure of the Floyd-Curtises to carry Lenox by assault.) "It may agree better with your — ah — bronchitis another year. My dear Mrs. Floyd-Curtis," she added, sitting up in her chair, attracted by a movement in the group of reclining passengers on the starboard deck, "what in the world can that daughter of yours be doing?"

"What — where?" cried the mother, who found it hard to move as quickly as of yore.

"She is apparently engaged in the effort to take violent possession of a steamer-chair to which some one else lays claim. It is, in fact, what may be called a very pretty scrimmage."

"A scrimmage? Where is Thompson? Lily! I will go to her," wailed the near-sighted mother, struggling to emerge from her encumbering rug.

"It is over, and Lily is victor of the glen," remarked Mrs. Clay. "And, as I live, the dispossessed is no other than the Countess of Melrose."

"The Countess of Melrose?"

"Yes. Did n't you know she is on board? She is on her way, with her maid, to visit America. There they go, those two dowdy women. Lady Melrose is the dowdier of the two."

"Lily will be the death of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, growing redder than was becoming. "O Mr.— ah — Jencks! If you will be so very kind. Just say to my daughter, over there, that I will thank her to come to me *at once*."

"And who is Mr. Jencks?" asked Mrs. Clay, with a note of animation in her voice.

"Somebody, we — ah — Lily has picked up — an Englishman. Why, Lily, what does all this mean?"

"Nothing, mamma dear, but that I 've twisted the tail of the British lion and made him roar." And Lily, dimpling and debonair, stood at the bar of justice.

II.

"WHAT did you do to Lady Melrose?" demanded Lily's mother, armed with the utmost dignity at her command, and sitting up so straight that all the little cushions slipped away from her backbone and rushed like an avalanche to the *Etruria's* deck.

"To tell you the truth," said Lily, with delightful nonchalance, "it was what the old thing did to me. I 'd picked out a lovely warm spot, and put a chair in it with my rug, and had gone below to get Miss Bridget."

"Miss Bridget?"

"Yes, the Grays' nursery governess. She 's so awfully sick and cross, I had n't the heart to leave her to herself, so I just tipped a steward, and he was stumbling upstairs, holding on to the old lady, who was behaving rather like a porcupine to him" — A suppressed giggle was heard at this. It came from the strange young man, who had reluctantly lingered near the group, ordered by Lily to stay by her and back her up.

"Go on!" snorted Mrs. Floyd-Curtis.

"Then I saw those two women swooping down upon my chair, and I swooped too, and said they could n't have it. She said she would, and that she was the Countess of Melrose."

"What more?" said her mother, with a hollow groan.

"There was n't much more," answered Lily, unabashed. "I suppose she expected me to courtesy and back off; but when she saw I did n't yield the point, she seized my chair and shook it, and said a few nasty things to me about my impudence. So, to end the matter, I sat down in it myself and looked her in the face as Hail Columbia as you please."

"Lily!" sighed her afflicted parent.

"That scattered her. The maid behaved rather better than the mistress, but not so very much. And there 's Miss Bridget in the chair. She says she 's feeling better, praise the saints."

It was impossible to resist the girl's audacious drollery. "Poor old Lady Melrose!" said Mrs. Clay, laughing outright. As to the young man looking on, he began to laugh too, but a glance at the majestic scorn in the face of Lily's mother froze him to good behavior.

"And where, may I ask, was Thompson? Her orders are not to lose you from her sight."

"In her berth, praying to be thrown overboard, mamma; and big stupid James is just as bad. Your maid, Léonie, is holding on by her eyelids, but she 'll soon be down. You 'll have to let me wait on you, dear, and do your hair, and all."

She leaned over, with an impetuous movement, and kissed her mother on the cheek. One observer thought a caress like that might melt the Sphinx — so ripe, so rare, the lips that dropped it.

And now, lest this story should begin to have the effect of those marches of Amazons on the stage of comic opera, after which the appearance of a male peasant or two is a genuine relief to the spectator, we will take up the tale of Mr. Jencks — the young man Lily had "picked up." Only the wrathful preoccupation of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis over the affair with Lady Melrose (what a prize would have been an acquiescent countess to arrive with in New York, to nail at her mast-head, so to speak, and flaunt before reporters and society at large) could have made that lady speak so slightingly of an authentic introduction. Mr. Jencks had been presented to the mother and daughter at Liverpool by a well-known American gentleman who had come to see him off. He was certified by this enthusiastic friend to be a fellow of Oxbridge, a pet disciple of Buxton, and a leading light in the younger world of science, as well as "the best all-around Englishman I know." Mr. Jencks was going out to America to take a professorship that had been offered him in a rising "fresh-water" university. He was a tall, broad-chested man of twenty-eight, very blond, with deep-set blue eyes, and yellow hair already growing thin around the temples and upon the crown. His clothes were well cut, and he wore them

with sufficient ease to show that he did not despise the conventionalities of life. His manner was reserved, not shy; and patience and sturdy determination were written in the lines around his mouth. The real reason of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's coolness towards this rather prepossessing young man was that, early in their acquaintance, he had had occasion to speak of himself as belonging to the middle class of English society. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis wondered at his want of pride in making this damaging admission, and in her heart determined to drop him as soon as the voyage was over. Not so Miss Lily. At first he had provoked her by a sort of off-hand indifference to her charms. He showed her no gallantries, let her wait upon herself, and had plainly no idea of the immediate yielding of homage to maiden sovereignty with which the American girl, despite her disadvantages of foreign travel, was entirely familiar in the young men of her own nationality. When at sunset they had leaned together over the rail, the devoted, if seasick, Thompson hovering somewhere in the rear, and the wide horizon had lighted up with tenderest radiance a sea of summer calm, it did not occur to Mr. Ernest Jencks that the occasion called for modification of his usual matter-of-fact demeanor. When Lily, with the demurest face in the world, asked him a question about zoölogy, Jencks launched into a dissertation that puzzled at first, then ended by fairly charming her awakening intelligence.

"I did n't think you could make me understand a bit of it," she answered, when he had ceased.

"Considering I am going to make my bread and butter by an appeal to concrete ignorance?" he observed.

"Thank you," interrupted Lily. "That 's very gracefully put. I suppose it 's because you are an all-around Englishman, is n't it? I don't know, on the whole, but what I prefer a one-sided Yankee."

"I suppose I 'm not very mannerly," Jencks said, the blood coming into his face a little. "To tell you the truth, I am no great hand at conversation with young ladies."

"No, really?" cried the unsparing Lily. "Is this one of those 'germs of truth hidden under a mountain of tradition' you told me of?"

"I mean I have hardly had time to cultivate drawing-room graces," he went on sturdily. "My sisters are about the only girls I know well, and they have never been in society. The life you lead is as much like theirs as an exotic orchid resembles a bit of mountain heather."

"If you had seen me at lunch to-day you would n't have said I am an air-plant," laughed Lily. "Another time I shall ask you to tell me more about those bits of heather. Now I am going below, to see if poor mamma needs anything. They say we are to have a taste of rough weather, and I begin to feel an icy nip in the air."

"I 'm prepared for anything after my voyage last January, when I came over to prospect about settling in America. That was a gale! Our ship pitched into it headlong directly after we left Queenstown. Thermometer below eighteen; the masts and rigging looking like blown glass with icicles; and hail, snow, and electricity all in the same day."

"It was a western welcome, the kind we reserve for English professors of biology," the girl said as she quitted him.

The weather had changed suddenly from good to bad, and thereafter the North Atlantic disgraced itself by pranks of the most exasperating nature. The great pitching hotel, with its myriad slaves of the lamp ready to do the bidding of the modern Aladdin and his wife, became a minor purgatory. The well people resented the intolerable nuisance of the sick, and the sick cherished an enduring grievance against the insulting ones who kept their balance. The tenderest ties of humanity were strained almost to bursting. Husbands, models on land, who in this exigency of ailing wives and nurses found themselves obliged to wash, dress, and entertain their offspring, were tempted to renounce in a lump the joys of matrimony. Wives, elsewhere as coquettish as they were fond, made scarecrows of themselves and relapsed into mere complaining bundles of old clothes. People who affected any pretense at dressing as in ordinary days did so in a series of mad plunges, going headlong into their garments as an acrobat goes through a paper hoop. Moodiness, selfishness, savageness, all those ugly traits of human nature in fair weather tucked out of sight, were brought from their places of concealment and wrapped around their victims like a pall.

In this crisis, to the survivors who did not drink, or smoke, or gamble twelve hours out of the twenty-four, the only bearable place of resort was, of course, the deck. Sometimes, when rain was drizzling on an angry rolling sea, Lily Curtis, cased all in waterproofs that clung like the plumage of a duck, ventured out, to the admiration of beholders. Her bright face, with the color coming into it in flashes like northern lights, was next best to a ray of sunshine, people said. And her spirits were unending. The more glum and hateful other passengers became, the more fun and frolic took possession of her soul. Jencks, who was oftener her partner than any one else, thought

she was like Undine, and expected to see her dissolve and recede under one of the big foam fountains in their wake. She amused him, she roused him, the more so when experience settled his first doubt as to whether such exuberance of spirits could be natural in a person able to form her own opinion, and both worldly-wise and clear-headed to a remarkable degree. Thanks to the detestable weather, there never was, and never would be in either of their lives, such an opportunity for two young people to enter into sudden intimacy. Certainly poor Mrs. Floyd-Curtis must have been abandoned to her misery, or she would have guarded against these alarming long talks, where the only chaperons were a sailor or so, distinctly unimpressed by the fact that one of the waterproof specters was a member of the British middle class. What most astonished the grave young professor was when he found himself babbling like a school-girl about his own affairs.

"Tell me about your home, your people," Lily had said, when, heaped up with rugs in a comparatively sheltered nook, they defied a whistling northwester.

"We are the most unimportant family in the Kingdom," he answered, "if you consider that I am the eldest hope; that there are thirteen children; that my people could just scrape together funds enough to take me through the university; and that all the rest have had to scramble along on what was left."

"Goodness!" exclaimed, or rather shrieked, Lily, above the commotion of the elements. (The pitch of their conversation was like that at a New York "tea.") "And ten of them are boys?"

"Yes. One of my sisters," responded the sonorous tones of Jencks, "is a teacher in a girls' college."

"A teacher? And you are one, too? It never occurred to me that I could sit down in cold blood, on the *Etruria*, and talk with a teacher. I 've always thought of them, you know, as persons one is glad to get away from, like the dentist when you have done with him."

"It will, fortunately, not be long before you have the opportunity," said Jencks huffily, as he rose up from his chair.

"Sit down, please. If you don't keep your feet on my chair I shall be over in the lee-scuppers, or whatever the things are. I can't help thinking what an amiable family yours must be if they are at all like you. Fancy thirteen of you, all together, firing up like that! Now tell me about the other girls. I 'm sorry I compared you with the dentist."

Jencks drew a long breath, and recovered himself.

"My second sister is at home, helping my mother, who, by the way, is a wonderful little woman for fifty-odd, and looks younger than her eldest girl. The third, Carrie, threatens to study medicine. Our home is a rambling old place, on the outskirts of a country town, where my father has spent his life as a hard-working doctor. All of the boys have fads, and are dreadfully self-willed. Some of us are to be found in the four quarters of the globe. Aleck, the youngest, who is fourteen, and Carrie, both expect to come out to me in America when I can make a place for them."

"In Illyria, Michigan?" Lily asked. "Ever since you told me you were going to settle there I have been trying to bring my geographical knowledge to bear on it, but with no success. I give Illyria up. It 's too far west. I can't imagine it."

"Of course you give it up. Such a dull little town, with a newly started university as its central point, has no right to expect recognition at your hands. Only, if a flood or a blizzard should happen to sweep me out of time, please read about it in the newspaper, and say, 'Dear me! I remember him perfectly. He was a passenger with us in the *Etruria*.'"

"Nonsense! Tell me more about your home."

"There is absolutely nothing that would interest you. All the excitement of my life has come from accomplished work. When other men of my contemporaries have been enjoying themselves in a thousand ways I 've been plodding. My people, as I told you, are workers too, and probably always will be."

"You have never had *any* pleasures?" she said, with sudden gentleness.

"Bless you, yes! All that was good for me. A walking tour, now and again, in England or Wales or Switzerland, and a trip to Paris and Edinburgh, where I was sent on special missions. I suppose you can't understand pleasure that does not spring from the expenditure of unlimited dollars."

"That is very rude, and far from correct. Long ago, when I was a little girl, we were quite poor, and our home was a very plain one. I believe before my mother was married hers was even plainer. My father goes down town to his work every day now, just as he did before my mother inherited her fortune. I suppose it 's in the blood, but I 'll have to tell the truth: none of those idle men who dress themselves three times a day like women, and try to kill time, interest me in the least. I have the most plebeian taste for workers."

"Wait till you become a great lady on your own account and you 'll have work enough to suit you. Do you think, having eyes, I see not for what they destine you? And that, but for the accident of all your guardians being

seasick, you 'd no more be allowed to give so much of your society to a penniless brain-worker than you would to that sailor yonder with the rope?"

What was this note of feeling in his tone? Lily stole a glance at him, and felt a little scared.

"Well, I like the box-seat of a four-in-hand," she said; "and a big steam yacht is an earthly paradise. Perhaps I was n't quite sincere when I said I never fancied any of the idlers. There is one exception."

"Ah, there is one exception?" grumbled Mr. Jencks in his yellow mustache.

"Yes. This is the hour for tender confidences. I enjoy roaring out my secrets. It was the young guardsman I met at the Prince's breakfast. He was as handsome as a picture, and so gay and good-natured."

"Good-natured, I dare say, with all the women flattering him."

"That they did flatter him. We all did. We hung upon his words. He looked as if when we had done admiring him he would go back into a glass case. He told me about his other clothes, and gave me the gardenia from his buttonhole. Unfortunately, mamma took me away from Homburg the next day. Since then I can only dream of him."

"I say, what a quiz you are!" said Mr. Jencks.

That afternoon she made him talk again of his household. Witched from him by her eyes of hazel were the simple annals of his life. His hopes, his ambitions, all but his successes, were unrolled as if upon a scroll. It did not occur to him to tell her about the monograph that had set all London talking.

"I don't know why it pleases me so much to hear these things," she said, naïvely. "Probably because it is so different from anything I have met. To have you describe the country town, and your father in the gig, and the boys, and Carrie, is like one of those lovely stories by Mrs. Ewing or 'Miss Toosey.'"

"At least I 've told you all there is. I give you three days from the moment of landing in New York to forget it. Oh, I sha'n't growl about it if you do. I know what to expect. Certainly you may judge what a humdrum lot we are, and how utterly beyond the range of a fashionable young lady like yourself, and repent, at your leisure, of an even passing interest in the house of Jencks."

A passing interest? Was it so? For the first time in Lily's maiden life she felt it difficult to raise her eyes to meet those of a man. A queer, incomprehensible, but not unpleasant thrill ran through her veins. And then, to her dismay, these phenomena of nature were completed by the rising of a blush. Every young woman knows what a vile, unwelcome, overmastering thing a blush is when it "gives away" a feeling. The professor saw, wondered, and to the shame of his eight-and-twenty years, of his Oxbridge fellowship, of his life vowed to science, Mr. Ernest Jencks blushed too.

Lily was the first to pull herself together.

"I forgot to tell you what I heard last night in the room next to mine," she began, in her old mischievous way. "They are a couple returning from their bridal tour. She said: 'Darling, I can't rest at all. I believe there are crumbs of biscuits in my berth.' He said: 'Try to sleep, darling. It must be imagination. I am quite comfortable here.' Presently she moaned: 'Oh! I wish I had never left my mother. I am so perfectly sure there are crumbs.' Then there was a deep groan from the upper berth. 'Hang it all, Maud! if you get me down from here there 's no telling when I 'll get to sleep again.' Maud burst into sobs, and I got up and banged my door. There was a sudden awful hush."

Smoking a pipe to himself, as he strode up and down the deck at nightfall, Jencks was a prey to the most distracting reflections. If I were to write several pages in elaborating them for the benefit of my readers, it would be only to arrive at an inevitable and lame conclusion — the poor young man had fallen head over ears in love. His acceptance of this fact as definite had the disastrous result of infuriating him. Softer suggestions, imaginings sweeter than honey of Hymettus, were swept away in a torrent of self-contempt. This laughing witch with the bronze-red hair, the red-and-white complexion, the look of vigorous health, the outspoken fearlessness of character, whom at first he had looked on merely in the light of a pleasing variety upon the tedium of the voyage — how had she come to grapple his heart with cables stronger than those that beneath the Atlantic surge link two continents together? Beside these bonds all others were as threads of cotton; and, as far as he could see, would always be so. That was the rub! Jencks knew his own tenacity of purpose. He had never given up the thing he set his mind to do. He was a man in his maturity, no infant crying for the moon. This was the first passion of his life. And the object of it was an American heiress, hawked by the newspapers as one of the best prizes in the matrimonial market, and surrounded by a body-guard of ambitious friends bent upon lifting her into high place in the world's society!

Jencks was dripping with wet, tired with tramping, when he turned in to go below. In passing the smoking-room he was hailed by an acquaintance, a good-natured clubman of New York, who besought him to join in a

night-cap of "hot Scotch." To this allurement he could but yield, and, lighting another pipe of tobacco, sat down in not particularly jovial spirits.

"A devilish dull voyage, this," remarked Mr. Banting, known to his friends as Tommy. He was rather stout, but active on his feet, and was renowned as a conductor of cotillons. "I don't know that I ever made a duller crossing. The only woman on board who could help to pass away the time is Mrs. Bertie Clay, and she 's taken this trip to have tonsilitis in, confound it! By the way, I see you 've hit it off with the Floyd-Curtis girl. I never could myself, but I 've kept in with the mother. They say they 've engaged the Vanderwinker's *chef*."

Jencks kept his mouth as close shut as a clam, but Tommy liked to do the talking.

"Though she 's not my sort," went on Mr. Banting, "I 'm bound to say I think the girl will win. There are several fellows, married and single, ready to 'fasten on,' and send her stock up in the market. Of course, though, the old woman will want to marry her to a title. It 's getting worse than ever in our country. That list the 'Tribune' published the other day, of American women entitled to a place in the nobility of Europe, has turned the heads of half our feminines. If the true story of some of those matches had been printed, in sympathetic ink, you know,— dodge of the nihilists,— between the lines, I don't think it would have made the mothers grin. Take Mrs. Bertie Clay, for one. Why, that little woman has been through scenes— Clay 's off somewhere with the wife of a fellow-officer. He dare n't show his face in England since he was kicked out of his club for cheating. Look at the Princess Puzzuoli,— Anita Lovering that was,— a sweet, pretty girl as ever I saw when she came out ten years ago. I saw her in Paris this summer, looking like a hag— the wrinkles and so on filled with paint and powder. She 's perfectly lifeless, and no wonder. When the prince had spent the money she brought him he borrowed hers, and tried to drain her father, and at last beat her and locked her in her bedroom closet. Of course they do not live together now. Her father keeps her apartment in Paris on condition that she refuses to receive the prince, and the prince has an allowance to keep away. Poor girl!— she says she will never come home again; and I don't blame her."

Mr. Banting took a sip of hot Scotch to hide his feelings. It was well known he had been once a suitor for Miss Lovering's hand.

"Those are but two of a dozen I could name. And yet the title hunt goes on with undiminished zeal. Every little sprig of nobility they send over to us from the other side is made much of in New York, and then passed along through the other cities. Blame it, those fellows walk on flowers! The big fish take what liberties they please, and the little ones swim after. Now is n't it an infernal shame, you know?"

"I don't know. I 'm not by way of bothering about such matters," Jencks answered, coldly.

"Eh? I understand. Science and that sort of thing is your lay-out. My dear fellow, you may congratulate yourself. You are preserved from the snares of the mammas. A commoner is absolutely safe. If you 'll excuse it, American girls don't want 'em. Our girls have got uncommonly long heads. They see that they 're much better off married in their own country unless marriage means the top of the heap in yours. The stories that come to us of the few girls who have got husbands not in the first-chop society in England are pretty doleful. To be at the tail-end never suited a young woman with the habits and expectations of a New York belle. Boston, perhaps, would n't mind it, particularly if there were literature or science thrown in. I 'm not sure about Philadelphia and Baltimore. Sometime, when I have leisure, I mean to go to Philadelphia, and then I can find out. But I 'm certain, absolutely so, about New Yorkers."

Launched in his favorite subject, Tommy was good to prattle till forcibly withdrawn from it. Jencks puffed grimly away at his pipe.

"You see I 'm paying you the compliment to consider you out of the running," resumed Mr. Banting. "It 's plain to see you 've got a soul above such trivialities. Barker told me what a deuce of a swell you are in lectures about that — er — ology of yours, you know. But for us everyday Americans, who believe in our women, and let ourselves be badgered and bullied by them till we can't rest, this matter 's getting to be no joke. What man wants to work his head off to lay up money, and then see a fool and profligate walk away with it and his daughter in the bargain, so that his grandchildren may have handles to their names and learn to despise America?"

"Since you ask me," remarked Mr. Jencks, "I 'm free to say I have heard of several who have not only submitted to, but courted, the imposition."

"Hum!" answered Tommy Banting. "There 's no denying a stone wall when you come a cropper over it. But look at this, will you?" He took out of his pocket-book a cutting from the advertising column of a German newspaper. "Here 's a precious bit of California enterprise, and I'm told it 's started in New York."

Listlessly the other took the slip into his hand and read what, in translation, follows:

Gentlemen of position, noblemen, cavaliers, and officers of high standing (military or civil), who wish to marry very rich American ladies, may put themselves in communication with the undersigned. Ladies with property to $20,000,000 are on our list. The greatest secrecy guaranteed. Photographs and detailed reports will be furnished. Address The International Bureau of Private Transactions, San Francisco, California, America.

"What do you think of that?" fumed Banting.

"Such beastly rot!" Jencks answered. "It 's a trap for the needy, don't you see? I 'm like the boy whose compassion was aroused for the little lion in the corner of the den who did n't seem likely to get his share of martyr. My sympathies are all for the princes, counts, and barons who may have put their advance fees into letters to The International Bureau of Private Transactions. No doubt the whole thing 's a newspaper canard."

"Plenty of people will believe in it. It will add one more to the list of stories that cheapen American girls in European eyes. It 'll bring a bigger rush than ever of those titled sharks into American waters. And we 'll continue to throw overboard to them our daintiest bait, of course. That delectable business shows no sign of dying out among us. We give our money, take their titles, and touch our caps as your railway porters do when you tip 'em half-a-crown."

"Good God, man!" Jencks said, bringing his fist upon the table in a transport of impatience. "Whose fault is it, if in a country like yours, capable of any attainment of moral grandeur as an example among nations, your men and women should bring up their children by no higher standard than is shown by your own admission? There 's some excuse for the petty worshipers of caste with us. To get it out of them, they 'd have to be boiled down and skimmed and run into a new mold. But you, you Americans, who are born socially to the freedom of the wild horse of the Pampas; who, by the force of your own individuality, can set the mark you desire to leave upon your community; who are not bound and swaddled and smothered by hereditary awe for class and title — why are n't you satisfied? It seems to me, from what I can pick up, yours in New York is the most pretentious, the most artificial, society in all your broad land. By George! I wonder what that old Malay, Carlyle, would have done if he 'd been turned loose to run amuck through your ranks — the men who make, by election, fops and spendthrifts of their sons; who submit their daughters and their ducats to such rascals as we 've seen carry off your women; the mothers breaking the bonds of inherited Puritanism, and striving to be second-rate imitations of the fast lot abroad! It makes my blood boil to hear such ways called 'English'; I 'd like to sound a trumpet and proclaim a protest in the name of a thousand homes of England."

"Great Scott!" remarked Mr. Banting, to whom this tirade gave welcome entertainment. "Seems to me, though, that we agree about the main point. But I say, old fellow, New York is not America, and there 's a queer thing you have to be behind the curtain to find out. If we like to try on your aristocracy's old clothes, it 's no sign they always fit. Some of the people I know, that make the best showing in public of their borrowed plumage, relapse, when they 're alone, into the old homespun ways of loving each other and their kids, giving to charities, and so on. I think they get a little tired of aping."

"So does the clown when he washes his face and sits down to beer and cheese," Jencks answered. "Ah, well! you Americans are nothing if not experimental. You 're all trying to condense a century of progress into your lifetime. I beg your pardon if I 've been a nuisance, and I 'll say good-night."

Not exactly exhilarated by this interview, he sought rest in his berth, with but indifferent success. The increased pitching of the ship showed they were in the teeth of a gale. On all sides arose lamentations from those whose millions could not purchase them a moment's surcease from motion. If Neptune, who, as the ancients thought, has power by striking his trident on the sea to make an island rise from it, would only exert himself to establish a stopping-place in mid-Atlantic, there would be fewer new arrivals made on either continent.

When the man who shared Jencks's cabin began to groan aloud, that sympathetic personage determined, after the manner of his sex, to leave the sufferer to his fate. Standing again on deck, he drank in the salt with a berserker's delight. He felt as if he would have liked now to be a Viking sailing his own craft, holding hard the tiller, and chasing the witch-whale through these great rolling mountains and under this blue-black sky. It was no longer a simple west wind that blew their good vessel back, but a furious blast, coming from every quarter by turns. Spray drenched the decks, and the noise of wind and waves was deafening. Through all, the faithful screw kept up its weary grinding, and the great ship, with her living freight, held her unerring course.

During the twenty-four hours that followed there was little rest for any soul on board. On

the morning of the second day Jencks saw a familiar figure come out of a cabin-door and stand swaying to survey the waste of angry waters.

"Don't order me in, please!" she cried, palpably radiant at sight of him. "It 's only to get a breath of air into my lungs."

"Take my arm, then. I 'll steady you," he replied, with an answering signal of delight.

It was foolish, it was imprudent — but so young people are constructed. Lily had made up her mind to put Jencks out of it. Jencks, like Lars Porsena of Clusium, by the nine gods he swore, not to let this American girl make a fool of him. The relief of seeing a big, strong, well person of the protecting sex, clad in a storm-defying ulster and cap, hold out his arm to her, was by Lily not to be resisted. With an enchanting smile, she laid her arm in his. The wind hustled around them, and for solitude they might as well have been on the Peak of Teneriffe. Speech in that warfare of elements was impossible. She was so near that the lovely peach-bloom of her cheek almost grazed the unsympathetic frieze of the collar of his ulster. And there the two stood, with beating hearts, till a wave bigger than all the rest came pounding upon the deck and drenched them both. Added to this injury, a tarpaulined being, with a hoarse and resentful voice, allowed them to overhear some pointed remarks about the presence of ladies on deck at such a time. Jencks laughed rather inanely as he tipped the tarpaulined gentleman, for what service he did not clearly know. Lily had vanished, blushing vividly.

In that one brief, unexpected moment had been worked the old-new miracle. Without a word passing between them, each knew what the other's heart would hide. Whatever of disappointment, dolor, listlessness of middle age, survival of young beliefs, time might hold in store, they had tasted the supreme delight.

(To be continued.)

HOMER AND THE BIBLE.

(Saul, the Pharisee, is on his way to Damascus. He falls into company with a cultivated young Roman, also thither bound. It is now the close of the first day's ride out of Jerusalem.)

SUPPER soon ended, Saul and Sergius,
Ere sleep they seek, a hill, not far, ascend,
The highest neighboring seen, less thence to view
The landscape round them in the deepening dark
Glooming, or even the heavens above their heads
Brightening each moment in the deepening dark,
Than youth's unused excess of strength to ease
With exercise, and to achieve the highest.
But there the splendors of the firmament,
Enlarged so lustrous through that Syrian sky,
Hailed such a storm of vertical starlight
Downward upon their sense as through their sense
Inward into their soul beat, and a while
Mute made them, hushed with wonder and with awe —
Awe to the Hebrew, to the Roman joy.

Then said the Roman: "This is like that place
Of glorious Homer where he hangs the sky
Innumerably bright with moon and stars
Over the Trojan host and their camp-fires:
'Holding high thoughts, they on the bridge of war
Sat all night long, and many blazed their fires.
As when in heaven stars round the glittering moon
Shine forth exceeding beautiful, and when
Breathlessly tranquil is the upper air,
And in their places all the stars are seen,
And glad at heart the watching shepherd is;
So many, 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' streams,
Shone fires by Trojans kindled fronting Troy.'"

"The spirit of Greece, with Greek simplicity,
A nobleness all of Homer, there I feel,"
Concession checking with reserve, said Saul.
"Our Hebrew, to us Hebrews, rises higher;
Homer, unconscious of sublimity,
Down all its dreadful height above our sphere
Brings the august encampment of the skies —
To count the number of the Trojan fires!

"Our poet David otherwise beholds
The brilliance of the nightly firmament,
Seeing it mirror of the majesty
Of Him who spread it arching over earth,
And who yet stoops his awful thought to think
Kindly of us as Father to our race;
Nay, kingdom gives us, glory, honor, power,
And all things subjugates beneath our feet.

Let me some echoes from that harp awake
To which, with solemn touches, this his theme,
Our psalmist David chanted long ago:
'Jehovah, our dread Sovereign, how thy name
Is excellent in glory through the earth!
Upon the heavens thy glory hast thou set;
The heart of babe and suckling reads it there,
And, raised to rapture, utters forth thy praise,
That mute may be the adversary mouth
Which would the ever-living God gainsay.
When I survey thy heavens, thy handi-work,
The moon, the stars, thou didst of old ordain,
Man, what is he, that thou for him shouldst care?
The son of man, that thou shouldst visit him?
For thou hast made him hardly lower than God,
And dost with glory him and honor crown.
Dominion over all thy works to wield
Thou madest him, and underneath his feet
Put'st all things, sheep and oxen, roaming beast,
And winging fowl, and swimming fish, and all
That passes through the pathways of the seas.
Jehovah, our dread Sovereign, how thy name
Is excellent in glory through the earth!'"

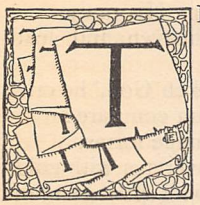
Recited in slow, solemn monotone,
As with an inward voice muffled by awe,
Those new and strange barbaric-sounding notes
Of Hebrew music shut in measured words
Smote on some deeper chord in Sergius' ear
That, trembling, tranced him silent for a while.
Then he said, rousing: "What a somber strain!
From the light-hearted Greek how different!"

"Somber thou callest it, and solemn I,
Who find in such solemnity a joy;
But different, yea, from the light-thoughted Greek!"
Less as in converse than soliloquy,
Deep-musing, so to Sergius Saul replied:
"Our bard Isaiah modulates the strain
Into another mood less pastoral.
He pours divine contempt on idol gods,
On idol gods and on their worshipers;
And then majestically hymns His praise
Who made yon host of heaven and leads them out:
'To whom then will ye liken God,' he cries,
'Or what similitude to him compare?
The skilled artificer an image forms,
And this the goldsmith overlays with gold
And tricks it smartly out with silver chains:
Or haply one too poor for cost like this
Chooseth him out a tree judged sound and good,
And seeks a cunning workman who shall thence
Grave him an image that may shift to stand.
But nay, ye foolish, have ye then not known?
Not heard have ye? You hath it not been told
From the remote beginning of the world?
From the foundations of the ancient earth
Have ye indeed so missed to understand?
He sits upon the circle of the earth
And they that dwell therein are grass-hoppers;
He as a curtain doth the heavens outspread
And makes a blue pavilion of the sky.
"To whom then will ye liken me?" saith God;
"Whom shall I equal?" saith the Holy One.
Lift up your eyes on high, the heavens behold,
Who hath these things created? who their host
By number bringeth out, and all by names
Calls? By the greatness of his might, for that
So strong in power is he, not one star fails.'"

The deep tones ceased; and once more silence fell
Between those two amid the silent night.

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

COMPARATIVE TAXATION.



HE consideration of the problem of comparative taxation has been rendered more difficult by the fact that many persons have been led to believe that a tax upon foreign imports is not paid by the country which imposes it, but that it may be in part or wholly put off on the foreign producers of the taxed articles, and therefore paid by the country in which these products are made, and not by the importers.

Were this conception founded on fact each country would attempt to put off the burden of its taxes upon some other, either in part or wholly, and in this way the whole assumed benefit of the plan would be lost. The only way by which we can put a part of our taxes upon the people of other lands is by increasing our exports, to which local and national taxes have already been charged as a part of the cost.

The comparative burden of taxation needs to be considered, because unless the utmost care and discrimination are used in the choice of the subjects of taxation, whether of domestic or of foreign origin, so as not to obstruct domestic industry, so as not to limit the home market, and so as not to hinder the utmost possible demand for the products of home industry, great injury may be done, even though the amount of the tax may be very moderate.

It is possible that taxation may always remain to some extent an experimental science, and that its methods can be directed only by a few precepts of a very general kind. It may be that a system that would yield the largest revenue to the people of a manufacturing State might be very obstructive to a community almost wholly devoted to agriculture. It is possible that ultimately a local option may be given to minor political divisions, such as is now exercised or such as is now granted by States to some extent. For instance, in Massachusetts a local option is given to towns and cities either to tax the sale of liquor by granting licenses or to refuse the licenses. Cities might be empowered to elect one or more methods for raising the revenue for municipal expenditures. The municipal taxes of Philadelphia are almost wholly levied on real estate, including buildings and improvements, personal property, with very trifling exception, being subjected only to a succession tax. In Boston, on the other hand, the effort has been made with more success than anywhere else to tax bonds, stocks, and other intangible property; yet even in Boston this method is a failure, evasion and non-assessment existing in a measure which no one can compute. In Massachusetts there is no succession tax on personal property. There would be no insuperable difficulty in the State of Massachusetts giving Boston the right to choose whether it would or would not continue to assess personal property. The general principle which has been presented by Mr. Enoch Emsley of Memphis, Tenn., could then be adopted, if it were expedient, in Boston or in any other city, viz., "not to tax anything which can be brought into a city, and not to tax anything which can be taken out of a city."

Even if there is as yet no absolute science of taxation, a great deal of thoroughly scientific analysis is possible in respect to *comparative taxation*. One may measure the good or the evil effects of different taxes without much difficulty. In reasoning upon this subject of comparative taxation there are a few fundamental principles, of a negative rather than of a positive kind, which may well be kept in constant view.

1. With the exception of a tax upon the succession or devise of property, few if any taxes will stay where they are first put; they are distributed either upon all consumption, or else upon the consumption of the special subjects of taxation. Nearly all taxes are thus ultimately paid by the consumers of taxed articles in the ratio of their consumption of such subjects of taxation. In this matter even land may be considered one of the subjects of what might be called temporary consumption. So long as land is used as an instrumentality of production, and is devoted either to agriculture, to the mechanic or the manufacturing arts, or to purposes of distribution, all taxes which are imposed upon it must and will be charged by the owners or the occupants of the land to the cost of the work, and therefore to the cost of the product, or of the process of distribution to which such land is devoted. Unless such taxes can be recovered from consumers with all the other elements of cost, labor will not be employed in the use and occupancy of that specific land; and unless a profit can be made over and above such elements of cost, *including taxes*, capital will also be withdrawn from the use and occupancy of that land.

On the other hand, land may be for a time withdrawn from absolutely productive purposes. It may be used in larger measure than is necessary for a dwelling-place or for more

luxurious purposes, or may be held for an advance in value. This may be called a temporary consumption of land, and doubtless taxes which are put upon land in that condition are paid by the owners or occupants. If such land is not fully taxed at present rates, that is the fault of the assessors, not of the present system. The whole theory of the "single tax upon land" is to make this burden so heavy that no one can afford to consume land or to occupy it for anything but productive purposes.

2. No sound reasoning can be had upon the subject of taxation unless it is considered as a method of distributing a part of the annual product of food, fuel, and materials for clothing and shelter.

3. Since this annual product is and can be only the result of work, either mental, manual, or mechanical, or of all combined, it follows of necessity that *taxation* and *work* are practically synonymous terms.

The way in which the product of the country is converted by taxation to the use of those who do the work of government is apt to be obscured by our constant habit of treating everything in terms of money. Government assesses taxes which are collected in money; the money is distributed among the Government officers and employees. What do they do with it? They build or hire houses, they buy clothing and food, they pay their own expenses and the expenses of their families. Houses, food, clothing, and everything else of a material sort are the product of work—the work of the head in directing capital, the work of the machine under the supervision of skilled workmen, the work of the hand in doing that which is done by the hand. Taxation is therefore a synonym for work. It is but a mode of distributing a part of the annual product. The question of importance therefore is, whether the work done by Government is constructive or destructive. In this country it is almost all constructive. In Europe it is in very large measure destructive. But the measure of the destructive work is not the mere measure of taxation in terms of money: to this must be added the diminution in the working power of the community by the withdrawal of a large part of the men in the prime of life for many years, during which, while serving in the huge standing armies, which are needed only to sustain privileges and dynasties and to maintain the barriers which prevent nations from rendering material service the one to the other, they must be supported by the work of others.

In his treatise upon the single tax on land the writer has already given the reasons why, if it could be enforced, it would of necessity become a tax upon all the products on land, so assessed and collected as to assure an absolute distribution of the burden without any discrimination upon all products, whether they were necessaries of life, or comforts, or luxuries.

Even those who may question or deny such a conclusion will admit that *if* such would be the necessary effect of a single tax upon land, and *if* there is an alternative by which the necessaries of life may be in great measure exempted from taxation, while a large or even a larger part of the requisite revenue may be derived from a tax imposed upon subjects of voluntary and not of necessary use, then few would hesitate to choose the latter rather than the former method of supporting the Government.

It may be admitted that a tax upon the necessaries of life may be of little moment to the prosperous, or even to those who get more than an average subsistence from their work; but if the food, fuel, clothing, and materials on which men and women work are taxed in such a way as to deprive the poor of a part of that which is necessary to their subsistence, then such a tax may become a prime cause of pauperism.

Again, when the materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry are kept at a higher price by taxation than the price at which others are served, the evil effect of the tax becomes something many fold greater than the actual burden of the tax itself.

The support of our army and of our navy, the cost of the civil service, and our huge expenditure for pensions may not constitute a very serious burden in the percentage which it bears to the product of the whole country; but if that burden is put in part, either by way of a single tax on land, or in any other way, so as to bear heavily upon the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, it may constitute an unbearable burden upon those who are least capable of sustaining it.

A tax of five or six per cent. upon the product of this country may be likened either to putting five or six per cent. of load in addition to the paying load upon a railway train moved by a powerful engine fully equal to the whole task; or it may be likened to a method of depriving the locomotive of a part of the fuel necessary to generate its power; or a tax may be imposed in such a way as to be compared only to putting on a brake upon a railway train which the engineer cannot take off when going up a heavy grade. In the first case the engine easily carries the slight additional load; in the other instances power is wasted or misapplied in overcoming the obstruction.

The burden of a tax may be illustrated by examples of cases in which the same amount may prove to be either of very little moment or else a great oppression. Let it be assumed, for instance, that a given community should elect to put a heavy direct tax upon the fuel

and the iron consumed by its own people, without regard to the sources, whether domestic or foreign, from which these necessary elements of industry might be derived, the next community living and working under precisely similar conditions, but securing the same amount of revenue by a tax on whisky and tobacco, leaving fuel and iron free from taxation in every form. Is it not manifest that in the first instance the tax would be a burden upon production at its very source, increasing relatively the cost of power, of machinery, and of tools of every kind, and thus diminishing the aggregate product? In the second instance would not the same amount of tax take from the community only a part of the annual product of its work, which the consumers may spare without the least injury or loss of force?

Again, let it be assumed that there are two communities endowed with very similar capacity, engaged in commerce with each other and also with other communities on either side. They exchange their products of agriculture and of goods or wares of various kinds, in the production of which modern engines, tools, and machinery are essential. In the first community iron, steel, and other metals are taxed in such a way as to keep the prices much higher than in the second community, while beer and tobacco are exempt. In the second community iron, steel, and other metals are free from taxation, and the prices, whatever they actually may be in any given year, are always lower than the prices in the community in which they are taxed. In this second community the revenue is derived from beer and tobacco. The disadvantage to the first community will not consist so much in the sum of money which is derived from the tax as in the effect of this tax upon the cost of capital and the diminution of profits.

Let it be assumed that a demand exists for all the goods and wares that either community can make, and that there is a margin of from five to ten per cent. profit on the average price of these fabrics. A country may tax iron, steel, and other metals in such a way that even though the domestic product is free from taxation, and the foreign import only is taxed, yet the price, both of the domestic and of the foreign product, may be raised so that the prices of all metals are maintained in that community very much above the prices which are paid in the second community. Of course all the machinery of agriculture and of the factory, as well as the steam engines, locomotive engines, and all the tools in the cost of which these metals constitute a very large element, will then be increased in their cost as compared with the similar instruments of production and distribution which are made use of by their competitors in the second community where these metals are not taxed. Obviously any tax which has the effect of keeping the prices of metal in the first community higher than in the second must add in that proportion to the cost of all their capital into which metals enter as component materials; also increasing, relatively, the cost of the maintenance of the capital which, under the name of repairs, depreciation, etc., enters into the cost of the product. It follows that, unless a profit must be made on this additional cost, no one will invest in these arts; therefore the second community, in which iron, steel, and copper are free from taxation, may secure all or the greater part of the work of converting these crude materials into their higher forms, together with all the wages and all the profits in arts in which these metals are essential; while the community in which such crude materials are taxed may not be able to retain its home market, even by putting compensating or differential taxes or duties on the machinery or on the products of such machinery.

A huge advantage is thus given to the community in which metals are not taxed by the very act of the community which taxes them. This advantage in the prime cost of its crude or raw materials will enable that community in which they are free from taxation to secure so much additional work and to make so much additional profit as to render the taxes which may be imposed on articles of voluntary use, such as beer and tobacco, of very little moment.

The present condition of the art of building steamships may be cited as an example of a complete prostration in the United States, and of constant activity in Great Britain, so far as foreign commerce is concerned. We can build ocean steamships for our navy and for our coast navigation because foreign vessels are forbidden to share the service; but we cannot build a steamship for the general commerce of the world, the reason being due to the difference in the price of materials resulting from the duty or tax on metals. It matters not what the actual price of metals may be in any given year; the *disparity* of price which is wholly due to the taxation of iron, steel, and copper in the United States has kept the prices of these metals in the United States far above the prices in England and Scotland year by year for a very long period. This disparity has lately been greater at the low prices prevailing from 1879 to 1888 than it was twenty years ago, when the actual prices were very much higher than they are now in both countries; but at the present date, November, 1889, it is rapidly diminishing.

This is one of the aspects of taxation which is brought out by treating the problem in the

comparative way. The question whether or not the development of our iron mines and furnaces has been worth this cost of over $500,000,000 in ten years is an entirely separate and distinct branch of the subject, of which no consideration is required in the present treatise.

Let it now be assumed that the world demands steel rails, locomotive engines, sugar mills, and heavy machines in ever-increasing quantity and number. In the steel rail the cost of the metal constitutes the larger part of the entire cost; in the locomotive engine, the lesser part; but in both, the difference in cost in this country, due to the disparity in price as compared with Great Britain, has been year by year for many years more than ten per cent. upon the average cost of rails and locomotives. This difference has entered into the cost of the entire finished product in this country, and is wholly due to the imposition of the tax upon the foreign imports of these necessary materials.

Now, since ten per cent. would be a large rate of profit on the making of rails or on the construction of locomotives, it follows that while we hold even our home market only in part by placing yet higher taxes on the finished rail and engine, yet we lose nearly or all the benefit or gain in supplying the world — and Great Britain takes it. Home industry is to that extent restricted; the home market for our farm products and manufactures is to that extent diminished; and the loss to us is immeasurably greater than the mere amount of the tax of less than four million dollars which is derived from the import of iron ore and pig iron, which sum is only about four per cent. of the surplus revenue which we are trying to keep out of the national treasury.

The stimulus to the production of iron and steel is of comparatively little moment if we regard it solely as so much work which may or may not be done by us, for the reason that while our prices have been maintained higher than they would have been, the prices of iron and steel in Great Britain have been depressed by the obstruction to our demand which we ourselves interpose, until the demand of other countries has overtaken the possible British supply.

We have not, therefore, even succeeded in keeping the control of our own market. We even now import more than twenty per cent. of the iron and steel that we consume, either in the crude or the manufactured form. Neither does the development of the crude product of pig iron add in any essential measure to the home market for other products, for the reason that it would require less than one person in one hundred of all who are occupied for gain in the conduct of the work of this country to supply all the pig iron that we can possibly consume, including the mining of the materials and their conversion in the blast furnace, and also including all the iron that we now import as well as all that we produce. If the tax on imports were removed, whatever the actual prices of iron and steel might be thereafter, the *relative* prices in this and other countries would be the same, making due allowance for the cost of transportation. If prices were the same we should consume more iron, rather than less, than we do now; then the work which is now devoted to production would be required in the consumption of iron, in which the work is of a much higher order and is conducted under much better conditions of life. Both Mr. D. A. Wells and I compute the disparity in the price of iron and steel consumed in this country, as compared with the price at which other countries have been supplied, at more than $500,000,000 in the last ten years. The figures supplied by the Iron and Steel Association sustain this estimate. (*Vide* Annual Report of 1888.)

The allegation that the prices of iron and steel are much lower now because of the duty on imports than they would otherwise have been is purely hypothetical; no one can prove it, and no one can disprove it. When taking this hypothesis into consideration it must be remembered that the production of iron is an arduous and somewhat undesirable occupation; yet we cannot avoid the necessity of supplying ourselves with the greater part of the iron that we consume, even if we desired to do so. It would be impossible for Great Britain or any other country or countries to supply the ten million or more tons which we are now consuming. No other country except Great Britain makes any considerable supply of pig iron which can be spared for export, and our present consumption is in excess of the largest product that Great Britain ever made. It is nearly equal to forty per cent. of the entire product of the iron of the world of which we have any commercial knowledge, and is rapidly increasing.

Now since the demand of the world for iron and steel is also increasing everywhere else coincidently with the extension of the railway system and with the development of commerce, it is not probable — in fact, it is hardly possible — that the removal of our tax on the import of iron would cause any considerable fall in the price of iron here. Great Britain cannot meet any considerable increase of demand. Her supply of fine ores for making steel is very limited. She herself imports at the present time twenty per cent. of all the iron ore consumed in her furnaces, in part from Spain, where again the available supply upon which Great Britain has mainly depended is

almost exhausted, or in part from Africa, Elba, or Sweden. Neither Germany nor Belgium can spare any ores; they also import from other countries. The principal mines of coal suitable for coking in Great Britain have also become so deep and so hot, and the veins are so narrow, as to endanger the future supply of coke except at much higher prices. The price of coke is now much higher in England than in Pennsylvania.[1]

When one views this question without bias, it would seem that the necessary result of the removal of the tax on imported iron in this country would be that the prices of foreign iron would rise to a par with our own; then there would be no further question of tariff protection in the case of this metal.[2]

The production of pig iron in the United States has been a matter of necessity and not of choice. The art is older than the Constitution; the United States tariff had nothing to do with its introduction. In the admirable "History of the Manufacture of Iron in the United States," given by Mr. James M. Swank in the Census Report of 1880, he proves that the production of pig iron became a part of the necessary work of every colony and of every territory where ores and fuel could be found in a workable quantity, within twenty or thirty years after the settlement of the colony before the Revolution, or of the States since organized.

We have of late depended upon foreign countries for more than one-fifth of our iron and steel, which is imported year by year in the crude or manufactured form. On the other hand, Great Britain equally depends upon us for one-third of her bread. We merely exchange grain or cotton which we could not consume ourselves for iron and steel which we could not do without and have not yet been able to produce. The *interdependence* of nations asserts itself in spite of all obstructions. Perhaps we might import more iron and exchange more wheat for it, or more cotton, or something else, which would be equally to the advantage of the country for us to sell. Which is the better occupation — underground in the mine, or above ground in the puddling furnace; or in the field, the flour-mill, or the manufactory of many kinds of goods in which we already excel other nations?

The production of iron relative to its use is utterly insignificant, or so far as it gives employment to labor, as compared with its consumption. In 1880 it gave direct employment in the coal mines, the iron mines, the coke ovens, and the blast furnaces to less than one hundred thousand men and boys; or to less than one person out of one hundred and seventy of all who were occupied in doing the work of the nation in the census year. The value of the entire product of pig iron in that year was then less than one-half the value of the eggs and poultry which were supplied from all the barnyards of the country.

There is no census of eggs and poultry known to me except the assessors' returns in Ohio; but perhaps one may take as a standard of general consumption that of the factory boarding-houses of New England, in which men and women are boarded at from $2.25 to $3.00 per week, and in which the "mealers," so called, who dwell elsewhere but who come for their meals, are supplied with twenty-one meals per week at a cost of $1.60 for women and $2.50 for men. The annual value of the poultry and eggs consumed per capita under such conditions, and at these prices for subsistence, is $6.44 per adult.

Bearing in mind the relatively large consumption of the product of the hen-yards in the South, and perhaps in the West, this may be considered at least an average standard. Our present population of about sixty-five millions, counting two children of ten years or under equal to one adult, has the consuming power of sixty million adults; at $6.44 each the consumption of poultry and eggs, in round figures, may therefore come to $386,000,000 per annum. At the present time this sum is equal to about three times the annual value of the product of pig iron, four to five times the annual value of the wool clip, six to seven times the value of the entire product of all our silver mines, and about equal to the value of the cotton crop. But we depend for a part of our supply of eggs on the hens of Canada, Denmark, and Holland. (Qu.: Are they "*pauper hens*"?)

Whether this standard of the consumption of poultry and eggs is a fair one, each reader may judge for himself. The value of the egg product only of Ohio, computed from the product according to the data collected by the assessors of each town and city, is greater than the value of the wool of Ohio.

Would not a tax of $4,000,000, or of about one or two per cent. on the product of poultry and eggs, if it could be collected, be much less of a burden than a tax on pig iron which has caused the cost of iron to our domestic con-

1 See Reports on Coke Industry, United States Geological Series, by Joseph D. Weeks.

2 In the interval between the preparation of this article in November, 1889, and the correction of the proof in February, 1890, the demand for iron and steel and the rise in price and cost in Great Britain have probably done away with any future competition with the United States, and will probably soon lead to Great Britain's depending upon us for a part of her own supply of crude iron.

sumers to be from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 a year more than the cost of the same quantity supplied our competitors in other countries for many years?

The revenue of less than $4,000,000 which we derive from iron ore and pig iron is not required; but let it be assumed that it were necessary to get a corresponding sum, and that it might be readily had by increasing the tax on beer from $1.00 to $1.25 a barrel, it requires very little consideration to appreciate the difference. If the tax is put upon the metal, the domestic product of the farmer, the mechanic, and the manufacturer is taxed at its source many fold the amount of revenue; the home market for every kind of goods is restricted; the cost of every fabric is increased: while if a tax of twenty-five cents were added on a barrel of beer, it would fall on an article of voluntary use of which each consumer might readily spare a part if he were obliged to do so; and being collected by stamps at an insignificant cost, it would yield a revenue to the Government in almost the exact measure of what the people paid. The present national revenue derived from intoxicants and tobacco is $150,000,000; adding the probable amount of local taxation derived from liquor licenses and it appears that these two articles of purely voluntary use — drink and tobacco — now sustain twenty-five per cent. of the entire cost of government—national, State, and municipal.

This analysis of the effect of a tax on iron and steel has been given only as an example of the way in which the problem of comparative taxation is presented when dealing with two methods each assumed to yield the same amount of revenue. It is submitted without any reference to the points of dispute between the advocates of freer trade and protection, which run on entirely different lines.

The same rule holds with respect to taxes upon wool, coal, lumber, chemicals, drugs, dye-stuffs, tin plates, and all other crude or partly manufactured materials which are in part imported, and which are necessary in the processes of our domestic industry. The exact effect of these taxes upon other materials than iron and steel cannot be measured and stated with the same accuracy. The reports upon and the statistics of other arts are not as exhaustive as those which are made by the Iron and Steel Associations of this country and of Great Britain.

In respect to wool we now consume annually about 300,000,000 pounds of domestic wool valued at from $70,000,000 to $80,000,000, or approximately between one and a half and two per cent. of the value of the total product of agriculture. Over forty per cent. of the working force of this country is occupied in agriculture. On the basis of the census of 1880, continued by proportion to the present date, between nine and ten million men are now occupied either in agriculture or in moving the products of agriculture to the centers of wholesale distribution. If the relative number of persons interested in the production of wool may be rightly measured by the proportion which the value of the wool clip bears to all other products of the farmer, the number of workmen engaged in this branch of industry cannot exceed from 140,000 to 180,000; but in view of the large proportion of our domestic wool which is raised on ranches, where relatively few persons are employed, the number of persons who are engaged in the wool production cannot, on this basis of proportion by value, exceed 100,000 to 120,000 out of 9,000,000 to 10,000,000 farmers and farm laborers. Of course very few farmers depend wholly upon wool; the actual number of wool growers, each having a small interest in wool, is doubtless greater than the figures given.

Compare this with the production of cotton, for which the demand and value in the home market rest mainly upon the export. The crop may be computed at five bales to a hand, which is a large estimate; on this basis the number of laborers who depend almost wholly upon cotton for their money wages or salable crop may be put down at 1,400,000, or more than tenfold the number who depend upon wool in any considerable measure, if we rate occupation in proportion to value.

In another aspect these facts are significant. In 1880 between seventeen and eighteen per cent. of the total product of our agriculture was sold for export to other countries. In recent years our exports have ranged from ten to fifteen per cent., or at an average rate of twelve and a half per cent. of our farm product. There must therefore be 1,100,000 to 1,200,000 of the farmers and farm laborers of this country whose home market depends wholly upon the export demand for their surplus, because it could not now be consumed within the limits of our country. In order to protect our home market and retain it at its full measure, we must therefore carefully discriminate in the matter of taxation, so as not to obstruct our exchange of products with foreign countries, since commerce depends absolutely upon the exchange of product for product, balances only being settled in specie.

In addition to our consumption of domestic wool, the import of foreign fabrics which are made wholly or in part of wool is computed to represent about as much more unscoured wool, making our total consumption of wool (unscoured) about six hundred million pounds. The effect of the tax on foreign wool in pre-

venting the United States, whose people are the largest consumers of woolen fabrics in the world, from being free buyers, has doubtless depressed the price of wool in foreign markets without materially raising the price of domestic wool at home, but rather reducing it. The reason is that the manufacture of woolen goods cannot thrive unless the manufacturer has free access to every variety of wool. Hence it happens that, while the farmer has gained no benefit, the home manufacturer has been placed at a disadvantage in the relative cost of materials as compared with his foreign competitors. The effect of this disparity in price — first in the cost of machinery, and secondly in the cost of wool, chemicals, and dye-stuffs — has been to protect the foreign manufacturers of woolen and worsted fabrics, and to embarrass our own. The compensating duties or taxes on these fabrics which have been well adjusted at one period have ceased to be compensating when the prices of materials have changed. Even in Ohio the production of wool in 1888 was only 20,556,357 pounds, worth about $6,000,000, while the production of eggs was 42,355,099 dozen, worth more than the wool. While the Ohio wool product is only five pounds per head, the consumption of wool is ten pounds per head on the average, and in a State as cold as Ohio it must be at least twelve pounds.

The same reasoning will apply to many other articles. For instance, no country in the world possesses such advantages for the production of condensed milk as this country, for which there is a huge and constantly increasing demand. If the taxes were taken from sugar and tin plates, the home market for condensed milk would be increased in a measure which no one can well estimate, because we could then supply all other countries at the lowest possible cost; or, in other words, we could exchange condensed milk in constantly increasing measure for sugar and tin plates free of tax.

Our advantages, both in our natural conditions and in our freedom from the heavy burden of taxes,— which, proportionately to product, are very much higher than our own in every other civilized country,— coupled with our exemption from the withdrawal of a great part of our laboring force at the most productive period of life for service in a standing army, enables us to develop the product of our agriculture, of our forests, of our mines, and of our workshops at a lower relative cost of labor, and yet at a higher relative rate of wages,— measured either in money or in what money will buy,— than can be attained in any other country. All that we need to enable us to take advantage of our position is that suitable discrimination shall be used in imposing taxes and in placing them where the burden upon industry will be least; in this way we may protect and develop home industry to the utmost, since the home market, or market price of our great agricultural staples, is fixed by what the supply will bring for export.

The entire sum of our taxation, national, State, and municipal, now comes to between five and six per cent. of the estimated product of the country. It follows that five or six per cent. of the *work* of the community must be devoted to the support of the Government; and it further follows that this necessary revenue, so far as it is derived from a system of indirect taxation upon consumption, should be levied upon subjects of taxation which are of voluntary and not of necessary use, bearing always in mind that whisky, beer, wine, and tobacco now yield a national revenue of $150,000,000, at the least cost for collection of any tax now imposed.

It would be beyond the purpose of this article to submit a scheme of taxation corresponding to these views; suffice it that every tax which is now imposed on the import of necessary articles of food excluding sugar, such as fish and potatoes, and every tax which is imposed on the import of crude or partly manufactured materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry, yield in the aggregate less than fifty million dollars a year, or less than one-half the present surplus revenue of the United States, which we need to dispense with.

If the system of national taxation were adjusted to the conditions presented in this article, about sixty per cent. in point of number of the articles taxed under the present tariff would be put in the free list; this would reduce the customs revenue only about fifteen per cent. if it reduced it at all; the whole administration of the law could then be rendered very simple. The first effect of a suitable reform of the tariff may be an increase in the customs revenue.

If a selection of the subject of taxation is, however, to be made with a view to protecting or promoting some specific branch of industry, like the production of pig iron or wool, without paying any regard to the uses to which such materials are to be put; or if the only objection to such a tax is that it will embarrass those who convert these crude materials into finished fabrics without regard to any other class than the manufacturers, so called — then of course the demand of the miner, of the farmer, of the lumberman, and of all who are engaged in the production of these crude materials, is entitled to the same consideration as the like demand of the manufacturer who converts these products, which are commonly called "raw materials," into manufactured goods. It mat-

ters not whether the producers of crude materials are more or less numerous than the operatives in the factories; all are alike entitled to consideration in that aspect of the case.

If this view is taken, and if it is held to be either lawful or expedient to impose a tax upon the greater part of the community in order to develop, support, or sustain selected or special branches of industry which are held to be of such national importance as to warrant this action, then the question ceases to be one of mere taxation; it is then brought within the domain either of political expediency or of constitutional law. The Supreme Court of the United States has already established the principle of the law governing this matter so far as private interests are concerned.

In the case of Loan Association *vs.* Topeka, 20th Wallace, pp. 655–668, Justice Miller rendered the opinion of the Court from which the following extract is taken:

"To lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of the citizen, and with the other bestow it on favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation. This is not legislation; it is a decree under legislative forms. . . . Beyond a cavil there can be no lawful tax which is not laid for a public purpose."

If, on the other hand, it is held that the subjects of taxation are to be considered with a view to protecting all alike, and to promoting all branches of industry to the utmost, while at the same time relieving the manufacturing and mechanic arts from every possible burden, the solution becomes a comparatively simple matter. It is in this view that the writer has endeavored to treat the subject of comparative taxation, avoiding all contention on the questions which are at issue between the advocates of protection and of free trade.

The adjustment of prices in this and other countries so as to equalize them on crude materials,— that is, on iron, steel, wool, chemicals, and the like,— making due allowance for the cost of transportation, could not fail to give the people of this country the complete control of the home market for all staple fabrics which are in common use. The duties on foreign imports, at whatever rates they might be established, would then fall on silks, furs, fancy goods, embroideries, laces, the higher and more expensive grades of carpets, the finer fabrics of cotton, wool, and worsted. These finer grades of goods even now constitute about seventy-five per cent. of the imports of these classes of fabrics. Such fine fabrics depend more upon their style and upon the changing fashion and fancy of each season for their consumption than they do upon their utility; they are therefore, like whisky, beer, and tobacco, articles of voluntary rather than of necessary use, and may therefore be suitable subjects of taxation. Even the medium grades of common woolen fabrics worn by men, and of worsted dress goods worn by women, depend for consumption more upon their style than upon their quality.

There is a way in which men and women can clothe themselves at very low cost and save their taxes on fabrics: they have only to buy the stock left over of last season's fashions. But this they will not do; therefore, they voluntarily tax themselves on the new fashions. At an evening party the writer lately met a young lady whose dress attracted him for its simplicity and good taste; and when he took the liberty of praising it he was informed that the material cost fifty-six cents for the dress pattern, and that the lady made it up for herself.

If it were possible for the contestants in this matter of taxation to meet together, to lay aside prejudice and mutual distrust, and to agree as far as they might, in the first instance, upon the subjects which ought to be exempted from taxation, a long list would be removed from the present schedules of the tariff law. If it should then be admitted that the materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry should be free from taxation, not simply for the benefit of those who make use of them directly in the process of manufacturing, but mainly for the benefit of those who ultimately consume the finished fabrics, it would not be difficult to adjust the taxes or duties in a uniform and consistent manner upon subjects of voluntary use such as have been named. If all this work were accomplished, subject to the simple rule that all the taxes which the people pay the Government should receive, the whole tariff question would be taken out of politics, and would be settled, as a business question should be, on purely commercial principles.

It is now apparent that the question of taxation will become the leading issue in the next presidential election. It is admitted by both political parties that the whole system of national taxation must be reformed, and that some taxes which now yield the surplus revenue must be repealed. There is danger that the lines may be drawn upon sectional grounds, and also that in the conflict between the advocates of special legislation in the assumed interest of the producers of iron, steel, wool, and other crude materials and the manufacturers who convert these materials into fabrics, the great mass of consumers may be overlooked. In such a contest the interest of the great body of manufacturers and mechanics

whose products could not be imported under any circumstances may also suffer. It therefore becomes essential that the choice of subjects of taxation, whether of domestic or of foreign origin, shall be made with reference to the use to which the materials are to be put. In this way domestic industry will be most fully protected and the home market will be retained; while the foreign market, which is essential to the sale of a controlling part of the products of agriculture on which the price of the whole depends, may be broadened and extended.

One great obstacle to intelligent tariff legislation consists in the fear of those who are engaged in manufacturing that the duties on the materials which they use may be increased, and the duties on the finished products which they make may be diminished. This has occurred more than once, and has been often threatened. Under such conditions nothing else could be expected than the gradual perversion of the tariff laws from their original form, until they become incapable of administration except through such changes in the construction given to the statute by the Secretary of the Treasury as may or may not be consistent with the final rulings of the courts. Witness our present condition: imports relatively increasing owing to the disadvantage in which the present tariff by its inconsistencies has placed both the producers of the crude and of the manufactured articles.

The advantages which have been claimed for this country, and which have been established in respect to the larger part of our crops and to a very large part of our manufactured goods already made at the highest rates of wages earned anywhere, but yet produced at the lowest cost, may become so great under a rational system of duties as to create a demand for more domestic wool, more domestic iron, and more of other crude materials, under more favorable conditions for their domestic production than have ever existed before. The immense development of this and of other countries by the extension of the railway and the steamship may before long create such a demand for the fabrics which are made by the machine-using nations of the earth as has never yet been witnessed. One needs only to consider the present (November, 1889) conditions of the demand for iron in witness of this forecast.

Until within two or three years the activity or depression of the iron furnaces both of this country and of Great Britain has depended in considerable measure upon the demand for railway bars in this country only. In the present year, notwithstanding a reduction in the demand for railway bars for construction by nearly two-thirds as compared with the year 1887, the demand for iron and steel, both in this country and in Europe, is increasing, and if it were not for the new sources of supply which have been opened in this country in the same period, it might have been difficult for the furnaces previously in existence to meet this rapidly increasing demand.

It must be remembered that out of a computed population of 1,400,000,000 only the people of the United States and Canada, of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium, numbering little more than 200,000,000, can be considered as to any extent machine using or manufacturing nations. Moderate progress has been made in the application of machinery in some other parts of Europe, but the greater part of the population of the globe is still clad in fabrics woven by hand, and is without any considerable service from modern appliances, tools, and machinery, except by way of exchange.

It does not yet appear what may be the effect on these nations of the opening of the ways of commerce by the railway and the steamship; but, as the writer has elsewhere and often attempted to demonstrate, it must result in a constantly increasing demand for iron and silver — iron for use in the arts, and silver for use as the money of common circulation. If the people of the United States wish to be prepared to take their share in the beneficent service of commerce with other manufacturing nations, all taxes on crude or partly manufactured materials which keep prices in this country relatively higher than in other countries must of necessity be removed.

It is therefore held that the control of the home market, the protection of the workman, and the promotion of domestic industry alike depend upon a wise discrimination in the choice of subjects of taxation, whether of domestic or of foreign origin. A policy of exemption from taxation on such crude or partly manufactured materials may therefore be supported alike by all the advocates of protection and of free trade, as well as by all who sustain the principle that the power of public taxation must not be perverted to purposes of private gain, and that the only discrimination which it is lawful to apply in framing revenue measures is to frame them so as to give equal opportunity to all branches of industry, and to free all workmen from every burden or obstruction which the necessity for a revenue from duties upon imports does not require. The protective tariffs of France and Germany are excellent examples of the application of the suggestions which are submitted in this article.

Edward Atkinson.

IMMORTAL.

AM I sad that day is gone?
Slipped forever from my eyes —
Stolen out of these warm skies,
Where I saw its crimson dawn?
I loved not day when day was young,
Nor the rose that drank the dew,
Nor the bird that o'er it sung;
What he sung, I never knew.

But this day, of all the days
Woven out of sun and rain,
I can never hold again
Prisoned airily in space.
And the rose's drenchéd petals strew
That green thicket where it grew,
And the bird that to the rose
Sat singing what no prophet knows
Two hours in the grass hath lain,
Blind to sunshine, deaf to rain.
They are dead, and should *I* care
For the rose lost to the dew,
For the bird lost to the air,
For the light lost to the sky —
I, that never am to die?
I that never shall lie dead
With dead roses round my head
Under any darkened sky?

Mine are all the days to be,
Mornings of eternity,
One by one, dew-crowned, complete,
Laid at my immortal feet.
Never any day may bring
The last sunshine to my eyes,
Sealed against the next sunrise;
No victorious rose shall spring
Past me into upper air,
Dripping red leaves on my hair,
On my lips forever mute
Where I 'm lying at the root.
Never any bird shall sing,
Circling up from such low place,
With a silent sweep of wing
All across my silent face.

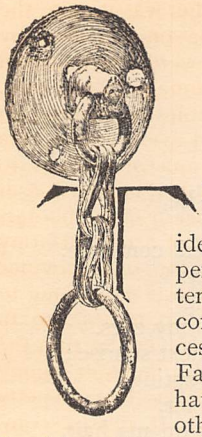
I, that never am to die,
All the days that are begun
I must see them fade on high
Like this day of burnt-out sun.
Never any rose may bloom
But I must see it in its tomb!
Never any song ascend
That I shall not hear the end.
I, that never am to die,
All things in death before me lie!
All time and space are mine, save these,
The secrets of the things that cease.

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

AT THE PLAY.

OFT at the play in trance I seem to stand
Until the last shrill bell of warning rings.
Long ere the upward-rolling curtain flings
Its glory outward a fantastic band —
Wealth, Love and Hatred, Glory and Command —
Troop to their places, as the moment brings
The prompter, Passion, forth to yonder wings,
Where the scene-shifter, Time, is close at hand.
And well I know that presently will One
Let the vast curtain of Oblivion fall.
Then shall we walk abroad, the pageant done,
And to each other in amazement call,
"How could we think that stage-glow was the sun,
Or ever fancy this were life at all!"

Andrew B. Saxton.



IRISH KINGS AND BREHONS.

THE difficulty most of us find in obtaining a just idea of a people at a given period springs, to a large extent, from ignorance of the conditions of our own ancestors at the same time. False ideas of the English past have encouraged contempt of other nations. Ireland has suffered from this more than other countries. The smile Englishmen and Americans of liberal education give when they hear persons boast descent from an Irish king may be set down to ignorance of the state of things in Britain at the same period. Even after feudality was made a system in Great Britain and Ireland the power of the kings of Norman stock was by no means what is often supposed. Before that period the difference between a king in Britain and a king in Ireland was small: neither could hold even a nominal lordship over the greater part of the land without constant warfare; both needed to be equally politic, vigorous, sanguinary; neither had anything but the rawest means at hand to keep the smaller kings and princes from plundering the subjects of their nominal overlord. During certain periods the average of civilization was higher in the smaller isle. Yet the Englishman who regards with reverence the representative of a peerage created a few centuries back, and justifies his reverence on the score of antiquity of family, has only indifference for the descendant of an ancient Irish stock whose ancestors were provincial kings or were temporarily overlords of Ireland a thousand years ago. In Britain the great majority of families of similar ancestry have been lost in the people, owing to the profound alterations in society made by the Normans, and also to the standard of material well-being, fixed in part by the money-loving instinct of the Normans, in part by the Saxon addiction to trade. That fine old contempt for wealth as wealth which sounds so superior but has such uncomfortable results, that romantic love of adventure, that scorn of persons in trade, linger in Ireland as nowhere else, and present one more paradox in a community full of contradictions in other ways. Indeed, we must look to the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland for an element which leavens the materialism of the British Empire with ideas of chivalry, of love, of sacrifice for one's country. The average Englishman is amazed when he sees Irishmen devoting their lives to a struggle that seems not only hopeless but without profit of any kind, and is too ready to suggest that the men who have adopted such a line of life are unable to succeed in any respectable pursuit; in other words, to charge them with just that hypocrisy which the French, for example, never weary of ridiculing in the men of Albion.

An Irish king, whether the sovereign of the whole island, like Brian of the Tribute, or despot of one of the four great sections, Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, had little but glory to render his life better than that of his subjects. He could not hand down his scepter to his son if his brother was alive and had no mental or physical defect. In times of peace he was not an object of much interest, and found it hard to collect the tribute in cows, greyhounds, hawks, mantles, male and female slaves, ships, and so forth, which were his, according to the versified laws retained in the capacious memories of bards and sennachies. Hence war was not only his business but his source of profit. Christianity sat lightly on him. Should his wife have powerful relatives, he was in the position of the Turk whose religion allows of variety in women, but whose first wife is often powerful enough to make him swear, like a French gallant of the last century, *Une me suffit.* But if ambition caused him to marry the sister or the daughter of a powerful kinglet and she was masterful, he could not indulge his passions without danger. On the other hand, he could repudiate his wife with little difficulty and marry another if his wife lacked family support, just as the Turk can, especially if she proved to be childless. The queen, if badly treated, might fly to the territory of another prince, put herself under his protection, and demand asylum and guard, according to the old laws of chivalry which we find living in ancient Ireland, but merely a literary survival in Great Britain and France during the later Age of Chivalry so called. It was such a case that made an opening in Leinster for the Welsh-Norman adventurers who thereupon flung wide the gates of Ireland to Henry the Second.

Derforgilla, a princess of part of Leinster, whose husband, Diarmuid mac Murragh, abused her, took refuge with another prince who held sway in a territory named from the

O'Brefnys. This act has made Derforgilla an outcast in history, but we have never heard her side of the story. She was forty years old, her husband sixty. In the war that ensued to protect her Diarmuid was vanquished, and fled to Britain after traditional wont, whence he returned in secret after having made his plot with Henry II. and the adventurers of Wales. The ruler of O'Brefny had every precedent to compel him to be the champion of that princess. Did not each bard and story-teller have by heart the tale of Grainné, whom we have learned to know? but they did not know, as a sun-goddess of the aboriginal Turanian underfolk, Grainné was, or was to be, the wife of Fion mac Cumhal, the semi-divine folk-hero. But she forced Diarmait the Beautiful, him of the beauty-spot that made women who saw it mad, to elope with her from the Fenian court. In the twelfth century the kinglet of O'Brefny would have been despised, perhaps dethroned, had he refused to be Derforgilla's champion when the latter reached his bounds. Doubtless she cited to him the famous case of Grainné. Doubtless she laid *geasa* or obligation of a Fenian knight on that petty ruler, just as, in the delightful old legends of Ireland, Grainné laid *geasa* on Diarmait the Beautiful.

The mythical Diarmait was of course originally a deity also. His name is by all probability the same in meaning as that of the old jovial god Dagdé mentioned in "Pagan Ireland" [1] as a being with burlesque traits like Woden among the Scandinavians and Vulcan among the Latins. Dagdé means the Good God. Diarmait, notwithstanding an intrusive *r*, probably means the God Good. We have in our own tongue a case of intrusive *r* upon the word Dia, goddess, namely in the exclamation "Dear me!" descended from *Dia mia*. But the period of the kings and brehons of Ireland which is now in order belongs to an earlier stage than the twelfth century, when poor Derforgilla had to fly from her liege lord. Though kings and brehons existed till the time of Elizabeth, they are naturally found in the best condition for examination many centuries before the Norman-Welsh effected those changes in Ireland which were made far more thoroughly in Britain by the Normans under William the Conqueror.

Though from the earliest times we hear of the king of such and such a province, the arch-king of all Ireland, the kings of Orkney and Man, even kings of Dublin, Waterford, and other walled cities of Scandinavian origin, we must not understand any such position for these rulers as, for instance, belonged lately to the kings and reigning princes of Germany. It was not a holding of the land according to the divine right of kings. Neither was it quite the medieval holding of a king on a system by which geographical limits were fixed, within which limits princes paid homage to the king, barons to princes, lesser nobles to barons; so that when war was declared every part of the territory contributed its quota of soldiers to the banner of the overlord. It was a far looser organism. Hence the intrusion of freebooters or the advance into Ireland of a regular army was comparatively easy; for one province hardly knew or cared what was happening to another. It needed fearful calamities and an enemy who was plainly resolved to ruin the whole island to cause enough adherence among the kinglets to make them forego their old petty enmities and band together to resist a common foe. So it was in Britain when Cæsar and the later Roman conquerors entered; when the Saxons followed; when the men from the Baltic under the common term of Danes broke up the Saxon kingdoms piecemeal.

This looseness of organization accounts for the ease with which an enemy got a foothold. The Norman-Welsh brought in by Diarmuid mac Murragh gave little uneasiness to the generality of Irish; even the advent of Henry II. and the campaigns of John and Richard assumed no such importance as Irishmen of to-day assign them. Though so loose, the organization had wonderful elasticity, because it did not rest on walled towns, nor even greatly on agriculture. Such towns as the Norman-Welsh found became the bases of their power. Waterford's best relic is the tower shown in the sketch, which preserves the name of a Scandinavian prince who trusted to his walls and perished. Cattle could be driven out of the line of march of a regular army; wood and wattle houses could be destroyed with little loss to the owners; a population had only to retire till the foe was gone and then return. This semi-nomadic side to Irish life under the Reguli, as the English writers called the petty kings, accounts largely for the fact that practically the Irish were never conquered at all. Even the ruthless acts of Cromwell, that Englishman with a Keltic name whom the Anglo-Saxonists of the present day would have us believe a typical Saxon—even the wholesale deportation of the Irish and Anglo-Irish by Cromwell's command failed, because the people were really used to such things on a smaller scale and knew how to meet them. The more Keltic and inveterately anti-English a family was who suffered in that way, the surer that very family returned and in time gained possession of the territory confiscated for the benefit of the intruders.

The only articles so far discovered in Ireland which can be called insignia of royal power

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for January, 1889.

are hats of gold, very thin and light, similar to the figure on page 304. They bear a striking resemblance to the hats of Tatars and Chinese as we get them in accounts of travelers during the later Middle Ages. Bronze shields, however, are not unknown, and even the wooden core over which the bronze skin was hammered may be seen in the woodcut. In this case the covering has disappeared, while in that of the bronze, of which front and back are figured, the wooden support has crumbled away. Such a bronze shield was discovered in Britain in March of the present year. One is an oval shield, the other that round target which was known down to the Elizabethan period in England and until the last century in the Scottish Highlands. The game of chess was peculiarly an enjoyment for chiefs, if we are to judge from constant allusions in literature and the presence of chessboards as ordinary articles of tribute. A chessman found in the county of Meath may be noted on page 302 for the antique appearance of its simple decoration.

The absence and explicit disdain of walled towns and immovable property shown by the houses and main riches of the native septs had its parallel in their war-clothes. The Irish regiments that fought in Scotland, England, and France were early noted for their headlong valor, but also for being cut to pieces owing to the absence of defensive armor. It is true that the gallowglasses had suits of mail and strong helmets, but in the Irish tongue *gallóglas* means the foreigner from over sea. They were mercenaries in Ireland who wore non-Irish battle-clothes. The kernes, or "battle-men," were the true Irish soldiers, and they wore at most a light helmet; often they fought nearly naked. Hence the Anglo-Irish in suits of Norman mail had little difficulty in cutting through their ranks and putting them to flight if the country was open.

Thus Gilla-Brighde mac Conmidhe, the bard and foster-brother of Brian O'Neill, a native king of Tyrone, who was killed in battle A. D. 1260, and whose seal has been found in England, says in the lament:

> The foreigners from London,
> The hosts from Port Lairge
> Came in a bright green body thither,
> In gold and iron armor.
>
> Unequal they engaged in the battle,
> The foreigners and the Gaedhil of Tara;
> Fine linen shirts on the race of Conn
> And the foreigners one mass of iron.

But woe to the detachment caught in woodlands or bad ground, in bog or hill country. Then the extraordinary vigor and daring of the Irish foot-soldier made him more terrible than an Indian. He would sometimes watch his opportunity, vault on the enemy's horse, pinion his foe's arms, and bring him in a prisoner for enslavement or ransom, as the case might be. The Irish in all ages have shown an extraordinary contempt for an enemy who trusts to armor, though constantly that enemy has put them to defeat through better appliances of war. It is this romantic element in the Irish, this delight in taking big odds, which forms one of their most meritorious sides; but it is attractive on much higher grounds, for it is an essential to the spirit of chivalry.

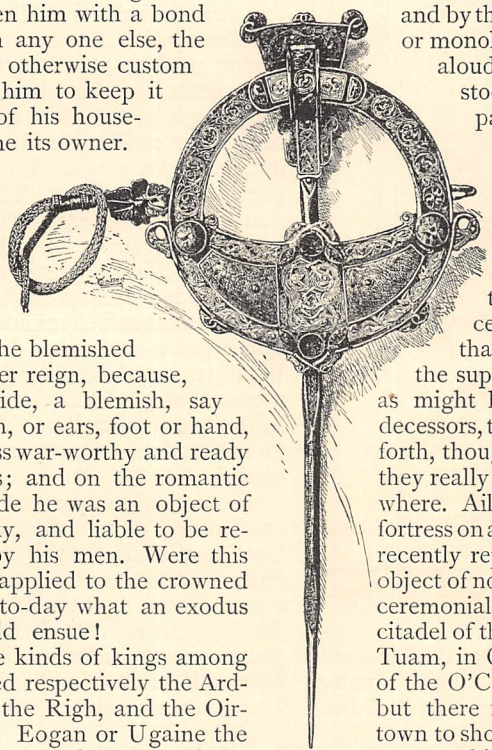
Another hindrance to peace was the difficulty that kings experienced in keeping possession of any objects of value. Their courtiers and retainers were like a lot of children, who had to be kept in good humor by presents. Custom erected into a grievous tax what ought to have been rewards for merit. Various singular ideas conspired to this end. One was a chivalrous idea that the leader should share the luxuries as well as necessities with the defenders of his life and honor. Another sprang from the fear of the supernatural, ever present to the barbaric mind and far from lacking among educated persons to-day in all parts of the world. Refusal of a demand for an object, such as a favorite brooch or the rings that served for coins, was not only dishonorable to a king, but might entail a curse under which the king would die, provided he who asked was a poet or a magician.

In the early days there was a king Caier, who got his name from the *cae* or stone fort rare in those times. His wife fell in love with his nephew, and, tempting him with the sovereignty of Connaught, devised this plan. Neidhé, the young prince, was a poet, and could pronounce an imprecation which would raise a blemish on the face of the man he satirized. His uncle Caier had a dagger given him under an oath never to part with it. Neidhé yielded to the wicked wife, demanded of his uncle the dagger, on the plea that kings cannot refuse such requests, and being refused uttered his imprecation — perhaps after going through just such a ceremony as is described in "Fairies and Druids of Ireland."[1] The next morning King Caier went to the spring to make his toilet, after the primitive fashion of that age, and discovered three ugly swellings on his face, one white, one green, one red. As these were enough to make him no longer fitted for the kingship, he fled, and his nephew took wife and throne. The nephew's conscience however drove him to seek out his uncle in his retreat, when Caier died of shame, and

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1889

the weak Neidhé was killed by a piece of a rock which suddenly split and pierced his brain.

In this ancient tragedy we get some idea of the difficulties of kingship. Personal services to the king could not be paid by lands, or titles, or drafts on the treasury. As Professor de Jubainville has shown, there was no coinage then in Ireland. King Caier has the dagger given him with a bond not to bestow it on any one else, the giver knowing that otherwise custom would not permit him to keep it should a member of his household long to become its owner. The curse uttered by a magician had its effect through the terror inspired by a rite in which both performer and victim completely believed. The blemished king could no longer reign, because, on the practical side, a blemish, say of the eyes, mouth, or ears, foot or hand, might make him less war-worthy and ready to defend his clans; and on the romantic and superstitious side he was an object of aversion as unlucky, and liable to be refused obedience by his men. Were this fine old rule to be applied to the crowned heads of Europe to-day what an exodus from thrones would ensue!



TARA BROOCH OF GOLD AND WHITE BRONZE. BACK VIEW.

There were three kinds of kings among the old Irish, named respectively the Ard-righ or high-king, the Righ, and the Oir-righ or petty king. Eogan or Ugaine the Great, a primeval who tried to hold the entire island, not only during his own life, but for his descendants, was an Ard-righ. He "exacted oaths by the sun and the moon, the sea, the dew and colors" (probably the points of the compass, which were defined as four and afterwards as eight colors), "and by all the elements visible and invisible, and by every element which is in heaven and on earth." He is a king whose descendants bear names of Turanian origin. In the second century of our era a king whose pedigree ran back to Eogan did the same, and further stipulated that, even if in the future these oaths should be violated, his descendants and those of the mythical Ugaine should continue to hold the Hill of Tara with its ancient royal graves, and also the land called Meath, nearly central in Ireland.

Meath held an anomalous position as regards the four provinces, somewhat like the District of Columbia towards the States of our Union. But it was not a no-man's land, like the District; it claimed to be the fifth of Ireland. Hence Munster is called in Irish Cuigé Mumhan, the "Mumhan Fifth," and the other provinces in the same way, though sometimes Meath was omitted and East and West Munster were separated to make each a fifth. The wisdom of Eogan in holding for his family the great meeting-place of Ireland consecrated by traditions, by the tombs of the kings, and by the "shrieking stone," that rock or monolith which was thought to cry aloud when the true monarch stood upon it, is of course apparent. A clan that by antique oaths held Meath with Tara was likely in the long run to furnish to Ireland most of her archkings. But in course of time the pagan ceremonies which were traditional about that hill so incensed the Christian priesthood that they cursed Tara, acting on the superstitions of the Irish exactly as might have done their pagan predecessors, the Druids or bards. Thenceforth, though kings were called of Tara, they really made their headquarters elsewhere. Aileach, near Derry, an ancient fortress on a high hill, which has been very recently repaired, and has become the object of no little public interest, was the ceremonial palace and perhaps the citadel of the Nials of northern Ireland. Tuam, in Galway, was the seat of one of the O'Connors, kings of Connaught; but there is nothing in that little old town to show former antiquity except its name, which appears to refer to such tumuli as used to be raised for the graves of mighty men in the ancient days. According to the "Banquet of Dun na Gedh," a comparatively late historical romance, Domnall mac Aedh, being shy of Tara owing to the curse of the priests, fixed his residence at a fortress of Dun na Gedh, on the river Boyne. The story describes as follows the principal buildings within the walls of the Dun, the author, to all appearance, having striven to recall the buildings on Tara as well as he was able from tradition and from the ruins which remained there well within historical times:

"And he drew seven very great ramparts around this fort after the model of regal Tara, and he also laid out the houses of that fort after the model of the houses of Tara, namely, the Midhchuairt (banquet-hall), in which the king himself, and the queens and the ollaves (chief poets) and those who were most distinguished in each profession, sit; also the Long Mumhan (house for the men of Munster), the

Long Laighen (house for the men of Leinster), the Coisir Connacht (feasting-hall of the Connacht men), the Eachrais Uladh (fair-ground

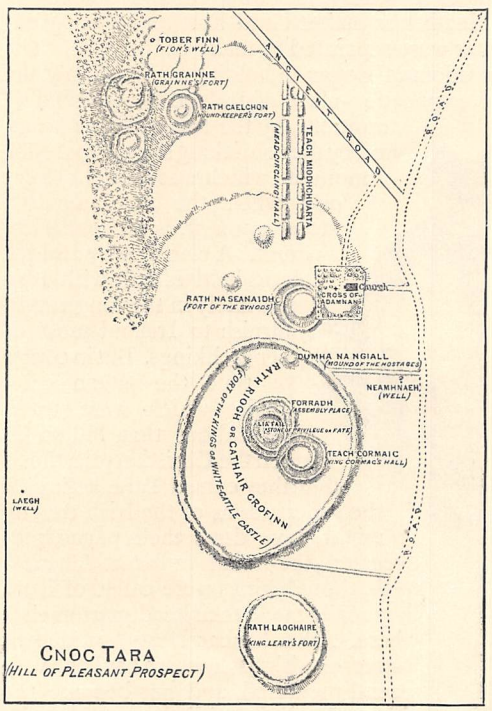


CHART OF AN EARLY SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, ADAPTED FROM PETRIE, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION ADDED.

of the Ulster men), the Prison of the Hostages, the Star Chamber of the poets, the sunning-house of the one pillar (which last had been first built at Tara by Cormac mac Airt for his daughter Gráinné), and other houses besides."

The chart fixes the probable site on the Tara slope of some of the buildings repeated on the Boyne by this prince. It represents the arrangement of a king's fort in Ireland before the eleventh century. The traits of genuine antiquity are many. Thus the ramparts are not stone; they are the earthen walls we still find in the *rath*, *lios*, and *dun*, the wrongly called Dane's forts scattered everywhere. A separate building for each person was the rule in granges and farmers' settlements; separate buildings for the different groups of the court are found here. Rebellion, or rather refusal of tribute, was kept in check by hostages who were lodged under guard in one building. The bards and historians slept in another; the women were lodged in a *grianan*, or house with windows of stone slabs, thin skins, or glass; and in the case of a powerful monarch provision had to be made for the chiefs and champions of the four provinces when they came to debate affairs of state. Finally there is a great round hall where ceremonies took place and the general banquet was held on state occasions. Very curious is Tara to the student of early methods of government.[1]

The several ramparts were entered by gates so disposed as to embarrass a hostile force. Outside of all, in the very ancient forts of stone on the west coast, and presumably in the earthen forts too, was a watchman's room or box in the wall, cut off entirely from the interior. A guard surprised here would have to perish at his post if he could not save himself by flight. The ramparts were often tunneled longitu-

1 The division of Ireland into fifths must be very ancient, if the following identification of the names of the provinces handed down in Gaelic is correct. They are Ulster, Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Meath. For three of these, explanations have been offered by Irish writers of the past. Meath is explained by Latin *medius*, because it holds the middle of the island. Leinster is derived from the spear, *laigen*, used by an army from Gaul. Connaught means "people of the race of Con." Only the last etymology has any possibility of acceptance, and in this case we have an older name preserved in Gaelic, namely, Ollnegmacht.

The termination "ster" in the names of the three most important divisions is explained by Scandinavian *stathr*, "place." But comparatively recent comers like the Scandinavians, who were also, in all probability, on a lower plane of civilization than the Gaels, are not the source for place names common to the Gaelic-speaking population. If we turn to Esthonian and Finnish, however, the roots "Ul," "Lein," and "Mun" find explanations which agree with the natural traits of these sections; moreover, the termination "ster" is seen to spring from a suffix common to the Finno-Ugrian tongues, but not to the Aryan.

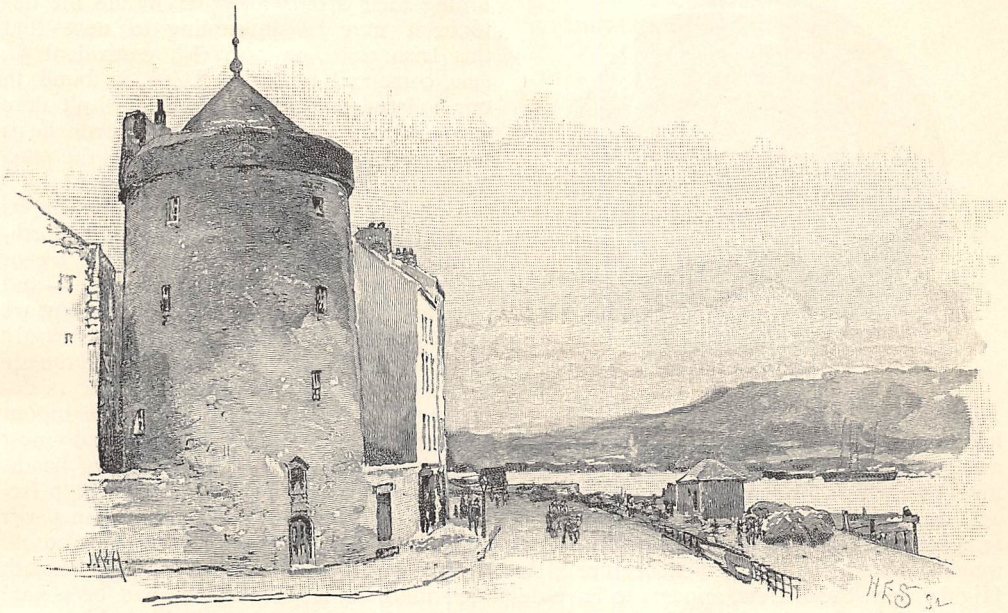
The Irish call Ulster *Uladh*, but the final consonants are silent, and represent a mistake of Gaelic grammarians. The word is Esthonian *üle*, *üli*, Finnish *ylä*; as in *Ylä-Saksa*, "Upper Saxona." It marks the upper, or northern, district. Esthonia and Livonia are called *üle-ma*, "upper or main land."

Leinster in Irish is *Laighen*. This comes from a word found in Esthonian as *lauga*, *lage*; in Finnish as *laakea maa*, "flat, low, gently rolling land."

Munster in Irish is *Mumha*, in which the *mh* is silent and the word is spoken *mooa*. The root is found in Esthonian *muhe*, "soft, rich (ground)," and the parallel from the Baltic is the island Mohn, which in Esthonian is *Muhu-ma*, "rich land"; Finnish, *Muhea muhkea*.

In "ster" we may trace a case-ending peculiar to these tongues, which has been called the elative, and means "from," or "out of." In Finnish the suffix is *sta*, *stä*. Such forms as Ulster, Leinster, and Munster grew up from possible *Ulestä*, *Lagenesta*, and *Muhenestä*, receiving from Scandinavians and English the final *r*, which does not belong to them. The original meanings were (the men) from the upland, from the flat land, from the rich land, agreeing exactly with the several traits of these three districts.

The old name of Connaught was Ollnegmacht, a term the hardiest grammarian of Ireland has avoided. But in Finnish we have *onelma*, "the valleys"; perhaps from *one*, "bad, worthless," or connected with Esthonian *ülenema*, "to be elevated." That of Meath may come from an equivalent of Finnish *maataa*, "to make land," in allusion to the necessity the earliest inhabitants of Ireland were under to subdue the bogs of the central part of the island. Compare Esthonian *muda*, "slime, bog."



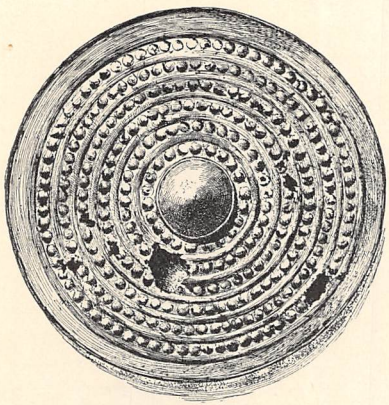
REGINALD'S TOWER, WATERFORD, WHERE THE LAST KING OF WATERFORD WAS SLAIN BY THE WELSH AND NORMANS.

dinally, and nearly always the inner spaces were excavated in shallow subterranean halls and passages lined and ceiled with large rough slabs. Perhaps these were for treasure, or merely for food; the tunnels in the ramparts were apparently a part of the defensive system. Stone forts had narrow steps that led to the top of the wall. The area inside the inmost rampart was dotted irregularly with buildings which to our ideas would be exceedingly small. Buildings were of timber if great luxury was used; of wood and wattle or of basket-work as a general rule. The tendency of the people to have a hut for each grown person was of course curbed in a fort, where space was valuable; but down to late centuries, here and in ecclesiastical settlements, the old trait continued of clustering small edifices together, rather than arranging one large building for occupancy by many persons.

Such a structure as Staigue Fort, which will be shown in the article on architecture, may be considered a very ancient work in the nature of a citadel, the small size of which does not warrant its rejection as a military work. Its later use may have been to inclose flocks, but the stairways carefully arranged in the interior show that it was erected for defense against men. In "The Monasteries of Ireland," published in this magazine for May, 1889, is a cut of the "Fort of the Wolves" as partly restored by Dunoyer; here one sees a very complete citadel of some ancient chieftain on the west coast. Under such circumstances divinity could not hedge a king.

We can see from the action of the historical tales that the people had great freedom of speech, criticizing their superiors and conducting themselves with democratic ease. Yet any attempt to assume a rank to which a man was not born received the promptest rebuke. The very rigidity of popular rules on such matters put men at their ease. It appears, however, that the Irish had a complete system of progress upward from rank to rank, at least among what is now called the gentry and nobility. This depended on wealth: a man with so many cows could lay claim to such an honorific title; as soon as he got together so many more, he rose to the next rank. Perhaps this frank recognition of the golden calf, if that bull be permitted, was manlier than the present system, which pretends superiority to the influence exercised by wealth, yet at heart worships it and on the sly bows down before its possessors.

The old kings and chiefs may be best likened to the chieftains of the Scottish Highlands as described by Sir Walter Scott, after subtracting much that is obviously modern in their weapons, houses, and habits. Undoubtedly this colony from Ireland into the northern parts of Britain retained many traits which disappeared from large portions of Ireland. We can account for the high intellectual and physical average of the people of Scotland by the difficulty of subsistence in a sterile land, by the outdoor life and simple food in a rude existence, but also from the constant mixture of hardy races going on there — the purer Kelt whose blood came from Ireland long before the Norman



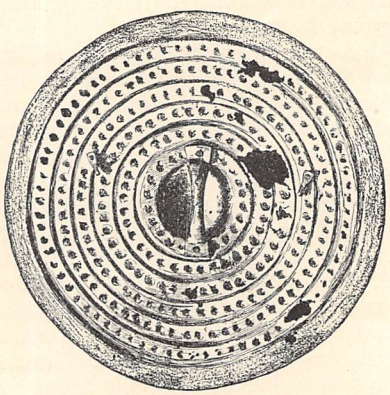
BRONZE TARGET WITHOUT WOODEN CORE. OBVERSE.

invasion constantly intermingling with Norse and Saxon, and all three leavened by the primitive Pict. The clansmen of the Highlands and the old Irish have a host of obvious resemblances besides the practical identity of their tongue, though the most salient feature of the Highlanders, their dress, appears to have descended from the Picts, the nakedness of that painted and perhaps tattooed race remaining last about the knees, which the true Highlander considers it effeminate and base to cover.

War-cries, meant originally to keep the fighting men aware of the place of their own clan in battle, or when scattered in woods and hills, came down to the baronial period, and were used by the Anglo-Norman nobles out of consideration for their Gaelic retainers. The commonest shout was some name of famous place or famous man with the addition *aboo*, a word well fitted for the clamor of a band of fighters, being at once more musical and less wearying to the voice than our "hurrah." The Kildare retainers cried "*Crom aboo!*" in honor of Crom Castle, a citadel in Limerick County, originally a stronghold of the O'Donovans, which one of the intrusive Geraldine families, named after the town of Kildare, occupied while turning Irish. The O'Neills cried out, "*Lawv dareg aboo!*" because the Lawv dareg or Red Hand was the badge of the family and clan. The O'Briens cried, "*Lawv Laider!*" or "*Laudir aboo!*" or "Strong Hand Aboo!" The translator of Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland" suggests as the meaning of *aboo* the Irish word *booa*, victory; but analogy would point rather to *boa* (*beotha*) lively, awake, spirited; when *aboo* would be an exclamation like the French *alerte!* and *vive!* A parallel in Irish is the well-known *Erin go bra!* "Erin till judgment day!" where *go bra*, forever, implies the same idea of living which the word *beotha* actually contains, since the latter is the Keltic equivalent of Greek *bios*. "*Yabu!*" is the exclamation of Tatar horsemen when urging their steeds forward. While on this topic it may be interesting to note that this Irish word, or its Welsh equivalent *yu byw*, corrupted to *boo* and *boh*, is found in our colloquial expression, "He does n't dare say boo to a goose"; in other words, he is too cowardly to sound his war-cry in the presence of the most peaceful of creatures.

Certainly very primitive were the habits that lingered in Ireland, in Wales, in northwestern Scotland, down to comparatively recent times. When we use the word calculate — and if we are to believe our Old World cousins we employ that word almost as often as "waal" and "I guess" — we forget calculus and the use that little stones afford primitive minds in doing sums of arithmetic. The Chinese mount their calculi on wires, and in business do most of their computations with a board of beads. Counting with stones is not at all extinct in Ireland. A correspondent of an American paper noted in a remote western village that an old woman who came every week to pray beneath the window of an invalid who had been kind and helpful to her never failed to add a stone to a heap on the window-sill. She wished to be able to remember from the heap how often her prayers had duly gone up for the sick lady. Down to historical times the kings and chiefs of Ireland made use of a very archaic system to arrive at the number of men who went into battle, and that of the survivors. Thus Lughaidh Mal, a prince expelled from Ireland, recruited followers in Alba or North Britain and landed in Ulster at a spot now marked by a cairn called Carnn Mail. It was formed by these intruders, as we learn from the poem published by the Celtic Society in their Miscellany for 1849, J. O'Donovan's translation. Tribute to the returned exile was refused by the Irish septs or "men of Fail" —

Battle or tribute was demanded
By Lughaidh of the men of Fail.



BRONZE TARGET WITHOUT WOODEN CORE. REVERSE.

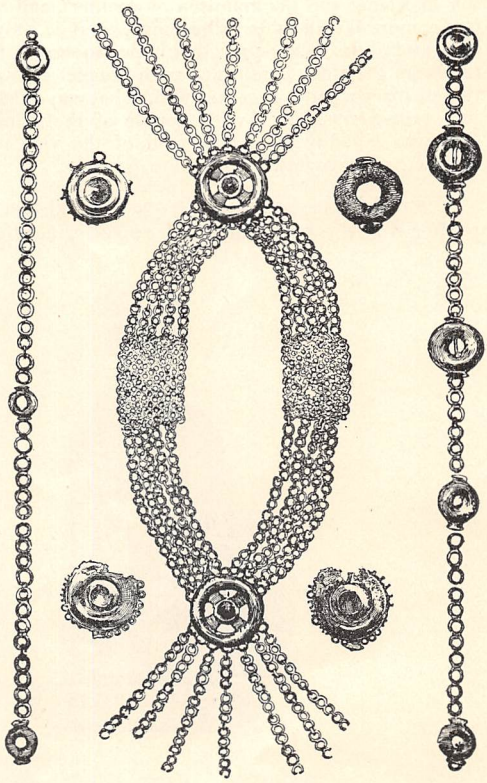
To draw them into battle
Was the object of the future monarch.

After this he came up quickly
To enjoy in battle very fiercely,
Each man brought a stone into the battle,
And thus Carn Lughaidh was made.

And there Lughaidh Mal was
On the even, white-surfaced carn
Until the great battle was gained
Over the beauteous men of Eire.

The conqueror had only to direct the survivors to take up each a stone from the heap thus formed, and the remaining stones gave the tally of the dead and missing. Should he have lost, the cairn would be all ready to receive his body if the victors were generous enough for that. His head would most naturally grace the house of his most powerful opponent, while his brain would be carefully extracted, mixed with lime and clay, and formed into balls that were thought to have terrible powers when propelled from a sling. Such would have been the fate of Lughaidh or a prince equal to him in fame at the remote time to which the poem refers. He is called the conqueror of Brittany in France, Spain, the Orkneys, and Great Britain. This attribution of wide conquests to a prince expelled from Ireland is explainable when we note that his name recalls the old Keltic god Lug who lies concealed in the names of Lyons and Laon in France, Leyden in Holland, and, according to some Keltic students, London on Thames.

The brehons were the professors of law of the Irish according to a system common to Gauls, Britons, and other Keltic nations. The office was often hereditary in families, and was of great importance to the kings, as the brehon (the ver-go-bretus, or man-at-law of Gaul, in Cæsar's "Commentaries") must have acted as a check to the bards and sennachies, who trusted to their memories only. Cae was one of the earliest of the brehons mentioned in Irish history; only a few fragments of the Brathcae, or Cae's Judgments, remain. He was fabled to have been with Moses in Egypt; but, not relishing the prospect of the wandering in the wilderness, he left his friend, proceeded to Thrace, and voyaged thence to Ireland. Other lawgivers of the remotest past have left short records in brehon law. All appear to have used a style which was intentionally obscure, a charge made by Rabelais against the French lawyers of his day, and still occasionally brought against the profession in all countries. The law tracts—a specimen page of one being given in the woodcut—are full of curious relics of the departed civilization of Keltic lands, mixed perhaps with echoes of the Roman law brought in by



FRAGMENTS OF BRONZE CHAIN ARMOR AND RING MAIL.

Christianity, and through the classical studies of the better educated law-men. Many of the manuscripts belonging to these professionals have been published in facsimile and translated at expense of Government, but so poorly as regards a profound knowledge of old and modern Gaelic that Whitley Stokes, Ernst Windisch, and Standish O'Grady ask for a complete revision owing to the number of mistakes. They explain the complicated systems of land tenure from monarch to slave through landlords and tenants; and as custom produced many variations in different districts, the tracts are full of most curious references to household and public life. Thus the first passage of the law tract given in the cut reads in the translation authorized by the Government commission:

If it be the tenant that returns to him out of contempt to him, he (the chief) is entitled to honor-price, with restitution of all that is due him.

If it be to clear off to another chief (*commentary in smaller writing:* if to make a true removal to another chief), and not out of contempt that the tenant separates, it is half honor-price that is due to the chief, with double restitution of the original property and of the services (*commentary:* double the services of the food), but if he (the chief to whom he goes over) be more lawful as to rank, a chief of legitimate family (*commentary: i. e.*, the

son of a chief and the grandson of another), and if he be more lawful as to tribe property, it is only one-third of the honor-price that is due to the chief, to whom the stock is returned with double restitution of his property, together with what was failed in (*commentary: i. e.*, with double of the thing that was failed in, *i. e.*, the food of the year in which they separate).

From this obscure passage one may at least gather that the brehons had to consider a difficulty we find among many nomadic peoples, and those where the clan system prevails, namely, the desertion of a chief by his clansmen or tenants.

CHESSMAN FOUND IN COUNTY MEATH. (PETRIE COLLECTION, ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, DUBLIN.)

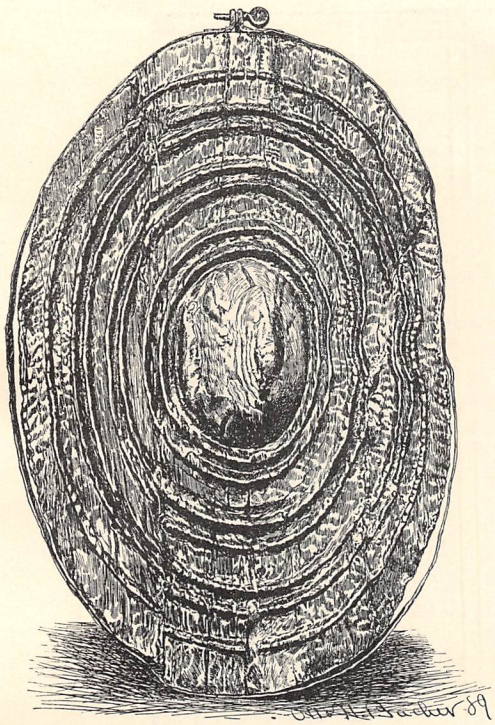
The largest very ancient body of laws is the Shanchus Mór, which the annals say was compiled A. D. 439, and state to have been the joint work of Laeghaire the archking, St. Patrick, and the chief bard of Ireland. If St. Patrick did work at a compilation of laws it is evident that he could bring "little Latin and less Greek" law into the combination. The chances are that his name was added by the brehons in order to give to the origin of their digest the countenance of the clergy. That of the territorial aristocracy was secured in the person of King Leary, and of the poetic profession in the name of the chief bard. Yet the antiquity of the laws, customs, and prejudices in the Shanchus Mór need not be questioned, though we get them in a garbled form. A curious legend of a saint called Longarad the White-legged applies far better to a brehon than to a saint, and was probably adapted by monkish story-writers from the heathen past. When Longarad died all the satchels in which books were kept fell from their pegs in the house of St. Columbkille, whereupon the latter prophesied, like the Druid he really was:

Lone is dead, Lone is dead!
To Cill Garad it is a great misfortune.
To Erinn with its countless tribes
It is a destruction of learning and of schools.

Lone has died, Lone has died!
In Cill Garad great misfortune.
It is a destruction of learning and schools
To the island of Erinn beyond her boundaries.

That brehons existed far down into the present time is certain. They were in full activity in the Elizabethan age, as we see from records of the Government at Dublin. Thus in 1558, when Tege O'Karwell is appointed "capitayne of his natyon" in Eile, Tipperary, he is given the powers of a justice of the peace and made the judge before whom brehons argue cases in Gaelic: "And for all other controversies between party and party in the country, every man to stonde to suche order as shalbe by the Breyhouns taken between them in the presence of Tege or by his assignment." They existed in the next, and traces of them will be found even in the eighteenth century.

In 1607, the poet John Davies, Attorney-General of Ireland for King James I., wrote to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, a letter in which a pathetic view is given of one of the old brehons lingering on neglected, yet respected by the septs that dwelt in McGuire's country. Certain points concerning taxes were referred to O'Bristan, a chronicler and principal brehon of that country, and him the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General summoned before them. He was very aged and decrepit, and when demand was made on him for a certain ancient roll he was said to possess he denied all existence of it. "The old man, seeming to be much troubled with this demand, made answer



WOODEN SHIELD FOUND IN COUNTY LEITRIM. (NOW IN ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, DUBLIN.)

that he had such a roll in his keeping before the war, but that in the late rebellion it was burned among other of his papers and books by certain English soldiers." On being promised its return under oath, the patriarch pulled the roll out of his bosom, "where he did continually bear it about him." "We caused it forthwith to be translated into English, and then we perceived how many vessels of butter, and how many measures of meal, and how many porks, and other such gross duties, did arise unto M'Guyre out of his mensall lands." Sir John Davies is said to have carried this roll off to Dublin and to have lost it there, so that the poor old "last of the brehons" never saw his treasure again.

The "Book of Rights," in which the largest number of rules and regulations for the income of kings and chiefs are found, came down in its best shape in the "Book of Ballymote," a compilation made about 1390 by the brehon of a provincial king of Sligo, Roscommon, and Leitrim. Another was found in the handwriting of a Macfirbis, one of a hereditary family of chroniclers in Sligo, who died about A. D. 1400. At some period a Christian exterior has been applied, some changes made in the text itself, and the originator of the compilation made a St. Benean, possibly a St. Benedict. In order to give an idea of this curious record it may be said that the tributes to, restrictions on, and perquisites of, various kings are first given in prose and then repeated in quatrains, often rhymed, but not always. The following stanzas may be taken as examples. The king in question is the archking holding Tara, supposed to be powerful enough to control the island.

On the Calends of August, to the king
Were brought from each respective district
The fruits of Manann, a fine present;
And the heath-fruit of Brigh Leithe;

The venison of Nas; the fish of the Boinn,
The cresses of the kindly Brosnach;
The waters of the well of Tlachtgha too,
And the swift deer of Luibneach.

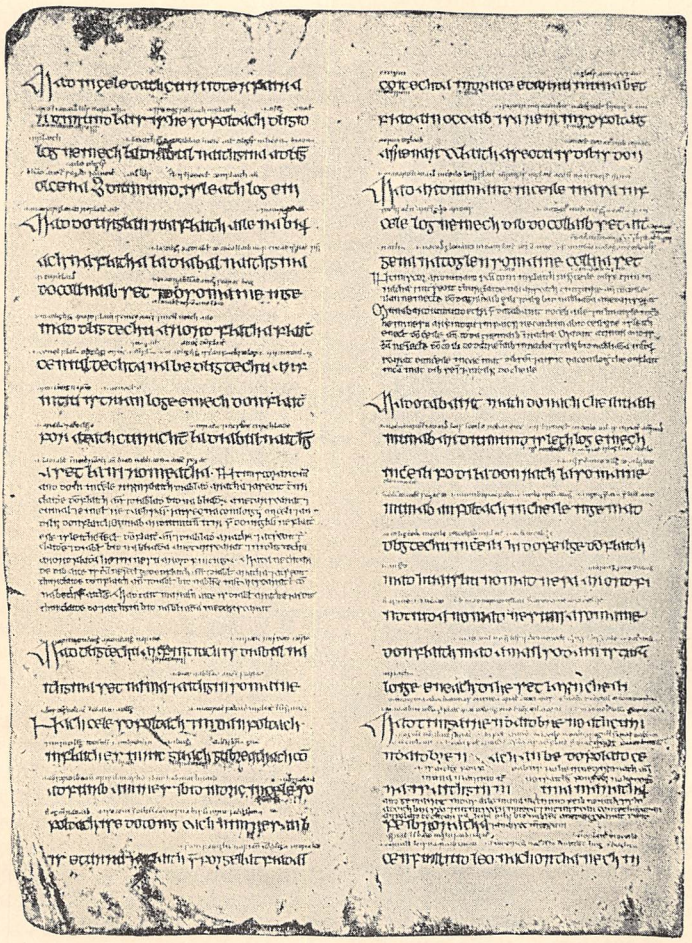
Let his seven restrictions be read — no reproach
To the King of Tara; if he observe them,
It will guard against treachery in battle
And the pollution of his high attributes.

. . . . . .

'T is prohibited to him to go round before going to heaven,
Over north Leinster left-hand-wise;
'T is prohibited to him to sleep with head inclined
Between the Dothair and the Duibhlinn.

The acts of a king were indeed so hedged about by antique superstitions, old privileges of other men and places, that one thinks of various nations of India, of Tatars, Chinese, and American Indians, and the network of superstitious ideas in which they live entangled, or even of the African chief with his rain-makers and magicians. Such ideas were easily twisted to the profit of the king or his chiefs, but they were too real not to have caused the king great discomfort. It is difficult to remember that they were common to our ancestors in every part of Europe within historical times, more or less effaced by the changes of conquest or left alive by the geographical position of tribes beyond the most violent storms of change. Students of the evolution of the family, clan, tribe, and state, students of totemism and barbaric rites, of feudalism and modern

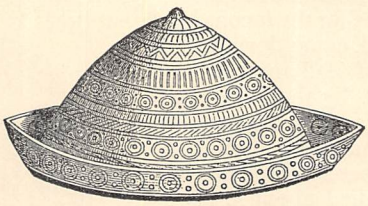
ROYAL SEAL OF BRIAN O'NEILL, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



PAGE OF A LAW TRACT IN GAELIC.

governments, and those who examine the sources of our laws, will hereafter go to the old Irish records for enlightenment. A few, a very few, Englishmen have seen this, notably the late Matthew Arnold and Sir Henry Sumner Maine; but the greater part of lexicographers, historians, students of philology and ethnology who write in English proceed on their way as if they had neither British, nor Irish, nor Scottish ancestors — as if the chimera of Anglo-Saxonism were not only an actuality, but made it unnecessary to consult in any way the remains of the uncomfortable Kelt.

Charles de Kay.



HAT OR CROWN OF BEATEN GOLD FOUND IN IRELAND.

MEMORANDA ON THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

A Word from England on Lincoln.

THE inclosed lines on the assassination of President Lincoln, written in 1865, and now extracted from a longer poem, never published, are respectfully submitted to the notice of THE CENTURY.

As the history of this remarkable man, which has been such an engrossing feature of the magazine, is drawing to a close, the verses are offered as a small tribute at the base of his great memorial.

Should the lines be not suitable, kindly accept this note as a compliment to the magazine and to the able authors, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, who have given to the world such a graphic account of the most momentous events of our time.

Before this work came out we could only partially judge the character of Lincoln by his public acts in the struggle with the South; but now that the curtain is withdrawn, and the chief actors in this mighty drama stand with all their great and little attributes unveiled, we marvel at the greatness, the magnanimity, the moral and mental strength, that enabled him to contend with the fierce factions of the North. The nearest historical parallel — or, rather, historical contrast — with Lincoln in this particular is our own Cromwell. He sank beneath the surging waves of faction into despotism; personally successful, but politically ruinous to the cause he had fought for. But the fiercer and madder the storms of faction surge at the feet of the great President, the firmer he stands, the higher he ascends, in the majestic might of constitutional rectitude. The contest with the Southern rebellion could be relegated to generals and armies, but the struggle with the factions of the North — with treason, sedition, conspiracy, and open rebellion, with their million-tongued rumors and denunciations — could not be so relegated. With this bewildering hydra he had almost singly and personally to contend; for nearly every eminent man of the North, with whom he had of necessity to associate, was afflicted with hobby-madness — each one pulling and tugging to compel *his master* to mount and ride to his direction. This mighty struggle, this tremendous tension of a human mind, was, as before hinted, but dimly comprehended until the fine revelation of the book cleared our vision. The book more than exhibits, it more than sculptures, it revivifies, the great President.

To Lincoln was allotted the noblest mission that Heaven ever allotted to man. It was more than the mere freeing of a feeble race: it was the liberation of the dominant and pioneer race of civilization; it was the fixing of the keystone to the great arch of human progress. Until that stone was fixed there was danger; once fixed, the bold can march over without danger, and the feeble follow without fear, in that grand march whose every step is a blessing to mankind.

LINCOLN, 1865.

WHAT dreadful rumor, hurtling o'er the sea,
Too monstrous for belief, assails our shore?
Men pause and question, Can such foul crime be?
Till lingering doubt may cling to hope no more.[1]
Not when great Cæsar weltered in his gore,
Nor since, in time, or circumstance, or place,
Hath crime so shook the World's great heart before.
O World! O World! of all thy records base,
Time wears no fouler scar on his crime-smitten face.

A king of men, inured to hardy toil,
Rose truly royal up the steeps of life,
Till Europe's monarchs seemed to dwarf the while
Beneath his greatness — great when traitors rife
Pierced deep his country's heart with treason-knife;
But greatest when victorious he stood,
Crowning with mercy freedom's greatest strife.
The world saw the new light of godlike good
Ere the assassin's hand shed his most precious blood.

Lament thy loss, sad sister of the West:
Not one, but many nations with thee weep;
Cherish thy martyr on thy wounded breast,
And lay him with thy Washington to sleep.
Earth holds no fitter sepulcher to keep
His royal heart — one of thy kings to be[2]
Who reign even from the grave; whose scepters sweep
More potent over human destiny
Than all ambition's pride and power and majesty.

Yet, yet rejoice that thou hadst such a son;
The mother of such a man should never sigh;
Could longer life a nobler cause have won?
Could longest age more gloriously die?
Oh! lift thy heart, thy mind, thy soul on high
With deep maternal pride, that from thy womb
Came such a son to scourge hell's foulest lie
Out of life's temple. Watchers by his tomb!
He is not there, but risen: that grave is slavery's doom.

Henry De Garrs.

66 ASHLAND ROAD, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, Nov. 17, 1889.

[1] The Atlantic telegraph was not in operation when the account of President Lincoln's assassination first arrived in England. The report was much doubted until subsequently confirmed.

[2] Washington won American independence, Lincoln won American liberty.

President Lincoln in Petersburg.

In all the descriptions which have been written of the memorable week in April, 1865,—just a quarter of a century ago,— which closed the War of the Rebellion, one important incident seems almost entirely to have escaped record — the visit of the great war President to the city of Petersburg on the morning after the evacuation. It is, perhaps, not surprising that this quiet scene should have been crowded out of notice by the tremendous events which immediately followed — the President's entry into Richmond the next day; the race between the two armies; the surrender at Appomattox; and the terrible tragedy at Washington a few days later, which turned the nation's shouts of victory into tears of sincerest sorrow. By far the fullest and best history which has been written of Abraham Lincoln passes it with a single sentence.[1] General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs"[2] mentions his interview with the President at Petersburg that morning, but his reference to the "deserted house" and quiet street apparently refers to an earlier stage of the visit. Certainly the General-in-Chief had very much more to think of that day than the writer, who has the added advantage of remembering some interesting details of the occurrence which the General did not notice or did not know.

It will be remembered that Petersburg and the strong works which made it the key to the rebel capital were evacuated on the night of Sunday, April 2. Less than two miles away, at Meade Station, on "Grant's Military Railroad," was the famous "rustic chapel" of the United States Christian Commission, used that evening as a hospital and filled with soldiers from the battlefields. It was long past midnight before we rested from our varied service of providing refreshment for the wounded, saying words of comfort to dying men, and writing out in our tent their last messages to the friends at home they would never see. Between two and three o'clock we were aroused by the blowing up of the rebel rams on the James, and saw from the hill near by the fierce shells of the Ninth Corps' artillery fiercely flying into the doomed city. At four o'clock we were there again, and heard at our front the exultant shouts of "the boys" and the significant strains of Yankee Doodle. A little later we — "Carleton," the war-correspondent and war-writer, was one of us — were "following the flag" over rebel abatis and through deserted magazines to the evacuated city. Not one Confederate soldier was left, and only one wearing the blue, who seemed to have been separated from his command and to be in a dazed condition, exclaiming, "We 've got into Petersburg, and got the flag up on the meetin'-house!" The flag proved to be on the venerable court-house, which we found filled with Union officers and soldiers. Clambering up a rude ladder of cleats on the wall, I reached the attic and groped through it to the belfry. In it was one lone Michigan soldier, proudly guarding the dear old flag he had hoisted there hours before — a matter of history which he had recorded with his name on the belfry blinds. There I left him, boiling over with enthusiasm; and I should be unable to say that he was not there still had I not, ten years afterwards, climbed up the same steps and found the belfry unguarded and the patriotic inscription gone.

Seeing, soon after, a body of soldiers halted in front of a fine old residence on Market street, we found its spacious piazza occupied by General Grant and staff, together with some of his corps commanders and, I think, Admiral Porter. Directly in front of the house, at the edge of the street, in the midst of the soldiers, sat President Lincoln upon his horse, about to depart. It was a beautiful picture as his tall form bent down to listen to a plain old man who had ventured in among the troops. Just then an officer on the piazza shouted, "Lincoln!" The President lifted his head, when the call was immediately changed, "*Captain* Lincoln," referring, of course, to Captain Robert T. Lincoln,[3] then a young man of twenty-one, now the United States Minister to England. I remember also that an old family slave was standing just inside the yard, and that I said to her, "Aunty, do you know who that old man is on the horse?" She replied negatively. "That is the man who made you free — Abraham Lincoln." Lifting her hands in grateful amazement, she exclaimed, "Lor' bress him! is dat Massa Linkum?"

A little later, as I stood by one of the pillars of the portico, an orderly hurried up with a despatch, which was handed to General Grant. After reading it he took the cigar from his mouth, and with the utmost coolness repeated the contents of the message to the officers around him — to the effect, as I recall it, that our troops were in possession of Richmond. This news apparently confirmed or modified his plan for the pursuit of Lee, for orders were quickly though quietly given, and in five minutes all had left in the direction of the fleeing army.

On Friday, April 7, as recorded in my diary, I called on several gentlemen, lay representatives of the prominent churches of the city, to ask whether it would be agreeable to them to have the delegates of the Christian Commission unite with them in the conduct of religious services on the coming Sabbath. The residence of one of the gentlemen[4] to whom I had been referred I found to be the very house where I had seen Lincoln and Grant on Monday. He was an elderly man of courtly bearing, and received me courteously. After the business matter had been arranged I remarked to him that he had been honored by a call from President Lincoln. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln called," he replied; and he went on to describe the incident. He said that he and Mr. Lincoln had been friends in the old Whig times, and that that was the occasion of the call. His son, a bright, handsome boy, saw Mr. Lincoln dismount from his horse and approach the house, and expostulated with his father, "You are not going to let that man come into the house!" The father replied, "I think it would not do to try to stop a man from coming in who has fifty thousand men at his back!" When Mr. Lincoln came in he accosted Mr. Wallace cordially, referred to their former acquaintance, and asked permission for General Grant and the gentlemen with him to sit on his piazza a few minutes, as they had had a long ride that morning. The host responded by repeating his conversation with the boy, which greatly pleased Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Wallace was, I remember, particularly im-

[1] The Century for December, 1889, p. 309.
[2] Vol. II., p. 259.
[3] The Century for December, 1889, p. 308.
[4] Thomas Wallace, Esq.

pressed by the politeness of his guests — perhaps because in such striking contrast to the rudeness and barbarity which the Southern people had been told by their leaders characterized their Northern enemies. He said: "Your General Grant is certainly a very polite man. When I asked him to come into the parlor for his conference with Mr. Lincoln and his officers, he answered, 'Thank you, sir, but I am smoking.'"

ANDOVER, MASS. *C. C. Carpenter.*

Lincoln's Visit to Richmond.

IN their chapter on "Lincoln in Richmond" (see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1889), Messrs. Nicolay and Hay summarize as follows the conflicting testimony in regard to the manner in which the President reached the fallen capital:

There is great vagueness and even contradiction about the details of the trip. Admiral Porter states that he carried the President in his flag-ship, the *Malvern*, until she grounded, when he transferred the party to his barge with a tugboat to tow it and a small detachment of marines on board. Another account states that the President proceeded in the steamer *River Queen* until the transfer to the barge; also that another transport, having a four-horse field wagon and a squadron of cavalry, followed for the service of the President. Still a third account states that the party went in the admiral's barge the whole distance, as affording greater safety against danger from any torpedoes which might not yet have been removed. The various accounts agree that obstructions, consisting of rows of piling, sunken hulks, and the debris of the destroyed Confederate vessels, were encountered, which only the tug and barge were able to pass.

Major Charles B. Penrose of the United States army writes to the editor of THE CENTURY that he was the only staff officer with Mr. Lincoln during that trip, having been sent by Secretary Stanton under the following order, which by the Secretary's mistake was dated March 24, instead of March 23, the day the presidential party left Washington:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, March 24, 1865. CAPTAIN PENROSE: You will proceed with the steamer *River Queen*, having the President and Mrs. Lincoln and such persons on board as they may direct, from Washington to City Point, there remaining until the President desires to return to Washington, and will accompany them back. Your duty will be to see that the President and his family are properly supplied with every accommodation for their comfort and safety. You are authorized to make any needful requisitions upon officers of the Quartermaster and Commissary service, and will see that meals are provided and suitable attendance. You will report to the President and take his directions from time to time. Yours, etc., EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Captain Penrose prepared most of the despatches that were given to the press, for which reason he kept a skeleton diary from which to refresh his mind in narrating the experiences of those seventeen days. The entries relating directly to the visit to Richmond are the following, the words in brackets having been added to make the original more intelligible:

April 4th, Tuesday. Visit Richmond — Take *River Queen, Columbus*, with horses, *Malvern* and *Bat* — Reach obstructions at Drewry's Bluff — Go on in barge of Admiral Porter [towed at first by tug] — Admiral Farragut at the obstruction in the *Allison* [rebel flag-of-truce boat] — Tug aground — Proceed in twelve-oared barge — Land near Libby Prison — Captain Adams, Admiral Porter, myself, and Signal Officer [Lieutenant Clemmens] and the President, with ten sailors, march through the streets to General Weitzel's headquarters in Jeff. Davis's house — Stay all night on board *Malvern*.

April 5th, Wednesday. Leave by half-past nine — Towed in barge [by tug] — Row through Dutch Gap Canal about one hundred yards, four feet of water [in channel] — Tug thirty minutes in coming around — Visit rebel ram *Texas*, then in transit to Norfolk — A strong boat.

The *Bat* was their naval escort from Washington. After passing the pontoon bridge at Aikens Landing the captain of the *River Queen* requested Captain Penrose to ask the President to take a seat upon the upper deck, fearing they might run upon some of the torpedoes with which the river had been obstructed, and there would be less danger on the upper deck than on the lower. The captain of the boat and Captain Penrose took position in the bow of the boat to assist the lookout in discovering any obstructions which might endanger the vessel. In this way they steamed slowly up to Drewry's Bluff. It was the intention on the 4th of April to take through to Richmond all the boats enumerated in the notes, but at the obstructions they found the way blocked by the rebel boat *Allison*, on which Admiral Farragut had come down from Richmond to meet the President; Farragut, who was on leave of absence, had gone into Richmond with General Weitzel. Owing to some defect in the machinery, the *Allison* at the obstructions had swung across the opening in the piles, and was held in place by the current. A tug mentioned had been used at City Point to carry the President back and forth from the *River Queen*, and Mr. Lincoln had alluded to it as his "buggy." At the obstructions a guard of twenty or thirty marines was put aboard the tug. After the latter had passed through, the President insisted that the tug should assist the *Allison;* in doing so she got aground, which was the cause of their having to pull up to the city with oars. By night, however, the steamers had all arrived at Rockett's, and the cavalry, which had been intended originally as an escort to the President in the streets of Richmond, was posted as a guard at the head of the wharf.

The coming of the President on the 4th of April was so well known in Richmond that the "Whig" of that date announced: "We learn that it is not improbable his Excellency President Lincoln will reach the city this afternoon."

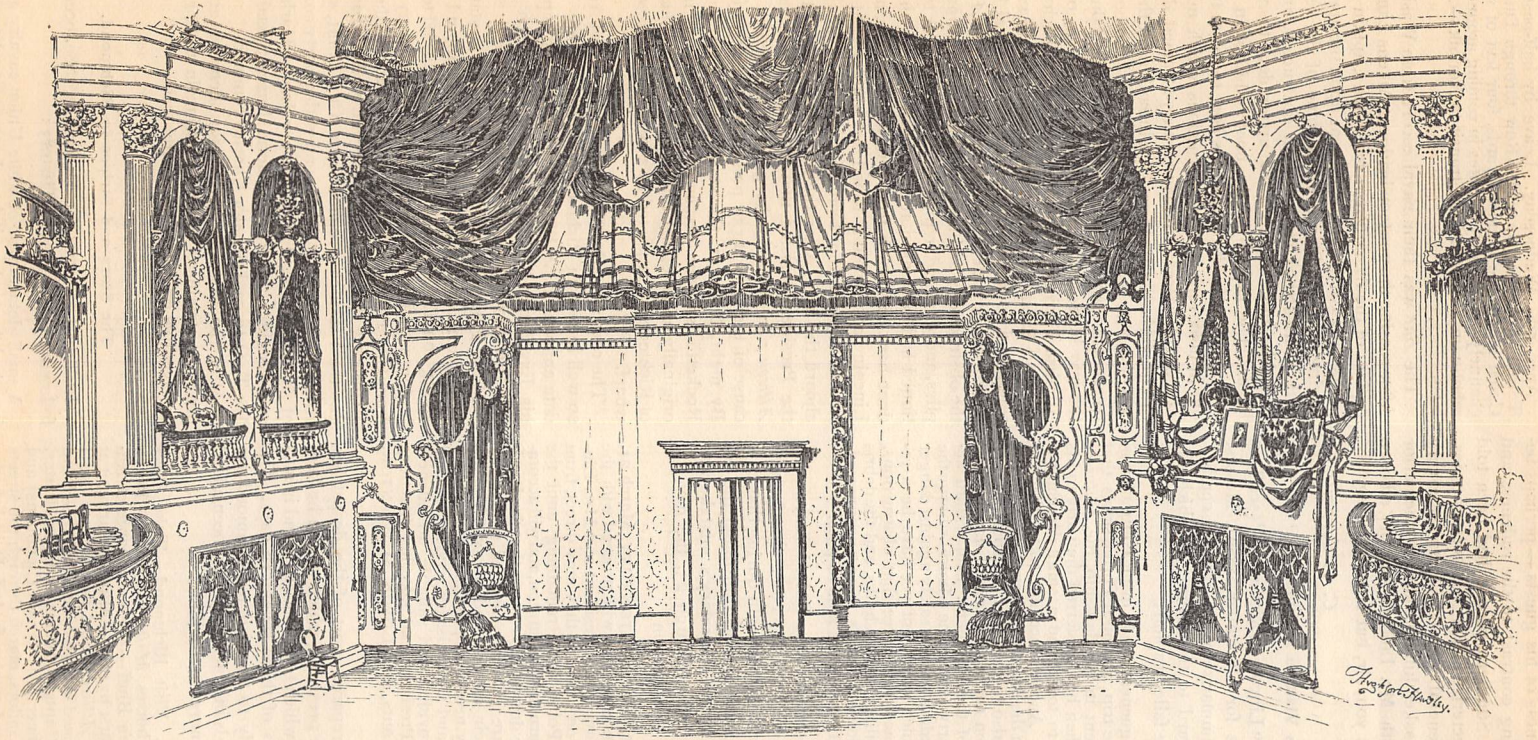
Major Penrose says he has often seen it stated that Mr. Lincoln was accompanied to Richmond by his young son Tad, when in fact he had returned to Washington with his mother on the day the army moved from City Point, and did not come back to the James River until the morning of the 6th of April, on which day the President, remaining at City Point, sent the *River Queen* back to Richmond with a party consisting of Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, Secretary James Harlan, wife and daughter, Attorney-General James Speed, Judge W. T. Otto, and Senator Charles Sumner.

After the assassination Major Penrose accompanied the remains of President Lincoln to Springfield as executive officer of the funeral train.

The Stars and Stripes in Richmond.

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1889, occurs the following in the Lincoln History:

A small detachment of white Union cavalry galloped into the late rebel capital, and proceeding directly to the State House raised the national flag over it.



STAGE AND PROSCENIUM BOXES OF FORD'S THEATER AS THEY APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

This drawing was made from two photographs by Brady, lent to the editor by Mr. W. R. Speare of Washington. One of the photographs (of the President's box, on the right), supposed to be the earlier of the two, differs from the other photograph (showing the stage and all the boxes) as regards the three silk flags, apparently regimental flags, fixed at the sides and middle column of the box. Mr. Joseph S. Sessford, at the time assistant treasurer of the theater, is authority for the statement that the second photograph (presented to Mr. Speare by Mr. L. Moxley) was taken three or four days after the assassination, when none of the decorations, except the regimental flags, had been removed. The portrait between the flags is an engraving of Washington.

And in a foot-note to this passage it is stated that

The flag was raised by a young officer named Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried it at his saddle-bow for a week with this purpose.

The facts are as follows: Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, raised the first national flag over the State House in Richmond on the occasion referred to in the text. Major Stevens was the provost marshal of the Twenty-fifth Corps (colored troops), commanded by General Weitzel.

Major Stevens was that morning in command of the most advanced party of the Union army. It was to him the mayor surrendered the city in the first instance. After receiving the surrender Major Stevens galloped into town at the head of the "small detachment," and, ascending to the roof of the State House, hoisted two small national flags; in fact, the guidons of the squadron of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, which he commanded.

It was several hours after that before Lieutenant de Peyster came on the ground, in company with Weitzel's staff. This officer (Lieutenant de Peyster), accompanied by myself, went to the roof to hoist the flag brought by him. We found the guidons at the masthead; these we lowered and replaced them with his flag, which was, by the way, I believe, the same one that had been first hoisted at Mobile on the capture of that city.

There was no personal risk whatever in raising the second flag, but at the time when the "small detachment" galloped in the streets were filled with disorderly characters, and the chances were thought to be many of a collision with them, or of a shot from an ambushed enemy. Therefore, whatever credit may be due to the officer who first raised the national flag over Richmond should be given to him ungrudgingly. That officer was Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry.

Loomis L. Langdon,
Colonel First U. S. Artillery,
Late Chief of Artillery Twenty-fifth Army Corps.
SAN FRANCISCO.

General Grant and the News of Mr. Lincoln's Death.

IN the January article on Abraham Lincoln I find the statement that Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her to the theater on the evening of the 14th of April, and that they had accepted, but had changed their minds and went North by an afternoon train.

General and Mrs. Grant had planned to visit their children at school at Burlington, New Jersey, and were to leave Washington on that day if the General could finish the business that then occupied him. Having completed it, he sent word to the President that he would not be at the theater. They took an evening train and reached Philadelphia after eleven o'clock.

During the early part of that year I was employed in the Philadelphia office of the American Telegraph Company as a messenger boy, and on that evening was assigned for duty after ten o'clock in the operating room to carry any messages requiring immediate delivery. I was engaged in conversation with a group of operators at half-past ten when at a call from the Washington instrument Mr. Porter, the operator at that table, left the group and began receiving a message. Several of the party went over to the table and listened while the instrument clicked off the message telling of the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward. The message read: "To General U. S. Grant, Philadelphia: President Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theater this evening, and an attempt was made on the life of Secretary Seward. It is supposed that there is a plot to assassinate all men prominent in the Government. Be careful who comes near you on the boat or train."

At that time all Washington trains arrived in Philadelphia at Broad street and Washington avenue, in the southwestern part of the city, and passengers for New York took a hack or stage from the depot to the ferry at the foot of Walnut street, a ride of about two miles, and crossing the Delaware River by boat to Camden there took the train and continued their journey. Mr. Porter and myself started for the ferry to deliver the message to the General, and on inquiring there learned that he had not yet arrived; but on going to the railroad telegraph office and sending a message of inquiry to the Broad street station, we found that he had left in a hack a few moments before for the ferry. We also were informed that he had sent word to Bloodgood's Hotel, close at hand, to have supper prepared, and we then went there to await him and give him the message. In a few moments we heard the noise of a carriage approaching which drew up at the door, and inside we saw the light of the General's cigar. His colored servant, who was with him, opened the door, and, assisting Mrs. Grant to alight, all passed hurriedly by us to the supper-room. On reaching the room and knocking at the door the General bade us come in. Mrs. Grant had seated herself on a settee against the wall and was engaged in removing her bonnet, while the General had drawn his chair up to the table and was about to sit down to his supper, but remained standing and reached out his hand for the message. As he read the words which bore such sorrow to the nation that night not a muscle of his face quivered or a line gave an indication of what he must have felt at that great crisis.

"It would be impossible for me to describe the feeling that overcame me at the news of these assassinations, more especially of the assassination of the President," he afterwards said, speaking of this moment.

Turning to Mrs. Grant, seated behind him, he handed her the message without a word. She could not have read more than a line or two before her feelings overcame her, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

It was now midnight, and messages were sent and received at the railroad telegraph office, close at hand, requesting the General to return to Washington at once and arranging about trains there and to Burlington and return; and after seeing him on the boat and receiving word from Camden that he had reached there safely and had left for Burlington, with an engine sent ahead of the train to guard against any danger on the track, we returned to our office, where we found demands for all our time and energies until dawn. Messages for the military, police, and detective departments of the city were received and delivered, and when, at 9 A. M., after a few hours' sleep, I again reported for duty, the change that had come over the city was one

never to be forgotten — a dreary April day, a city draped in mourning, and sorrow on every face. What a contrast to that bright day, less than two weeks before, when the news had flashed across the wires, "Richmond is taken," and the same flags, now draped with crape, had waved in the breeze, and the same people had crowded the streets and shouted and embraced each other in their delirium of joy.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Charles E. Bolles.*

At the Death-bed of President Lincoln.

SINCE the death of President Garfield the statement has been frequently published that I was the *only* eye-witness of the death of both the assassinated Presidents. This is true.

In a note on page 436 of THE CENTURY for January a list of "persons about the death-bed of the President" is given. As a statement of fact it is of small importance who were or who were not present; but the care and painstaking shown by the authors of

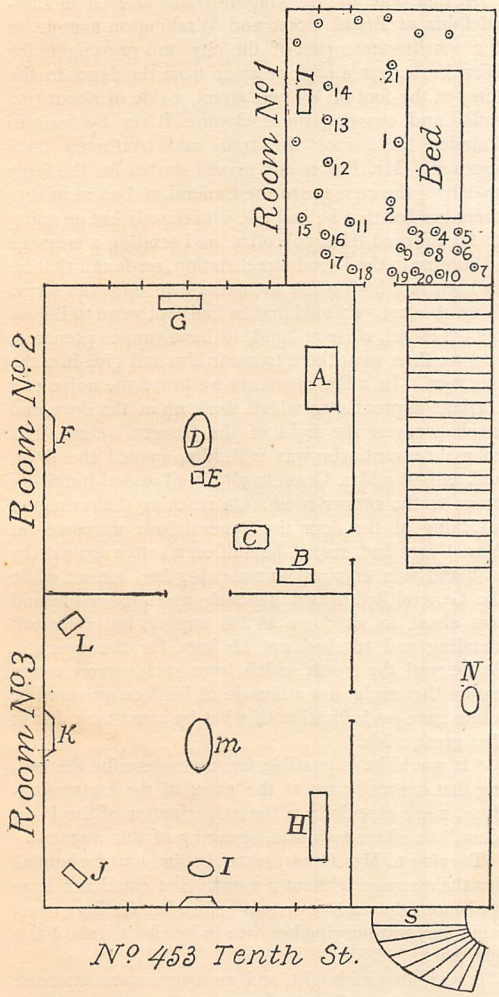


DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED.

ROOM NO. 1.

The following indicates the position of persons present, when the Surgeon-General announced the death of the President at 7.22 A. M., April 15, 1865:

1. Surgeon-General Barnes (sitting on the side of the bed, holding the hand of the President).
2. Rev. Dr. Gurley.
3. Surgeon Crane (holding the President's head).
4. Robert Lincoln.
5. Senator Sumner.
6. Assistant Secretary M. B. Field.
7. Major John Hay, Private Secretary of the President.
8. Secretary Welles.
9. General Halleck.
10. Attorney-General Speed.
11. General Meigs (Quartermaster-General).
12. Secretary Usher.
13. Secretary Stanton.
14. Governor Dennison.
15. Major Thomas T. Eckert (Chief of Telegraph Corps at War Dep't).
16. Mrs. Kenney.
17. Miss Kenney.
18. Col. Thomas M. Vincent (War Dep't).
19. Col. L. H. Pelouze, "
20. Major A. F. Rockwell, "
21. Secretary Hugh McCulloch (occupied this position during the night, but was not present at the closing scene).

The few others noted were persons unknown to Colonel Rockwell. [Surgeon C. S. Taft, and Alexander Williamson (tutor at the White House) were among them.—EDITOR.]

ROOM NO. 2.

This room was used for the preliminary examination of witnesses. A stenographer was seated at the center table (*D*) from 12 to 8 in the morning. The Secretary (Stanton) wrote his despatches to General Dix (with lead pencil) at the same table (*C*).

A, Bed. *B*, Washstand. *C*, Table. *D*, Table. *E*, Chair. *F*, Fireplace. *G*, Dressing case.

ROOM NO. 3.

This room was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Lincoln. and two or three friends.

Mrs. Lincoln occupied the sofa (*H*) through the night.

H, Sofa. *I*, Table. *J* and *L*, Etagères. *K*, Fireplace.

HALL.

Carpet covered with oilcloth, stained with drops of blood.

N, Hat Rack. *S*, Large blood spot on doorstep.

"Abraham Lincoln" to verify the smallest details, as well as the singular interest which the world, and especially posterity, accord to every incident connected with the life-endings of its greatest men, inspire this statement.

A short time after the President was shot, in obedience to an order of Secretary Stanton, with Colonels Vincent and Pelouze, I reported to him at No. 453 Tenth street, where the President had been taken. There I remained until the dead President was removed to the White House.

Immediately after, on reaching my office on the morning of April 15, 1865, I prepared the diagram and legend of which I inclose a true copy; the authenticity and value of which, I think, will require no evidence beyond its existence. There may have been others present who as fully realized the historical value of the incidents of that night; but certain it is I was so deeply impressed, that during the half-hour preceding the announcement of General Barnes, "The President is dead," I gave my most intense attention to the occurrences of which I made the careful record at the earliest moment on the morning of April 15. Of the twenty-one persons named by me seven at least are yet living, and were it of moment my record might be confirmed or corrected.

Inasmuch as the omission of my name challenges, by implication, the repeated publication of the fact of my presence, I request that you will bring the subject to the attention of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, with a view to accuracy in their permanent record.

I recall an incident of interest. At the moment the death of the President was announced Mr. Stanton, who was standing at the place indicated in my diagram, with tears falling, his head bent, and chin supported by his left hand, with slow and measured movement, and right arm fully extended, raised his hat and placed it for an instant upon his head; then, in the same deliberate manner, removed it. I have often wondered whether it was an involuntary movement, or intended by him as a salutation to the great dead.

A. F. Rockwell, U. S. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

President Lincoln's Military Guard.

In the month of September, 1862, two companies of my regiment (Company D and Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Bucktails) were detailed as a special guard at the President's summer residence at the Soldiers' Home, located about three miles from Washington, Captain H. W. Crotzer, now in the Mint at Philadelphia, commanding the former company, and Captain —— Derrickson the latter. A squad of cavalry (from what command I forget) regularly escorted the President's carriage every evening from the White House to the Soldiers' Home and back again every morning, while the two infantry companies named above kept the premises under heavy guard day and night. Late in the fall of the year, when the President took up his residence permanently in the White House for the winter, Company K, under command of Captain Derrickson, was detailed as a special guard for the Executive Mansion — a position held by this company until the close of the war. If the reader will be at the pains to consult Bates's "History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers," under the head of "The One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment," he will there find a facsimile copy of a letter written by President Lincoln, as follows:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 1, 1862.
Whom it May Concern —

Captain Derrickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He and his company are very agreeable to me, and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain none would be more satisfactory to me than Capt D.—— and his company. A. Lincoln.

H. M. Kieffer.

Easton, Pa.

Lincoln's Fame.

In the spring of 1873, being in Paris, and learning of the then newly established McAll Mission, I made myself somewhat familiar with its workings. Judge of my surprise when, on entering the little *salle* of the Rue Julien-La-Croix, Belleville, I saw on the wall above the speaker's platform a life-size print of Abraham Lincoln, with the well-known motto, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," etc. On visiting another *salle* the same portrait confronted me, and so in every one of the five halls, which were all that then existed of the nearly sevenscore in which the McAll Mission is now carried forward.

This seemed to me altogether inexplicable. Here was an Englishman carrying on an obscure mission among the sometime Communists of Paris, with no thought of appealing to the interest of Americans, no dream of American coöperation,— for I was the first from this country to set foot in one of the halls, and the American McAll Association was not founded until more than ten years later,— and in the place of honor in every hall hung the portrait of the martyr President of the United States. I could not but ask the reason why, and this was Mr. McAll's answer:

> When I resolved to bring the Gospel to the defeated and desperate Communists of Paris, I asked myself where I should find that which should tell them at the first glance with what purpose and in what spirit I came. Mad against religion as they were, these Communists, who but a few weeks earlier had chained priests to a wall and shot them down by scores only a stone's throw from where our first hall was opened, a picture of our Saviour or a cross would have conveyed no idea of my meaning and would have simply exasperated them. And then I thought of Lincoln, and I knew that in him they would recognize the spirit and the motive of my coming.

This was nearly seventeen years ago. The McAll Mission no longer needs explanation or justification before the working people of France, and I am told that the portrait of Lincoln is not to be found in the large, new halls which have replaced the old ones which I learned to know so well. But where will you find a more significant tribute to Lincoln's fame?

L. S. H.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook for Wood-Engraving.

THE recent sale of proofs by the late Frederick Juengling, one of the most capable of American wood-engravers, would seem to indicate that the public interest in this branch of art has not suffered deterioration by reason of the widespread employment for illustrative purposes of the so-called actinic "processes," and that in general the popular taste for proofs of wood-cuts may be depended upon by engravers as a new resource. While it cannot be said that at present the total amount of work done is sufficiently on the increase greatly to encourage new pupils to devote themselves to this branch of art, there are signs of a fuller appreciation of the best work of those who have made and are making wood-engraving, as a school, the chief distinction as yet of American art. This cannot fail to increase with the general growth and spread of the love of art, and one may confidently look forward to a commensurate increase of general excellence in the work produced. The Juengling sale, we believe, was the first auction of wood-engravers' proofs, as such, in this country, and when it is borne in mind that the proofs sold were not without duplicates, the prices paid (from $2 to $25, with an average price of $8) may be considered not only a marked compliment to the individual excellence of Mr. Juengling's work, but also a very gratifying result to the craft in general, a number of whom, in fact, have lately offered proofs for sale with considerable success. Moreover the public, through magazines, periodicals, and books, have been educated to an intelligent knowledge of wood-engraving, which one would think might be depended on to support a market for artists' proofs.

Another evidence in the same direction is to be found in the interest excited by the recent exhibition of American wood-engravings made at the Grolier Club in New York. Here were 259 proofs by 25 exhibitors — a thoroughly representative show of work. Its nucleus was the American contribution to the Paris Exposition, which won for American engravers enviable honors from the International Jury of Award of the Fine Arts section, including the first gold medal for wood-engraving for Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, and other honors for Messrs. Davis, Closson, Putnam, Aikman, Wolf, Kruell, and Davidson. Among the proofs shown were also Japan impressions of the superb *édition de luxe* of the Portfolio issued last year by the Society of American Wood-Engravers. Not only was the exhibition largely attended, but, as we write, we believe the entire collection, by request, is to be taken to Brooklyn, to Cincinnati, to Chicago, and to St. Louis. Already in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the National Museum at Washington, and in national expositions at New Orleans and Atlanta, have been shown in temporary collections examples of what has been done in this branch of art; the willingness of engravers to dispose of proofs suggests that now is an opportune time (while most of the men are yet living who have given a world-wide reputation to American engraving) for American museums to begin the systematic collection of a fuller historical exhibit of hand-proofs. We are sure that, where the proofs could not be found, the owners of the blocks would be glad to coöperate with art institutions in such a work, as far as might be practicable. Posterity should not be left to gather up in meager or incomplete examples the record of so marked an achievement.

Nor do we agree with those who think that wood-engraving in America has seen its best days, and is likely to be superseded by mechanical "processes." The nature of art is against such a conclusion. Moreover, while current periodical illustration has gained much by the various mechanical or actinic processes in vogue for the reproduction of photographs from nature, and for the reproduction of original pictures, the time still seems to be far distant when wood-engraving must retire in favor of "the process." The process is at its best in reproducing pen-drawings, though it sometimes lacks the delicacy of wood-engraving in that direction also. But while artists often prefer to suffer from the accidents of the process than from the dreaded lack of sympathy and knowledge of the individual wood-engraver, the fact remains that the engraver's art gives results that can be obtained only by the trained hand and the artistic temperament. One reason for this may be found in the fact that the process reduction of an original drawing or painting is not purely mechanical after all; the "touching up" of the plate by the process man is an interference between the artist and the public which may or may not be wisely and effectively and sympathetically conducted. Again, the mechanical reduction makes a new picture, with new problems of effect which the translator,— *i. e.*, the engraver,— if he understands his art, takes fully into consideration. Still, again, there is a satisfaction to the eye in an exquisite wood-engraving which is seldom if ever equaled by the result of any process.

The defects of mechanical agencies in the reproduction of the tones of a work of art are more manifest when one considers what would be the result of representing by any of the current processes such subtle and delicate originals as the Italian old masters upon which Mr. Cole is now engaged for THE CENTURY. The process can copy outlines, but it cannot interpret tones; it cannot think. How much of the beauty of these admirable cuts depends upon the temperament, the originality, the artistic skill, the "personal equation," so to speak, of the man behind the graver! Not a few other Americans have shown themselves capable of dealing successfully with similar tasks, and Mr. Cole's enterprise is the more remarkable simply because it is a systematic application of the services of one of the leading members of his craft to the education of the public in the qualities of the world's masterpieces, as they can be conveyed in black and white. It is fair to say that wood-engraving has not before been employed to a purpose of such lasting value. The success of the ex-

periment suggests that the mission of the art is not likely to be exhausted while there remain beautiful pictures to be represented and skillful artists to represent them. Looking ahead to the development of American painting and sculpture and the esthetic education of the people, there would seem to be a larger field for the engraver in the popular record which will need to be made of the achievements of art. For the present the magazines and weekly periodicals must remain the engraver's mainstay and stimulus. At first glance the illustrated newspaper appears to be militating against him; along with some admirably successful illustrative work it seems to be dulling the edge of popular taste with a deluge of pictures inferior in execution; but the reaction will be to his advantage in emphasizing by contrast the excellence of the art as he pursues it. Meantime, it must be remarked, there has been of late years not only no falling off in the character of work done by wood-engravers, but a steady increase in freedom, in variety, and in all the other qualities that go to make an artistic whole.

Nine Thousand Manuscripts.

DURING the past two years from eight thousand five hundred to nine thousand manuscripts were annually submitted to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of propositions submitted with regard to articles. As there has been an increase in the number of periodicals published in America of late years, and as the newspapers are publishing more contributions than ever by writers not on the regular staff, it is evident that there has been an increase in literary activity at least in proportion to the increase in population.

Now out of nine thousand manuscripts a year THE CENTURY can only possibly print four hundred or less. It follows that editing a magazine is not unlike walking into a garden of flowers and gathering a single bouquet. In other words, not to accept an article, a story, a poem, is not necessarily to "reject" it. There may be weeds in the garden,— there must be weeds in the garden,— but the fact that a particular blossom is not gathered into the monthly bouquet does not prove that the editor regarded the blossom as a weed, and therefore passed it by. It would be impossible to sweep all the flowers into a single handful. The "rejected" or "declined" are naturally prone to gibe at sympathetic or apologetic words from editorial sources; so we present the above simile with considerable diffidence. There is truth in it, nevertheless! And it would probably be much easier for editors to make up a number of bouquets from the flowers at their disposal than to gather the single one for which alone they have room.

The general impression of a lifelong reader of manuscripts is that the quality does not deteriorate— that, in fact, it improves. Such a reader, moreover, is greatly impressed by the wide diffusion of literary ability. There are certainly very many more people who can write a good story, a good descriptive paper, a good essay, a good poem, than there were, say, twenty years ago. An old manuscript reader is inclined, in fact, to be very optimistic. Even Mr. Howells's recent extraordinary praise of current literature may not seem to such a reader as so very far out of the way. But after the old manuscript reader has expressed himself thus optimistically he is entitled to his "buts." He may even permit himself to ask whether the literary artist of our day has not caught somewhat of the hurry, the immediateness, of the time; whether, indeed, the present age is not too present with us; whether there is the slow, determined, sure, artistic work which made the successful careers of the earlier generation of American poets, romancists, and essayists. There surely is such work, but is it as general as it should be? and, if not, is this one reason that there are not more literary reputations in the new generation commensurate with those of the old?

At least the old manuscript reader may, by reason of his age, if nothing else, be pardoned should he at times look over his spectacles at the young manuscript writer and say: "Young man, young woman, you have talent, you have industry, you have knowledge, you have a fine, large audience eagerly waiting for you; all you need is to respect still more highly your own unusual parts. Ponder over, perfect your work; be not in too great haste to bring it to the eye of the editor, to the eye of the public. Regard each poem, each story, as a step in your literary career; let it not leave your hand till you have done your very best with it. If you intend it to be a genuine work of art, make it so — if you can. This may seem a slow process, but it may prove the speediest in results; and after you have followed this advice, remember that even an editor is mortal, and, like every other mortal, entitled to his proportion of mistakes."

It is to be hoped that the word "career" incidentally dropped in the foregoing will not have a tendency towards making ingenuous youths selfish and self-conscious. Given a certain amount of skill and taste, literary art is only another name for literary conscience. Conscientious work is not necessarily artistic work, as many a poor devil has found out too late. But it may be. The heart comes first — a warm heart and a cool head, says Joseph Jefferson — the heart comes first, but heart without art is of no avail. The literary artist need not think sordidly on his or her "career," and yet may cherish that decent regard for repute, that love of artistic perfection, which will bring the rewards of conscience and of honorable fame. At the least the literary artist should be ashamed to do less well than in him lies. He should not niggle and polish for the love of niggling and polishing; but he should be remorseless in self-correction for the love of truth, and art, and beauty. And also, as already said, he should allow the editor that privilege of humanity, the right to blunder; remembering that the "declined" writer's revenge is the editor's own too vivid memory of mistakes — the ever-lengthening black list of errors in literary judgment which every old reader of manuscripts turns to in the secret place of his own mind for melancholy penance and warning.

Journalists and Newsmongers.

IN the days when Horace Greeley was looked upon as the dean of the faculty of journalists, the soul of a newspaper was its editorial page; a variety of information worthy of the attention of good citizens was not scorned; and the license of wit, the lash of criti-

cism, and the retort of the libel suit, testified to the officiousness, as well as the usefulness, of the men who were, with somewhat appropriate metaphor, called "knights of the quill." Their efforts, for the most part, had a public motive. The profits of their industry were in large measure public respect. What they received in money was derived from the industrial uses of the printing press. And they were measurably content.

We are far from saying that this race of journalists has died out. In many newspapers the old traditions are maintained with great ability, but frequently in association with the idea that "news" is mere merchandise. True, it is bought and sold; and in another place we offer an explanation of "What 's the News," which reveals the importance of its commercial aspect; but the point we wish to urge is that news, like electricity or steam, is force. Readers pay toll for the use of news, but they acquire no title in it as of merchandise; in fact, the purveyor of it has no such title to transmit. He has brought together experiences and opinions that belong to some men, for the purpose of enlarging the knowledge and directing the actions of other men. The reader is acted upon by the news as by a force; he uses it as a force. Like every other force, news is a power for good or evil, according to the way it is given out and handled. It makes and wrecks private fortunes, destroys the peace of mind of individuals, directs the thoughts of the multitude, and incites to suicide and murder. If a force that has the potency of great good to society is thus capable of doing so much injury to individuals, it would seem as though the shapers and purveyors of it ought to be conspicuous among men for their sense of moral responsibility. Those who exhibit that quality in their work answer to the stature and breadth of the men who, in the past, have won respect and fame as journalists.

Those who make mere merchandise of news, and even win wealth and notoriety thereby, are, of course, newsmongers. In the days before the cylinder-press, and the telegraph, and the steam-cars, the newsmonger was only a peddler of small-beer and scandal. Now he is often a dealer at wholesale in everything anybody is suspected of wanting to read, and in many things that a person of ordinary common sense would say nobody ought to read. He measures the value of news of the affairs of public or of obscure persons by the surprise it will cause to the many, regardless of the injury it may do to the many or the few. There is no barrier of right or decency that the more conscienceless man of his type will not use degrading means to pass if the news to be gained promises a sensation capable of enhancing his reputation for audacity and enterprise. Public men stand in awe of him, because, in one issue of his newspaper, he can give a hundred thousand blows to their one. Legislators shrink from stepping between him and the public, because, with all his disregard of the feelings of others, he is the most sensitive being on earth, and the most ruthless and vindictive in his revenges. When other men fall out, he makes sport of their folly; but the welkin is made to ring with his own private quarrels and petty jealousies. When he has set a libel traveling with seven-league boots, the best amend he can make is to follow it with silence; his apologies are more remarkable for brevity and magnanimity than for retraction. He evades or defies the power of the law, because the sentences and punishments that he inflicts are more swift and more annoying than the processes of public justice. Side by side with the sermon of the eloquent or the sensational preacher he prints the details of the Simon Pure or disguised prize-fight of the day. The law that punishes the bruiser who affords the illegal spectacle has no power over the newsmonger who fosters public interest in pugilism, and extends the brutalizing excitement of the ring to the family circle. Pugilists would not fight by stealth in obscure places if the newspapers were not allowed to flood cities with their bear-pit heroics of the battle. Side by side with the quotations of the markets, the newsmonger prints the illegal "odds" of the race-tracks and the bar-rooms at election time. Not satisfied with leaving every neighborhood to the contemplation of its own social cesspool, he makes each separate locality the dumping-ground of the moral filth of a whole continent. By a strange perversion of justice, where law-breakers sow tares the newsmonger reaps circulation and profits.

When these things are said of him, the newsmonger laughs and ascribes such criticism to lack of humor. He believes, in common with a forerunner of his class in the West, that "the mission of a journalist is to raise hell and sell newspapers." If any one affects to call that a low standard of professional taste, his apology is that it is the public which demands such a coarse interpretation of his duty. This is not strictly true, because, in competing with his fellow-newsmongers for the public patronage, he takes advantage of the weakness for sensation and scandal, common enough to human nature, and abnormally developed among our own people by the license adopted by prominent newspapers. Undoubtedly a lower standard than at present exists would be established as the average taste of the public if the laws against printed indecency, that are now so inadequate a protection, could be still further ignored without arousing a public mutiny. A new code of laws to meet the new conditions of journalism cannot be postponed indefinitely; but the legal protection that the individual citizen, rather more than society as a whole, is at present in need of will hardly be obtained until journalists of authority and conscience surrender, for the public good, something of the omniscience, infallibility, and privilege of meting out sentence and punishment which they have usurped as being essential to the power and authority of their class.

The worst present feature of American journalism is the apparent belief of our ablest journalists that in order to sustain themselves against the competition of the newsmonger they must, no matter in how small degree, imitate his methods. Some of the journals that have always led the moral and intellectual currents of the country, and are now, in those respects, perhaps the equals of any newspapers in the world, have little by little opened their columns to the very "news" that attracts the rabble of the prize and the betting rings. It is true that they offer fewer details, and clothe them in the language of good society; and some of them even bitter-coat the forbidden "news" with a moral groan. The newsmonger's theory that the first object of a newspaper is to entertain or amuse has been gaining ground in high quarters; one often looks in vain nowa-

days in the most serious journals for an adequate abstract of what is said in Congress, or in deliberative meetings bearing on public questions. The reporting of such debates may be as faithfully done now as it used to be, but after "copy" has passed through the hands of the sub-editor whose duty it is to eliminate everything that is not quarrelsome, impertinent, or funny, the part that gets into print is often a sorry record of what was actually said and done to influence public affairs.

On the other hand,— and the effect is more corrupting,— newsmongers realize that in order to reap the money benefit of pandering to trivial and vicious tastes they must at the same time play the *rôle* of the responsible journalist. Some of the more incorrigible of them do this with great success; they teach humility to the humble at the same time that they instruct brutes in brutality, or flog judges and law-givers for being remiss in their duty to the state. They are the product of new conditions and forces in life; even the more unscrupulous of them make themselves, by a certain intermingling of real service, of positive value to our modern civilization.

No doubt the present tendency towards trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the acme of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power, the leader who has adopted the readiest means has often imposed his methods upon men who would choose the best means. The fault of a lower tone, here and there, is not properly chargeable to the great body of workers, for in the profession will be found to-day a high average of ability, and conscientious performance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature; all that the newspapers of to-day are doing for every good cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are of course essential for the production of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which they, as private individuals, would be willing to indorse, in every part, as men of character, refinement, and self-respect.

The Influence of Athletics.

MR. CAMP'S article on track athletics brings to mind the remarks not long since made by a moralist who complained that the craze for athletics, having overthrown the only valid reason for giving up to college men four years of life already too short for solid attainment in the modern struggle for existence, seemed to be spreading its malign influence over the rest of mankind. One needed only to glance at one's paper, he argued, to see that athletics had become matters of great public interest. No newspaper is complete without its detailed account of contests and its rumors of the condition and relative skill of antagonists in contests yet to come. He could see, he added, a vast amount of feverish excitement, the loss of the scholastic peace so necessary to the student, the neglect of duty, and the sapping of strength. He thought that something ought to be done about it.

Now it is probably true that there is often excessive indulgence, but that is not the logical result of the present widespread interest in outdoor sports. Over-indulgence in athletics produces reaction and eventually remedies itself; but he who is quick to see the strong hold that athletics have upon the young men in our colleges is very far afield if he fails to look beyond the shouts, the upborne victors, the depression of the vanquished. Though physical strength and endurance and skill receive their praise,— in the enthusiastic hour of victory perhaps more than is their due,— one should not forget that at least they do not walk side by side with dalliance and indulgence. Along with endurance and skill the student has begun to appreciate the advantage of self-control, steadiness, and temperance. There is no royal road to right living while the blood of youth runs warm in the veins, but he who has learned the value of restraint, the quick eye, the steady brain, the sure hand and foot, has gone far on the way. With the quickening of the athletic spirit has come a gain in studious qualities. The number of hard students have in no wise decreased, while the average scholarship has advanced rapidly within the past five or ten years. A manlier, healthier tone has everywhere prevailed, and the periodical outbreaks against college discipline which used to be altogether too frequent are now almost unheard of in the larger and better colleges. The policy of the wiser college faculties has been to leave mainly to the students the regulations of athletic affairs, while abating in no degree their demands upon the time and attention of the students under their control. The result has been a gain in confidence and respect on both sides. The evils are not beyond remedy, and will ultimately right themselves; the gains are great.

Careful statistics wholly disprove the oft-repeated assertion that the athlete must necessarily be a poor student, so much of his time is given to the preparation for contests. On the contrary, he has learned method and the advantages of regularity, and knows how best to husband his resources. For systematic training and discipline are never wasteful; and a capacity for self-restraint and obedience has never been found to be an unfitting quality for one duty and not for another. And when does one reach the point where sunlight and pure air, expanded lungs and clear brains, become drags upon intellectual life and activity? Elsewhere in this magazine Mr. Albert Shaw speaks of the marvelous tenacity and vitality of the English race in England, and one is tempted to ask how much England's national vigor may be due to the persistence for ages of her people in outdoor sports. How far may the spring in the step of the well-trained athlete project itself into the constructive energy of a people? What force, what dogged determination, may not generations of contestants in athletic sports impart to the intellectual achievements of a nation? At the close of the recent inauguration ceremonies of the new president of Columbia, a well-known professor in another famous college, himself a Columbia man, was expressing his high satisfaction with the impression the new president had made. "But then," he added with conviction, "he was a great foot-ball player in his day."

OPEN LETTERS.

Trade with South America.

IN the idea of the Pan-American Congress there is much that appeals to one's sense of "manifest destiny." It attracts us just as the Federation of the British Empire attracts Englishmen. The scheme is not wholly experimental, for it rests on the theory which was at the base of the German *Zollverein*, out of which came ultimately a united Germany. No one seriously dreams that from this Pan-American Congress may ultimately grow an American republic, although such an institution as an American court might easily be an outcome. It is hoped that commercial treaties will be the result, and that an enormous trade will spring up between the United States and the other American republics. But reasoning from my personal knowledge of the republic of Colombia, and assuming that what is true of that must be in some degree true of the others, I cannot take a sanguine view of the methods which have been so far proposed.

The South American delegates have been induced to come here, and they have been taken on a great sight-seeing trip. They have been shown our railroads, our grain elevators, and our mills, in the hope that they will tell their people that it would be well for them to sell their raw material to *los Americanos del Norte*, and in turn to buy goods from us. Is there an instance on record where commerce was manufactured to order in this way, or in which the laws of trade were in time of peace overridden by sentiment? Is it not true that trade has invariably passed through "the day of small things" before it became sufficiently dignified to be called commerce, and that in its inception it was the result of the efforts of one or more men who supplied to a people that which they wanted to buy? In other words, if our merchants want the trade of South America, must they not get it in the same way that trade has always been got, by carrying to other nations something they want and can afford to buy?

American manufacturers have been in the habit of forwarding to Colombia such goods as they thought the Colombians would buy, and have then been surprised to find they made no sales. Many of these goods were absolutely dead stock for the simple reason that the people had not an idea of how to use them or could not apply them. What is the use, for example, of shipping a McCormick reaper to farmers that grow no wheat? Some of the goods sent out could not be sold because, in a country of canoes and pack-mules, they could not be carried. For instance, the standard American white cotton is woven twenty-seven inches wide. This cannot be sold in Colombia, because with pack-mules the *carga*, or pack, must not be more than twenty-two inches long, as otherwise it will gall the hips and shoulders of the animals. American cotton can be roped on a pack-mule, with the bolts lashed vertically, but such a pack is very apt to get disarranged, and the *cargero*, or muleteer, charges more for the trouble he is put to. Naturally the merchants in the interior of the country purchase English or German cotton, woven to forty-four and folding to twenty-two inches. Again, the Americans have shipped — and may still ship — colored prints to Colombia. These have been very bright and pretty, and have been such as have sold well in this country. They have not sold there except among a few of the ladies who have seen them. Why? Simply because the majority of Colombian ladies wear nothing but black and white, and the peon women do not want the new patterns. If there is any person on earth who is conservative, it is the peon woman. In colored prints she wants the same pattern and the same material her mother and her grandmother wore before her and which her daughter will wear after her. These patterns are not pretty, being chiefly purples with white spots, but, such as they are, they have been worn by the lower-class women in Colombia for centuries. Why should an American manufacturer try to overcome such a prejudice — if you like — as this? The Germans and English are wiser in their generation. They make the prints the peon women want, and they color them with the ugly purples these women admire, and they make them of a width that will pack easily on a mule, and of a weight that gives eight pieces as a mule's load. And then they sell them, and the trade grows to such a point that we are compelled to pay our Colombian bills for rare woods with exchange on England.

Mr. E. P. Pellet of Barranquilla, Colombia, at one time United States consul in that city, was so much struck with the absurdity of American shipments of prints that he procured samples of all the prints sold in Colombia. With these samples he prepared a table giving weight, width, and length, and the number of pieces of each imported through the Barranquilla and Carthagena custom-houses for one year. He mailed the whole package to the president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, advising him by letter of his action and saying he supposed the information would be of sufficient value to the Chamber to make it worth their paying the postage. This amounted to $2.37. The president of the Chamber of Commerce that year did not consider the package worth $2.37, and it was returned to Mr. Pellet, who thereupon paid the postage both ways. I have that package now, and I considered it very cheap at the $5.00 which it cost me. They are poor cottons, full of clay and not well woven, but they will sell in Colombia better than the handsomest prints made here.

We believe, and with reason, that with our great wheatfields, our enormous mills, and our labor-saving machinery, we are in a position to command our fair share of the trade in breadstuffs. We sell flour to England and she makes "biscuits," called by us "crackers," and sells them to Colombia. There is no reason why we should not have this trade if our manufacturers would consider the necessities of the market. I saw in the little town of Zaragoza some *cargeros* packing a box of American crackers on a mule. As far as Zara-

goza the box had come by steamer and steamboat, but from this point to Remedios it was to travel on a pack-mule. The box was four feet long, two feet wide, and twenty inches thick. The *cargeros* procured a long gang-saw and cut the box, crackers and all, exactly in halves. Over the open ends thus made they tied raw-hides to protect the contents, and then lashed the two halves in place with the pack rope. Alongside of this American box was one from England. It measured 22 by 22 by 20 inches, the wooden sides, top, bottom, and ends were more closely joined, and it was just the right size to pack easily. Which box would bring its contents in better condition to Remedios after a six-days' trip through woods dripping with moisture from the heavy, nightly, tropical rains — the English or the American? What were the chances for those American crackers after they had traveled for six days under filthy raw-hide covers? Who would get the next order for crackers — the English or the American merchant?

There is another factor in Colombian trade which does not seem to be at all known here, and to which I have seen no allusions in the many articles that have been written in connection with the Pan-American idea. This is the credit system of the country, a system which is so strange as to excite the constant wonder of all North Americans who study it. In a country where for centuries the people have been obliged to rely wholly on canoes, animals, or men for transportation of goods, it has been impossible for country merchants to meet the importers often. One or two visits a year have been all that could be accomplished, and out of this has grown the custom of fairs. Twice a year the importers on the coast pack up their goods and travel to Maganguè. For many years Mompos had the fairs; but the river Magdalena changed its bed, and Mompos dwindled while Maganguè grew. During the fair weeks Maganguè is filled with people, and the amount of business transacted is enormous. The merchants from the interior come down the river, bringing with them the hides, ivory nuts, dyestuffs, or whatever else they have collected during the preceding year or six months. They square up their bills with the importers either with the articles themselves or with the money they receive for them, and lay in their new stock of goods. The whole trade of the country is done at these fairs, and at them all the exports and imports change hands. It must not be supposed, however, that all Colombian trade is done at Maganguè. There are fairs at Bogota and other cities, but that at Maganguè is one of the largest. Out of this system of fairs has grown that of credit. The importer, or jobber, of the coast sells his goods to his country customers on time, and this may vary from one to two fairs, six months or a year. In fact, it might be said that the importer, or jobber, does not get his pay until the raw material bought with his goods can be sent to him. It may be seen at a glance that such credits as these make large capital necessary, and it is by no means always the case that the importer on the coast has this capital of his own. He in turn relies on the support of his correspondent in England or Germany, who must be prepared to give credits varying from one to two years; and these correspondents are helped by the English and German banks. Now when we talk about changing the trade of South America and pouring it into the laps of our own manufacturers, these things must be considered. I know importers in Carthagena and Barranquilla who sell an enormous quantity of goods each year, and who have many of the merchants of the interior as their customers. These customers are among the best in the country, they have large *clientèles*, their trade is sure, and their credit is of the best. Yet if those importers could get American goods made and packed for the market, and if they had every desire to sell them in place of English or German articles, they could not. The American manufacturers could not give the necessary credits, for our manufacturers could not appeal to American banks to help them out. What bank in New York would advance money on notes signed by South American merchants? I venture to say that outside the foreign banking houses having branches in this city, there is not one that knows the standing of the merchants in Barranquilla or Carthagena. There are a few mercantile firms that have this knowledge, but it is not to be found in the banks. Under these circumstances, does not the idea that we can get this trade by holding a Pan-American congress, by making a big "hurrah," or by glowing speeches on the identity of republican government north and south,— than which no greater bosh can be talked,— sound ridiculous? The Congress is a good thing, and from it will probably grow many valuable projects, but it is not the way to get the commerce.

I know two young men in Colombia, one a German and the other an Englishman, who were sent to that country by manufacturing houses with instructions to study the trade, the conditions of supply, the credit system, and transportation. They were also directed to buy everything of native manufacture they could find which they thought their respective houses could duplicate. Each of them spent two years in this work without selling a penny's worth, but the third year the goods began to come over. The two travelers carried these to the interior towns, where the fairs were held, and sold them. This was in 1880. In 1885, when I last saw one of these men, he told me his sales that year would be over $150,000, and I had no reason to doubt his word. Germany and England have no patent on this method of creating trade. There are two New York houses who nearly control the trade in their respective goods in Colombia. One of them controls its specialty so completely that German and English houses, although they have imitated the stamp, name, weight, shape, brand, and packing case, cannot wrest it from the Americans, simply because merchants from the interior demand a sight of the New York bills of lading before they will buy. The managing partner in this house said to me: "We have a man who does nothing but travel in new countries. We send him into a country with orders to buy every article of native manufacture in our line. These he brings back and we make up goods like them in weight, shape, size, and finish. We make about fifty dozen, and the next year he goes back. As he travels, he gives away samples wherever he finds a man whose opinion seems worth having. Then, about two years afterwards, we get our first order. It probably is a very small one, not more than two dozen, perhaps, but we make it up and send it out. From that it grows until, ten years after our traveler went in, we have the trade. Now the secret of success in this business is to give the people

what they want, not what you think they want; to give it to them better made and of better material, and to make your profit out of the difference between machine and hand work. You maintain the trade by always keeping your goods up to standard and never trying any experiments."

And look for a moment at what that profit must be. The English goods sold in Colombia pay the retailer in the interior, the *cargeros* who carry them, the heavy freight charges of the river steamboats, the rent of houses in Maganguè in fair time,—half the people in Maganguè live off the fairs,—the importer on the coast, the steamship companies, the manufacturer who makes them, and the banks that help the manufacturer to extend credits. Eight profits, besides the cost of handling and insurance, must be paid by the peon women who buy those hideous purple prints, or the peon men who, arrayed in cotton shirts worn outside the trousers, dance the *coombiamba* to the music of the tom-tom and the rattling gourd.

We cannot get this South American commerce away from the English and Germans unless we can offer equal or greater inducements and facilities, which cannot be created in a day or a year. In the mean time we may push the commerce, but the pushing must be done in South America, not in Washington. The Pan-American Congress will do good work and its value will be seen, but this will not take the form of a sudden rush of the golden tide into the coffers of our merchants and manufacturers. They can have the tide if they like, but they must get it for themselves.

Alfred Balch.

Christopher North.

IN THE CENTURY for February, page 625, in the article "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," is to be found the following:

> Of the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he [Emerson] said: "I liked him; not as Professor Wilson, but as Christopher North. He was a man singularly loved. Hare, author of 'Guesses at Truth,' wrote his life, but it was incomplete. Then Carlyle attempted it, but he wrote too much with the air of a patron, too much condescension, as a teacher might say, 'Fine boy!'—too much pat-him-on-the-head in it. I wrote Carlyle I would rather agree with Wilson than himself."

There is something very misleading in this. No life of Professor John Wilson is to be found in the collected edition of Archdeacon Hare's works, and a long and tolerably intimate acquaintance with Carlyle's writings warrants me in saying that Carlyle never wrote a life of John Wilson.

In no part of Carlyle's works is John Wilson even referred to, save once, in the "Life of John Sterling," Vol. XX., p. 186, library edition, and then only in a very brief way, showing the high approval by Professor Wilson, "the distinguished presiding spirit of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' of Sterling's literary work." Still further, the index volume of Carlyle's works, one of the most conscientious pieces of index work in our literature, corroborates what I have said.

The effect of the misstatement is aggravated by making Emerson say that he wrote to Carlyle, "I would rather agree with Wilson than himself." In the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson" I have not been able to find a single expression of opinion about Wilson. In Vol. II., p. 210, is the following from Emerson's letter in regard to Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling," sent to Emerson by Carlyle: "Yet I see well that I should have held to his [Sterling's] opinion in all those conferences where you [Carlyle] have so quietly assumed the palms." But this has no more to do with John Wilson than with Mahomet.

In conclusion, it seems to me in the highest degree improbable that Emerson could have made the statement attributed to him.

David B. Scott.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

An Anecdote of Admiral Farragut.

AT the time of the evacuation of Richmond I was at Point of Rocks on the Appomattox. Having visited Richmond, I was returning North on the boat from Fort Monroe to Baltimore when I was so fortunate as not only to be introduced to the Admiral, but also to spend a good part of the evening in listening to his shrewd but simple and unpretending conversation.

Referring to the cannon which lined the river's banks from Richmond down to Fort Darling, I said to him that I did not wonder that he did not care to try to reach Richmond by water. He replied that he did not care for the cannon, it was the torpedoes that he was afraid of. And then, in explanation of his contempt for the guns, he said that he had learned, in estimating danger, to rely much upon human imperfection, and that an experience which he had in youth taught him to do so.

That experience he went on to describe by saying that during the war with Mexico, the navy having nothing to do and getting rusty through inaction, he applied to the authorities at Washington to be allowed to take a ship or two and drop a few shells into Vera Cruz.

He was met with objections, and was told, among other things, that he would be blown out of the water by the guns of San Juan de Ulloa. "But," said he, "I told them I was not afraid of guns; and as a reason for not being afraid I gave them an account of my youthful experience. I was a midshipman on board the *Essex Junior*, under the command of Commodore Downes, a brave but somewhat reckless officer. It was during the war with Great Britain, and no vessel was allowed to enter New York harbor in the night without giving certain signals. Downes knew that there was such an order, but in haste to enter the harbor, and yet not having the signal, ventured in in the evening rather than wait till morning. When we came within range of the guns upon the shore, they opened upon us so warmly that we were obliged to lie to and send a boat ashore to explain matters. Some accident happened to the boat, delaying it so that we were under fire for half an hour within easy range, and yet were not hit. The incident made such an impression upon me that I made up my mind that there was no need of being afraid of cannon.

"At this point in my narrative," said Farragut, "De R——, who was present, exclaimed, 'The devil! Were you in that vessel? Why, I was in command at New York at that time!'

"'Ah!' said I, 'that probably accounts for our not having been hit.'"

The evening passed away in such pleasant chat, in

which the hero talked with those whom he had never met or heard of before as familiarly as with old acquaintances.

Among other subjects he referred to the position of England, towards which nation the feeling of the North was very bitter, and said that the navy would like nothing better than a war with England.

Being asked whom they would wish for a leader — "Oh!" said he, "they would follow me as soon as any one."

A. E. P. Perkins, D.D.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE 'POSSUM HUNT.

Observations.

IF the world were a whispering-gallery, it is hard to say whether one would experience the more concern about the things he spoke or the things he heard.

THE man of tact and courtesy will not talk above the head of his less gifted friend. It is easier for the one to come down than for the other to climb.

THE sluggish man wastes his time, while the man who keeps in too great a hurry tries to dispense with it altogether.

THE oracle that speaks in riddles is of no use to a man whose house is on fire.

THE robes of humility often deceive; and the shoemaker's downcast look may indicate simply a wish to find out how long the wayfarer can go without ordering a new pair of shoes.

CONSCIENCE flourishes best on continuous hard service, and should not be allowed to take a holiday for a single afternoon.

SINCE a man's thoughts must be his lifelong companions, he should strive to keep them bright and agreeable.

IT is better to represent the big end of a short pedigree than the fine point of a long one.

IT is unsafe to measure one man by another man; measure all men by immutable standards.

KEEP Satan behind you, but give him an observant look occasionally.

A BLACKBIRD that can't sing and will sing ought to be put into a pie.

LEARN to labor and to stop waiting.

DON'T cast jewels before swine. If you don't know how to feed hogs, leave the work to somebody else.

SOME lights operate best under a bushel, and ought to stay there.

WHEN honest men fall out, thieves may come by what is not their own.

KNOW thyself, and keep the information to thyself.

WORDS should be used as the signs, not as the substitutes, of ideas.

THE philosopher in advance of his age must look to posterity for his turtle soup.

J. A. Macon.

The Yellow-Hammer's Tap.

WHEN gentle breezes softly play
O'er meadows sweet, in fair-haired May,
And whisper secrets to the pines
In woodlands dense with clamb'ring vines;
When balmy springtime fills the air,
And scatters sweetness everywhere,
Then there comes the ceaseless rap
Of the yellow-hammer's tap,—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip,—
Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the merry pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.

When brown wrens peer through rough-hewn rail,
And oft is heard the drum of quail,
And thickets echo thrush's song,
And swollen brooklet bounds along;
When from the hedge the cat-birds cry,
And meadow-larks are soaring high,
Then there comes the merry tap
Of the yellow-hammer's rap,—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip,—
Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the ceaseless pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.

When hazy shadows slowly creep,
And lambkins bleat themselves to sleep;
When from the pasture's daisied plain
Echoes the cow-bell's sweet refrain
That blends with negro teamster's song,
As down the road he rides along,
Again is heard the merry tap
Of the yellow-hammer's rap,—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip,—
Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the plaintive rat-a-tatter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.

Edward A. Oldham.

To Lulu.

(ON ONE OF MY BIRTHDAYS.)

A BIRTHDAY again!
But nothing I rue;
No age can have terror
That brings to me — you.

If winged went the year
None too swiftly it flew,
For 't was only its last
That revealed to me — you.

How many my years?
Ah, dear, *if* you knew;
But why count the ones
That were lived without — you!

Now Time turns him backward,—
Indeed this is true,—
I 'm just a year younger
Since I 've known — you!

Charles Henry Webb.

A Reflection.

SHE blushed when I spoke,
And her blush made me bolder,
She was sweet seventeen and not a day older,
And she blushed when I spoke,
And her blush made me bolder.

So 't was rather a shock
For a man to discover
That her parasol's tint caused that faint blush to hover —
It was rather a shock
For a man to discover!

Henrietta Stuart.

The Letter.

ALL day the rain fell o'er the land
Like a dark curtain, held on high
By some unmoved, unweary hand,
Against the hidden sky.

The south wind chanted fretfully
Around the house an eerie rune,
As if May wept regretfully
That she must go so soon.

My mood was like the dreary day —
No heart for smiles, no voice for song,
As in a hopeless, weary way
I watched the passing throng.

When suddenly, as oft before,
I spied a form in faded blue;
He passed, but left within my door
A letter, love, from you.

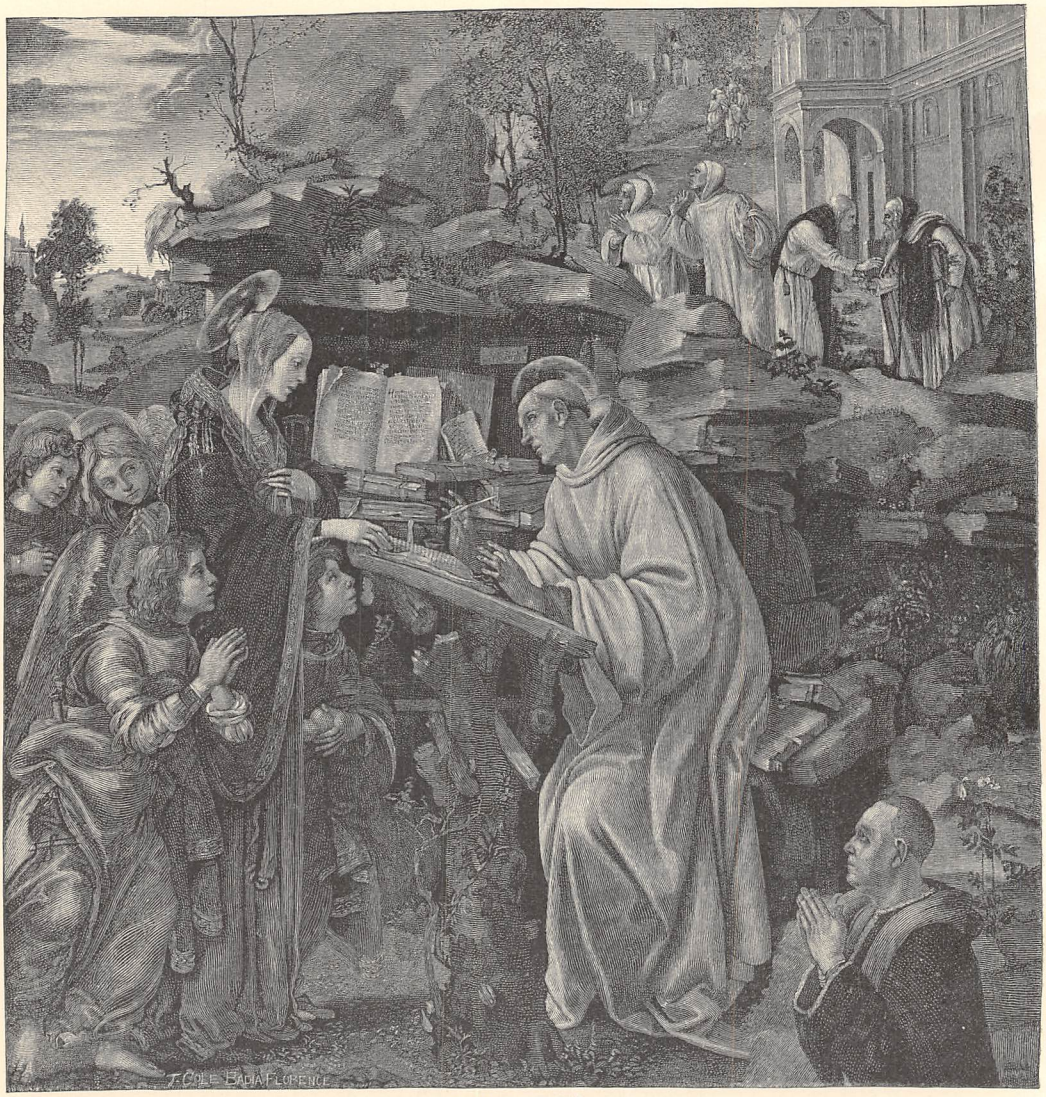
What magic wand hath swept the sky?
The wind is hushed, the rain is done;
A song leaps to my lips, and I
Smile with the smiling sun.

What arm hath conquered thus, or when
Hath warrior such a victory scored?
Surely the word is true, "The pen
Is mightier than the sword!"

And as I watch the cloud-ranks part,
Methinks I hear thine answering call —
"'T is true; but yet 't is Love, dear heart,
That 's mightier than all,
With power to hurl 'mid clouds his dart
And hold the storm in thrall."

Annie Louise Brakenridge.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

"THE MADONNA APPEARING TO ST. BERNARD," BY FILIPPINO LIPPI.

(IN THE CHURCH OF LA BADIA, FLORENCE.)

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A PROVENÇAL PILGRIMAGE.

WHEN Coleridge wrote "The spring comes slowly up this way" he was, no doubt, wholly within his poetical rights, but what he meant was, the spring comes late. It is only in the South that the spring does indeed come slowly, with noiseless footsteps, taking her gracious leisure, lingering lovingly over the opening of every leaf and the fashioning of every flower. When we had fairly set out on that vernal pilgrimage to Provence of which we had been dreaming for so many years, and found the apple-buds beginning to show pink in all the cider orchards of Normandy and the chestnuts lighting up their torches of blossom along the dazzling Parisian boulevards, we had a passing fear lest we might be too late after all for the overture to the year in the poetic precincts of Gard, Vaucluse, and the Bouches du Rhône. But we comforted ourselves by remembering the loitering footsteps and long pauses of the fair season in Italy, and when we were once clear of Paris we were amply reassured by the golden green of the meadow grasses, the keen fragrance of willow trees in flower, and the diaphanous drapery of the swaying poplars (I have borrowed Thomas Hardy's incomparable word for the texture of young leafage), which went with us in a glad procession all the way. Nay, we had outstripped the spring before we reached the height of land which formed of old the northern boundary of the Provincia Romana.

The almost unvisited chain of La Lozère is every bit as wild as the Maritime Alps, and, as we slowly climbed, the population seemed always more and more poverty-stricken, and the snow in the treeless glens gave little sign of yielding. "But now we shall shoot straight into the South," we joyously cried the moment we had satisfied ourselves that the mountain brooks were making for the Mediterranean, and shortly thereafter we were among beautiful chestnut woods just beginning to show their green, and in an hour we were raising a pæan at the sight of our first olive. The sweetest and least traveled member of our party had a great revulsion of feeling when enabled to identify the object of our enthusiasm. "What! That little one-sided, whity shrub? Is *that* what you are singing and weeping over?" We knew that the dear tyro would one day feel with us. For what does not the meanest specimen of the olive say to those who have once passed under its profound poetic spell?

As the afternoon declined, our train began to slacken speed among the odorous gardens of Nîmes, and we felt that we had arrived and that our pilgrimage was fairly begun. Yet Nîmes looks less like a southern town than any other of the South which I know. It has rather the air of affecting to despise its ancient lineage, and wears and seems to cultivate an indefinable aspect of Protestantism and prosperity. And as a matter of fact it is the stronghold of the so-called reformed faith in these parts: the guardians of the monuments officially declared "historic" are every one Protestants, and reflect on their dark memories of persecuting days with much acerbity.

At Nîmes, nevertheless, even in the gay center of the modern town, we first identified a spot associated with the work of that unique contemporary genius — that living singer of the nineteenth century with notes of the ninth before our era — who has gathered into a single nosegay all the perennial poesy of the land; who has left untouched no picturesque custom nor romantic tradition of this immemorially inhabited coast, and has touched nothing which he has not adorned. Need I

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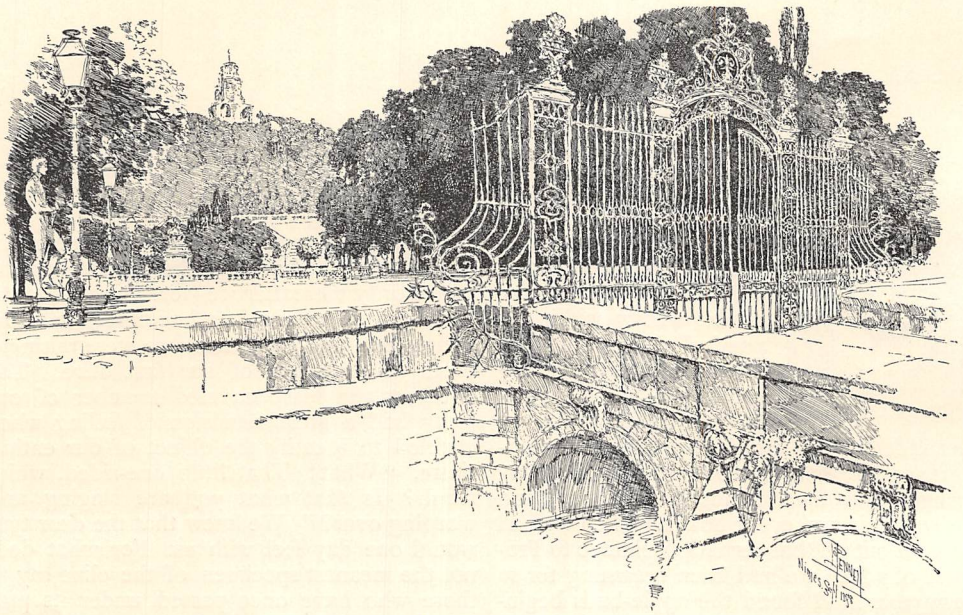
say that the poet whom I mean is Frédéric Mistral, and the poem his "Mirèio"? The *félibres*, votaries of the Provençal dialect, have but sung to his baton and danced to his piping; he himself has produced later works which are marvels of rich fancy and ingenious versification, but the "first, fine, careless rapture" has never been recovered. "Mirèio" is the one perfect aloe flower of a literature which had slumbered well on towards a thousand years. Vincen and Mirèio are as real as Romeo and Juliet; they are almost more real than Petrarch and Laura, to whom they yield precedence at Avignon; and it was on the esplanade at Nîmes that Vincen ran the famous foot-race and sustained the honorable defeat which he so ingenuously describes to the fascinated Mirèio in the dewy first canto of the idyl.



LA TOUR MAGNE, NÎMES, FROM THE FOUNTAIN-GARDEN.

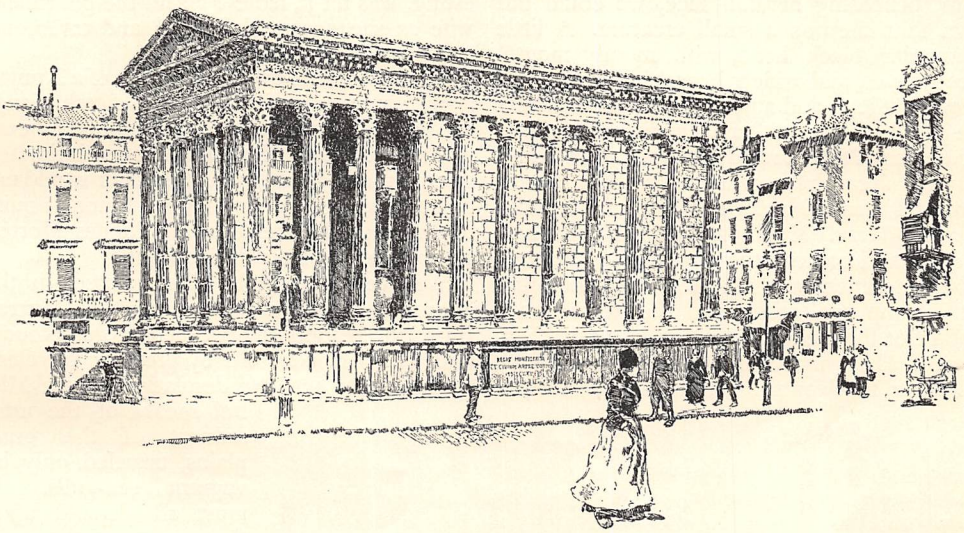
Ten yards away from the glowing theater of his contest you may involve yourself, if you will, in the dark, tortuous streets of a mediæval town. Traces of ancient splendor are seen at every turn — grand porticos crumbling into dust; graceful, statueless shrines, with their dainty Gothic carving veiled by thick-hanging cobwebs; and, finest of all, the disfigured and mutilated front of the old cathedral, once as richly wrought as any in Lombardy.

So much for the Nîmes of to-day and the Nismes of yesterday. Both sink suddenly into insignificance when we discern the three great existing relics of the *Colonia Nemausensis Augusta*, which was planned by Augustus and fostered by Agrippa — the amphitheater, the peerless Maison Carrée, and the Tour Magne. The Nymphæum — perhaps because of the modern Versailles-like parapets which surround its basins of limpid green water and the well-patronized café at the gates of Diana's Temple — has a certain spurious air like that of the well-made ruins at Virginia Water; but those three are overpoweringly impressive.

It is a sharp climb up through murmuring pine woods, which throw out a spicy fragrance under the hot sunshine, to the table-like summit of the hill where what is now called the Tour Magne was built — by whom, or for what purpose, is barely guessed. Lighthouse tower or mausoleum, it may have been either. Let the antiquaries decide. The unlearned visitor is at once reminded of that triumphal monument to Augustus above Monte Carlo — the Trophæum Augusti — from which Turbia takes its name, and which dominates long stretches of the richly colored Mediterranean and its luxuriant coast, as the Tour Magne the pearl-gray landscape of Provence. One restores in imagination a broad portico in front of the monument, whose circular base was thickly incrusted with marble and the octagon of its second story supplied with a statue between each pair of its half-engaged pillars; and upon the summit we erect a statue of Augustus himself, destined as a perpetual reminder to all the surrounding country of the world-shadowing power of Rome.

Fascinating as is the Tour Magne and the spacious view that it affords of olive orchards and lines of thick-set mulberry trees, of silent farmsteads and lazily turning windmills, we

must leave it behind and descend to the Maison Carrée, one of the most exquisitely made and perfectly preserved pagan temples in all the world. Formerly this, too, was referred to the Augustan age, but the latest and most probable theory identifies Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus as the *principes juventutis* who acted as its sponsors and set their names in bronze letters under its beauteous pediment. How have they ever remained intact, those rich and delicate moldings, through all the vicissitudes which the building has sustained? By turns heathen temple and Christian church, stable and receiving-tomb, meeting-place of a revolutionary committee and warehouse for grain, the Maison Carrée is now the municipal museum, and contains a small collection of antiquities and a few modern pictures. The authorized guardian of these treasures is an unconscious imitator of Charles Lamb, and excuses the lateness of his arrival at the scene of his duties by promising to depart early.

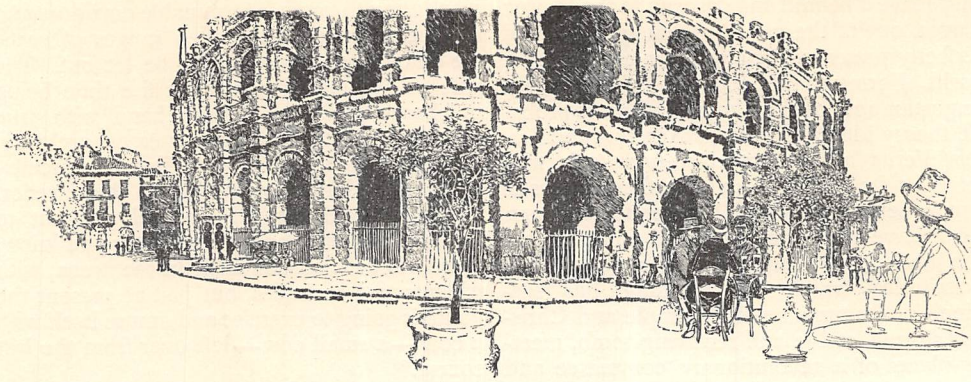


LA MAISON CARRÉE.

On the massive amphitheater—about as large as that of Verona—the history of its nineteen hundred years is more legibly written. The fortification of it under Goths and Saracens has left its trace, and so has the attempted destruction of the edifice by Charles Martel, when corridors and passages were filled with wood and set ablaze, with the sole effect of blackening and cracking the heavy masonry; so also have the close-set hovels which packed its arena until the middle of the last century, when they were removed to make room for that noble local amusement called variously *la ferrade* and *la course aux taureaux*.

Wearied out that Sunday morning with wandering through interminable corridors and clambering over the broken ranges of seats, we descended and asked to be let out. The wife of the guardian was for the time being in charge. Waving her fat hand with true southern dignity towards the nearest archway, through which a straggling line of miscellaneous mankind was passing to the interior, "Ladies," said she, "I counsel you not to leave. This afternoon, as doubtless you know, there will be a serious affair in the arena, with tridents and cockades, but just at present the youth is going to exercise and amuse itself with a cow—a small cow—left over from the last course."

We were impressed by her manner, and began meekly to retrace our steps. Having found and established ourselves in a shady spot, we turned towards the arena and perceived for the first time that the central space was encircled by a low wooden paling, closed at one extremity by a pair of red-painted doors which might have been looted from a north New England barn. Inside the paling, in convenient proximity to these doors, were grouped some forty of *la jeunesse de Nîmes*, of age varying from fifteen to fifty. There were soldiers and policemen off duty, clerks from the town-shops and "hands" from the neighboring farms, boys with dogs and boys without, all swayed by the same passion for the classic diversions of the arena. A cry is raised of "*Elle vient!*" and a tumultuous movement arises among the youth, followed by a series of loud thuds, as eighty heels smite the wooden paling and eighty legs are adroitly swung over to the side of safety. The alarm proving false, they cautiously return to the post of danger, and not until this escapade

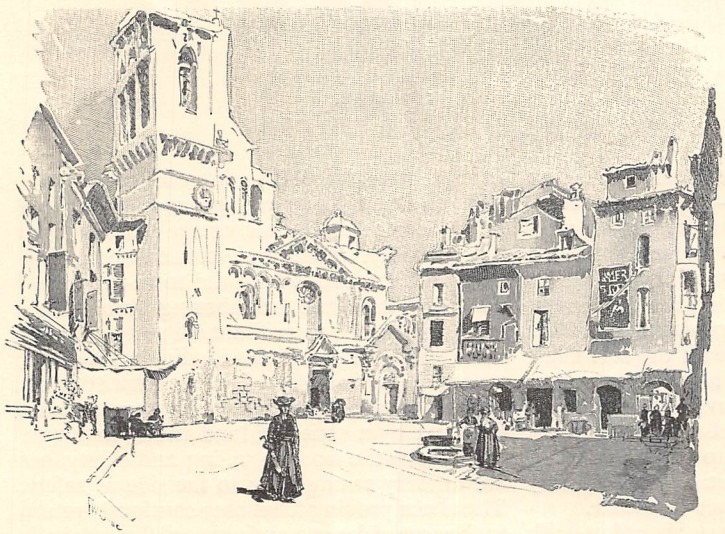


THE ARENA AT NÎMES.

has been several times repeated do the barn doors actually turn upon their creaking hinges and admit to the arena a lean and wistful-looking heifer. She let her eye drop languidly, first on the *jeunesse* astride the fence, and then with a shade more of interest upon ourselves. Even thus, beholding her full face, we could but own that she was a small creature. A little triangular black head, with moody mouth, sleepy eyes, and widely branching horns, two short thin legs, and a waving tail, were all that we could discern. After a few moments of suspense one of the more adventurous youths stole forward upon tiptoe, whooped in the animal's ear, and then dashed back to the fence amid loud applause. Moolly turned her head half around and contemptuously switched her tail. The experiment was repeated from the other side of the oval space, and she started on a calm trot for the red doors, only to find them closed. Her movement had quite sufficed, however, to clear the arena of human combatants, with the exception of one plump sergeant, who missed his leap over the paling and lay biting the dust. We waited impatiently for the next act of the drama, but nothing ensued, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon us that the fun was all over. "It was very interesting, was n't it, ladies?" said the guardian's wife as she accepted her fee and ceremoniously bowed us out.

Well, it was not exactly our idea of a Roman *venatio*, nor even of one of those fierce branding-bouts described with such magnificent vigor in "Mirèio." Still, it had been intimated to us in the beginning that this affair would not be serious, and we had indeed found it quite the reverse. The next day, at Aigues Mortes, we were to see the genuine thing.

We were cheerfully disappointed in the approach to Aigues Mortes. Mr. Murray warns the readers of his excellent guide-book, and we had been told by previous travelers, to expect the acme of desolation. Even Mistral speaks of the utter sadness of the briny plains, traveled only by vagrant sea-gulls. It must all depend upon the season of the year, for nothing could have been more affluent and smiling than the aspect of the plain the day we crossed it. The greater part of the land seemed to be reclaimed and well cultivated. Every marsh island had its farm and orchard. The wheat-fields were gay with poppies, and the ditches which divided them crowded with the lance-like leaves and splendid blossoms of the yellow

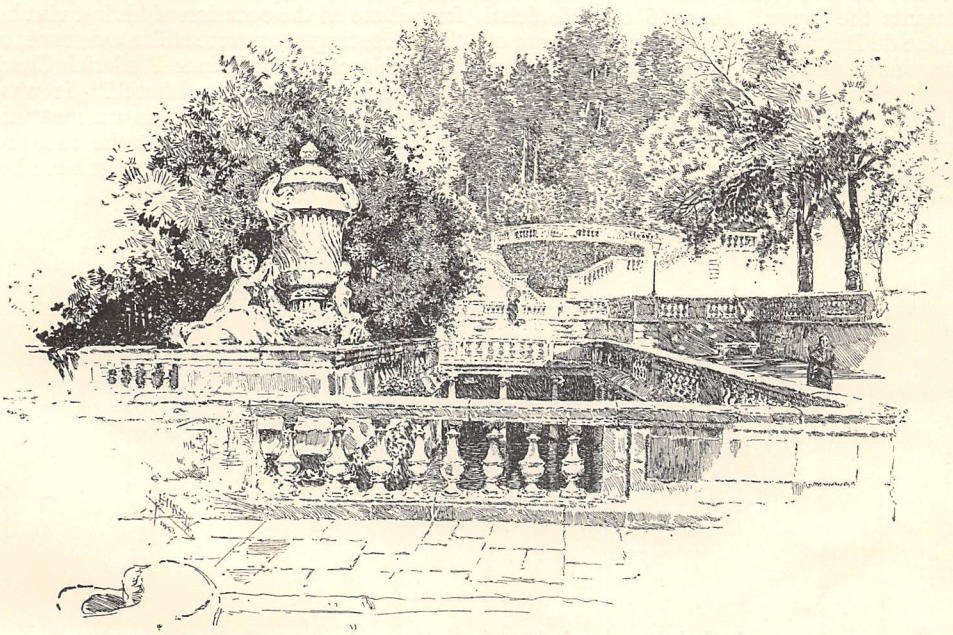


CATHEDRAL AT NÎMES.

iris. The unbroken parallelogram of the massive town wall of Aigues Mortes starts abruptly out of the flowery level, a perfect example of medieval fortification. Philip the Bold built these walls, but it was St. Louis who purchased the site of the town of the melodious monks of the Abbey of Poalmodi, hard by, and thereby secured for his crusading fleet a port upon the Mediterranean. The statue of the sainted monarch sits in the market-place, looking both meek and obstinate, as doubtless he did in life, and the solitary inn is named for him.

How we might have fared for our lunch there on an ordinary day I cannot say, but, thanks to the *course aux taureaux*, we found preparations of a festive order well advanced, and many were the dishes set before us, new acquaintances and old friends following in bewildering succession: *bouillabaisse* and beefsteak, salad of dried olives, and — baked beans! Lunching at another table in the same room with us were the very wildest-looking set of men that I have ever seen, in hue like the North American Indian, quite satisfying one's ideas of Camarguan cattle-breeders. And such they were, come to take part in the day's sport; but their manners were mild and civil, though they talked a strange guttural dialect, which was no more the elaborate language of the *félibre* than it was Parisian French, or the Greek so long ago spoken here.

We hung upon the outskirts of the dusty crowd which surged about St. Louis in the square, and looked for a little while at the course. There were veritable bulls in question to-day — small, black, vicious-looking beasts, every one having a cockade on his forehead inscribed with a number 5, 10, 25. The men were armed with tridents, and he who could pick off a cockade with his classical weapon received as many francs as the number thereon designated. The sport seemed to us more stupid than cruel, and the guide who was waiting to show us the famous Tour de Constance, at the northern angle of the town wall, professed himself quite of our mind. The people of Aigues Mortes were very *bête*. They always voted for the conservative candidate, actually. Still, we were requested to believe that nowhere else could the real, old, murderous *ferrado* now be seen in perfection, and that the base of St. Louis's statue often reeked with the blood of the slain.



A FOUNTAIN AT NÎMES.

Our guide was a serious-faced man, with slow and weighty delivery, admirably adapted to the blood-curdling tales of the Tour de Constance, not one of which he spared us. He showed us the series of subterranean dungeons, every one with a hole in the floor, communicating with a still lower chamber of horrors, and certain sad relics found in a corner of one of these — a pair of lady's slippers, with the Louis Quinze heels turned sidewise and the thin soles worn through with use, and by the side of these a baby's shoe.

The Tour de Constance is of enormous strength: the walls have an average thickness of twenty feet, and the huge blocks of masonry are so chained and clamped together that Viollet-le-Duc said it was more like a tower of iron than one of stone. Naturally it seemed to the men of old a proper prison for those who suffered for conscience' sake, and almost from the beginning it was so used. Forty-five Knights Templars were incarcerated, condemned, and executed here in 1307. During the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Huguenots of either sex were confined here; but later still, doubtless on account of its exceptional strength, it was reserved for women alone. Women of the nobility and the middle class occupied the upper floor, peasants the lower. In 1766 the Maréchal Prince de Beauvau was appointed governor of Languedoc, and started on a tour of inspection. Arriving on the 11th of the following January at Aigues Mortes, he went at once to the Tour de Constance. His companion and eulogist, the Chevalier de Boufflers, relates how they were met at the entrance by an obsequious concierge, who led them by dark and winding stairways to a door which he unlocked and flung back with a loud noise, revealing a sight at once hideous and touching. There, huddled in a dim, ill-ventilated room, were fourteen women, whose only crime was that they had been born in the same faith as Henri IV. Marie Durand, the youngest of these women, was fifty years old: Boissy d'Anglas also tells her story in an account of his own visit to the prison, fourteen years earlier. She had been seized when walking at her mother's side to church and thrust into this dungeon at the age of eight. M. de Beauvau had brought with him the gracious permission of Louis XV. to liberate three or four of the prisoners, but he was so overpowered by the sight of them that he nobly took the responsibility of releasing them all, providing for their immediate necessities from his own purse. He then wrote to Versailles, avowing his act, and placing himself and his office at the king's disposal. He got a severe reprimand from the minister of state, Saint-Florentin, but nothing more.

In the tiny Gothic chapel of the Tour de Constance, where Louis IX. kept vigil the night before he started on his first crusade, and where he heard mass in the morning, our guide bade us remark the absence of two of its principal foliations from the central ornament of the ceiling. These, he assured us, were knocked off and carried away as mementos by Francis I. and Charles V. in person when they had their famous interview at Aigues Mortes in 1538, after Francis had come back from his captivity in Spain. "And," continued our stately cicerone, "M. le duc d'Aumale informed me on the occasion of his last visit here that those fragments were still in existence, one having descended to Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the other to himself." It was a curious fancy, and one thinks on measuring the height of the chapel that the two great rivals of the sixteenth century must have been as athletic as they were august.

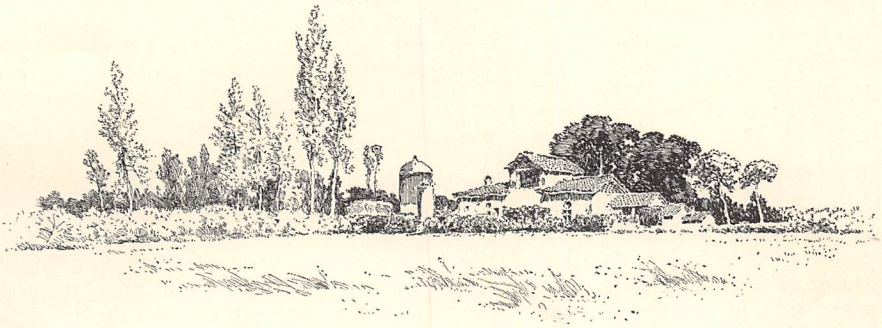
AIGUES MORTES.

From the top of the tower the whole of the little walled town is seen to great advantage, with the silvery Mediterranean stretching round half the horizon, while away in every direction across the flat green land run the long, undeviating lines of some half-dozen canals. Our guide, who appeared to be a bit of a snob for all his radical politics, had reminiscences of visitors of the highest distinction connected with every tower on the wall. Here had lunched his Majesty of Brazil, and there "your illustrious compatriot the Prince of Wales." Of course we ran up the Stars-and-Stripes without delay, but he did not seem much impressed by our patriotism. "It 's all the same," he observed loftily. "I only noticed your '*ye-es, ye-es*,' to one another."

Equally with Aigues Mortes, Mr. Murray appears to have seen *en noir* the stupendous Pont du Gard. He describes it as "spanning

a rocky valley . . . partially covered with brushwood and greensward." The valley is, in fact, richly wooded; the slopes are mantled with cistus and sweet-brier; the turf is green to the very edge of the musical stream whose waters, here iris-hued and there broken into snowy foam, are as clear and cold as those of any White Mountain river. As for the enormous range of arches in three tiers, which spans the entire valley and supports the now empty aqueduct, the grandeur of it simply beggars description. Oh, the race of Titans who made it! how dwarfed one feels beside the slightest memento of their passage over the earth! We crossed and recrossed through the covered way along which the water-pipes were carried, and where the marks of the Roman workmen's tools are as sharp as though the rocks had been chiseled and the cement laid but yesterday. The line of aqueduct may be traced for about twenty-five miles from a spring near Uzès to the Pont du Gard, and thence to the hill of the Tour Magne and the Nymphæum, whose water it supplied.

From Nîmes to Tarascon is but a half-hour by rail, and we bargained at the station for a little trap to take us on a sort of side pilgrimage to Saint-Remy. And still the dallying spring indulged us with breezy weather, and we found the white road plane-shaded almost all the way. We were now in the beauteous region from which Joseph Roumanille, the precursor of the *félibre*, sprang, and where was situated the rich farm or *mas* of Master Ramoun, Mirèio's father. Any one of a dozen which we passed might have been its original:

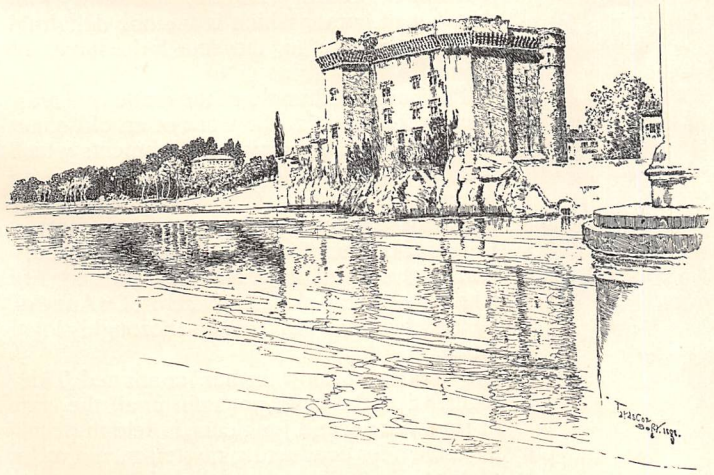


A FARM IN PROVENCE.

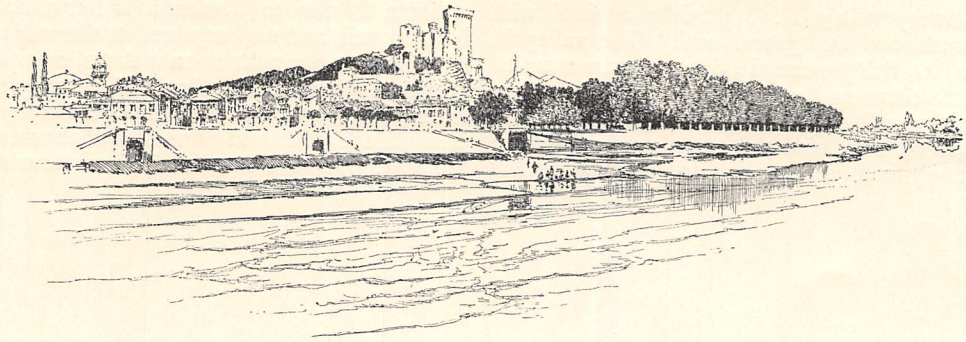
Tè, veses pas soun óuliveto?
Entre-mitan i'a quàuqui veto
De vigno e d'ameliè —

Look, do you not see their olive-orchard, laced with ribbons of vines and almond trees?

The farm buildings lay always deep in the fields, and were approached by long, densely shaded avenues. Arrived at the picturesque little village of Saint-Remy, we left our horses to their feed and our driver to a harmless tipple of red wine in the shady market-place, while we proceeded on foot to the Roman monuments which we had come to see. Again, as we inquired our way of a passing peasant, we were struck by the accuracy, down to the minutest local detail, of Mistral's drawing: "It is the *antiquities* you seek? Mesdames are on the right road." And then we remembered how, when the first and worthiest of Mirèio's suitors made a point of pausing by the *mas* door and asking his way of the little coquette, she told him to cross a certain rocky pasture, and then



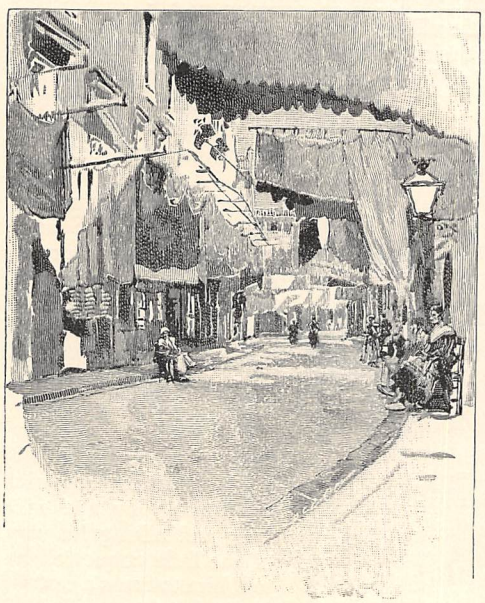
THE CHÂTEAU, TARASCON.



BEAUCAIRE.

climb by a hill path to a tomb and a portico, "which the folk here call antiquities." ("*E i ce qu' apellon lis antico.*")

These are all that is left standing of the Roman town of Glanum, but they quite suffice to prove that in its heyday it must have been one of the fairest of the fair land which was The Province, *par excellence*, to its Italian overlords. A small triumphal arch and a beautifully proportioned monument raised by the piety of his children to some forgotten proconsul stand, half a dozen yards apart, on a silent grassy plateau, with the purple hills of the Alpines for a background and half Provence lying in sunlit reaches far below. Both structures are in wonderful preservation. The semicircle of the arch is surmounted on both faces by a deep border of fruit mingled with laurel and oak-leaves, very richly carved, reminding one of those which Mantegna loved to paint above the heads of his majestic Madonnas. The monument, with its storied quadrangular base, also most elaborately wrought, has the statues of the proconsul and his wife under an elegant cupola at the top. Pine trees grow here and there about the plateau, under whose shade we sat, lost in a dream of the old world, until a shepherd's dog dashed up, panting, and stretched himself for a moment's rest confidingly at our feet. Presently the shepherd appeared. He was leading his flock up into their summer pasture in the mountains. Their bells tinkled sweetly as they passed, and the thyme, bruised by their small footsteps, filled the still spot with its keen aromatic fragrance. The monuments of Saint-Remy are two antique gems in a setting of perfect beauty.



A STREET IN BEAUCAIRE.

The Tarascon and Beaucaire of to-day need no description for those who have followed the fortunes of the immortal Tartarin and know the delicious apology of Daudet for himself and his hero in "Trente Ans de Paris." They say the *félibres* had a good mind, at first, to quarrel with Daudet for poaching on their preserves in the "Lettres de mon Moulin"; nevertheless, these are quite indispensable to a full knowledge of the country, and they are savory with that salt of humor which is the one delightful element lacking to the fine lyric staves of Mistral.

The bare quadrangle of the castle of Tarascon, as we see it, is the work of an old count of Provence. The many embellishments which René d'Anjou is said to have added have all vanished. His was not the sort of genius that leaves lasting results in stone and mortar. Let us turn, therefore, to the graphic description of the good king and his court at Aix which the practical English hero of "Anne of Geierstein" received from his thoroughly loyal guide.

"'You must know further,' continued Thiébault, 'that the king, powerful in all the craft of troubadours and jongleurs, is held in peculiar esteem for conducting mysteries, and other of those gamesome and delightful sports and processions with which our holy Church per-

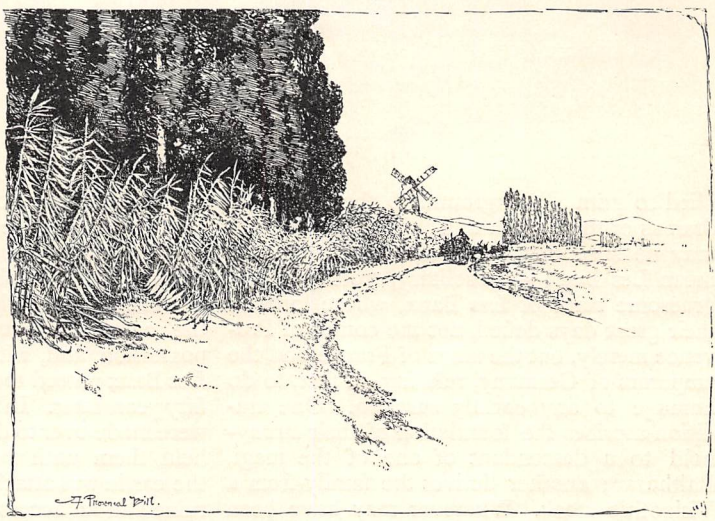
mits her graver ceremonies to be relieved and diversified, to the cheering of the hearts of all true children of religion. It is admitted that no one has ever been able to approach his excellence in the arrangement of the Fête-Dieu; and the tune to which the devils cudgel King Herod, to the great edification of all Christian spectators, is of our good king's royal composition. He hath danced at Tarascon in the ballet of St. Martha and the Dragon, and was accounted in his own person the only actor competent to present the Tarasque. His Highness introduced also a new ritual into the consecration of the Boy Bishop, and composed an entire set of grotesque music for the Festival of Asses. In short, his Grace's strength lies in those pleasing and becoming festivities which strew the path of edification with flowers, and send men dancing and singing on their way to heaven.' "

Minute stage directions for these mimic dances, in which the text, as sung by a chorus, was illustrated by the steps and gestures of the actors proper, have come down to us in the old chronicles. In the Fête-Dieu festivities mentioned above, the devils who cudgeled King Herod were to sprinkle with holy water the horned head-pieces which they wore, "lest some true devil should make his way into their band, and at the end of their performance they should find they were one too many, as they say happened once upon a time." When the Queen of Sheba appeared, it was her duty "to put her two hands upon her hips and swing herself about *nobly*, without leaving her place, keeping time to the music of the air composed by King René."

This mode of representing a story by dance and song was in vogue for both religious and secular subjects. All through the early centuries of the Provençal church we find the bishops inveighing against the *coronlas*, or *corolas*, as they were indifferently called, names plainly derived from the Greek χορός. Despite the fulminations of the Church, the secular *corolas* were hard to die, and the sacred lingered until our own day. The play of "Ste. Marthe et el Tarasque"—the fabulous beast which gave its name to Tarascon, and which the more practical of the sisters of Lazarus is said to have bound and led captive with her girdle — was one of the last to go, as it had been in its day one of the most popular. Louis XI. came down to see it in 1444, while he was still dauphin. At all events he solemnly protested that he came for the play alone, albeit unfriendly critics accused him of wishing to spy out the land and estimate his chances of succeeding to his uncle King René, whose only child was a daughter, Margaret, the hapless wife of Henry VI. of England.

Louis had about forty years to wait for the realization of his dream. The moment the reunion with France was accomplished, Aix, the capital of old Provence, dropped into a secondary position. Fifty years later its palace was burned by the Duke of Savoy, who desired to destroy certain documents which he erroneously believed had been secreted there.

The portraits of King René and his second



A PROVENÇAL MILL.

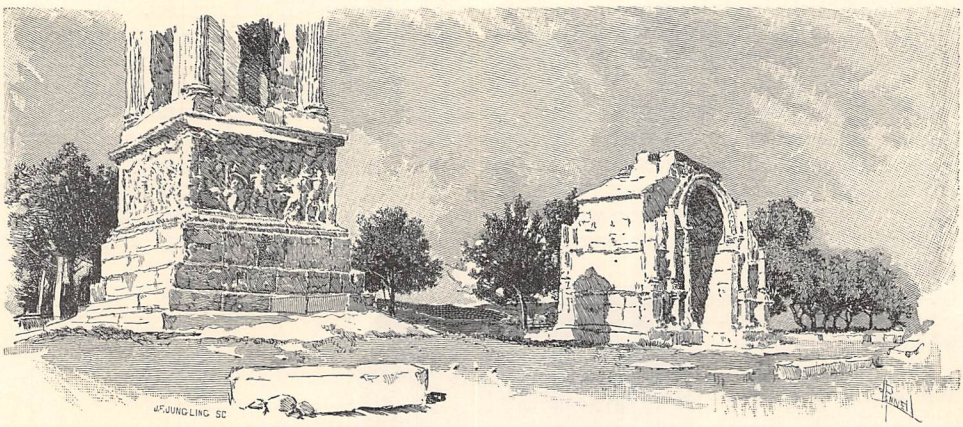
wife, surrounded by their patron saints, may still be seen at Aix, in the cathedral of St. Sauveur, whose twelfth-century cloister well repays a visit. So does the church of St. Jean de Malte, and that of St. Maximin, in a hamlet sixteen miles to the eastward of Aix. Tradition makes the latter church the burial-place of Mary Magdalene, and points to a pair of rude sarcophagi in its very ancient crypt as those of the saint and her maid Marcella.

Three among the many gifts which the bounteous René bestowed upon his little kingdom have not merely withstood the waste of time, but have multiplied exceedingly with the years. They are the rose, the clove-pink, and the muscat grape. It is hard to realize that the landscape of Provence must have been much more stern in the days of the troubadours than at present. Then the white mul-

berry was unknown in the land, the vine and the olive were rare, and the royal revenues were chiefly derived from the countless flocks of goats which browsed over the rocky and scantily wooded hills.

One spot there is, however, four miles only by the passes of the Alpines from smiling Saint-Remy, where the landscape which often supplied so grim a background to the fiery love dramas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries may be seen in all its pristine austerity. I mean Les Baux—the solitary, grotesque, and gruesome ruins of Les Baux, whose lords in their great days defied, not the counts of Provence merely, but the kings of France and the emperors of Germany, refusing, in fact, to do homage to any earthly suzerain. One tradition ascribes the foundation of their stronghold to a descendant of one of the magi, Balthazar; another derives the family from a Visigothic stock. Whatever may have been its origin, from the close of the tenth century onward its members figure on every page of Provençal history. They claimed the rank of independent sovereigns, and sought to fortify their position by the most ambitious matrimonial alliances; and it was by virtue of one of these marriages that the lords of Les Baux fiercely disputed for many years the succession to the county of Provence.

One of its chatelaines was the first love of that Guillaume de Cabestan whose ghastly fate all students of the gay—and tragic—science know. Another presided over one of the most famous of the Courts of Love. The men of Les Baux were equally famous in love and in war. Many excelled in the aristocratic pastime of "finding" rhymes and melodies for their high-wrought passions, and one Béral des Baux, of the Marseilles branch, devoted his life to the study of the black art, and was so convinced a believer therein that he actually died from the shock occasioned by seeing a flock of black-birds alight on his window-sill once while he was dining. It was an intensely superstitious race, and over and over again the head of the house refused to increase his possessions for fear of breaking the charm of the magic number seventy-nine, which told the tale of his towns and villages.



ROMAN REMAINS AT SAINT-REMY.

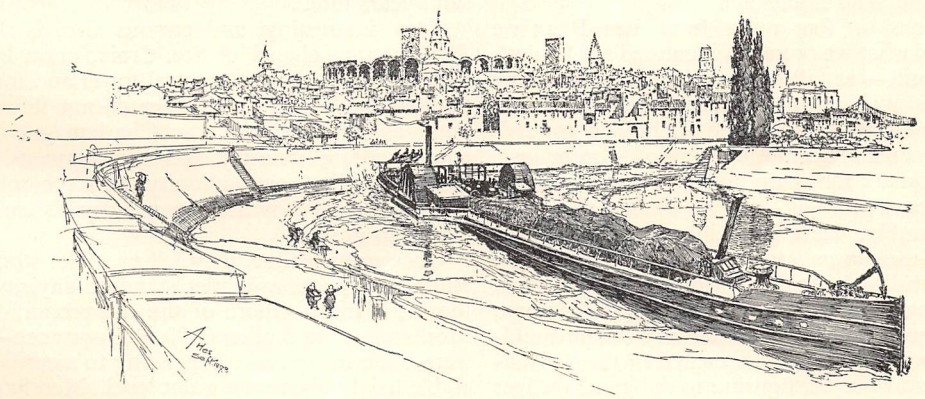
The thirteenth century saw the family of Les Baux and the considerable town which had grown up about the castle gates at the summit of their splendor. The line of direct descent failing early in the fifteenth century, the counts of Provence entered and took possession, and, with the rest of their domain, Les Baux passed to the crown of France about fifty years later. In 1640 the lands of Les Baux were made over to the princes of Monaco, who held them until the great Revolution, when the castle was attacked, plundered, and finally ruined in an access of red republican fury by a mob of Arlésiens. The forests on the adjoining hills, which while they remained partly veiled the savage contours of the scenery, were leveled at the same time. The gorge which the castle overlooked still goes by the name of *l'Enfer*, and anything more diabolical in aspect, more hideously barren and awesome than the scene to-day, it would be difficult to imagine. It is impossible, at the first glance, to distinguish the freaks of nature from the handiwork of man. Gaunt rocks thrust themselves up out of the blasted soil, writhing and twisting into distorted likenesses of living or imaginary things. Here is a dragon petrified, and there a leering sphinx, and yonder the crumbling skeleton of some primeval monster:

> Penury, inertness, and grimace,
> In some strange sort, were the land's portion—
> "See,
> Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly.

"It nothing skills: I cannot help my case—
The Judgment's fire alone can cure this place,
Calcine its clods, and set my prisoners free."

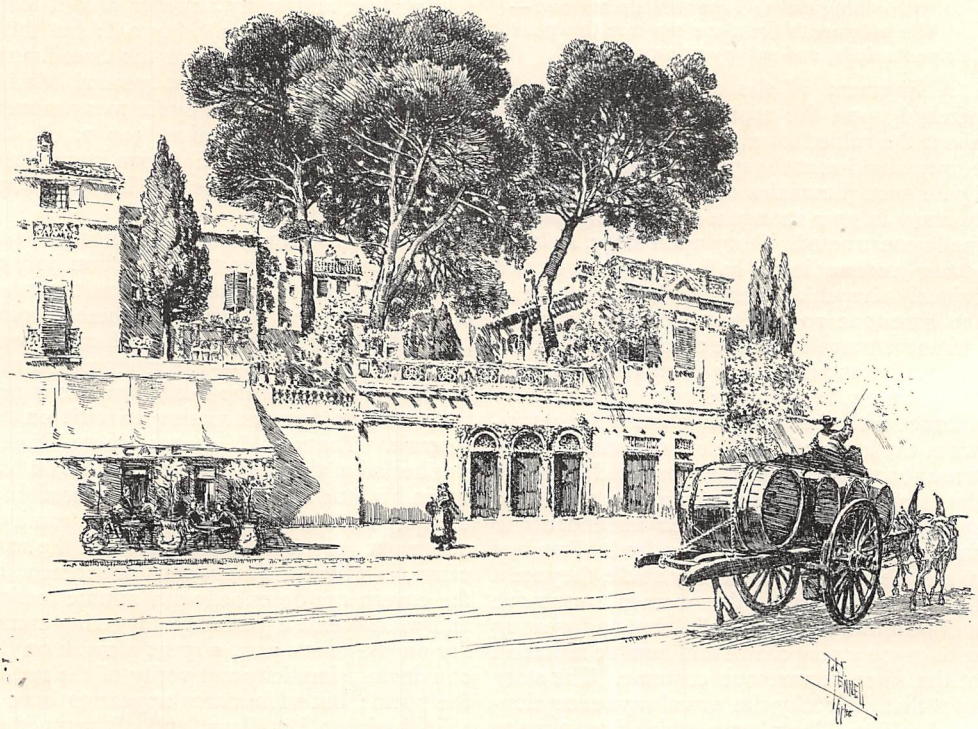
A fragment of the once haughty castle, perched upon the topmost pinnacle of rock about the ruined town, seems to stare through empty windows at the spectacle of chaotic ruin. Quite enough remains of the immense fortress to show in how strange a manner it was originally constructed. Story upon story, *salle des gardes* and audience hall, lady's bower and princely chapel, all were first hollowed out of the limestone rock. Staircases were cut and chimneys tunneled in like manner, and the living wall was pierced for doors and windows, whose lintels, frames, and deep embrasures were adorned with elaborate sculptures. The retainers of the lords of Les Baux, crowding for defense about their castle gates, imitated their bold manner of building, and there, in a species of stone labyrinth, still dwell their descendants, to the number of two or three hundred. Wretched as are the holes in which they abide, they are a fine race physically, the women statuesque and beautiful like those of Arles, and wearing with grace a very coarse and humble imitation of the same picturesque costume. The story goes that the rocky site was always exceptionally healthy. The plague, which from time to time devastated the lowlands, never touched Les Baux, and the only epidemic ever known there occurred in the time of the Romans, and was sent in chastisement by the Saintes Maries at their feet, and many a prayer is said there on the Maries' fête-day (May 24); but there are rationalists who hold that the three figures were to represent the great general Marius (who was encamped near by for many months during his Gallic campaign, 100 B. C.), his wife Julia, and Martha, a Syrian prophetess, by whom Plutarch tells us that he was always accompanied.

The view southward from the escarped cliff of Les Baux comprises a large portion both of the stony plain of Crau and of the salt marshes of the Camargue. It was over these burning plains that poor little Mirèio took her fatal way to the Maries' church — the monumental pile on the very edge of the Mediterranean which we ourselves were purposing to visit on the morrow. The witch's cavern where Vincen was healed of the ghastly wound which he had got in his little lady's defense was entered from the gorge of *l'Enfer*, and must have ramified under our very feet. I used to think the sixth canto, in which the monstrous phenomena of the cavern are described with minute realism and what seems a perfectly staggering credulity on the poet's part, a great blemish on the convincing simplicity and verity of the rest of the poem; but nightmares appear to have a solid basis at Les Baux, and all manner of witchcraft becomes plausible here. One of the least canny features of the spectral town is the way in which when one has left it and looks back from the first turn in the road every



ARLES FROM THE RIVER.

because they had been refused hospitality there. It was by way of expiating their fault on this occasion — so the country-folk religiously believe — that the men of Les Baux carved on the sheer surface of the rock which afterward sustained the castle three figures in Roman drapery whose outlines, together with an almost effaced Latin inscription, may still be traced among the crumbling debris on the castle's southern side. Flowers are deposited trace of human handiwork seems to have vanished from the hillside, and you ask yourself whether it were not after all conjured up for half an hour only by some potent spell, and you in a trance while you seemed to walk its desolate ways. I recur with renewed satisfaction to the word I have already used. Les Baux is *diabolical*. So, emphatically, are the large, lean, coal-black hounds with hungry eyes and curling tails that dash out of the farm-



HANGING GARDENS, ARLES.

yards, yelping furiously, as you roll rapidly down in the warm dusk towards the gates of Arles. They look as though they had coursed with the Wild Huntsman.

Three or four miles from Les Baux we passed what we promptly identified as Daudet's windmill — at all events, one among many whose position answered very well to his minute description. A little farther on towards Arles come the imposing ruins of Montmajour, a landmark for many miles as they dominate the bowery hillock, once an island like that of Ely, and known in legal documents as *L'Ile de Mont-majeur* as late as the fifteenth century. The earliest existing portions of this vast and heterogeneous pile date from the sixth century; the latest,— the mere shell of an ugly building in the Italian style, sacked in the Revolution, and very disfiguring to the general effect of the ruins to-day,— from the eighteenth. The Pointed church and its crypt are but an echoing waste of stone — impressive, however, from their enormous proportions. But there is a small Romanesque chapel of the ninth century, simply adorned with elementary dogtooth moldings, with a fig tree overshadowing the altar-stone and vine-tendrils weaving a light green lace-work where the windows used to be, which preserves so sweet an atmosphere of immemorial prayer that one is visited by a passing impulse to lie down in one of the rude coffins hollowed out of the rocky floor itself in the vaulted passage by which one approaches the place, and let the world go by for a thousand years more.

Very interesting, and curious also, is the Romanesque chapel of Ste. Croix, close by, with its massive square central tower and four semicircular apsides. Whether or not it was built, as long believed, by Charlemagne to commemorate a victory over the Saracens, it is plainly of a hoar antiquity, and the rock which sustains it is honeycombed with early Christian graves.

Once upon a time, they tell us, Arles stood among its lagoons as Venice stands to-day, save that its islands — those of the city proper, of Montmajour, and others of less importance — were often rocky and steep, rising to a considerable height above the water level. Merchant ships came from all the Mediterranean ports to the harbor at the mouth of the Rhône, while smaller craft, with their draught reduced by inflated bladders fastened along their sides, navigated the water-ways of the city. There was a Celtic camp here in the very dawn of history, and then a wealthy Grecian colony, which Cæsar rewarded for taking his part against Pompey by leaving there as a permanent garrison a part of his sixth legion, under Claudius Tiberius Nero, father of the future emperor Tiberius. The Roman camp was on

the side of the river where is now the suburb of Trinquetaille, and Roman fashions spread rapidly in the Grecian town, until it became, in the words of Ausonius, "a little Gallic Rome," and the pride of all Provence. Mistral has touched, with even more than his wonted grace, this phase of the perennial beauty of *Arelas:*

> Roumo, de nòu, t' avié vestido
> En pèiro blanco bèn bastido. . . .

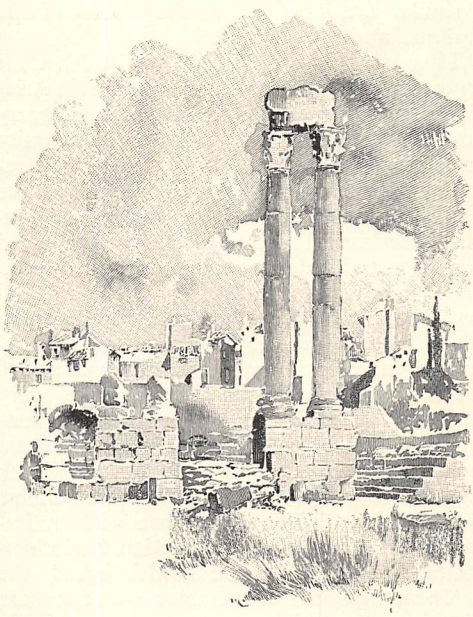
Rome had arrayed thee in a new garment of well-wrought white marble. She had crowned thee with the five-score gates of thy great Arena; thou hadst, Imperial Princess, to minister to thy delight, circus and stately aqueduct, theater and hippodrome.

Even then, however, the sea was receding, as it is receding still. The indefatigable Rhône filled up the shallow basin under the beholder's very eyes, and called for a new lighthouse every fifty years. If the Tour Maluscat, the beacon erected at its mouth in the thirteenth century, were standing to-day, it would be exactly half way between Arles and the sea. "An utterly incorrigible river," was the verdict of the great engineer Vauban when he was sent, in 1665, to examine the delta of the Rhône; and his decision has never been reversed. The double ranges of dikes which hem it in are periodically broken and the whole country desolated for many miles by the untamable spring floods. Many think it would have been better if the river had been left to its own devices, like the Nile, and that the rich deposit of its broad and quiet overflow might have rendered as fertile as the basin of the Egyptian stream both the stony Crau on the left and the immense triangular tract of the Camargue, whose two remaining sides are bounded by the Petit Rhône and the sea.

Superbly situated at the point where the two streams divide, the Arles of to-day troubles itself very little about either its ancient glories or its possibilities of modern improvement. It is a city of dreams, where visible relics of all the ages group themselves with careless grace and a result of perfect unity. The far-famed beauty of the Arlésiennes is of a distinctly Greek type, straight-featured, low-browed, and delicate. It is enhanced by their graceful black costume, with swelling fichu of white lace and coquettish little cap of the same material set high on the head and bound with a broad black ribbon, one end of which is left free and falls to the shoulder. Young and old, these women, almost without exception, have luxuriant hair, curling lightly about the temples. The smallness of the head as compared with the size of the neck — another strikingly classic feature — accounts in part, no doubt, for their superb carriage. This, too, is a beauty which they seem never to lose. I have seen a heavy woman of sixty, with the marks of severe toil about her person and carrying a big burden, who crossed the central square of the town with the step of an empress.

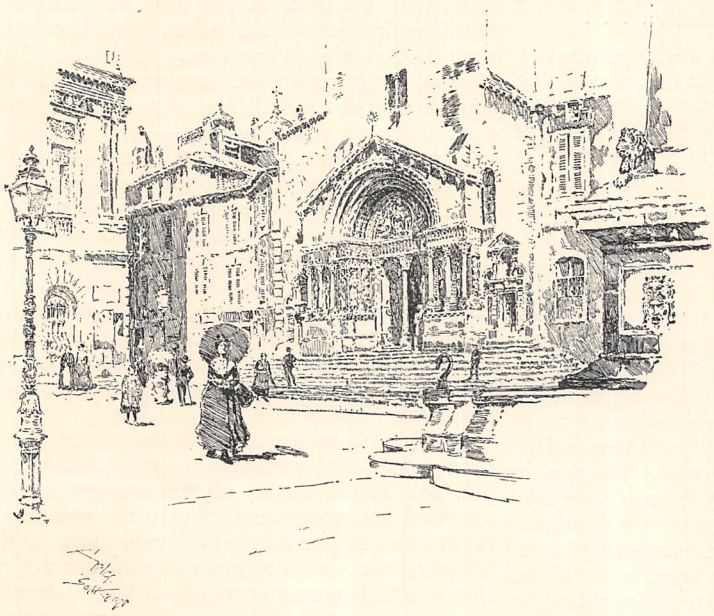
Built into the front of a house in this same Place du Forum are two massive granite pillars, plainly of antique workmanship, the very same perhaps behind which Sidonius Apollinaris tells us that he one day saw certain courtiers dodge to avoid saluting him because they fancied him in disgrace. The Hôtel du Forum, where we abode, fronts upon the same square, now shady with plane trees. The soft-eyed daughter of our landlady — who speaks a very engaging English of her own — told us that the old house had wonderful vaults beneath it, where many fragments of fine sculpture had been found and sent to enrich the marvelous museum of Arles. There was a fountain at one side of the courtyard, whose water fell into an exquisitely carved basin, which might once have been, as local piety suggested, a *bénitier*, but looked more like a fragment from the front of a Roman sarcophagus.

Inside the museum one's adjectives fail. One stands divided between speechless admiration at the beauty of the remains there amassed and speechless wrath at the senseless fury of the human iconoclasts who must have whacked away with so brutal a will to reduce them to their present condition. The Roman theater, across whose proscenium once ran a magnificent colonnade, a pair of whose pale-



REMAINS OF A ROMAN THEATER, ARLES.

green marble columns are still standing, connected by their entablature, was deliberately and conscientiously sacked in 446 by a Christian mob under the direction of one Cyril, an ecclesiastic holding the rank of deacon. Its fair statues were hewn in pieces as idolatrous images, its marble facings reduced to lime, its very masonry torn down and rewrought into



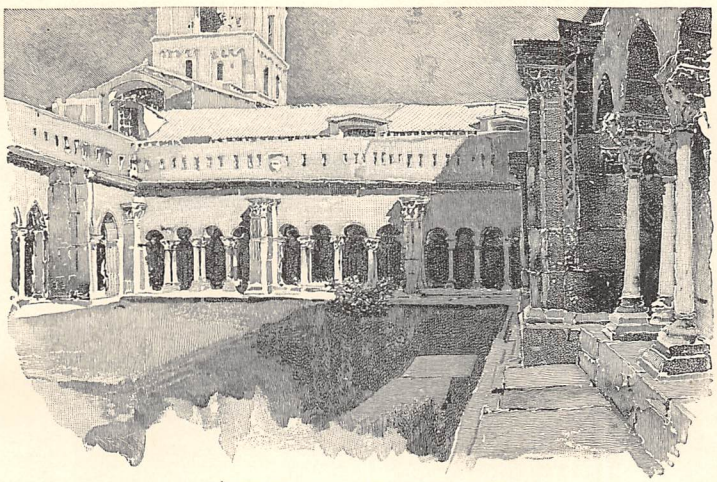
ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

the walls of church edifices destined to share a similar fate one day at the hands of the Saracen and the Jacobin.

Fifty years ago the archæologist M. Clair reported that there were nine churches in Arles either desecrated or entirely abandoned, every one of which deserved, by its high antiquity or its intrinsic beauty, to be preserved and restored. The last vestiges of most of these have now been swept away. One supremely beautiful ecclesiastical monument Arles does indeed possess in its Romanesque cathedral, dedicated to St. Trophimus, the disciple of St. Paul and first Bishop of Arles. The deep portal is like a cavern lined with intricate sculpture, the cloister is of matchless loveliness. Over and above the wistful, restful charm that abides in every cloister there is here an infusion of Greek feeling such as one remarks in some of the oldest mosaics at Ravenna, a tradition of Greek methods of work which modifies the stiffness of the early Christian sculpture without impairing its reverential spirit. Rich Corinthian capitals, copied from the models which the Arlésiens had ever before their eyes, alternate with those on which the chief events of Bible history are set forth with the most naïve realism. It sounds incongruous, but the interest is infinite, and the general effect one of unique richness and beauty. The gentle old guardian who showed us about and enabled us to decipher the Scripture incidents on the capitals was fully imbued with the spirit of the place. "They ask me," he said dreamily, "if I never tire of my cloister. But no; I read my book a while, and then I take a turn and look at my pillars." And prophet and saint seemed to relax a little of their rigidity and smile approval at him from *his pillars*.

On the side of the Place de la République opposite to St. Trophime (what irony, St. Paul's comrade and the third French Republic commemorated in the same square!) stands the deserted church of Ste. Anne, appropriated to the museum aforesaid. The finest among the many fine things there are the pagan sarcophagi from the Aliscamps, and a bust, exquisitely lovely amid all its mutilations, which is said to be of the Empress Livia.

Hence the traveler wends his way, by narrow streets which invite the artist's pencil at every turn, to the great amphitheater, more nearly approaching in its dimensions the Colosseum at Rome than any other known specimen equally well preserved. The twofold circuit of its inner and outer walls is almost complete, and a population of two thousand souls lived or burrowed in the mean dwellings which packed its arena within the memory of living men. You climb, if you are enterprising, to the top of one of the quadrangular watch-towers which the Saracens built at each of the four cardinal points of the amphitheater when they held the place as a fortress, and looking down upon the city, where the Roman remains are still the most conspicuous objects, you summon the ghosts of its untold generations and strive to make some clear image to yourself of those former things which are forever passed away. In vain; they bewilder and baffle you by the very infinity of their multitude — those weak and tenuous ghosts. It is time to go down into that mysterious burying-place where, acre beyond acre, tier above tier, full sixty generations of them have been laid in earth.



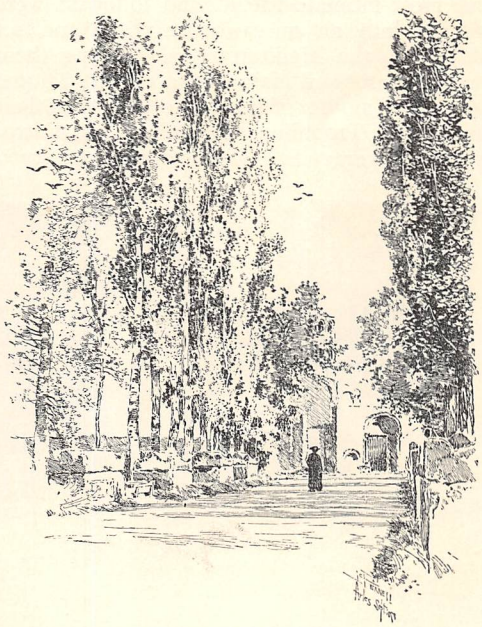
CLOISTERS OF ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

Not always in consecrated earth. The Aliscamps—*Elysii Campi*—had been a pagan *ceramicus* for centuries before the saints arrived from Palestine. St. Trophimus, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and to whose legend I shall presently recur, is said to have met with great opposition from the other clergy when he first proposed to consecrate the spot for Christian burial. The difficulty was solved, as difficulties always were in those days, by a miracle. A troop of angels — some said our Lord himself was their leader — came one night and performed the act of consecration. After that, of course, the Elysian Fields of Arles were looked upon as doubly sanctified, and all who heard the tale aspired to take their last rest therein. The dead were brought from great distances for interment here. Sometimes, farther up the Rhône, when the friends were too poor to equip a proper funeral cortége, the corpse, robed for burial, was set adrift alone upon the river, like the Lady of Shalott, with a few coins laid in the lifeless palm, to pay for placing it in the holy ground. It was held an especially blessed and salutary work to tow these little skiffs ashore and perform the last offices for the silent voyager. Mistral has told us the history of the Aliscamps in the finest passage of his "Nerto," and in the Middle Ages the then vast inclosure was simply crowded with hillocks and humble tombs, princely mausoleums, and mortuary and expiatory chapels. Ariosto mentions "the plain full of sepulchers," and the memory of it arose and fitly mingled with Dante's vision of the Inferno:

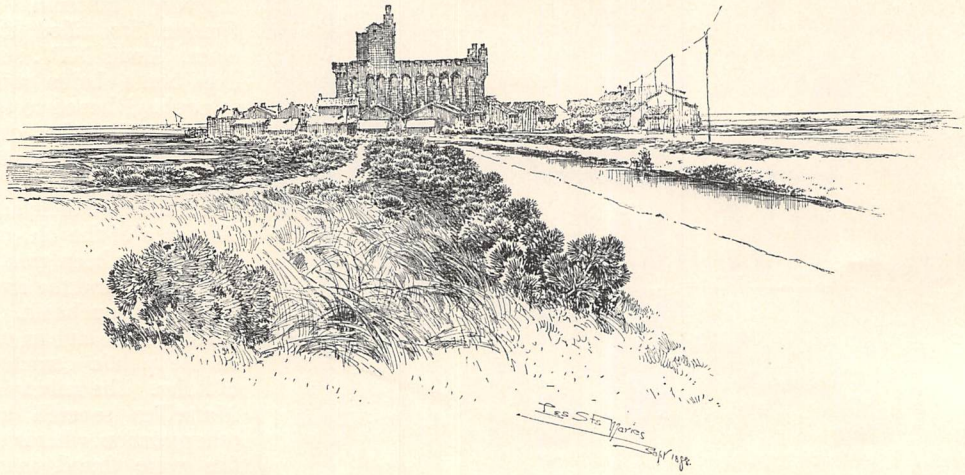
Si come ad Arli, ove 'l Rhodano stagna,
. . . . . .
Fanno i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo.

The close-set graves had made the surface hilly even then.

Every museum in Europe has rifled this place. Louis XIV. sent five boats laden with sarcophagi hence to the Louvre. Churches destitute of "relics" found a storehouse here from which to repair their lack. The area of the old necropolis has been greatly retrenched, and the river no longer touches it. A part of it is still in use as the public cemetery of Arles. The railway to Marseilles severed another portion, where coffins were found many deep when the engineers made their cutting; but beyond the railway workshops a space was walled in, and is the only one which still preserves its venerable aspect. Five crumbling chapels are here out of the nineteen which the Aliscamps once contained. A long avenue of whispering poplars leads from an iron gateway down to the best-preserved of these — the church of St. Honorat. Within, arranged as mural tablets, are memorial inscriptions from all the ages — here that of the daughter of a Roman governor, dead at seventeen, there that of a sainted bishop. And what are these rows upon rows of strange, rude troughs or basins which flank the poplar avenue? They are the massive



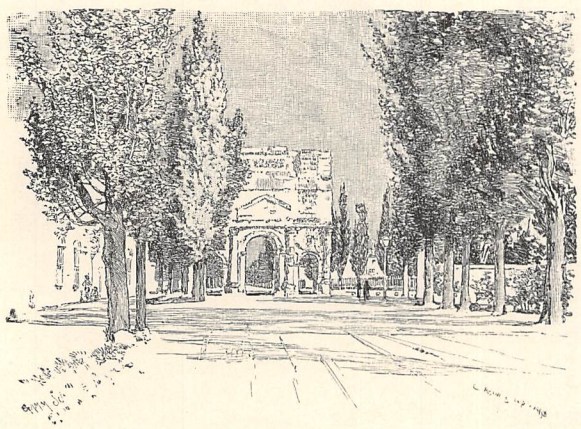
THE ALISCAMPS, ARLES.



SAINTES MARIES.

stone coffins of the first Christian centuries, empty now save for the soft shower of Provençal rose petals which are shed into them from the tangled bushes running riot over all the place.

A visit to the Aliscamps has the effect of shortening in so singular a manner the perspective of Christian history that it prepares one to receive at least with patience that all-pervading, most ancient, and most tenacious legend of the refugees from Jerusalem, which is commemorated in one way or another by half the old churches of Provence. During the persecution—so the tale runs—which arose shortly after the death of Christ certain of his most intimate friends and followers were forced into an unseaworthy vessel and set adrift on the Mediterranean. Among them were Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary Salome and Mary mother of James the Less, with their maid Sara, Trophimus, Saturninus, and Eutropius. The crazy bark, miraculously preserved from destruction, was guided to the shores of Provence, and the involuntary missionaries landed at the extremity of the Camargue and devoted themselves to the evangelization of the country. Perhaps the strangest thing about this tale is that it may possibly be true. Certain it is that the family of Bethany, associated so closely with the last and most affecting scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, disappear in a very remarkable manner from the records of his infant church, while on the other hand there were intimate commercial relations at that time between Palestine and Provence and communication by water was frequent. In short, the legend, still implicitly credited and even cherished with a sort of passion by the common people roundabout, because of the healing efficacy supposed to reside in the relics of the Marys, comes nearer than many others to having a plausible historical basis. The company dispersed soon after their landing. If you want the story told with fascinating garrulity and all manner of picturesque details, go to the eleventh canto of "Mirèio." The preaching of Trophimus converted Arles; that of Saturninus, Toulouse; that of Eutropius, Orange. Martha delivered Tarascon from a dragon, as we have seen, but the three Marys lived and died on the Mediterranean coast; Mary Magdalene in the grotto of *la Sainte Beaume*, where sacred art has often represented her long expiation, the other two in the Camargue. The very name has perished of the prince who built the vast fortress-like church, with its buttresses and machicolations—built it of extraordinary strength, in order to defend against the incursions of Mediterranean pi-



ROMAN GATEWAY AT ORANGE. (ON THE LYONS ROAD.)

rates both the graves of the patronesses and the houses of the wretched little hamlet which clung and still clings to the bases of the church like children to the skirts of their mother. The sacred graves were somewhere under the massive pile, but it was reserved for merry King René himself, in 1448, to identify them, exhume the relics, and build for their reception upon the roof of the church the curious chapel where they now repose, and whence they are let down by pulleys once a year, on the Maries' fête-day, into the cavernous choir below:

> Car cou pourtau (qu'es la parpello
> D' aquelo benido capello)
> Regardo sus la glèiso:

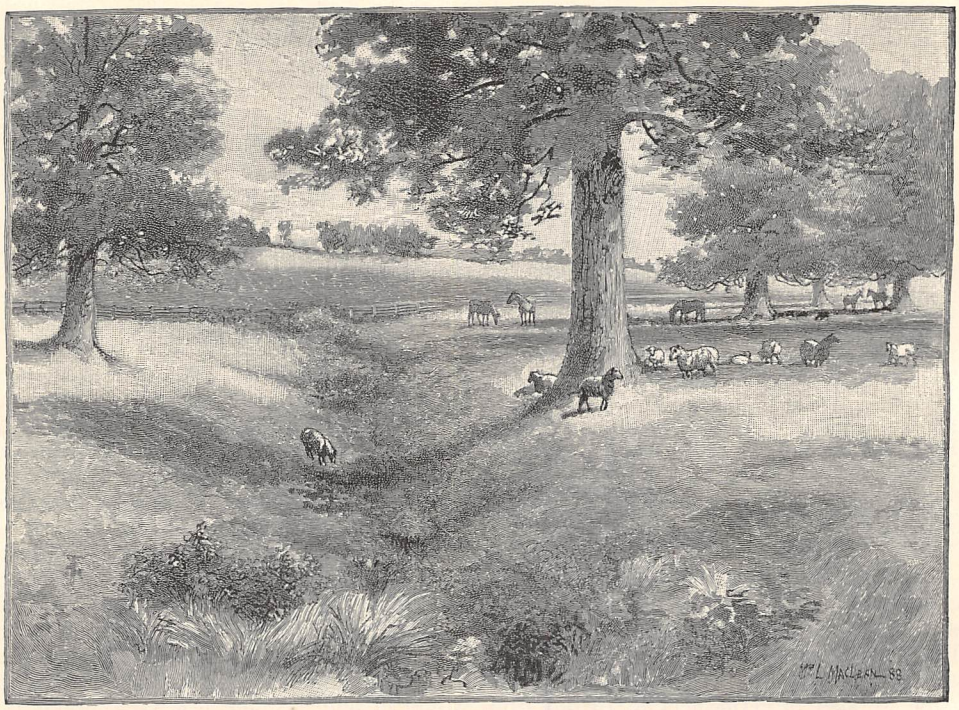
For the portal (as it were the eye of that blessed chapel) looks upon the church, and far, far away is visible the white boundary-line which at once unites and divides the vault of heaven from the bitter wave—is visible the eternal rolling of the mighty main.

The Maries' fête-day is the 24th of May; we made our pilgrimage on the 23d. The distance across the Camargue is twenty-five miles, and we were off at seven o'clock of the sweet summer morning. We crossed the Rhône to the suburb of Trinquetaille by an iron bridge, which replaces the famous bridge of boats on which the fairies danced in exultation the night after they had lured to his destruction the would-be assassin of Mirèio's lover. No sooner were we out upon the level country than we began to overtake parties of pilgrims, more pious than ourselves, who were on their way, many of them evidently from great distances, to celebrate the festival of the morrow. Nothing could exceed the variety and quaintness of the vehicles by which they traveled. All had big bundles of hay or fresh fodder for the horses swung beneath or behind. The occupants of the carts, from eight to twenty in each, were for the most part women and children, the former sitting on chairs which they would later use as seats in church, the latter bestowed wherever there was a convenient perch. They were sheltered from the sun by light canvas awnings; they carried provision of bread and fruit and wine sufficient for several days, and the horses jogged lazily along. They would be in ample time for the first of the morrow's functions, and so the women sat knitting and chatting tranquilly, or sometimes the whole company would strike up one of the old Provençal canticles in honor of the saints to whose shrine they were bound. Some of the smarter vehicles had leather-cushioned seats running lengthwise, and gaily striped awnings. Others, poor and crazy to the last degree, with lean little horses, rope-spliced harnesses, and mangy dogs trotting beside the rattling wheels, appeared literally to swarm with wild-eyed, brown-skinned children, handsome as Murillo's beggars amid their dirt, who would in time become just such brutal men and scowling hags as the older members of their party. Gipsies are gipsies the world over, and gipsies cherish a special reverence for Ste. Sara, the handmaid of the Marys, who was of their own race, they say, and lies buried in the venerable crypt of the Camarguan church. Many a big wax candle is yearly bought by "Romany chiels," and burned there in her honor.

Harriet W. Preston.

A TASTE OF KENTUCKY BLUE-GRASS.

HOW beautiful is fertility! A landscape of fruitful and well-cultivated fields; an unbroken expanse of grass; a thick, uniform growth of grain—how each of these fills and satisfies the eye! And it is not because we are essentially utilitarian and see the rich loaf and the fat beef as the outcome of it all, but because we read in it an expression of the beneficence and good-will of the earth. We love to see harmony between man and nature; we love peace and not war; we love the adequate, the complete. A perfect issue of grass or grain is a satisfaction to look upon, because it is a success. These things have the beauty of an end exactly fulfilled, the beauty of perfect fitness and proportion. The barren in nature is ugly and repels us, unless it be on such a scale and convey such a suggestion of power as to awaken the emotion of the sublime. What can be less inviting than a neglected and exhausted Virginia farm, the thin red soil showing here and there through the ragged



BLUE-GRASS MEADOW PASTURE.

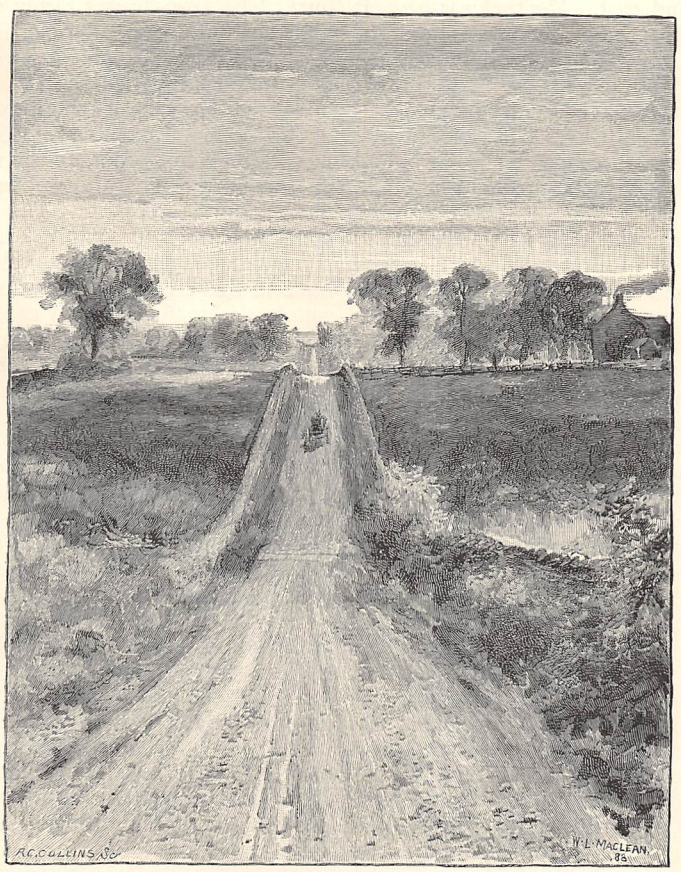
and scanty turf? and what, on the other hand, can please the eye of a countryman more than the unbroken verdancy and fertility of a Kentucky blue-grass farm? I find I am very apt to take a farmer's view of a country. That long line of toiling and thrifty yeomen back of me seems to have bequeathed something to my blood that makes me respond very quickly to a fertile and well-kept landscape, and that, on the other hand, makes me equally discontented in a poor, shabby one. All the way from Washington till I struck the heart of Kentucky the farmer in me was unhappy; he saw hardly a rood of land that he would like to call his own. But that remnant of the wild man of the woods, which most of us still carry, saw much that delighted him, especially down the New River, where the rocks and the waters, and the steep forest-clad mountains were as wild and as savage as anything he had known in his early Darwinian ages. But when we emerged upon the banks of the Great Kanawha, the man of the woods lost his interest and the man of the fields saw little that was comforting.

When we cross the line into Kentucky, I said, we shall see a change. But no, we did not. The farmer still groaned in spirit; no thrifty farms, no substantial homes, no neat villages, no good roads anywhere, but squalor and sterility on every hand. Nearly all the afternoon we rode through a country like the poorer parts of New England, unredeemed by anything like New England thrift. It was a country of coal, a very new country, geologically speaking, and the top-soil did not seem to have had time to become deepened and enriched by vegetable mold. Near sundown, as I glanced out of the window, I thought I began to see a change. Presently I was very sure I did. It began to appear in the more grassy character of the woods. Then I caught sight of peculiarly soft and uniform grassy patches here and there in the open. Then in a few moments more the train had shot us fairly into the edge of the blue-grass region, and the farmer in me began to be on the alert. We had passed in a twinkling from a portion of the earth's surface which is new, which is of yesterday, to a portion which is of the oldest, from the carboniferous to the lower silurian. Here, upon this lower silurian, the earth that saw and nourished the great monsters and dragons was growing the delicate blue-grass. It had taken all these millions upon millions of years to prepare the way for this little plant to grow to perfection. I thought I had never seen fields and low hills look so soft in the twilight; they seemed clad in greenish-gray fur. As we neared Mount Sterling, how fat and smooth the land looked; what long, even, gently flowing lines against the fading western sky, broken here and there by herds of slowly grazing or else reposing and ruminating cattle! What peace and plenty it suggested! From a

land raw and crude and bitter like unripe fruit, we had suddenly been transported into the midst of one ripe and mellow with the fullness of time. It was sweet to look upon. I was seized with a strong desire to go forth and taste it by a stroll through it in the twilight.

In the course of the ten days that followed, the last ten days of May, I had an opportunity to taste it pretty well, and my mind has had a grassy flavor ever since. I had an opportunity to see this restless and fitful American nature of ours in a more equable and beneficent mood than I had ever before seen it in; all its savageness and acridness gone, no thought now but submission to the hand and wants of man. I afterward saw the prairies of Illinois, and the vast level stretches of farming country of northern Ohio and Indiana, but these lands were nowhere quite so human, quite so beautiful, or quite so productive as the blue-grass region. One likes to see the earth's surface lifted up and undulating a little, as if it heaved and swelled with emotion; it suggests more life, and at the same time that the sense of repose is greater. There is no repose in a prairie; it is stagnation, it is a *dead* level. Those immense stretches of flat land pain the eye, as if all life and expression had gone from the face of the earth. There is just unevenness enough in the blue-grass region to give mobility and variety to the landscape. From almost any given point one commands broad and extensive views — immense fields of wheat or barley, or corn or hemp, or grass or clover, or of woodland pastures.

With Professor Proctor I drove a hundred miles or more about the country in a buggy. First from Frankfort to Versailles, the capital of Woodford County; then to Lexington, where we passed a couple of days with Major McDowell at Ashland, the old Henry Clay place; then to Georgetown in Scott County; thence back to Frankfort again. The following week I passed three days on the great stock farm of Colonel Alexander, where I saw more and finer blooded stock in the way of horses, cattle, and sheep than I had ever seen before. From thence we went south to Colonel Shelby's, where we passed a couple of days on the extreme edge of the blue-grass circle in Boyle County.



PIKE BETWEEN VERSAILLES AND FRANKFORT.

KNOB LAND AND SINK-HOLES.

Here we strike the rim of sharp low hills that run quite around this garden of the State, from the Ohio River on the west to the Ohio again on the north and east. Kentucky is a great country for licks; there are any number of streams and springs that bear the name of some lick. Probably the soil of no State in the Union has been so much licked and smacked over as that of Kentucky. Colonel Shelby's farm is near a stream called Knob Lick, and within a few miles of a place called Blue Lick. I expected to see some sort of salt spring where the buffalo and deer used to come to lick; but instead of that saw a raw, naked spot of earth, an acre or two in extent, which had apparently been licked into the shape of a clay model of some scene in Colorado or the Rocky Mountains. There were gullies and chasms and sharp knobs and peaks as blue and barren as could be, and no sign of a spring or of water visible. The buffalo had licked the clay for the saline matter it held, and had certainly made a deep and lasting impression.

From Shelby City we went west sixty or more miles, skirting the blue-grass region, to Lebanon Junction, where I took the train for Cave City. The blue-grass region is as large as the State of Massachusetts, and is, on the whole, the finest bit of the earth's surface, with the exception of parts of England, I have yet seen. In one way it is more pleasing than anything one sees in England, on account of the greater sense of freedom and roominess which it gives one. Everything is on a large, generous scale. The fields are not so cut up, nor the roadways so narrow, nor the fences so prohibitory. Indeed, the distinguishing feature of this country is its breadth: one sees fields of corn or wheat or clover of from fifty to one hundred acres each. At Colonel Alexander's I saw three fields of clover lying side by side which contained three hundred acres: as the clover was just in full bloom the sight was a very pleasing one. The farms are larger, ranging from several hundred to several thousand acres. The farm-houses are larger, with wide doors, broad halls, high ceilings, ample grounds, and hospitality to match. There is nothing niggardly or small in the people or in their country. One sees none of the New York or New England primness and trimness, but the ample, flowing Southern way of life. It is common to see horses and cattle grazing in the grounds immediately about the house; there is nothing but grass, and the great forest trees, which they cannot hurt. The farm-houses rarely stand near the highway, but are set after the English fashion, from a third to half a mile distant, amid a grove of primitive forest trees, and flanked or backed up by the many lesser buildings that the times of slavery made necessary. Educated gentlemen farmers are probably the rule more than in the North. There are not so many small or so many leased farms. The proprietors are men of means, and come the nearest to forming a landed gentry of any class of men we have in this country. They are not city men running a brief and rapid career on a fancy farm, but genuine countrymen, who love the land and mean to keep it. I remember with pleasure one rosy-faced young farmer, whose place we casually invaded in Lincoln County. He was a graduate of Harvard University and of the law school, but here he was with his trousers tucked into his boot-legs, helping to cultivate his corn, or looking after his herds upon his broad acres. He was nearly the ideal of a simple, hearty, educated country farmer and gentleman.

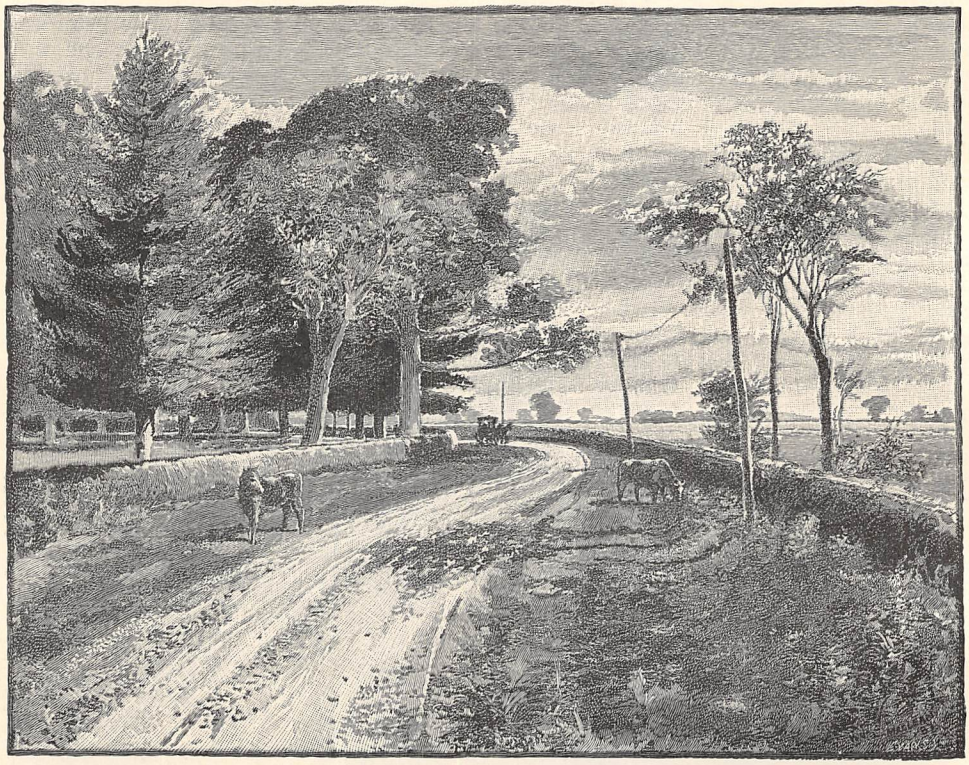
But the feature of this part of Kentucky which struck me the most forcibly, and which is perhaps the most unique, are the immense sylvan or woodland pastures. The forests are simply vast grassy orchards of maple and oak, or other trees, where the herds graze and repose. They everywhere give a look to the land as of royal parks and commons. They are as clean as a meadow and as inviting as long, grassy vistas and circles of cool shade can make them. All the saplings and bushy

undergrowths common to forests have been removed, leaving only the large trees scattered here and there, which seem to protect rather than occupy the ground. Such a look of leisure, of freedom, of amplitude, as these forest groves give to the landscape!

What vistas, what aisles, what retreats, what depths of sunshine and shadow! The grass is as uniform as a carpet, and grows quite up to the boles of the trees. One peculiarity of the blue-grass is that it takes complete possession of the soil; it suffers no rival; it is as uniform as a fall of snow. Only one weed seems to hold its own against it, and that is ironweed, a plant like a robust purple aster five or six feet high. This is Kentucky's one weed, so far as I saw. It was low and inconspicuous while I was there, but before fall it gets tall and rank, and its masses of purple flowers make a very striking spectacle. Through these forest glades roam the herds of cattle or horses. I know no prettier sight than a troop of blooded mares with their colts slowly grazing through these stately aisles, some of them in sunshine, and some in shadow. In riding along the highway there was hardly an hour when such a scene was not in view. Very often the great farm-house stands amid one of these open forests and is approached by a graveled road that winds amid the trees. At Colonel Alexander's the cottage of his foreman, as well as many of the farm-buildings and stables, stands in a grassy forest, and the mares with their colts roam far and wide. Sometimes when they were going for water, or were being started in for the night, they would come charging along like the wind, and what a pleasing sight it was to see their glossy coats glancing adown the long sun-flecked vistas! Sometimes the more open of these forest lands are tilled; I saw fine crops of hemp growing on them, and in one or two cases corn. But where the land has never been under cultivation it is remarkably smooth — one can drive with a buggy with perfect ease and freedom anywhere through these woods. The ground is as smooth as if it had been rolled. In Kentucky we are beyond the southern limit of the glacial drift; there are no surface boulders and no abrupt knolls or gravel

OLD ICE-HOUSE AND BARN-YARD.

banks. Another feature which shows how gentle and uniform the forces which have molded this land have been are the beautiful depressions which go by the ugly name of "sink-holes." They are broad turf-lined bowls their nests touched one another. As you near the great cave you see a mammoth depression, nothing less than a broad, oval valley which holds entire farms, and which has no outlet save through the bottom. In England these



A ROAD IN THE BLUE-GRASS REGION.

sunk in the surface here and there, and as smooth and symmetrical as if they had been turned out by a lathe. Those about the woodlands of Colonel Alexander were from one to two hundred feet across and fifteen or twenty feet deep. The green turf sweeps down into them without a break, and the great trees grow from their sides and bottoms the same as elsewhere. They look as if they might have been carved out by the action of whirling water, but are probably the result of the surface water seeking a hidden channel in the underlying rock, and thus slowly carrying away the soil with it. They all still have underground drainage through the bottom. By reason of these depressions this part of the State has been called "goose-nest land," their shape suggesting the nests of immense geese. On my way southward to the Mammoth Cave, over the formation known as the subcarboniferous, they formed the most noticeable feature of the landscape. An immense flock of geese had nested here, so that in places the rims of depressions would be called punch-bowls; and though they know well in Kentucky what punch is made of, and can furnish the main ingredient of superb quality, and in quantity that would quite fill some of these grassy basins, yet I do not know that they apply this term to them. But in the good old times before the war, when the spirit of politics ran much higher than now, these punch-bowls and the forests about them were the frequent scenes of happy and convivial gatherings. Under the great trees the political orators held forth; a whole ox would be roasted to feed the hungry crowd, and something stronger than punch flowed freely. One farmer showed us in our walk where Crittenden and Breckinridge had frequently held forth, but the grass had long been growing over the ashes where the ox had been roasted.

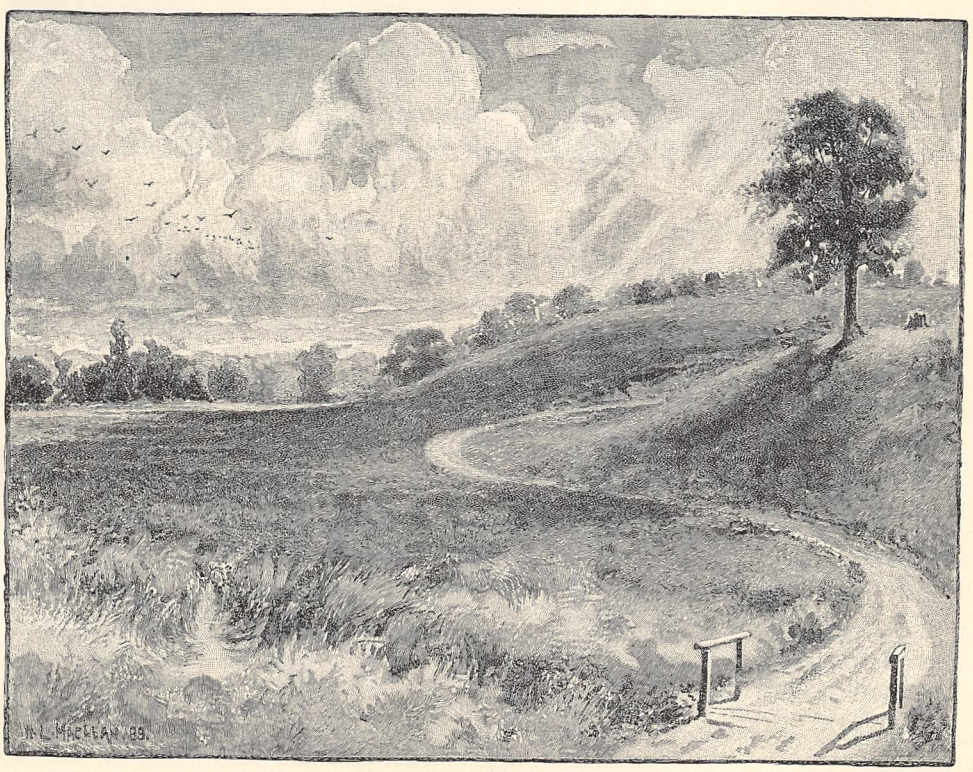
What a land for picnics and open-air meetings! The look of it suggested something more large and leisurely than the stress and hurry of our American life. What was there about

it that made me think of Walter Scott and the age of romance and chivalry? and of Robin Hood and his adventurous band under the greenwood tree? Probably it was those stately, open forests with their clear, grassy vistas where a tournament might be held, and those superb breeds of horses wandering through them upon which it was so easy to fancy knights and ladies riding. The land has not the mellow, time-enriched look of England; it could not have it under our harder, fiercer climate; but it has a sense of breadth and a roominess which one never sees in England except in the great royal parks.

The fences are mainly posts and rails, which fall a little short of giving the look of permanence which a hedge or a wall and dike afford.

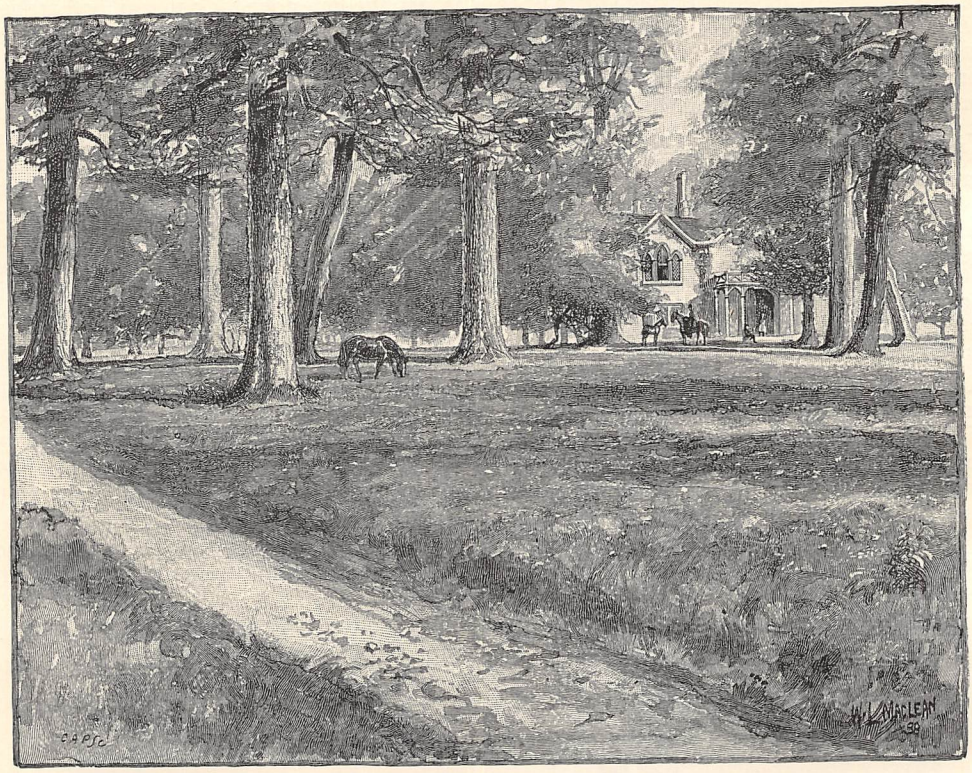
The Kentuckians have an unhandsome way of treating their forests when they want to get rid of them; they girdle the trees and let them die, instead of cutting them down at once. A girdled tree dies hard; the struggle is painful to look upon; inch by inch, leaf by leaf, it yields, and the agony is protracted nearly through the whole season. The land looked accursed when its noble trees were all dying or had died, as if smitten by a plague. One hardly expected to see grass or grain growing upon it. The girdled trees stand for years, their gaunt skeletons blistering in the sun or blackening in the rain. Through southern Indiana and Illinois I noticed this same lazy, ugly custom of getting rid of the trees.

The most noticeable want of the blue-grass region is water. The streams bore underground through the limestone rock so readily that they rarely come to the surface. With plenty of sparkling streams and rivers like New England it would indeed be a land of infinite attractions. The most unsightly feature the country afforded were the numerous shallow basins, scooped out of the soil and filled with stagnant water, where the flocks and herds drank. These, with the girdled trees, were about the only things the landscape presented to which the eye did not turn with pleasure. Yet when one does chance upon a spring, it is apt to be a strikingly beautiful one. The limestone rock, draped with dark, dripping moss, opens a cavernous mouth from which in most instances a considerable stream flows. I saw three or four such springs about which one wanted to linger long. The largest was at Georgetown, where a stream ten or twelve feet broad and three or four feet deep came gliding from a cavernous cliff without a ripple. It is situated in the very edge of the town, and could easily be made a feature singularly at-



ENTRANCE TO "ARCADIA," HOME OF THE SHELBYS, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

tractive. As we approached its head a little colored girl rose up from its brink with a pail of water. I asked her name. "Venus, sir; Venus." It was the nearest I had ever come to seeing Venus rising from the foam.



"INGLESIDE," HART GIBSON'S RESIDENCE, NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

There are three hard things in Kentucky, but one of which is to my taste; namely, hard bread, hard beds, and hard roads. The roads are excellent, macadamized as in England and nearly as well kept; but that "beat-biscuit," a sort of domestic hardtack, in the making of which the flour or dough is beaten long and hard with the rolling-pin, is, in my opinion, a poor substitute for Yankee bread; and those mercilessly hard beds — the macadamizing principle is out of place there too. It would not be exact to call Kentucky butter bad; but with all their fine grass and fancy stock, they do not succeed well in this article of domestic manufacture. But Kentucky whisky is soft, seductively so, and I caution all travelers to beware how they suck any iced preparation of it through a straw of a hot day; it is not half so innocent as it tastes.

The blue-grass region has sent out, and continues to send out, the most famous trotting horses in the world. Within a small circle not half a dozen miles across were produced all the more celebrated horses of the past ten years; but it has done nothing of equal excellence yet in the way of men. I could but ask myself why this ripe and mellow geology, this stately and bountiful landscape, these large and substantial homesteads, have not yet produced a crop of men to match. Cold and sterile Massachusetts is far in the lead in this respect. Granite seems a better nurse of genius than the lime-rock. The one great man born in Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln, was not a product of this fertile region. Henry Clay was a Virginian. The two most eminent native blue-grass men were John C. Breckinridge and John J. Crittenden. It seems that it takes something more than a fertile soil to produce great men; a deep and rich human soil is much more important. Kentucky has been too far to one side of the main current of our national life; she has felt the influence of New England but very little; neither has she been aroused by the stir and enterprise of the great West. Her schoolhouses are too far apart, even in this rich section, and she values a fast trotter or racer more than she does a fine scholar.

What gives the great fertility to the blue-grass region is the old limestone rock, laid

down in the ancient silurian seas, which comes to the surface over all this part of the State and makes the soil by its disintegration. The earth surface seems once to have bulged up here like a great bubble, and then have been planed or ground off by the elements. This wearing away process removed all the more recent formations, the coal beds and the conglomerate or other rocks beneath them, and left this ancient limestone exposed. Its continued decay keeps up the fertility of the soil. Wheat and corn and clover are rotated for fifty years upon the same fields without manure, and without any falling off in their productiveness. Where the soil is removed the rock presents that rough, honeycombed appearance which surfaces do that have been worm-eaten instead of worn. The tooth which has gnawed, and is still gnawing it, is the carbonic acid carried into the earth by rain-water. Hence, unlike the prairies of the West, the fertility of this soil perpetually renews itself. The blue-grass seems native to this region; any field left to itself will presently be covered with blue-grass. It is not cut for hay, but is for grazing alone. Fields which have been protected during the fall yield good pasturage even in winter. And a Kentucky winter is no light affair, the mercury often falling fifteen or twenty degrees below zero.

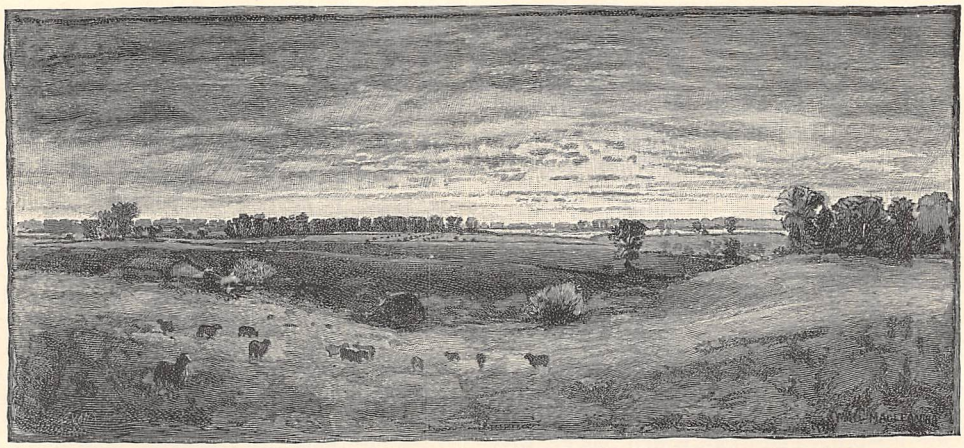
I saw but one new bird in Kentucky, namely, the lark-finch, and but one pair of those. This is a Western bird of the sparrow kind which is slowly making its way eastward, having been found as far east as Long Island. I was daily on the lookout for it, but saw none till I was about leaving this part of the State. Near old Governor Shelby's place in Boyle County, as we were driving along the road, my eye caught a grayish-brown bird like the skylark, but with a much more broad and beautifully marked tail. It suggested both a lark and a sparrow, and I knew at once it was the lark-finch I had been looking for. It alighted on some low object in a plowed field, and with a glass I had a good view of it — a very elegant, distinguished-appearing bird for one clad in the sparrow suit, the tail large and dark, with white markings on the outer web of the quills. Much as I wanted to hear his voice, he would not sing, and it was not till I reached Adams County, Illinois, that I saw another one and heard the song. Driving about the country here — which, by the way, reminded me more of the blue-grass region than anything I saw outside of Kentucky — with a friend, I was again on the lookout for the new bird, but had begun to think it was not a resident, when I espied one on the fence by the roadside. It failed to sing, but farther on we saw another one which alighted upon a fruit tree near us. We paused to look and to listen, when instantly it struck up and gave us a good sample of its musical ability. It was both a lark and a sparrow song; or, rather, the notes of a sparrow uttered in the continuous and rapid manner of the skylark — a pleasing performance, but not meriting the praise I had heard bestowed upon it.

In Kentucky and Illinois, and probably throughout the West and Southwest, certain birds come to the front and are conspicuous which we see much less of in the East. The blue jay seems to be a garden and orchard bird, and to build about dwellings as familiarly as the robin does with us. There must be dozens of these birds in this part of the country where there is but one in New England. And the brown thrashers — in Illinois they were as common along the highways as song sparrows or chippies are with us, and nearly as familiar. So also were the turtle-doves and meadow-larks. That the Western birds should be more tame and familiar than the same species in the East is curious enough. From the semi-domestication of so many of the English birds, when compared with our own, we infer that the older the country the more the birds are changed in this respect; yet the birds of the Mississippi Valley are less afraid of man than those of the valley of the Hudson or the Connecticut. Is it because the homestead, with its trees and buildings, affords the birds on the great treeless prairies their first and almost only covert? Where could the perchers perch till trees and fences and buildings offered? For this reason they would at once seek the vicinity of man and become familiar with him.

In Kentucky the summer redbird everywhere attracted my attention. Its song is much like that of its relative the tanager, and its general habits and manners are nearly the same.

The red-headed woodpecker was about the only bird of this class I saw, and it was very common. Almost any moment, in riding along, their conspicuous white markings as they flew from tree to tree were to be seen festooning the woods. Yet I was told that they were far less numerous than formerly. Governor Knott said he believed there were ten times as many when he was a boy as now. But what beautiful thing is there in this world that was not ten times more abundant when one was a boy than he finds it on becoming a man? Youth is the principal factor in the problem. If one could only have the leisure, the alertness, and the freedom from care that he had when a boy, he would probably find that the world had not deteriorated so much as he is apt to suspect.

The field or meadow bird, everywhere heard



EVENING IN THE BLUE-GRASS LAND.

in Kentucky and Illinois, is the black-throated bunting, a heavy-beaked bird the size and color of an English sparrow, with a harsh, rasping song, which it indulges in incessantly. Among bird songs it is like a rather coarse weed among our wild-flowers.

I could not find the mocking-bird in song, though it breeds in the blue-grass counties. I saw only two specimens of the bird in all my wanderings. The Virginia cardinal was common, and in places the yellow-breasted chat was heard. Once I heard from across a broad field a burst of bobolink melody from a score or more of throats — a flock of the birds probably pausing on their way north. In Chicago I was told that the Illinois bobolink had a different song from the New England species, but I could detect no essential difference. The song of certain birds, notably that of the bobolink, seems to vary slightly in different localities, and also to change during a series of years. I no longer hear the exact bobolink song which I heard in my boyhood, in the localities where I then heard it. Probably the songs of birds change in the course of time, as the speech of a people which has no written language changes. Not a season passes but I hear marked departures in the songs of our birds from what appears to be the standard song of a given species.

John Burroughs.

AT A DINNER OF ARTISTS.

(NATIONAL ACADEMY, APRIL 8, 1890.)

"The Romans had a frivolous fashion of crowning their brows with roses, *in convivio;* the ancient Egyptians had the solemn custom of having a death's-head at their feasts. Which of these pagan races was the wiser — the one that forgot itself in life, or the one that remembered itself of death?"

SITTING beside you in these halls to-night,
Begirt with kindly faces known so long,
My heart is heavy though my words are light,
So strangely sad and sweet are art and song.
Twin sisters, they, at once both bright and dark,
Clinging to coming hours and days gone by
When hope was jubilant as a morning lark,
And memory silent as the evening sky.
Where are the dear companions, yours and mine,
Whom for one little hour these walls restore,
Courteous and gracious, of a noble line,
And happy times that will return no more?
Farewell and hail! We come, and we depart:
I, with my song (ah me!); you, with your art.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE REIGN OF REASON.

"IT will be rather a good thing, Adeline, if you will go up there for a week or two; it will strengthen me in that part of the county."

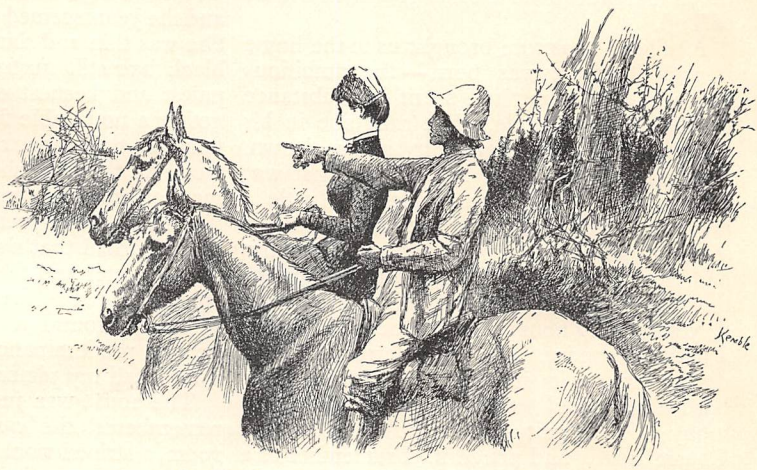
Politics are still eminently respectable in Tennessee, and my half-brother, whom I was visiting, was a candidate for a congressional nomination. He was encouraging me to make a visit to some kinsfolk of his with whom I was not otherwise related. He put forth motives of policy, but the truth was he was much attached to Cousin Betsey Blunt (as I too called her), whom he looked upon with pride as a particularly able woman; and he longed to have me pay her the compliment of a visit. Mrs. Blunt had been left a widow at the close of the war, with two little children, and no other dependence than a rough farm in a rougher country, some twenty-five miles "back" from Strathboro'.

She had taken the situation gallantly; and now her children were both grown, and her hard days past. One, the daughter, was married, and had gone to Texas; but the other, the younger, Jimmy, was still with her.

I had been at her house years before, when I was a little girl, and still remembered it as a sort of place of enchantment, so deeply and delightfully had its remoteness and primitiveness impressed me. I was pleased enough at the prospect of going there again. One of those queer little railroads that seem to wander so amiably and aimlessly about the rural districts of the South passed within eight miles of the place.

It was arranged that at this point Jimmy should meet me. When I got off the train I found myself on a moss-grown platform in the midst of a pretty woodland. While the conductor was courteously keeping his train waiting to inquire into my situation, a tall young man in a "butternut" jeans suit rode out of the woods, leading a saddled horse behind him. He lifted his shapeless, dun-colored soft hat to me; and the conductor, expressing a confidence that I was now "all right," returned to the care of his dozen other passengers. It was not hard, when I gave my mind to it, to recognize in the young man the Jimmy of old. His pretty brown eyes had not changed,—indeed you could see at a first glance that they looked just as they did when he was a baby,—and his brown curls had a familiar "set" on his head. They were oddly long to modern eyes (I insist that modernness is a matter of place as well as of time), but they were very becoming to his regular, nice, simple face. It was not a strong face: when I saw Cousin Betsey, I seemed to find its weakness explained, though not by the law of heredity.

The extra horse carried a side-saddle, and was intended for me. Jimmy had even brought a brown cotton riding-skirt with him. I untied the various secret strings about my dress skirt, put on the cotton outfit, and mounted. It was in the autumn, and the ride through the mellow radiance of the woods and fields was a dreamy delight. Jimmy had the true backwoods capacity for silence; it is akin to an Indian's, and a thing to be much appreciated after the laborious twaddle of villagers in whom the sense of social responsibilities is painfully developing. After the inevitable exchange of inquiries as to the health of all our



"THERE 'S A MIGHTY NICE GIRL LIVES IN THAT PLACE."

tribe, conversation was dismissed as an idle and exhaustive exercise.

I was too much absorbed in other enjoyment to choose that time for studying my old playmate; and I had almost forgotten that his powers of communication were greater than his horse's, when, as we came to the top of a little hill, he pointed to a log house beyond and below, starting, it seemed, out of the woods and into a big, irregular, unkempt field, and said:

"There 's a mighty nice girl lives in that place."

I could do nothing less than show an interest in a person so directly and impressively brought to my attention. Jimmy pursued the theme with simple pleasure.

"Her fambly ain't much," he said. "Her father 's only a renter, and his father was a squatter, but that girl is an uncommon girl. She is a well-behaved girl, and she 's that healthy and strong there 's nothin' she ain't equal to. She 's got a masterful head, too. Her name 's Ellen Tod."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose she is," Jimmy responded dispassionately. "She 's so counted; but her looks — her looks," he repeated, seeking a fitting conclusion, "it 's not them I 'm thinkin' about."

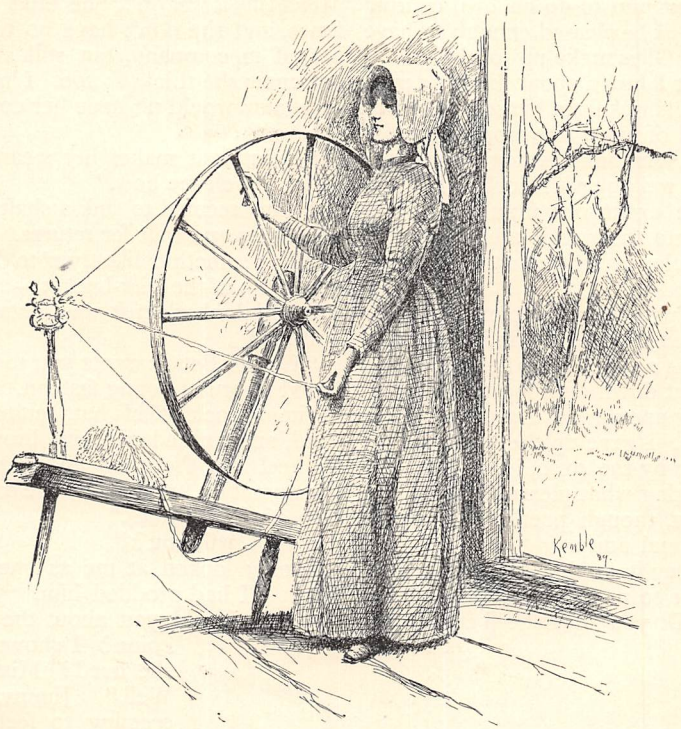
My less sternly disciplined mind was already wandering from Ellen Tod to the loveliness around me,— the blending colors, soft-floating leaves, and blue vistas,— and I let the talk drop. There would be plenty of time for canvassing the probabilities of a mésalliance with the house of Tod.

A mile or two more brought us to the home in which Jimmy was born — the ambitious house Henry Blunt had spent his substance building for his bride, while sanguine in his belief in the future of the country, and in his own. The piteous vanity of human foresight was emphasized when he was killed in battle a few years afterward; and the modest tide of sectional growth and prosperity of later times had, through all its variations, left this part of the county an unaffected island in the midst of it; yet the "big house" had not been altogether a bad investment. It had conferred a certain distinction on its inhabitants; through their hard times it had served as a substantial testimony to the dignity of their past, and as such Cousin Betsey had prized it. I remember as a child having heard my mother try to persuade her to sell out and come elsewhere, where there would be a chance for her to educate her children; and as I recalled her replies, while we were riding through the primeval woods which formed a rude park in front of the house, both their wisdom and its oddly antiquated quality struck me. She said that her children were not very "smart"; that they were not going to make any great figure in the world; that the most education could do for them would be to make them as good as other people, to keep them from being looked down upon; and that if they staid where they were, these points would be gained anyhow.

"They can learn to read and write here," she said; "and I don't believe they 'll make much use of that. I 'm not a fool, but I never cared about books; and they, neither of them, nor both together, have as much brains as I have. I don't know how it comes; you know what their father was" (I remember how oddly her voice broke there, and how it returned to its usual metallic vibrations as she went on); "but there they are, and such as they are I think they will be happier and stand higher here than anywhere else. As for me, I have to work hard; but I 'd have to do that anyway, and I 'd rather do it where I 'm looked up to. No," she continued in answer to my mother again; "I can live here as contented as I 'll ever be. I don't s'pose you know anythin' about what it is to me that my husband 's dead" (her tones were firm enough now); "and as for my children, they are good children, if they ain't very gifted, and I 'll leave 'em fixed in a way that suits 'em well. I 've thought it all out."

In front of the house was a board fence,— it took the place of a decaying paling, I remembered,— and at its gate as we rode up stood Cousin Betsey. She was always a little woman, and the years seemed to be making her smaller. She was thin and dark, with straight features, black hair still unstreaked with gray, and the palest and keenest of light-blue eyes — altogether a noticeable figure. She met me with familiar, undemonstrative kindliness, as if I were still the child she had known. I think her manner would have been exactly the same if she had never seen me at all; it was not as an individual that she thought of me, but as the daughter and the granddaughter of those who belonged to the past. In my visits South I always found a great restfulness in this general predominance of background in what I may call my pictorial effects.

The house was just as I had seen it last. I remembered the carpet in Cousin Betsey's room, a striped wool carpet woven on a hand-loom, and I was pleased to find I still admired it. The same andirons I had left there sustained the smoldering log in the fireplace; the same simple-minded old colored prints of properly curled children and military and political heroes were on the walls; the "duck-legged" chair — it had sustained a surgical operation —



MISS ELLEN.

still stood in its old corner. Doubtless it was a favorite yet with the small mistress who had had it cut down for her convenience in nursing her children.

I flew to see if even a certain speck in one of the window-panes had survived the years, and was filled with unreasoning wonder and delight on finding it. It had been one of those queer treasures children develop out of the most untoward materials, and I had called it "my buzzard," Heaven only knows why.

"Yes, here it is," I called out to Cousin Betsey — "the buzzard Jimmy and I quarreled about once. I said it was mine, and he said it was his, and you spanked him and told me I was the one who deserved a whipping, but, as you could n't give it to me, you 'd have to stop the fuss by punishing him."

"It must have been Mary," said Cousin Betsey, with grim humor. "Jimmy never would have stood up to it if it had been his. Jimmy is a queer son for me to have. Most of his spankings were for not sticking up for himself. They don't seem to have done him much good. He 's as soft and helpless as men think women ought to be. I don't know where he 'd be if I 'd 'a' been that kind."

I reflected to myself that, in all probability, he at least would have been a more assertive person, the law of action and reaction appearing with peculiar obviousness in the relations of parents and children.

"But," Cousin Betsey proceeded reflectively, "everythin' bein' as it is, it don't make so very much difference about Jimmy. Sometimes I worry about Mary. She 's gone off, and sometimes it seems to me as if I might have done better by her — might have had her mingle more with other folks, and see more — if I 'd known how it was going to be; but I did n't, and what she is lays with her husband now anyhow. But for Jimmy, I want him to marry a girl that lives near by; she 'll have some land of her own, and I 've made this farm a good one. I have n't worked out my land like the men around here, and they 'll get on. Jimmy won't be as likely to throw away what he 's got in his hand as many a boy that shows off better."

"Is he in love with the girl?" I asked, seating myself for an interesting interview in the duck-legged chair.

Cousin Betsey reached for her knitting, and went through some elaborate adjustments of needles before she said:

"I reckon he 'll be in love enough to do. He ain't egzactly an idiot, and the girl is a nice girl and a pretty girl, and she likes him. I 've seen that plain enough, and that is all I was studyin' about. Jimmy would never have

stir enough about him to do his own courtin' anyhow, and he 'll be pleased enough to have a girl like Milly Giles make up to him."

The next that I heard about Jimmy's matrimonial prospects was from himself. He was going for a load of wood one morning, and I went with him, sometimes sitting behind the oxen, sometimes walking with him beside them, or making little excursions from the faintly marked track into the woods after late ferns in sheltered nooks or for seductive bunches of wild grapes.

Jimmy was as pleasant a companion on such a trip as the oxen themselves; indeed he was better, as good as a dog. After he had loaded his wagon, he sat down on a log to rest, gazing benevolently upon me as I grubbed about for hickory-nuts. I gave up the hunt, and sat down too; near by the oxen, loose from the wagon, were taking what pleasure they could under the trying, though poetically vaunted, condition of a dual unity.

"Cousin Betsey is talking of having Milly Giles come over to make a visit while I am here," I said. "Do you think she 'll come? Do you like her?"

"IF HE MARRIES THAT GIRL HE IS NO SON OF MINE."

"Miss Milly is a mighty nice young lady," said Jimmy slowly: "she is pretty, and she comes of very good fambly. But," Jimmy proceeded, hewing his way through these unfamiliar paths of expression with obvious difficulty, "I don't believe maw means sure enough to ask her a-visitin' while you 're here. Miss Milly is wearin'. She talks a heap sometimes, and she don't have no trouble bearin' herself in company, but still she 's wearin'; and maw she thinks so too. I 'm mighty nigh sure maw would n't have her come when you is here."

"What is it makes her wearing?" I persisted. "Tell me how."

Jimmy seemed to sink a shaft into his consciousness and wait for returns.

"It 's somethin' like tryin' to drink the foam on the top of the milk-bucket—as if you might start drinkin' when it was foam clean to the bottom."

"Cousin Betsey wants you to marry her," I stated in brutal young fashion.

Jimmy took off his hat, scratched his curly head, and knitted his faint brows as he dug his heel into the mold and gazed fixedly on the operation. "Yessum," he said; "yessum, I 'm afraid she does."

"Well, will you?"

Jimmy looked at me as one of the oxen might if I had prodded him. "You 'member that girl I told you about the first day you come? I showed you where she lived? Miss Ellen Tod? Well," Jimmy concluded, seeming to feel that he was submitting a problem as hopeless as I was likely to hear, "I want to marry that girl."

"Oh, you are in love with her, are you?"

"No, 'm, I can't say as I am," Jimmy replied judicially, although the color crept up his face. "I ain't influenced by that; Miss Ellen 's a good match."

"Milly Giles 's a good match too, is n't she?" I said, when I had recovered from this blow to my romanticism.

"Miss Milly ain't what I 'd call a good match." Jimmy again drew down his blond brows in the exertion of cerebration and expression. "She 's got some prop'ty, but prop'ty ain't everythin'. Miss Milly 's a nice young lady, but she ain't no worker, and she ain't no head for management; and then she 's wearin'. Where 's the good of all that there land if—" Jimmy finished his appeal by implication, fixing his limpid eyes upon me.

"Most people would think Ellen Tod a bad match."

"That 's narrow-mindedness," Jimmy declared with uncommon decision. "Miss Ellen

would make a splendid wife. If that ain't bein' a good match — " He again came to a full and impressive stop.

" But would Cousin Betsey think so ? Does she know you care about — that you want to marry her ? "

Jimmy mopped his brow with his sleeve.

" No, 'm, no, 'm," he said; " and for the Lord's sake don't say nothin'. I don't know what to do. Maw 's terrible masterful, but — but — Miss Ellen, she 's mighty patient, but she 's powerful sot, too." And with this pregnant suggestion of his own helplessness between antagonistic forces the discussion concluded, and I began to try to repair the damage I had done his cheerfulness by asking about his oxen.

Idleness begot in me a curiosity to see Ellen Tod, so one day I asked Jimmy to take me to visit her.

" I 'll be proud to do it," he replied, without explaining whom his pride complimented. When he next went to mill I went along, and was put down at the door of the little log house below the hill.

" There 's no need of lettin' her know you are comin'," Jimmy had told me, " for she and the house is always as spick and as span as all the comp'ny in the world could make 'em."

The house stood an eighth of a mile back from the road, and a wagon track led up to and away from it in a wide semicircle worthy a drive before a palace; it was all unfenced, the wild greenness pressing up to the doorway. As we approached, a tall, broad-shouldered young woman came to the low, open door. I had time to take a good look at her, and it was a pleasant exercise. She stood with one hand on her hip, in an attitude of such simplicity and ease as the rustic obtains only in his most uncorrupted estate. Her smooth, dark hair was parted and brought down behind her ears into a knot of eminent decency; her features were good, strong, rather large, and were set off by a fine ruddy complexion. She came out to the wagon as we stopped and put up her hand to Jimmy. " Howdy," she said — not smiling, but fixing her gray eyes upon him with what was like maternal tenderness.

" Howdy, Miss Ellen," Jimmy answered, equally grave. " This is my cousin, Miss Addington — Miss Tod, Cousin Adeline."

" I wanted to stop off and stay with you, if I might, while Jimmy goes to mill."

" I 'm pleased to see you," said Ellen Tod. " Wait, and I 'll bring a chair for you " — a chair to help me alight.

Jimmy was right as to the spickness and spanness of Ellen and her house. Her innate superiority was shown in her dress, which was of that standard dark purple calico which knows no North, no South, and it was made without a furbelow anywhere; it was a model of the chief garment of modern woman reduced to its simplest elements, but it was beautifully clean, and was perfect in its way, even the unrelieved band around the neck being becoming to so handsome a column. That touchstone of the Southern housekeeper, the hearth, was swept so clean that its scoured stones attracted the eye, and the big bed in one corner of the room was radiant in brilliant patchwork. After I entered Ellen returned a moment to the wagon and shook hands with the departing Jimmy, who was to return in a couple of hours. For that time Ellen and I were left to each other's uninterrupted society, for her father was away at work, and she and he composed the family. She was a charming hostess, full of hospitality and with an effortless gift of silence almost equal to Jimmy's own.

She took my hat, allowed me to sit in the back doorway which looked out into the near woods, and brought me a glass of cool buttermilk from the bucket in the spring. My soul was satisfied when she got out a big spinning-wheel and went to work. I wondered if she spun when Jimmy came, and was inclined to think that no woman could be ignorant of the charming esthetic possibilities of the occupation. I could imagine Jimmy sinking into a deep and deeper daze of pleasure as he watched the swift, light-moving figure passing to and fro, to and fro, while the big wheel whirled. I tried to get up the courage to talk to her about Jimmy, but I could n't; she was too big and grown up; she made me feel too small and light-minded. She actually smiled at me, however, when the wagon returned. I felt now as if a handshaking all around were justified, for it seemed as if I had spent a pleasant, dreamy, drowsy lifetime in that back door.

" I ain't very lively company; I never was," Ellen said as I put on my hat, scarcely apologetically, but as if the fact were an undeniable drawback. She took Jimmy some buttermilk, — he did not leave the wagon, — and I delayed my appearance while he drank it.

" I don't know as I 'll ever see you again," she said, as she gravely gave me her hand; " but I 'm glad you come, and I wish you well. Take care of yourself," she said as we started, including me in the kindly gaze she turned on Jimmy.

I did see her again, but before the second meeting Cousin Betsey had learned of her as a possible daughter-in-law. I came in from a tramp the day before I left, and found mother and son closing a terrible and portentous interview. Poor Jimmy was sitting in his mother's room with his bowed head supported in his hands and his every line expressing crushed suffering, but withal hardly so

limp as might have been expected. The little masterful mother stood with her knotted hands on the back of a chair in front of her, gazing at her boy with a touch of bewilderment in her pale, stern, lawyer-like face.

I started back from the door I had opened.

"Come in, Adeline," she said; "come in. Like as not it 's no news to you that this poor fool I brought into the world wants to marry a low-down girl over there in the hollow, without a second gown to her back, and no more raisin' than one of my heifers."

Jimmy did not stir.

"If he could get himself up to tell me so, he 's likely told everybody else first. You need n't say nothin'. I don't want to know what you know or what you don't; but I want to tell you — you are young and foolish — that you 've done a right cruel thing if you 've given him encouragement in his folly, or if you ever do. I can't believe he ever would have named such a thing to me if somebody like you had n't give him some sustainment."

I felt a guilty thud in my breast as those luminous pale eyes fixed themselves upon me. I had not meant to give encouragement, but I saw now that Cousin Betsey was probably right, and that my liking for Ellen had helped Jimmy to the courage shown in this declaration; he had an immense regard for my opinion.

"James," she said, "look at me." Jimmy raised a haggard, pain-dazed face. "James, I 'm goin' to say before Adeline what I 've told you I 'd do if you won't give up this — girl. Will you give her up?"

Jimmy half gasped. "Mother," he began, then stopped; a dead silence; its tensity was painful, like a physical sensation. "Mother, if you 'd just know her, if —"

"I knew her father and mother before her, before you was born. My father kept her grandfather from starvin' to death; more 's the pity, since it brings this shame upon me now. Her mother was a nameless brat. I know her enough."

"No, 'm, no, 'm; you don't. Ellen 's not them. She 'd make the best wife —"

"Much you know or care about her making a good wife. You can't take me in. You 're in love with her."

"No, 'm; no, Maw. I 'm not that bewitched —"

"Will you, or won't you, give her up?"

Jimmy staggered to his feet and to the door.

"Mother, mother," he repeated slowly under his breath as if it were a sort of prayer.

"Stop," she said. "Adeline," — she took me by the arm, — "I say to you that if he marries that girl he is no son of mine, and I 'll never treat him as one, dead or alive."

The door closed behind Jimmy, and Cousin Betsey sank into a chair, and let her hands fall as they would, one in her lap, and one at her side. I knelt beside her and tried to stanch my tears. Cousin Betsey had a man's preference for an unemotional atmosphere, and the first thing she said was to tell me to bring her knitting.

"Oh, why, why," I said, "did you say such a terrible thing?"

"I said it because I thought it would stop him if anything would," she answered with a firm mouth, though her fingers were a little shaky as she handled her needles.

"But if it does n't?"

"If it does n't, he knows what to look for."

"Cousin Betsey, I 've seen her: she seems nice; I believe she would be a good wife —"

"Adeline, get up. I don't want to hear any more foolishness. I 'm the one that 's likely to know who 'd make a good wife for my son, if it 's a good wife you are both so bent on. I 've taken care of him a good many years."

"Don't you love him? Don't you want him to be happy?"

"Of course I do; that 's why I 've done what I could to stop this thing."

The needles were clicking well by this time.

"But if he marries, and you do as you say, you 'll make him miserable."

"I 'll do what I say. I 've had to say it for his good, and I 'd have to do it not to be a liar. Howsomever there 's no use livin' through the thing before it happens. I don't seem to see Jimmy gettin' himself up to go and disobey me. He 'd never have the spunk." And Cousin Betsey, with that almost appalling good sense so characteristic of her, insisted on returning to the serene tone of everyday life. She treated Jimmy for the twenty-four hours that I was still with them in exactly her usual manner, which was placidly kind, so far as it was anything, though it took less account of him as an individual entity than probably even the humblest of us, in his place, would have preferred.

Jimmy was much depressed, but he was in awe of his mother, and felt bound to pull himself together and respond to her attitude as far as possible.

It was an evident relief to him when he and I were once more started on horseback for the station, and he was at liberty, in the woods, to be as miserable as he liked. He longed to have me do something for him, he did not know what, — say something, suggest something, — and he turned his dog-like brown eyes upon me with a heart-breaking force of appeal in them. But I was too conscious of the gravity of the situation to venture a word upon it. While we were waiting, however, on the little platform, with the falling leaves fluttering around us, he broke forth:

"Cousin Adeline, you can see what a good wife Ellen would make for me, can't you? You need n't say anythin' — I know you do; any one has got to that knows her. It ain't that I 'm in love with her, like Maw said. But I don't see how I can let Ellen go. I don't see how I can."

I longed to probe his consciousness to see if any perception of obligation to Ellen could be aroused to reinforce this abiding sense of the necessity of Ellen to him, so it was just as well that the rickety little engine came meandering around the corner just then; leave-takings and responses to the cordial, hospitable greetings of the conductor occupied all the time I felt justified in delaying the other passengers, and I left without committing any new indiscretions.

One day in the following April I was in the old flower-garden, wholly absorbed in the care of the camomile bed, when one of the servants came out to me saying that there was "some mighty cur'us 'pearin' comp'ny up to de house," and that they had asked for me.

I did not, to tell the truth, think of Jimmy and Ellen, but when I found them, the moment my eyes fell on them it seemed as if I had been expecting them all along. They had refused to go into the house and were waiting for me on the back "gallery"; as I came up their horses were just being led off to the stables. The look of people about to be married was upon them: I am a clergyman's daughter and I recognized it, even though I did not quite see why they had come to Strathboro' for this purpose.

Jimmy began explaining at once; he offered an array of reasons, of which I seemed to be offered my choice. He did not want any of the preachers around his home to incur his mother's enmity by performing the ceremony, he and Ellen felt like coming to see me, they thought a little journey would be nice, and he desired my brother's advice about some matter of business.

Ellen put in that they did not want me to incur Cousin Betsey's wrath either; they had come to see me, but they 'd go to the house of the preacher I should recommend.

They had, as I said, the air of people about to be married, but with a curious reversal of parts; Jimmy was full of the cheerfulness of a storm-tossed traveler who has found port, while poor Ellen's bearing expressed the awe-struck sense of responsibility which generally oppresses the bridegroom. I seated them in the dining-room at such a lunch as Aunt 'Merky was able, in her phrase, to "scare up," and went into a place apart to commune with my own mind.

My brother and his wife were away; I was alone in authority; how could I turn out these waifs to get married in the desolation of a strange parsonage parlor, when I felt sure that a touching gravitation towards sympathy was all that had brought them so far? Here was a chance to play a little part in a romance, to manage, to be important and benevolent.

I became infected with the passionate reasonableness characteristic of all the principles in the affair. I said: "Brother Amos is away, he 'll not have to bear any of the responsibility; they are going to get married anyhow; Cousin Betsey can't hurt me; and, after all, Jimmy is quite right about it. Ellen will make him a beautiful wife — go to, I will be a patroness."

After the ceremony — besides the servants in the doorway, only the most sentimental old lady in the village and myself witnessed it — Ellen had a little experience which I trust has never been repeated; she broke down from her usual care-taking, all-sustaining, maternal self into a frightened, helpless woman who wanted to be comforted by somebody stronger than herself. She dropped down upon the sofa, and began to cry softly upon Jimmy's shoulder. Poor Jimmy felt then that matrimony was indeed a strange estate whose mysteries developed with incredible promptness, and in the most unexpected ways. He looked so pitifully baffled and bewildered that Ellen, when she saw his face, straightened up into her more characteristic phase, and slipped her hand into his to comfort him. It was not a traditional bridal scene, but it seemed to me a very natural and touching one.

There was nothing for Jimmy to do, of course, but to sink to the station of a renter. He went in on shares with his father-in-law that year, and lived in the neat little cabin I had visited.

My brother recently passed through that part of the county, and he reports that Betsey has taken the surprising but simple course of treating Jimmy as she might treat any poor neighbor whom she had long known, even letting him land on good though not unbusiness-like terms; but never breaking either the letter or the spirit of her vow. Amos thinks this suits both mother and son admirably. As for Jimmy, he says, he has more confidence of manner than of old, despite his social fall; and that he wears such a look of contentment as any other woman in Cousin Betsey's place would sorely resent.

After a four-years' experience of Ellen as a wife the one conviction of Jimmy's life seems justified.

Viola Roseboro'.

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

SLEEP visits not my eyelids; yet I rest
In a content more deep than any sleep;
Nay, rapt in joy my vigil here I keep,
With trembling hands clasped to my eager breast.

For one I love, after long hours of pain,
Sleeps near me now. Think you that I could sleep,
Though needless now the vigil that I keep,
With the dread lifted from my heart and brain?

Think you that I would sleep? — would be beguiled,
Cheated, of this my joy? Nay, let me fast
From sleep through long, glad hours, to hear at last
The low, soft breathing of my ailing child.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

THE SALONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE traits which strike us most forcibly in the lives and characters of the women of the early salons are delicacy and sensibility; they colored their minds, ran through their literary pastimes, and gave a distinctive flavor to their conversation. It was these qualities, added to a decided taste for pleasures of the intellect, and an innate social genius, that led them to revolt from the gross sensualism of the court, and form, upon a new basis, a society that has given another complexion to the last two centuries. The natural result was, at first, a reign of sentiment that was often overstrained, but which represented on the whole a reaction of morality and refinement. The wits and beauties of the *salon bleu* may have committed a thousand follies, but their chivalrous codes of honor and of manners, their fastidious tastes, even their prudish affectations, were open though sometimes rather bizarre tributes to the virtues that lie at the very foundation of a well-ordered society. They had exalted ideas of the dignity of womanhood, of purity, of loyalty, of devotion. The heroines of Mlle. de Scudéry, with their endless discourses upon the metaphysics of love, were no doubt tiresome sometimes to the *blasé* courtiers, as well as to the critics; but their lofty and fine-spun sentiments charmed the Great Condé in his cell at Vincennes, the eloquent Fléchier, the ascetic D'Andilly at Port Royal, as well as the romantic maidens who sighed over their fanciful dreams and impossible adventures. They had their originals in living women who reversed the common traditions of a Gabrielle and a Marion Delorme; who combined with the intellectual brilliancy and fine courtesy of the Greek Aspasia the moral graces that give so poetic a fascination to the Christian and medieval types. Mme. de La Fayette painted with rare delicacy the old struggle between passion and duty, but character triumphs over passion, and duty is the final victor. In spite of the low standards of the age, the ideal woman of society, as of literature, was noble, tender, modest, pure, and loyal.

But the eighteenth century brings new types

to the surface. The *précieuses*, with their sentimental theories and naïve reserves, have had their day. It is no longer the world of Mme. de Rambouillet that confronts us with its chivalrous models, its refined platonism, and its flavor of literature, but rather that of the epicurean Ninon, brilliant, versatile, free, lax, sceptical, full of intrigue and wit, but without moral sense or spiritual aspiration. Literary portraits and ethical maxims have given place to a spicy mixture of scandal and philosophy, humanitarian speculations and equivocal *bons mots*. It is piquant and amusing, this light play of intellect, seasoned with clever and sparkling wit, but the note of delicacy and sensibility is quite gone. Society has divested itself of many crudities and many affectations perhaps, but it has grown as artificial and self-conscious as its rouged and befeathered leaders.

The women who presided over these centers of fashion and intelligence represent to us the genius of social sovereignty. We fall under the glamour of the luminous but factitious atmosphere that surrounded them. We are dazzled by the subtlety and clearness of their intellect, the brilliancy of their wit. Their faults are veiled by the smoke of the incense we burn before them or lost in the dim perspective. It is fortunate, perhaps, for many of our illusions, that the golden age, which is always receding, is seen at such long range that only the softly colored outlines are visible. Men and women are transfigured in the rosy light that rests on historic heights, as on far-off mountain-tops. But if we bring them into closer view, and turn on the pitiless light of truth, the aureole vanishes, a thousand hidden defects are exposed, and our idol stands out hard and bare, too often divested of its divinity and its charm.

To do justice to these women we must take the point of view of an age that was corrupt to the core. It is needless to discuss here the merits of the stormy, disenchanting eighteenth century, which was the mother of our own, and upon which the world is likely to remain hopelessly divided. But whatever we may think of its final outcome, it can hardly be denied that this period, which in France was so powerful in ideas, so active in thought, so teeming with intelligence, so rich in philosophy, was poor in faith, bankrupt in morals, without religion, without poetry, and without imagination. The divine ideals of virtue and renunciation were drowned in a sea of selfishness and materialism. The austere devotion of Pascal was out of fashion. The spiritual teachings of Bossuet and Fénelon represented the outworn creeds of an age that was dead. It was Voltaire who gave the tone, and even Voltaire was not radical enough for many of these iconoclasts. "He is a bigot and a deist," exclaimed a feminine disciple of D'Holbach's atheism. The gay, witty, pleasure-loving abbé, who derided piety, defied morality, was the pet of the salon, and figured in the worst scandals, was a fair representative of the fashionable clergy who had no attribute of priesthood but the name and clearly justified the sneers of the philosophers. Tradition had given place to private judgment, and in its first reaction private judgment knew no law but its own caprices. The watchword of intellectual freedom was made to cover universal license, and clever sophists constructed theories to justify the mad carnival of vice and frivolity. "As soon as one does a bad action, one never fails to make a bad maxim," said the clever Marquise de Créqui. "As soon as a school-boy has his love affairs, he wishes no more to say his prayers; and when a woman wrongs her husband, she tries to believe no more in God."

The fact that this brilliant but heartless and epicurean world was tempered with intellect and taste changed its color, but not its moral quality. Talent turned to intrigue, and character was the toy of the scheming and flexible brain. The maxims of La Rochefoucauld were the rule of life. Wit counted for everything, the heart for nothing. The only sins that could not be pardoned were stupidity and awkwardness. "Bah! He has only revealed every one's secret," said Mme. du Deffand to an acquaintance who censured Helvétius for making selfishness the basis of all human actions. To some one who met this typical woman of her time in the gay salon of Mme. Marchais, and condoled with her upon the death of her lifelong friend and lover, Pont de Veyle, she quietly replied, "Alas! he died this evening at six o'clock; otherwise you would not see me here." "My friend fell ill; I attended him. He died, and I dissected him," was the remark of a wit on reading her satirical pen-portrait of the Marquise du Châtelet after her death. This cold scepticism, keen analysis, and undisguised heartlessness strike the keynote of the century which was socially so brilliant, intellectually so fruitful, and morally so weak.

The liberty and complaisance of the domestic relations were complete. It is true there were examples of conjugal devotion, for the gentle human affections never quite disappear in any atmosphere; but the fact that they were considered worthy of note sufficiently indicates the drift of the age. In the world of fashion and of form there was not even a pretense of preserving the sanctity of marriage, if the chronicles of the time are to be credited. It was simply a commercial affair which united

names and fortunes, continued the glory of families, replenished exhausted purses, and gave freedom to women. If love entered into it at all, it was an accident. This superfluous sentiment was ridiculed, or relegated to the *bourgeoisie*, to whom it was left to preserve the tradition of household virtues. If a young wife was modest or shy, she was the object of unflattering *persiflage*. If she betrayed her innocent love for her husband, she was not of the charmed circle of wit and good tone, which frowned upon so vulgar a weakness and laughed at inconvenient scruples.

"Indeed," says a typical husband of the period, "I cannot conceive how, in the barbarous ages, one had the courage to wed. The ties of marriage were a chain. To-day you see kindness, liberty, peace reign in the bosom of families. If husband and wife love each other, very well; they live together; they are happy. If they cease to love, they say so honestly, and return to each other the promise of fidelity. They cease to be lovers; they are friends. That is what I call social manners, gentle manners."

It is against such a background that the women who figure so prominently in the salons are outlined. Such was the air they breathed, the spirit they imbibed. That it was fatal to the finer graces of character goes without saying. Doubtless, in quiet and secluded nooks, there were many human wildflowers that had not lost their primitive freshness and delicacy, but they did not flourish in the withering atmosphere of the great world. The type in vogue savored of the hothouse. With its striking beauty of form and tropical richness of color it had no sweetness, no fragrance. Many of these women we can only consider on the worldly and intellectual side. Sydney Smith has aptly characterized them as "women who violated the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." But standing on the level of a time in which their faults were mildly reprehensible, if at all so, their characteristic gifts shine out with marvelous splendor. It is from this standpoint alone that we can present them, drawing the friendly mantle of silence over grave weaknesses and fatal errors.

In this century, in which women have so much wider scope, when they can write, paint, carve, act, sing, enter professional life, or do whatever talent and inclination may dictate, without loss of dignity or prestige unless they do it ill,—and perhaps even this exception is a trifle superfluous,—it is difficult to understand fully, or estimate correctly, a society in which the best feminine intellect was centered upon the art of entertaining and of wielding an indirect power through the minds of men. The Frenchwomen had all the vanity that lies at the bottom of the Gallic character, but when the triumphs of youth were over, the only legitimate path to individual distinction open to them was that of social influence. This was attained through personal charm, supplemented by more or less cleverness, or through the gift of creating a society that cast about them an illusion of talent of which they were often only the reflection. To these two classes belong the queens of the salons. But the most famous of them only carried to the point of genius a talent that was universal.

In its best estate a brilliant social life is essentially an external one. Its charm lies largely in the superficial graces, in the facile and winning manners, the ready tact, the quick intelligence, the rare and perishable gifts of conversation—in the nameless trifles which are elusive as shadows and potent as light. It is the way of putting things that tells, rather than the value of the things themselves. This world of draperies and amenities, of dinners and *conversaziones*, of epigrams, coquetries, and sparkling trivialities, is the Frenchwoman's world. It has little in common with the inner world that surges forever behind and beneath it; little sympathy with inconvenient ideals and exalted sentiments. The serious and earnest soul to which divine messages have been whispered in hours of solitude finds its treasures unheeded, its language unspoken here. The cares, the burdens, the griefs that weigh so heavily on the great heart of humanity, are banished from this social Eden. The Frenchman has as little love for the somber side of life as the Athenian, who veiled every expression of suffering. "Joy marks the force of the intellect," said the pleasure-loving Ninon. It is this peculiar gift of projecting themselves into a joyous atmosphere, of treating even serious subjects in a piquant and lively fashion, of dwelling upon the pleasant surface of things, that has made the French the artists, above all others, of social life. The Parisienne selects her company, as a skillful leader forms his orchestra, with a fine instinct of harmony. No single instrument dominates, but every member is an artist in his way, adding his touch of melody or color in the fitting place. Individual is sacrificed to artistic truth. She aims, perhaps unconsciously, at a poetic ideal which shall express the best in life and thought, divested of the rude and commonplace, untouched by sorrow or passion, and free from personality.

But the representative salons which have left a permanent mark upon their time, and a memory that does not seem likely to die, were no longer simply centers of refined and intellectual amusement. The moral and literary re-

action of the seventeenth century was one of the great social and political forces of the eighteenth. The salon had become a vast engine of power, an organ of public opinion, like the modern press. Clever and ambitious women had found their instrument and their opportunity. They had long since learned that the homage paid to weakness is illusory; that the power of beauty is short-lived. With none of the devotion which had made the convent the time-honored refuge of tender and exalted souls, finding little solace in the domestic affections which played so small a rôle in their lives, they turned the whole force of their clear and flexible minds to this new species of sovereignty. Their keenness of vision, their consummate skill in the adaptation of means to ends, their knowledge of the world, their practical intelligence, their instinct of pleasing, all fitted them for the part they assumed. They distinctly illustrated the truth that "our ideal is not out of ourselves, but in ourselves wisely modified." The intellect of these women was rarely the dupe of the emotions. Their clearness was not befogged by sentiment, nor, it may be added, were their characters enriched by it. "The women of the eighteenth century loved with their minds and not with their hearts," said the Abbé Galiani. The very absence of the qualities so essential to the highest womanly character, according to the old poetic types, added to their success. To be simple and true is to forget often to consider effects. Spontaneity is not apt to be discriminating, and the emotions are not safe guides to worldly distinction. It is not the artist who feels the most keenly who sways men the most powerfully; it is the one who has most perfectly mastered the art of swaying men. Self-sacrifice and a lofty sense of duty find their rewards in the intangible realm of the spirit, but they do not find them in a brilliant society whose foundations are laid in vanity and sensualism. An Alcestis or an Antigone might be the goddess of the fireside or the heroine of a drama, yet fail utterly in the arts and graces which reign supreme in the salon. "The virtues, though superior to the sentiments, are not so agreeable," said Mme. du Deffand; and she echoed the spirit of an age of which she was one of the most striking representatives. To be agreeable was the cardinal aim in the lives of these women. To this end they knew how to use their talents, and they studied, to the minutest shade, their own limitations. They had, to an eminent degree, the gift of the general who marshals his forces with a swift eye for combination and availability. To this quality was added more or less mental brilliancy, or, what is equally essential, the faculty of calling out the brilliancy of others, but their education was rarely profound or even accurate. To an abbé who wished to dedicate a grammar to Mme. Geoffrin she replied: "To me? Dedicate a grammar to me! Why, I do not even know how to spell." Even Mme. du Deffand, whom Sainte-Beuve ranks next to Voltaire as the purest classic of the epoch in prose, says of herself, "I do not know a word of grammar; my manner of expressing myself is always the result of chance, independent of all rule and all art."

But it is not to be supposed that women who were the daily and lifelong companions and *confidantes* of men like Fontenelle, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Helvétius, and Marmontel were deficient in a knowledge of books, though this was always subservient to a knowledge of life. It was a means, not an end. When the salon was at the height of its power it was not yet time for Mme. de Staël; and, with rare exceptions, those who wrote were not marked, or their literary talent was so overshadowed by their social gifts as to be unnoted. Their writings were no measure of their abilities. Those who wrote for amusement were careful to disclaim the title of *bel esprit*, and their works usually reached the public through accidental channels. Mme. de Lambert herself had too keen an eye for consideration to pose as an author, but it is with an accent of regret at the popular prejudice that she says of Mme. Dacier, "She knows how to associate learning with the amenities; for at present modesty is out of fashion: there is no more shame for vices, and women blush only for knowledge."

But, if they did not write, they presided over the mint in which books were coined. They were familiar with theories and ideas at their fountain source. Indeed the whole literature of the period pays its tribute to their intelligence and critical taste. "He who will write with precision, energy, and vigor only," said Marmontel, "may live with men alone; but he who wishes for suppleness in his style, for amenity, and for that something which charms and enchants, will, I believe, do well to live with women. When I read that Pericles sacrificed every morning to the Graces, I understand by it that every day Pericles breakfasted with Aspasia." This same author was in the habit of reading his tales in the salon and noting their effect. He found a happy inspiration in "the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears"; but he adds, "I well perceived the cold and feeble passages, which they passed over in silence, as well as those where I had mistaken the word, the tone of nature, or the just shade of truth." He refers to the beautiful, witty, but erring and unfortunate Mme. de la Popelinière, to whom

he read his tragedy, as the best of all his critics. "Her corrections," he said, "struck me as so many rays of light." "A point of morals will be no better discussed in a society of philosophers than in that of a pretty woman of Paris," said Rousseau. This constant habit of reducing thoughts to a clear and salient form was the best school for aptness and ready expression. To talk wittily and well, or to lead others to talk wittily and well, was the crowning gift of these women. This evanescent art was the life and soul of the salons, the magnet which attracted the most brilliant of the French men of letters, who were glad to discuss safely and at their ease many subjects which the public censorship made it impossible to write about. They found companions and advisers in women, consulted their tastes, sought their criticism, courted their patronage, and established a sort of intellectual comradeship that exists in no country outside of France to the same extent. Its model may be found in the limited circle that gathered about Aspasia in the old Athenian days.

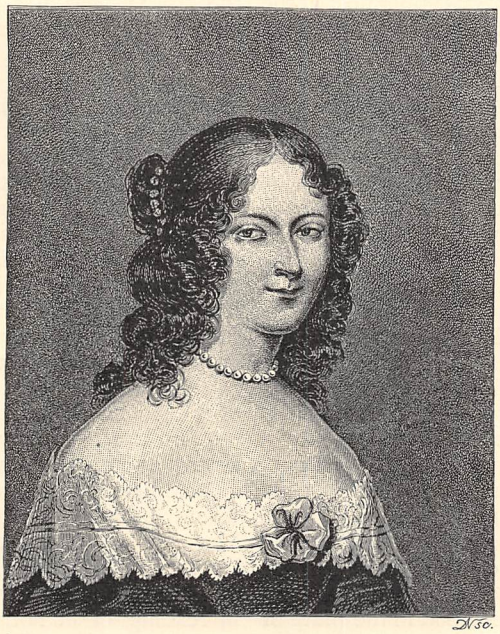
It is perhaps this habit of intellectual companionship that, more than any other single thing, accounts for the practical cleverness of the Frenchwomen, and the conspicuous part they have played in the political as well as social life of France. Nowhere else are women linked to the same degree with the success of men. There are few distinguished Frenchmen with whose fame some more or less gifted woman is not closely allied. Montaigne and Mlle. de Gournay, La Rochefoucauld and Mme. de La Fayette, D'Alembert and Mlle. de Lespinasse, Chateaubriand and Mme. Récamier, Joubert and Mme. Beaumont—these are only a few of the well-known and unsullied friendships that suggest themselves out of a list that might be extended indefinitely. The social instincts of the French, and the fact that men and women met on a common plane of intellectual life, made these friendships natural; that they excited little comment and less criticism made them possible.

The result was that, from the quiet and thoughtful Marquise de Lambert, who was admitted to have made half of the Academicians, to the clever but less scrupulous Mme. de Pompadour, who had to be reckoned with in every political change in Europe, women were everywhere the power behind the throne. No movement was carried through without them. "They form a kind of republic," said Montesquieu, "whose members, always active, aid and serve one another. It is a new state within a state; and whoever observes the action of those in power, if he does not know the women who govern them, is like a man who sees the action of a machine but does not know its secret springs." Mme. de Tencin advised Marmontel, before all things, to cultivate the society of women if he wished to succeed. It is said that both Diderot and Thomas, two of the most brilliant thinkers of their time, failed of the fame they merited through their neglect to court the favor of women. Bolingbroke, then an exile in Paris, with a few others, formed a club of men for the discussion of literary and political questions. While it lasted it was never mentioned by women. It was quietly ignored. Cardinal Fleury considered it dangerous to the state, and suppressed it. At the same time, in the salon of Mme. de Tencin, the leaders of French thought were safely maturing the theories which Montesquieu set forth in his "Esprit des Lois," the first open attack on absolute monarchy, the forerunner of Rousseau, and the germ of the Revolution.

But the salons were far from being centers of "plain living and high thinking." "Supper is one of the four ends of man," said Mme. du Deffand; and it must be admitted that the great doctrine of human equality was rather luxuriously cradled. The supreme science of the Frenchwomen was a knowledge of men. Understanding their tastes, their ambitions, their interests, their vanities, and their weaknesses, they played upon this complicated human instrument with the skill of an artist who knows how to touch the lightest note, to give the finest shade of expression, to bring out the fullest harmony. In their efforts to raise social life to the most perfect and symmetrical proportions the pleasures of sense and the delicate illusions of color were not forgotten. They were as noted for their good cheer, for their attention to the elegances that strike the eye, the accessories that charm the taste, as for their intelligence, their tact, and their conversation.

But one must look for the power and the fascination of the French salons in their essential spirit, and the characteristics of the Gallic race, rather than in any definite and tangible form. The word simply suggests habitual and informal gatherings of men and women of intelligence and good breeding, in the drawing-room, for conversation and amusement. The hostess who opened her house for these assemblies selected her guests with discrimination, and those who had once gained an *entrée* were always welcome. In studying the character of the noted salons, one is struck with a certain unity that could result only from natural growth about a nucleus bound together by many ties of congeniality and friendship. Society, in its best sense, does not signify a multitude, nor can a salon be created on commercial principles. But this spirit of commercialism, so fatal to modern social life, was

conspicuously absent. It was not at all a question of debt and credit, of formal invitations to be given and returned. Personal values were regarded. The distinctions of wealth were ignored, and talent, combined with the requisite tact, was the equivalent of rank. If rivalries existed, they were based upon the quality of the guests rather than upon material display. But the modes of entertainment were as variable as the tastes and abilities of the women who presided. Many of the well-known salons were open daily. Sometimes there were suppers, which came very much into vogue after the *petits soupers* of the regent. The Duchesse de Choiseul, during the ministry of her husband, gave a supper every evening excepting on Friday and Sunday. At a quarter before ten the steward glanced through the crowded rooms, and prepared the table for all who were present. The Monday suppers of the Princesse de Conti at the Temple were thronged. On other days a more intimate circle gathered round the tables, and the ladies served tea after the English fashion. A few women of rank and fortune imitated these princely hospitalities, but it was the smaller coteries which presented the most charming and distinctive side of French society. A favorite custom among the literary and philosophical salons was to give dinners, at an early hour, two or three times a week. In the evening a larger company assembled without formality. A popular man of letters, so inclined, might dine Monday and Wednesday with Mme. Geoffrin, Tuesday with Mme. Helvétius, Friday with Mme. Necker, Sunday and Thursday with Mme. D'Holbach, and have ample time to drop into other salons afterward, passing an hour or so, perhaps, before going to the theater, in the brilliant company that surrounded Mlle. de Lespinasse, and, very likely, supping elsewhere later. At many of these gatherings he would be certain to find readings, recitations, comedies, music, games, or some other form of extemporized amusement. The popular mania for *esprit*, for literary lions, for intellectual diversions, ran through the social world, as the craze for clubs and culture, poets and parlor readings, musicales and amateur theatricals, runs through the society of to-day. It had numberless shades and gradations, with the usual train of pretentious follies which in every age furnish ample material for the pen of the satirist, but it was a spontaneous expression of the marvelously quickened taste for things of the intellect. The woman who improvised a witty verse, invented a proverb, narrated a story, sang a popular air, or acted a part in a comedy, entered with the same easy grace into the discussion of the last political problem, or listened with the subtlest flattery to the new poem, essay, or tale of the aspiring young author, whose fame and fortune perhaps hung upon her smile. In the musical and artistic salon of Mme. de la Poplinière the succession of *fêtes*, concerts, and receptions seems to have been continuous. On Sunday there was a mass in the morning, afterward a grand dinner, at five o'clock a light repast, at nine a supper, and later a mu-



MME. DE STAAL, NÉE DE LAUNAY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.)

sicale. One is inclined to wonder if there was ever any retirement, any domesticity, in this life so full of movement and variety.

But it was really the freedom, wit, and brilliancy of the conversation that constituted the chief attraction of the salons. Men were in the habit of making the daily round of certain drawing-rooms, just as they drop into clubs in our time, sure of more or less pleasant talk on whatever subject was uppermost at the moment, whether it was literature, philosophy, art, politics, music, the last play, or the latest word of their friends. It was simple, natural, without heat, without aggressive egotism, animated with wit and repartee, glancing upon the surface of many things, and treating all topics, grave or gay, with the lightness of touch, the quick responsiveness, that make the charm of social intercourse.

The unwritten laws that governed this brilliant world were drawn from the old ideas of chivalry, upon which the etiquette of the early salons was founded. The fine morality and gentle virtues which were the bases of these laws had lost something of their force in the eighteenth century, but the manners which grew out of them had passed into a tradition. If morals were in reality not very pure, nor principles very severe, there was at least the vanity of posing as models of good breeding. Honor was a religion; politeness and courtesy were the current, though by no means always genuine, coin of unselfishness and amiability; the amenities stood in the place of an ethical code. Egotism, ill temper, disloyalty, ingratitude, and scandal were sins against taste, and spoiled the general harmony. Evil passions might exist, but it was agreeable to hide them, and enmities slept under a gracious smile. *Noblesse oblige* was the motto of these censors of manners; and as it is perhaps a Gallic trait to attach greater importance to reputation than to character, it was far more potent than conscience. Vice in many veiled forms might be tolerated, but that which called itself good society barred its doors against those who violated the canons of good taste, which recognized at least the outward semblance of many amiable virtues. Sincerity certainly was not one of these virtues; but no one was deceived, as it was perfectly well understood that courteous forms meant little more than the dress which may or may not conceal a physical defect, but is fit and becoming. It was not best to inquire too closely into character and motives so long as appearances were fair and decorous. How far the individual may be affected by putting on the garb of qualities and feelings that do not exist may be a question for the moralist; but it has its advantages, not only in reducing to a minimum the friction of social machinery, and subjecting the impulses to the control of the will, but in the subtle influence of an ideal that is good and true, however far one may in reality fall short of it.

WHILE the gay suppers of the regent were giving a new but by no means desirable tone to the great world of Paris, and chasing away the last vestiges of the stately decorum that marked the closing days of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon, there was one quiet drawing-room which still preserved the old traditions. The Marquise de Lambert forms a connecting link between the salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, leaning to the side of the latter intellectually, by retaining much of the finer moral tone that distinguished the best life of the former. Her attitude towards the disorders of the regency was similar to that which Mme. de Rambouillet had held towards the profligate court of Henry IV., though her salon never attained the vogue of its model. It lacked a certain charm of youth and freshness perhaps, but it was one of the few in which gambling was not permitted and in which conversation had not lost its serious and critical flavor.

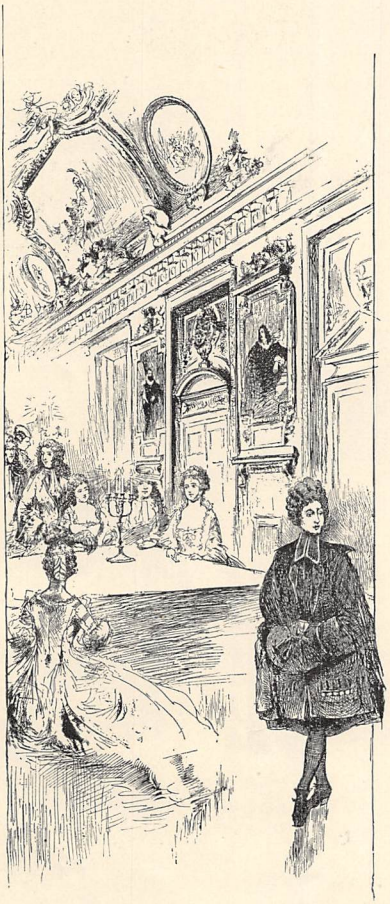
If Mme. de Lambert were living to-day she would doubtless figure openly as an author. Her early tastes pointed clearly in that direction. She was inclined to withdraw from the amusements of her age, and to pass her time in reading or in noting down the thoughts that pleased her. The natural bent of her mind was towards moral reflections. In this quality she resembled Mme. de Sablé, but she was a woman of greater breadth and originality, though less fine and exclusive. She wrote much in later life on educational themes, for the benefit of her children and her own diversion; but she yielded to the prejudices of her age against the woman author, and her works were given to the world only through the medium of friends to whom she had read them. "Women," she said, "should have towards the sciences a modesty almost as sensitive as towards vices." But in spite of her studied observance of the conventional limits which tradition still assigned to her sex, her writings suggest much more care than is usually bestowed upon the amusement of an idle hour. If, like many other women of her time, she wrote only for her friends, she evidently doubted their discretion in the matter of secrecy.

As the child who inherited the rather formidable name of Anne Thérèse de Marguenat de Courcelles was born during the last days of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, she doubtless cherished many illusions regarding this famous salon. Its influence was more or less apparent

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY NATTIER.

JEANNE-ANTOINETTE POISSON, MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

when the time came to open one of her own. Her father was a man of feeble intellect, who died early; but her mother, a woman more noted for beauty than for decorum, was afterward married to Bachaumont, a well-known *bel esprit*, who appreciated the gifts of the young



CORNER OF A SALON, TIME OF LOUIS XV.

girl, and brought her within a circle of wits who did far more towards forming her impressible mind than her light and frivolous mother had done. Married early to the Marquis de Lambert, an officer of ability, she devoted herself and her ample fortune to his interest. We hear of her in the beautifully decorated Hôtel Lambert, on the Île St. Louis, surrounded by every luxury that wealth and taste could furnish, and entertaining a more or less distinguished company; also in Luxembourg, where she adorned the position of her husband, who was governor of that province for a short period before his death in 1686. After this event she was absorbed in settling his affairs, which were left in some disorder, and in protecting the fortunes of her children. It was not until the closing years of her life, from 1710 to 1733, that her social influence was at its height. She was past sixty, at an age when the powers of most women are on the wane, when her real career began. She fitted up magnificent apartments in the Palais Mazarin, employing artists like Watteau upon the decorations, and expending money as lavishly as if she had been in the full springtide of life instead of the golden autumn. Then she gathered about her a choice and lettered society, which seemed to be a world apart, a last revival of the genius of the seventeenth century, and quite out of the main drift of the period. "She was born with much talent," writes one of her friends; "she cultivated it by assiduous reading; but the most beautiful flower in her crown was a noble and luminous simplicity, of which, at sixty years, she took it into her head to divest herself. She gave herself to the public, associated with the Academicians, and established at her house a *bureau d'esprit*." She gave dinners twice a week which were as noted for the cuisine as for the company, and included, among others, the best of the Forty Immortals. Here new works were read or discussed, authors talked of their plans, and candidates were proposed for vacant chairs in the Academy. A gayer world assembled at supper, and the diversions were of a lighter order. Fontenelle was the presiding genius of this salon, and added to its critical and literary tone a tinge of philosophy. This gallant *savant*, who was adored in society "as a man of rare and exquisite conversation," has left many traces of himself here. It is said that his "Pluralité des Mondes," a singular medley of science and sentiment which had appeared many years before, was written for Mme. de Lambert. He talks about the stars to *la belle Marquise* like a lover, but his delicate flatteries cover serious truths. It was the first attempt to offer science sugar-coated, and gives us a clue to the tone of this rather learned coterie. No one was so sparkling in epigram as this brilliant Fontenelle; no one talked so beautifully of love, of which he knew nothing; and no one talked so delightfully of science, of which he knew a great deal. But he thought that knowledge needed a seasoning of sentiment to make it palatable to women. The world moves. Imagine a female undergraduate of Harvard or Columbia taking her astronomy diluted with sentiment!

The two eminent Greek scholars, La Motte and Mme. Dacier, held spirited discussions here on the merits of Homer, which came near ending in permanent ill-feeling, but the amiable hostess gave a dinner for them, "they drank to the health of Homer, and all was forgotten." The war between the partisans of the

old and the new was as lively then as it is to-day. "La Motte and Fontenelle prefer the moderns," said the caustic Mme. du Deffand; "but the ancients are dead, and the moderns are themselves." The names of Sainte-Aulaire, De Sacy, Mairan, President Hénault, and others equally scholarly and witty, suffice to indicate the quality of the conversation, which treated lightly and gracefully of the most serious things. The Duchesse du Maine and her clever companion Mlle. de Launay were often among the guests. Sainte-Aulaire, tired of the perpetual excitement at Sceaux, characterized this salon by a witty quatrain:

Boutrois sculp.

MME. DE LAMBERT. (FROM AN ENGRAVING FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.)

Je suis las de l'esprit, il me met en courroux,
Il me renverse la cervelle:
Lambert, je viens chercher un asile chez vous,
Entre La Motte et Fontenelle.

I am tired of wit, it spoils my temper, it befuddles my brain:
Lambert, I come to seek refuge with you, between La Motte and Fontenelle.

The wits of the day launched many a shaft of satire against it, as they had against the Hôtel de Rambouillet a century earlier. Its decorous character gave it the epithet of "very respectable"; but this eminently respectable company which represented the purest taste of the time often included Adrienne Lecouvreur, who was much more remarkable for talent than for respectability. We have a direct glimpse of it through the pen of D'Argenson:

I have just met with a very grievous loss in the death of the Marquise de Lambert [he writes in 1733]. For fifteen years I have been one of her special friends, and she has done me the favor of inviting me to her house, where it is an honor to be received. I dined there regularly on Wednesday, which was one of her days. In the evening there was a gathering. They conversed without any more question of cards than at the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, so celebrated by Voiture and Balzac. She was rich, and made a good and amiable use of her wealth for the benefit of her friends, and, above all, for the unfortunate. A pupil of Bachaumont, having frequented only the society of people of the world, and, still more, of *bel esprit*, she knew no other passion than a constant and platonic tenderness.

The quality of character and intellect which gave Mme. de Lambert so marked an influence we find in her own thoughts on a great variety of subjects. She gives us the impression of a woman altogether sensible and judicious, but not without a certain artificial tone. Her well-considered philosophy of life had an evident groundwork of ambition and worldly wisdom, which appears always in her advice to her children. She counsels her son to aim high and believe himself capable of great things. "Too much modesty," she says, "is a languor of the soul, which prevents it from taking flight and carrying itself rapidly towards glory"—a suggestion that would be rather superfluous in this generation. Again, she advises him to seek the society of his superiors, in order to accustom himself to respect and politeness. "With equals one grows negligent; the mind falls asleep." But she does not regard superiority as an external thing, and says very wisely, "It is merit which should separate

you from people, not dignity nor pride." By "people" she indicates all those who think meanly and commonly. "The court is full of them," she adds. Her standards of honor are high, and her sentiments of humanity quite in the vein of the coming age. She urges her daughter to treat her servants with kindness. "One of the ancients says they should be regarded as unfortunate friends. Think that humanity and Christianity equalize all."

Her criticisms on the education of women are of especial interest. She laments the "nothingness to which men have reduced them." "One destines them to please, and gives them lessons only to charm." Behind her conventional tastes and her love of consideration she had a clear insight into facts and an appreciation of unfashionable truths. "There are so few great fortunes that are innocent," she writes to her son, "that I pardon your ancestors for not leaving you one. I have done what I could to put in order our affairs, in which there is left to women only the glory of economy."

One of her essential traits was moderation. "The taste is spoiled by amusements," she writes. "One becomes so accustomed to ardent pleasures that one cannot fall back upon simple ones. We should fear great commotions of the soul, which prepare ennui and disgust." This wise thought suggests the influence of Fontenelle, who gave a very decided tone to the salons of the first half of the century. His calm philosophy is distinctly reflected in the character of Mme. de Lambert, also in that of Mme. Geoffrin, with whom he was on very intimate terms. It is said that this poet, critic, *bel esprit*, and courtly favorite, whom Rousseau calls "the daintiest pedant in the world," was never swayed by any emotion whatever. He never laughed, only smiled; never wept; never praised warmly, though he did say pretty things to women; never hurried; was never angry; never suffered, and was never moved by suffering. "He had the gout," says one of his critics, "but no pain; only a foot wrapped in cotton. He put it on a footstool; that was all." He lived a century, apparently because it was too much trouble to die. When the weight of years made it too much trouble to live, he simply stopped. "I do not suffer, my friends, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing," were his last words. With this model of serene tranquillity, who analyzed the emotions as he would a problem in mathematics and reduced life to a debit and credit account, always near them, it is easy to understand the worldly philosophy of the women upon whom he impressed himself the most strongly.

But while Mme. de Lambert had a calm and equable temperament, and loved to surround herself with an atmosphere of repose, she was not without a fine quality of sentiment. "I exhort you much more to cultivate your heart," she writes to her son, "than to perfect your mind; the true greatness of the man is in the heart." She has written very delicately and beautifully of friendships between men and women; and she had her own intimacies that verged upon tenderness, but were free from any shadow of reproach. The constant regard of Sainte-Aulaire lighted her closing years, and long after her death D'Alembert, in his academic eulogy upon De Sacy, refers touchingly to the devoted friendship that linked him with Mme. de Lambert.

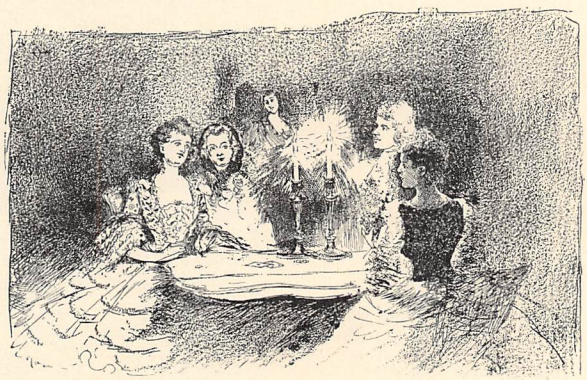
Though tinged with the new philosophy, she regarded religion as a part of a respectable, well-ordered life. "Devotion is a becoming sentiment in women, and befitting in both sexes," she writes. But she clearly looked upon it as an external form, rather than an internal flame. When about to die, at the age of eighty-six, she declined the services of a friendly confessor, and sent for an abbé who had a great reputation for *esprit*. Perhaps she thought he would give her a more brilliant introduction into the next world; but this points to one of her weaknesses, which was a love of consideration that carried her sometimes to the verge of affectation. It savors a little of the hypercritical spirit that is very well illustrated by an anecdote of the witty Duchesse de Luxembourg. One morning she took up a prayer-book that was lying upon the table and began to criticize severely the bad taste of the prayers. A friend ventured to remark that if they were said reverently and piously God surely would pay no attention to their good or bad form. "Indeed," exclaimed the fastidious Maréchale, whose religion was evidently a becoming phase of estheticism, "do not believe that."

The thoughts of Mme. de Lambert, so elevated in tone, so fine in moral quality, so rich in worldly wisdom, and often so felicitous in expression, tempt one to multiply quotations, because they give us a direct insight into her character. Of the life of the woman on its intimate side we know very little. Her personality is veiled. Her human experiences, her loves, her antipathies, her mistakes, and her errors are a sealed book to us, excepting as they may be dimly revealed in the complexion of her mind. Of her influence we need no better evidence than the fact that her salon was called the antechamber to the Académie Française.

The precise effect of this influence of women over the most powerful critical body of the century, or of any century perhaps, we can hardly measure. As it became for a time philo-

sophical, rather than critical, and dealt with thoughts rather than with pure literature, we may trace the finger of the more radical thinkers who also colored the tone of the salons. Sainte-Beuve tells us that Fontenelle, with other friends of Mme. de Lambert, first gave it this tendency; but the tact and diplomacy of women, who are naturally inclined to work with enthusiasm for tangible results, were a potent factor in the elections. The mantle of authority so gracefully worn by Mme. de Lambert fell upon her successors, Mme. Geoffrin and Mlle. de Lespinasse, but lost none of its prestige. As a rule, the best men in France were sooner or later enrolled among the Forty Immortals. If a few missed the honor through failure to enlist the favor of women, as has been said, and a few better courtiers of less merit have attained it, the modern press has not proved a more judicious tribunal.

Amelia Gere Mason.



A CARD-PARTY, TIME OF LOUIS XV.

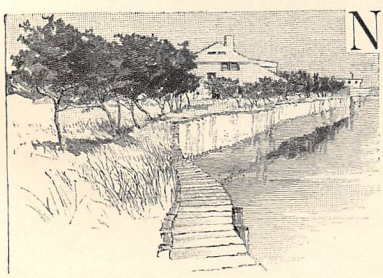
LITTLE VENICE.[1]

A STORY OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD,

Author of "The Knight of the Black Forest," "Criss-Cross," "A Hard-Won Victory," etc.

I.



LITTLE VENICE.

NIGHT was falling over the beautiful St. Clair Flats. There was neither moon nor stars; there was only a dull gray dusk that crept down from the sky and stole noiselessly over the waters, folding the marshes little by little out of sight in its wide, soft, restful arms. Madeleine Brabau sat alone in her rough little white boat among the reeds, leaning forward on folded arms and looking steadily off through the darkness towards that spot in the distance, far out of reach of even her clearest midday vision, where lay the great city of Detroit. She had never seen Detroit. She had never seen any city. She had been no farther from the Flats than to Algonac, a sleepy village some ten miles away at the mouth of the St. Clair River, where, spent with its rapid course, it empties itself breathlessly into its beautiful namesake lake. But she hated Algonac. On occasional Sundays she rowed over there to church with her grandmother and with her father, if there were no sportsmen from Detroit needing his services as punter, and if the lazy fellow could sufficiently bestir himself to wash and dress in time. And it was there that the little household bought the scant table supplies that supplemented the fresh-water fish caught at their

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DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

MADELEINE BRABAU.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

door; and thence too came Madeleine's lively-hued calicoes and few gay ribbons, and her grandmother's sober stuff dresses and unbecoming caps. Yet she hated Algonac.

But she hated the Flats still more. She had been born there, and had lived there all the seventeen years of her life since, in an old scow converted into a little one-story, three-room house, and made fast in one spot or another to a few piles driven in here or there among the marshes. Moving-day is not difficult when you have but to set your house afloat upon the water and tranquilly drift where you will. It was a small enough abode compared with even the very smallest houses at Algonac. Yet after all, where the lares and penates are few, it requires but little space besides for the actual necessities of sleeping and eating, so that Madeleine's home was amply spacious for her needs.

First there was a little sitting-room, some eight feet square, through which one passed into a still smaller room where she and her grandmother slept, and beyond that was a yet tinier spot which answered both as a store-room and as a place for her father's bed. The front door of the little "ranch," as such cabins are called at the Flats, opened directly into the sitting-room, and to the right of this door, occupying half of the little covered porch, stood the stove, inclosed on three sides, and so making a tiny, open-air kitchen, quite big enough for the cooking of some very savory messes by the grandmother's not unskillful hands. It was all extremely compact and very neat. The sweet, pure air blew freshly through the narrow windows, and the clear, swift-running, grass-grown water was all about them; their garden was the whole of the wonderful St. Clair Flats.

Strangers often asked permission to see this ranch of Louis Brabau's as a curiosity, and would have come in had his mother permitted it. But Mrs. Brabau was a peculiar old woman, with a remarkably set will of her own, attended with small reserve in the expression of it, and she kept all strangers at a distance. There were many strangers nowadays at the Flats. Madeleine wondered what charm brought them there. Surely better duck-shooting and fishing were to be had elsewhere. Here one might spend many a long, hot day upon the shining water without so much as once catching sight of a canvasback or a maskalonge, and as to the perch and bass and pickerel, what were they to tempt any one to the place? What did people mean when they called the Flats "strange," and "beautiful," and "unique"? Madeleine looked out across the wild green marshes and marveled as she looked. Who knew the marshes so well as she? Yet she saw no magic in them whatever, only loneliness and dreariness and an unendurable monotony. They stretched out for miles and miles across the upper end of Lake St. Clair, those broad, green, unmarshlike marshes, like a prairie dropped down in the bosom of a beautiful rushing sea. As far as eye could reach was a level stretch of tall bright grasses and waving green reeds of varied hues, through which the swift water ran unimpeded, as a flood might run over a meadow. There was no foothold anywhere in all that treacherous green field, save for the waterfowl and the birds. Indeed it was no meadow at all, but only a part of the lake still, and the grasses were so many green signal flags held aloft that the sailor could see where the shallows lay. Three great natural channels there were, however, so deep and so wide as to be navigable for the very largest vessels, while radiating from these was a confusion of smaller channels like little lanes of twisted silver, crossing one another at every angle, winding now backward, now forward, now advancing, now receding, now hurrying merrily out to nowhere, and now turning abruptly back upon themselves with a sudden whim not to go there. These were so clear and so shallow that one could almost count the grains of sand at the bottom, and were open to no craft more unwieldy than a rowboat, while even then only those that held the clue might venture far within the lovely blue labyrinth, so soon would the way of return be lost. Seen from the low deck of a yacht, the larger as well as these smaller channels were completely hidden from sight by the reeds that fringed their borders, and the ships presented the singular effect of sailing upon dry land, apparently turning and returning upon their tracks in the most aimless way, as if they had lost their bearings and were wandering hopelessly about in search of a road of escape.

At one time there were no habitations of any kind upon the Flats. The birds and the ships had it all to themselves. Then a few fisherfolk straggled thither one by one, their tiny huts springing up here and there among the rushes like rude little water-nests, and their only possible mode of communication with one another being by means of the rough boats in which they pursued their lazy trade. Madeleine remembered that time well. How unutterably lonely it had been for the motherless child! Her father, a Canadian Frenchman, as were most of the fishermen, was often away from the ranch for days together, and she was quite alone with her grandmother, a grim woman, who cared little for company herself, and permitted scarce any to Madeleine, having a profound contempt for the "musk-

rats," as the Flats people are popularly called, not mitigated by her own marriage to one of them and her sojourn amid them ever since.

The old woman did what she could for the child. She instructed her to read and to sew, and beyond that point wisely left her education to the four winds of heaven, which took it in charge and taught the little Madeleine everything that they had it in them to teach. So Madeleine grew up, straight, strong, slim, and unconsciously graceful as the reeds and rushes among which she lived, and with her father's dark, foreign face, remodeled into actual beauty, looking out moodily from under her red felt hat. She wore her hair short, there being no other way to manage such thick, rebellious curls as hers, but it was beautiful hair, fine, soft and silky, and inky black. Her eyes only were wholly unlike her father's. His were blue and easy-going, while hers were large and somber, inherited with her passionate and moody nature from some forgotten French ancestor.

The scene before her this evening was very different from that of her early childhood. For gradually men, coming from that far-off city of Detroit, had fashioned separate little islands all along one reedy shore of the chief channel, by driving in piles where the grasses grew thickest, dredging out small channels around these piles, and throwing up the sand upon them, thus making so many tiny territories, each surrounded, like the fortresses of olden days, by deep moats filled to the brim with running water. And upon these islands they had built houses, in all now fifty perhaps, some of which were clubs, some hotels, and the rest private dwellings, each with its individual pier before it, like a gray hand stretching through the water to keep a silent touch on the pulse of the outside world.

This channel had indeed a look not unlike its pretty, new name of Little Venice, especially at night, when the many lights shone fitfully from the long line of scattered houses, and twinkled red, green, and gold from the masts of the moving ships, like stars caught in their myriad ropes and borne triumphantly on with them; while beyond these all, steady and changeless, was the deep, ruby glow from the two lighthouses that marked each end of the mile-long St. Clair Flats Canal. This canal, save for these beacon lights, as save also for its straightness, was else scarcely distinguishable from any other of the narrow, grass-girt channels, except that it was the last, and led directly from the Flats into the open St. Clair lake, which beyond it spread out to the horizon in one wide, wave-washed curve of turquoise blue.

It was upon this canal that Madeleine's eyes were fastened now. She cared nothing for its maritime value. She would have shaken her head uncomprehendingly if told that more tonnage passed between its straight banks than enter the two great bays of Boston and New York combined. To her mind the canal represented but a single thought. It led away from the Flats, away from all that was dreary and lonely and dull and monotonous, to life, to happiness, to heaven — to Detroit. By day and by night she dreamed of that far-off magical city, where there was everything that her life lacked, everything that she consciously or unconsciously missed and desired. It was the Eldorado of her soul. For it was there that Horace Hayden lived.

For a long time the girl sat motionless in her boat, the skiff held in place by the reeds as though clasped by a hundred tiny hands. There were no sounds about her save the softly lapping water, the little reed-birds chattering their pretty nonsense in each other's sleepy ears, and the mud-hens crying out here and there like souls in sudden distress, or laughing aloud a strange, discordant, derisive laugh. She roused herself at last and looked about her. The air was heavy and moist. The dusk had drawn closer. The marshes, that in the sunlight showed innumerable shades of green, were now, like an emerald in the dark, all of one dull, indistinguishable color. She shook herself as one who wakes from sleep, and springing to her feet pushed out into the open current with a few vigorous thrusts of her paddle.

Reaching the main channel at last, she ceased to paddle, and, sitting down, resumed her oars. The current here was powerful and swift. It was no child's play to pull against it. But she was skilled and strong, and she rowed rapidly across it, apparently without effort of any kind, steering by instinct rather than by sight. There were a few sailboats in the channel still, lingering in the dusky coolness of the long June twilight. She heard merry voices and laughter, and now and then a gay burst of song. They were mostly parties from the hotel at Star Island, or young gentlemen from the Rushmere and the Lower Club. By one sign or another she recognized them all, though she looked at none.

"There goes Brabau's sulky girl," remarked one young fellow to his companion as she passed them by. "I pity the young muskrat who gets her."

Madeleine overheard, and knit her brows closer.

Her grandmother stood in their tiny doorway as she rowed up. In the dusk the wrinkles on the old woman's withered face looked like lines drawn across it with a heavy crayon.

"Is that you at last, Madeleine?" she called impatiently. "What makes you so late, and the house there all to close yet? How came you to forget?"

The young girl muttered some inarticulate reply as she made the boat fast to its iron ring and sprang lightly ashore. That other boat, which was her home, stood raised just above the water on a firm footing of piles driven close to a small green island, some two hundred feet square, on which was one of the prettiest of all the pretty homes of Little Venice. Madeleine looked up at it with a sense of proprietorship. Her father and her grandmother were the caretakers of Claribelle Island, so that for the greater part of the year she was free to roam all over the house at will, since the family to whom it belonged were there only for a few days at a time during the warm summer months, and it was natural that she should have come to consider it as almost more hers than theirs. This house was the one thing that she loved in all the Flats. She had not forgotten the open windows. How could she? The opening and the closing of those sashes was to her as her morning and her evening devotions, save that the work was a work of love, while her prayers were but the mechanical fulfilling of a dimly understood and unloved duty.

Mrs. Brabau looked after her granddaughter as the girl mounted the steps to the back door.

"See that you shut 'em close, Madeleine. Don't leave a crack in none on 'em for this damp air to get in and soak the stiffness out of the curtains. I want 'em fresh for to-morrow. The family is comin' up by the mornin' boat."

Madeleine stopped suddenly on the topmost step. "How did you hear, gran'? and who of 'em is comin'?" she asked after a pause.

"How should I hear?" retorted the grandmother. "We don't have a post-office a-bringin' us letters regular like they do at Algonac, do we? nor telegraphy poles with wires fitted to 'em for messages to run along of? 'T was a note, of course, sent up along of the *Idlewild* to the club yonder, and give to your father when he was over awhile ago to see what customers the boat might ha' brought him up."

Madeleine stood a moment longer, still without turning.

"The note did n't say who of 'em was a-comin', did it?" she inquired at last, in a slow, expressionless voice.

"It did, too, then," replied Mrs. Brabau, sharply. "I 'd like to know how their rooms should be got ready, and they a-bringin' but one servant with 'em, if I was n't let know afore-hand how many sheets to lay out. There 's the missis comin', of course; and if you 'd but go to your work and not stand there gabbin', the sooner you get them winders shut the better pleased Mrs. Hayden would be, did she know it. She 's not one to grumble when a thing is slighted, but there 's no one quicker nor she neither to know when a thing had rightly ought to be done."

"Then it 's just the sheets for the front bedroom I 'm to put out?" asked Madeleine interrogatively, opening the door.

"No, it is n't. I never said as there was no other sheets but them to be put out, did I? If you could mind to bide patient till I had done talkin' and not be a-hurryin' off when I 've only half said, which is no manners at all, perhaps it might be as you 'd save yourself some mistakes sooner. There 's the missis comin', as I said, and Mr. Horace as well; and if you can't go to them winders, Madeleine, afore it gets blue-dark, I shall have to close 'em myself, and that 's what no decent girl should like to see her grandmother do, and she a-standin' by with no stiff joints to prevent."

Without a word or a glance Madeleine vanished into the house. She had wanted to know no more than this. He was coming!

II.

Of the many young gentlemen who came in the summer from Detroit to idle away their holidays at Little Venice, Horace Hayden had always been the prime favorite among the fisherfolk. All of them knew the gay, handsome, kind-hearted young fellow well, as for some years before the creation of Claribelle Island he had been a member of the Lower Club — long the only building at the Flats — and had had dealings with all the punters in turn, for each of whom he had invariably a bright word and a pleasant nod ever after when they met.

Madeleine, of course, had long known him by sight too, if only as an intrinsic part of his beautiful little yacht, and as an owner of one of the marvelously appointed boating-houses at his club, through whose chance-open door she had occasionally obtained a wondering look at the luxuries within. But he had had a peculiar fascination for her from the first, his smile was so sunny and frequent, his eyes were so bright and clear, his laugh was so joyous, and his voice was so irresistibly coaxing. Her father was never so good-tempered as when he returned from a day's punting with Mr. Horace; and of all the friendly tales told in her hearing, it was always Mr. Horace who was the hero.

After Claribelle Island was built and Louis Brabau's scow permanently moored to its side, Horace, of course, often met Louis's silent,

dark-faced young daughter in her numerous goings to and fro; and if he thought little of the merry words that he tossed to her as one tosses sweetmeats to a child, it was not surprising that she thought more of them, and that he soon grew to be the one radiantly bright spot in her existence. And now the long winter was over. It was summer again, and Mr. Horace was coming!

The day dawned that was to bring the Haydens, and long before the time of their coming Madeleine stole up to the attic to watch for the first glimpse of the morning boat, distinguishing it from all other vessels almost before its smoke-stack was visible against the horizon, and catching sight of a certain slim figure and handsome face upon its crowded decks while it was still so far as to seem but an unrecognizable mass of human beings. Yet by the time the steamer had reached the island and stopped to land Mrs. Hayden and her son, only Mrs. Brabau and Louis were on the wharf to welcome the newcomers. Madeleine had flown back to the ranch, and hurrying through the little sitting-room and bedroom to the back room of all had flung to the door upon herself, and stood with her back set square against it and the skirt of her dress thrown up over her head, as though she feared lest some one would follow and look in her face, and read there the sudden bounding of her pulse.

She heard Mrs. Hayden ask for her presently in her gentle voice, and heard her grandmother's fretful call, "Madeleine, Madeleine, why are you never by when you 're wanted, and only to be had when there 's no need on you?" But she did not stir until by the sounds she knew that they were all within the house. Then she went into her bedroom, and sat down on the edge of the bed, and began diligently hemming a kerchief of her grandmother's, forcing herself to pay no more attention to anything that went on outside.

Sometime later her father called her from the boat-house, and slowly, almost unwillingly, she obeyed the summons, feeling instinctively that she would not find him alone. She did not lift her eyes as she went in, and paused just within the door, waiting for whatever order might be given — a shy, yet proud figure, straight and supple, and full of the vigor and grace of perfect health. One of the boats had been lowered to the water and lay rocking gently upon the dimpled surface, as if eager to be off. In it sat Horace Hayden, already dressed in a cool fishing costume of flannel. He was bending over some fishing tackle, his back towards the door, but as Madeleine came in he called out a merry "Good-morning" to her over his shoulders.

Madeleine made no reply, and her father turned to her chidingly. "Eh, girl, have you no tongue? You don't take after your gran', do you? See here. I 've just offered you to Mr. Horace as a first-class punter. Get ready at once and take him out."

Madeleine looked up, startled, a vivid red overspreading her dark face. "Are n't you goin' yourself, father?"

Louis transferred a slender stick he was chewing from one side of his mouth to the other in a contemplative way, as if uncertain of its taste.

"Well, you see, it 's this: not knowin' Mr. Horace would be wantin' me that soon, I give my word yesterday to some o' them young gents at the Rushmere as I 'd go out along o' them to-day, and now here 's Mr. Horace as must have some one, and there don't seem to be no one, so I told him you could as easy punt him as me. He did n't take kindly to the notion o' a girl punter at first, did you, Mr. Horace? But I tell him that they ain't a man in these parts, not exceptin' Joe Bedore himself, as knows more about the Flats nor what you do as was born in 'em."

Horace laughed lightly. "Won't you come?" And he turned towards the girl with his bright, coaxing smile.

Something in Madeleine's face struck him, and he looked at her again more attentively. He could not tell just how it was, but she seemed to him to have somehow grown older in these few months than the time warranted.

She stood a moment with downcast eyes, then suddenly vanished, reappearing the moment after with her hat pulled down close over her head, and sprang silently into the boat.

Louis nodded his head approvingly. "I guess you 'll find she 's the right sort, Mr. Horace. Don't say much, but minds her business better nor them as does. But you don't take powerfully after your gran', do you, Madeleine? Ha! ha!"

Horace laughed too, and made some merry rejoinder as he pushed out the boat, while Madeleine bent herself at once to the oars, and Claribelle Island was soon far behind them. Horace was still busy over his fishing tackle, softly singing as he worked, but presently he paused and glanced around at Madeleine.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"To the north channel."

"That 's a good pull across. I 'll help you in a moment with the oars."

Madeleine shook her head determinedly.

"I won't take no help at 'em from nobody."

Her tone was singularly soft, despite the rude words, and Horace understood her at once. Her pride had been roused by his doubt of her efficiency, and she was bound to prove herself the equal of her father in the assumed task. He liked her spirit, and nodded to her kindly.

"So it is a contract where I am to have all the fun and some one else all the work — is that it? Very well, keep on."

He returned forthwith to his tackle and his song, while the girl rowed on with long, even strokes, strong and steady as a man's. She did not once look at Horace as she rowed, though he sat just before her. Her face was as somber and reserved as ever. Her eyes, dark and unsmiling, were fastened on a distant point in the horizon just over the young man's brown head. Yet it was to her as if her arms were two wings, moving without conscious effort, and she was flying through heavenly space, carrying Horace with her. The day was dull and sunless; the sky and the water were all of one uniform gray color, save that the water had a satin shimmer over it, like the light on a black pearl. The boat turned up a little edge of silver where it cut through it. The air was cool and fresh and exhilarating; Madeleine felt it dancing through her veins. Here the boat flew with a swish over a field of young, half-grown reeds, where they peered just above the shallow water; and here was a log floating on the water with a row of white gulls seated sedately along it. The birds did not fly away as the boat came near. They only turned their heads to listen, and nodded sagaciously. And so the boat and the song flew on together until the north channel was reached at last, and the girl laid down her oars and took her paddle.

Horace broke off at once in the middle of a verse and prepared to throw his line, but Madeleine held up her hand.

"Wait, please! There 's a lucky spot near by. It 's where I got my first lucky-stone out of a sheepshead. I 'll take you there."

Horace acquiesced carelessly, and she pushed on over the smooth, clear water, while he baited his hook and awaited her signal.

Good luck certainly attended Horace that day from his very first throw, and as he took off the fifteenth bass from his hook, well pleased with his success, he was about to pronounce his day's sport over and to propose drawing in the anchor and returning, when Madeleine, who was shading her eyes with both hands and looking intently down into the water, suddenly called out to him in a sharp whisper to throw in his line. In a trice it fell back on the water, and at the same instant was caught and drawn under so violently as almost to wrench the rod from the young man's hands.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated in disgust. "Back the boat, Madeleine, or the line will break. I have managed to hook a stump this time."

"Let out the reel! Let out the reel!" cried the girl, springing to her feet. "Give him play! Oh, Mr. Horace, don't lose him — don't let him get away! It 's a maskalonge, don't you see? It 's a maskalonge!"

As she spoke the line slackened all at once, and a magnificent fish, some three feet long, appeared suddenly so close to the boat that Horace could almost have touched it with his hand, only to fling itself as unexpectedly away again with a tremendous leap that nearly carried line, pole, and all with it. Madeleine came close to the young man's side. She was pale with excitement. Her whole face was a-quiver.

"Tire him out, Mr. Horace," she cried, putting out her hands impetuously. "It 's your only chance. You can't pull him in. He 'll break the rod. Give him full play! Tire him out!"

Horace was almost as pale as Madeleine as he played his fish. This was a game well worth playing indeed. A lively and fatiguing half-hour followed. Time and again the creature suffered itself to be drawn so near that its spotted sides and shark-like head were distinctly visible to the two watchers, and the next instant, with undiminished strength, it threw itself so far away that the reel was spun out to its extreme length. But little by little these great leaps became less frequent and less violent; oftener and oftener the fish permitted itself to be drawn in, until at last, panting and exhausted, it lay close to the side of the boat, apparently unequal to another effort. Horace, his own strength nearly worn out by the long contest, looked down at his victim in triumph mingled with grave uncertainty.

"How am I ever to land the brute?" he exclaimed. "He weighs twenty pounds, at the very least. No landing-net will hold him."

Madeleine was bending low over the side of the boat, and as Horace spoke she reached down and began gently stroking the fish on its back with her fingers, and so slipped her hands down its sides by degrees until they were just beneath its body, when, with a sudden, swift, dexterous movement upward she threw the fish high up out of the water and over into the boat.

"Quick! quick!" she called to Horace, vainly trying to hold down the creature as it nearly sprang back into the water in its mighty struggles. And seizing a row-lock she tore it from its place and thrust it into his hand. "Strike it — kill it — or you will lose it yet!"

Horace needed no second bidding, but threw himself down upon the fish, despatching it with a swift, sharp blow, and then springing to his feet he tore off his cap and waved it above his head with a cry of exultation.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I 've got it — my first maskalonge!"

Madeleine, still kneeling, bent back her head and looked up at him without a word,

her dark eyes shining, her cheeks and lips aflame. For all his own excitement Horace could not but be struck with the beauty and responsiveness of the dark face, and the natural grace of the picturesque young figure kneeling almost at his feet.

"You have brought me luck to-day, indeed, Madeleine," he said kindly, smiling down at her. "I owe it all to you."

He had never seen her smile before. It was like an August sun breaking through November clouds.

III.

On the following morning Horace was sailing aimlessly about, his sails flapping loosely in a dull breeze, and he himself extended at luxurious length upon the cushions, when Madeleine in her little white boat passed swiftly, directly before his bow. He hailed her lazily.

"Hello there! Friend or enemy? Give the password!"

Madeleine stopped rowing and looked back at him uncomprehendingly. Horace laughed, and as the current swung her boat round within reach of his hand he caught it and drew it to the side of his. "Where were you going so fast?" he said.

Madeleine sat before him submissively, her figure half turned from him, and her hands fallen in her lap.

"I was going to my flower-garden," she answered.

"To your flower-garden?" echoed Horace. "A flower-garden in the Flats! Where is it?"

"It is not far — over there in the marshes. Nobody but me knows where it is."

"Then there 'll be two of us to go this time," declared Horace boldly, promptly sitting up and disposing himself to start. "Now then, where is it? Lead the way, and I 'll follow."

"But you can't sail through these channels."

"That 's nothing," he returned gaily. "I 'll beach my boat yonder and go on in yours. Will you take me in?"

Shortly after his sailboat was anchored securely among the reeds, and Madeleine's little boat was speeding away with its double load down a tiny side channel, that grew narrower and narrower till it seemed scarcely more than a silver thread among the marshes. So shallow it was that at times the boat's keel rasped along the sand, and the reeds on each side struck them in the face as they forced their slow way through. In and out, round and about, wandered the tiny lane. The sun seemed dancing madly in the heavens. Now it was to the right of them, now to the left of them. Now they were steering directly east, now again as directly west. And now all at once there was no more any channel at all, but only tall, dense reeds all about them. But Madeleine thrust down her long pole among the grasses, and pushed steadily on across the reedy meadow, until with a bound the boat glided out into a clear space of open water like a tiny inland pool, around which on every side the reeds grew thick and close.

Horace gave a low whistle of surprise. Floating on the blue surface was a mass of white pond-lilies on their shining satin leaves, and in the midst of these an old boat lay at anchor, filled with earth and planted to the brim with flowers that grew all through and over one another in a bewildering tangle of luxuriance — pansies lifting their quaint faces to peep in wide-eyed wonder at their surroundings; candytuft standing up straight and stiff, claiming its democratic right to live wherever it chose to set its hardy foot; heliotrope and mignonette; geraniums, daisies, and sweet-peas.

"So this is your garden, is it, little magician?" said Horace, looking about him with undisguised interest. "It does you wonderful credit. How did you get all the flowers? Nothing but sagittaria grows in these marshes."

Madeleine stood leaning on her pole, looking over her tiny domain, her supple slenderness outlined by the straight folds of her coarse red gingham, which, cut a little open in the neck and with loose sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, showed her shapely brown arms and round, smooth, young throat. She had thrust back her broad-brimmed red hat, and her black curls clustered thickly about her face, in which there was not a trace of the old sullenness.

"I got some of the flowers at Algonac," she answered slowly; "and the rest — the best ones — Mrs. Hayden gave me when she went away last year. They grew in beds at the front of the house, don't you remember? I kept them in the boat-house through the winter. I was so afraid they would die. Some of them did, but these lived. And see, — you have n't noticed it, — but this is the best of all. Look!"

Pushing aside the more luxuriant plants as she spoke, she brought into view a dwarfish, scraggy bush adorned with a few straggling leaves, on the topmost branch of which, pale and delicate, was a half-blown bud.

"It 's a pink rosebud, is n't it?" asked Horace, rather indifferently.

"It 's the only rose I ever had. I 've been watchin' for weeks for it."

Breaking the bud from its stem, she held it out shamefacedly, without looking at him. Horace took the tiny flower good-humoredly, dimly comprehending that it would hurt her if he refused, and fastened it, with a show of gallantry, in the bosom of his flannel shirt.

"Thank you, Madeleine; it 's an awfully pretty flower," he said, ostentatiously sniffing at it. "But all your flowers are pretty. I never saw such a lot of water-lilies together. Did they grow here?"

"No; I got them farther on — ever so much farther on. I brought them here."

"They 're the prettiest I ever saw," declared Horace, enthusiastically. "I wish some grew around Claribelle Island. They would show well there in among the reeds at the back, would n't they?"

Madeleine did not speak all the way back. Early that afternoon she started out again alone in her little boat. The day had become oppressively warm. All were indoors who could be there. The sun beat down burningly upon the glassy water. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the rushes. Even the blue-winged dragon-fly, poising in mid-air, seemed languid and weary with the heat, and the transparent bodies of the ephemera, delicate and unsubstantial as if fashioned of gauze, floated tremblingly by, like a shimmer of white heat, while beneath, massed together in incredible numbers, and flecking the water as with spots of creamy froth, lay their ghostly fellows, dead almost before they had begun to be.

From a window in the upper story Horace nodded pleasantly to Madeleine as she passed the house. He was leaning both elbows idly on the sill, his head in his hands and an open book before him. The rose hung drooping upon his breast. Madeleine did not answer his nod, and he thought she had not noticed him; yet she had seen not only Horace but her flower as well, and the sight gave added vigor to the good-will with which she plied her oars. He did not know it, but it was solely for his sake that she was out now, acting upon his careless remark that water-lilies would look well among the reeds behind Claribelle Island. It was a long way to where they grew, and the sun's rays were scorching, but she minded neither the distance nor the heat, since it was to minister to his pleasure that she went.

The sun was setting when at last the little white boat shot out from the reedy channels into the main stream on its homeward way. As Madeleine lifted her dazzled eyes it seemed as if heaven lay across all the western waters, and its wide gates were unfolding to take her in. It made a beautiful picture as the young girl, flushed and radiant, came suddenly out into the sunlight from the reeds. The boat, from end to end, was filled with the white lilies, heaped in one upon another in profusion. It seemed simply a bed of floating lilies, among which Madeleine, erect in the stern, made a brilliant bit of color in her gay dress and hat.

Noiselessly the beautiful boat-load glided on across the water until it reached Claribelle Island, where it paused at one side of the pier. No one was visible, but the sound of voices reached her from within the house. It was the dinner-hour, and she must wait until it was passed before Mr. Horace would appear and she could offer him her gift. She had taken up the lilies roots and all. They should grow now where he willed. She filled her hands with water and dashed it over them again and again to keep them fresh and fair for him. Then she sat down in the stern of the boat to wait, looking idly off at the sunset. Somewhere in the far distance a storm had passed, and in the west lay masses of heavy thunder-clouds, broken by lightning-like lines of intense gold, and here and there striped with bands of scarlet and purple like royal standards; while lower down, in the very heart of the blackness, the sun broke through in a last splendid burst, dyeing the waters ruby-red. There were clouds in the east too, but these were fleecy, fair, and indefinite, floating across the hazy blue like vague dreams through a happy slumber, and changing to all manner of delicate evanescent hues as one looked. Now they were pale silvery green; now faint lilac; now soft, fleeting pink, like the flush at the heart of a white rose; and now all palpitating gold as if sprinkled with moth-wing dust; while the water below, scintillating as with scattered diamond splinters, reflected the colors back in soft iridescent tints melting indistinctly into one another — as a topaz might deepen into a cairngorm, or the shadow of a sapphire pale into an amethyst, and that again shade into an opal or a beryl.

But Madeleine, in her lily-white boat, saw nothing of the evening's glory. To her the sky was only an hourglass, indicating by the ebbing of the light the coming of a crowning time of joy. She was impatient for the day to be done, and presently turned her back upon it all and began watching the passing of the vessels by the wharf. She could see them miles away, apparently twisting and doubling upon themselves as they followed the natural course of the channel, yet drawing nearer with each turn. There were vessels of every description passing up and down along this marine Broadway. Now some colossal iron boat, huge as any ocean steamer, would come ponderously by, its great bow breaking the bright water into a hundred waves that dashed themselves to spray against each wharf in turn, or ran noisily into the reeds to toss them sportively to and fro and frolic madly with their weakness. Now it was a noiseless birch-bark canoe, filled with grave, mute Indians, like so many figures hewn in oak, who stolidly offered their gay basket-ware for sale as they passed from

one island to another, gliding along without sound, their coming betrayed by not so much as an oar-drip upon the water. Now it was some beautiful little steam yacht, gay with flags, and fair enough for any Cleopatra to have sailed upon; now a tug, puffing consequentially by with five or six helpless four-masted vessels in tow in stately, slow procession; now a white excursion-boat, clumsy and uncouth-looking, with its tiers of crowded decks; now a row of steam-barges of different colors laden down with freight till nearly on a level with the water; and now a whole fleet of sail-boats like white-winged butterflies, darting here or there as the caprice took them; or a row-boat, more timorous than the others, and keeping nearer to the shelter of the reeds within the shallows. And then would come spaces of time when nothing passed at all, and the sunset held the water's surface unbroken under a spell of beauty.

It was at one of these chance moments, when there was scarcely a craft in sight, that a rowboat came by with a single figure in it—a girl but a few years older than Madeleine. She sat looking intently at the sunset with dreamy hazel eyes while her unguided boat drifted down the current close to where Madeleine sat waiting. She was evidently not much used to rowing, Madeleine thought, noting her dainty white dress and her delicate hands, with their slender, fragile fingers. There could not be much strength in such dimpled little wrists as those. At that instant, concluding that she had floated far enough, the young stranger took up her oars and attempted to turn her boat to row back. But the current, which had borne her so easily and swiftly along the moment before, now held the boat perversely in its grasp, and in her ineffectual struggle with it she lost an oar overboard; reaching hurriedly out after it she tipped the boat too far to one side, and all in a moment it overturned, and the blue water took her and drew her down. There was no one within reach; no one within sight but Madeleine, and the water here was deep and swift. In a flash, however, Madeleine was at the spot where she knew instinctively that the girl must reappear; and as the golden head and white dress came up through the water Madeleine bent down and caught her firmly with both hands. "Don't be frightened," she cried; "you are safe. Catch hold of my boat—here at the end. Try to draw yourself up. Get your knee on the edge. Give me your hand. There!"

And using all her dexterity and strength, assisted by the half-conscious young creature herself, Madeleine got her into the boat and laid her down upon the bottom, where she fainted quite away and lay like a lily among the lilies, her pretty hair, loosened by the weight of the water, lying in a tangled mass upon her shoulders and making a wavy, yellow frame about a childlike face. Madeleine looked down at her with a curious resentment as she paddled swiftly back to Claribelle Island. The girl was crushing Mr. Horace's flowers.

Horace himself strolled out on the pier just as Madeleine reached it, and with an exclamation of amazement he hastened to the landing-place to meet her. Madeleine saw her rose still hanging upon his breast.

"What have you here?" he cried. "Who is she? Is she dead?"

"She 's only swooned, I guess," Madeleine answered. "I got her out of the channel just below. She could n't manage her boat. She should n't 'a' been let go out by herself. I 'll bring her into the house."

"No, no," said Horace, reaching down; "I 'll carry her. Give her to me. Carefully, Madeleine, carefully! I will take her in to my mother."

Stooping, he gathered the slim young figure tenderly in his arms as Madeleine raised her towards him. The rose upon his breast fell out as he did so, and lay upon the boards at his feet. He stepped upon it as he turned away. Madeleine stood watching till he had entered the house with his burden, then caught up the rose and tore it fiercely to pieces, petal by petal. Then she sat down again, and waited in brooding anger. The sun was quite gone, but the light across the water was more beautiful than ever. It had all softened down into a uniform delicious pink. Everywhere she saw the color of the rose that she had given him and that he had stepped on and forgotten. Then that, too, faded by degrees, until there was only the memory of it left, tingeing the silver gray of the early twilight as the glow of past happiness tempers after sorrows. Yet Madeleine still sat among her bruised lilies and waited. They had long since closed, and looked dull and gray.

She heard him calling her at last, and stood silently up in answer. He came hurriedly towards her, holding out a note.

"Are you there still, and with your boat? Will you take this note over to Pearl Island at once? It is to tell Miss Staunton's friends that she is safe and well. Only she is to stay with us to night. My mother thinks it best."

He turned back while still speaking, and Madeleine dropped in her seat again without a word. The lilies must wait longer yet. As she sullenly took the oars, he unexpectedly retraced his steps and stood beside her.

"Madeleine," he said, "you have been a brave, good girl; give me your hand."

Madeleine looked up at him. Her lip quiv-

ered; her eyes moistened; her whole expression grew soft, and a rich color swept over her face from brow to chin. She had never shaken hands with him. He had never before spoken to her in such a gentle tone.

"Give me your hand," he repeated, bending nearer; "you have saved her life. What a beautiful creature she is!"

At his last words the color left Madeleine's face and it grew hard again in a moment. She bent down her head, and the boat slipped along the pier so that the two outstretched hands failed to touch.

"I will take your letter," she called back, and pushed away.

At Pearl Island, after delivering the note, she lingered awhile, thinking there might be an answer to carry back; and presently a gentleman with two ladies hurried towards her from the house.

"This is certainly Madeleine herself," exclaimed one of the ladies as they came up. "Is it not? Are you not the girl referred to in this note? Was it not you who saved the young lady's life?"

"I am Madeleine Brabau," the girl answered. "If there 's no answer, I 'm to go back."

"But there is an answer, most certainly," returned the gentleman cordially, holding out a little roll of bank notes. "In the absence of Miss Staunton's parents you must let me give you this token of gratitude in their stead. Here, take it. You have put us all in your debt."

Madeleine flushed violently. "Money!" she cried with anger, springing to her feet and snatching her pole. "I 'll not take money! I 'll not be paid for it! If you 've no answer but that, I 'll go!"

"Oh, wait, please!" begged the second lady gently. "I see you have a boatful of lovely flowers. Water-lilies, are n't they? How exquisite! Do at least let us buy some of them."

"They are n't for sale," Madeleine answered quickly, drawing up her head. "I did n't get them to sell them — not to no one." And pushing from the pier, she went back through the dusk to Claribelle Island. Her grandmother was standing on the tiny porch of the ranch as she passed, and called petulantly to know if she were never coming in for supper.

Madeleine shook her head. "I don't want none," she muttered, and went doggedly back to her old post by the landing-place. Perhaps Mr. Horace would come out again, and she could give him his lilies even yet. She sat as if made of stone, and waited and waited. Through the open windows beyond came the sound of voices — his voice and his mother's, and a new sweet voice that sounded like music. Madeleine hated it as she listened.

It grew later and later. Night came on. There was a movement in the house now. There were steps upon the wooden floors and upon the stairs; old familiar lights shone out from the upper rooms, and one from a room hitherto unused. But there were lights in the drawing-room still, and the corner room upstairs was dark, and still Madeleine waited.

She did not know how long she sat there. At last the drawing-room was dark, and the upstairs room was bright. What chance was there now that he would come? Yet she waited still, till every light was out, and there was no sound but the mud-hen's mocking cry or the occasional shrill whistle of meeting boats. Finally these too ceased, and the very waters seemed asleep. Then she rose and noiselessly paddled out into the middle of the channel, where the current ran swiftest and blackest, and with pitiless hands flung out all the lilies, one by one. When there was not so much as the smallest bud, or even a stray stem, left in the boat, she turned and went home, and creeping into the ranch, lay down all dressed beside her grandmother's sleeping figure. There she lay, perfectly motionless, with clenched hands and wide-open eyes, till dawn.

IV.

DURING the long, languid summer days and the cool twilights that followed, a young girl with wavy golden hair and charming hazel eyes was oftener and oftener seen in Horace Hayden's boat as he sailed to and fro in Little Venice. Fishing and duck-shooting grew day by day to have less charm for him, notwithstanding Louis's marvelous accounts of the canvas-backs and red-heads in some distant channel, and the rumor among the fisherfolk of a sturgeon now in Baltimore Bay quite the largest ever seen.

Madeleine stole into the boat-house early every morning and oiled the young man's gun and polished his fishing-reel anew, setting them in some conspicuous place where they could not fail to attract his notice when he entered. But their dumb appeal was of no avail. More and more often Madeleine, sitting motionless in her boat among the rushes, caught the sound of Evelyn's banjo across the water, and snatching up her oars, she rowed desperately away to be rid of the hateful sound.

This was Evelyn's first visit to Little Venice, some friends whom she was visiting in Detroit having brought her with them to their summer home; and having been thus unceremoniously introduced to the owners of Claribelle Island, the acquaintance between the two families ripened rapidly into intimacy, as is natural in all places where neighbors are so few. Her

new friends yielded without resistance to the charm of this winning young creature. Mrs. Hayden took her to her motherly heart at once, and could not make enough of her. Even old Mrs. Brabau had a grudging smile for her, and lazy Louis bestirred himself more quickly at her call than at any other. There was not a fisherman at the Flats but soon knew her by sight, and smiled to see her pass. Only Madeleine held aloof. This new reign of pleasure-making and pleasure-seeking was irrational and strange to her. To shoot, or fish, or sail, seemed to her the only natural way of spending the summer days; but these continual visits back and forth between Claribelle and Pearl islands, these tea-parties, these water picnics, this music, morning, noon, and night, this incessant ministering to every possible caprice on the part of the petted, gay young beauty — Madeleine had never seen anything of the sort before. From the tiny sitting-room in the ranch she watched it all in lonely, envious wonder. This was only another girl like herself. What made the difference? Why should the one have everything and the other nothing? Why had fate brought Evelyn to Little Venice? Or why had Madeleine been there in her boat that night when first she came? Madeleine was haunted by the thought of what might have been but for that chance.

Evelyn was puzzled by Madeleine's churlishness, and wondered why it was that she could win nothing but dark looks from her in response to her attempts to make friends. Naturally she had but grateful and even loving impulses towards this girl who had saved her life, and it troubled her that she could recompense Madeleine in no way — not so much even as with the gift of her friendship.

One morning, during one of Horace Hayden's frequent absences in the city, Madeleine was returning from an errand to the summer grocery — a barge anchored in one of the side channels — when Evelyn beckoned to her from the pier of Pearl Island.

"Won't you take me for a row, please, Madeleine?" she asked coaxingly, as the girl paddled slowly up. "Can you take me? Have you time to go?"

"Time!" echoed Madeleine with a short laugh; "I have plenty of time. I have n't nothin' else."

She made no motion to assist Evelyn into the boat, but without more ado the young girl sprang lightly in. She carried her banjo as usual, slung across her shoulder by a broad blue ribbon. Madeleine frowned as she saw it. After a moment's hesitation she turned the boat gloomily out into Muskamoo Bay and up towards Harson Island, her sole aim being to go in some direction unassociated with Mr. Horace. Evelyn settled herself comfortably in place and began chatting pleasantly, running her fingers lightly along the strings of her banjo in a low accompaniment to her words. Madeleine answered only in monosyllables, keeping her eyes fixed obstinately on her goal.

"Why can't I make you talk, Madeleine? Why are you always so quiet and sad?" Evelyn asked at last, gently. "It seems to me as if one ought to be always happy living in such a beautiful spot as this."

"That 's what all the strangers says," Madeleine answered sullenly. "I can't see what 's beautiful in it. To me it 's only water and grass and lonesomeness."

"Oh, but there was never any water and grass like this," exclaimed Evelyn. "There is not a stagnant place anywhere, and the water is always fresh and blue and swift; and see how perfectly transparent it is. One can see to the bottom everywhere, except just in the deepest places. And I never saw anything like the lights on it. It never looks twice the same. It is all like a wholly new place every day. And it is the quiet that is so restful. It is like living out in the middle of the sea surrounded with all home comforts and with the privilege of making port at any moment. It 's like Paradise to be here on an island all one 's own, away from the dust and noise and worries of the city. I wish I could live here always."

"That 's what the strangers says," repeated Madeleine. "They don't know nothin' about it. They only come in the summer, when there 's ships goin' by, and when you can see the smoke of 'em curlin' up through the marshes and hear their whistles blowin' all night long if you listen. And the reeds is high then, and there 's ducks in 'em and birds, and there 's people in the islands. But that 's only in the summer. They don't know what it 's like in winter. The lonesomeness of it is awful in winter. The reeds is all gone, and the people. The houses is shut along the channel. There 's not a sound nor a thing movin' nowheres. The river is all froze over. There 's only ice and snow as far as you can see, till your eyes ache with lookin' at it and wishin' it was gone. The drifts lie piled that high that we can't get to the house from the ranch, not for days together sometimes, nor there ain't a livin' soul round about besides us three. It 's like all the world was dead and we was ghosts in it."

"Oh, I wish I could see it here then!" Evelyn murmured. "How white and still it must be!" Her fingers were unconsciously playing a reel.

"Yes, it 's white enough," assented Madeleine; "it 's so white I 'm glad of the night to darken it. Father 's off 'most all day with the team, cuttin' ice. Me and gran' sits home and

makes nets and knits, and but for her a-scoldin' me I 'd forget how words was spoke."

"Poor child!" said Evelyn, compassionately. "I did not realize what your life must be. I was thinking only of the outside look of the place. Don't you ever get away — not all winter long?"

"Gran' sends me to Algonac sometimes on the ice-boat for errands. I froze both ears one day last winter."

"But pleasures — don't you ever have any pleasures of any sort?"

"I don't know," replied Madeleine, apathetically. "Sometimes I see sleighin' parties go by. It 's a break when there 's them to watch."

"Have n't you any friends, then — not any?" asked Evelyn, sitting straight up, and looking at her with eyes full of sympathy.

Madeleine shook her head.

"Poor child!" Evelyn cried again. The banjo had fallen from her hands. "I don't wonder you sometimes tire of it. But, Madeleine," she added, "you shall never be so friendless again. I will be your friend as long as I live. Indeed, I am your friend, dear, whether you want me to be or not. You cannot prevent it. Do not I owe my life to you?"

"That 's nothin'," said Madeleine, curtly; but she spoke in a softer voice, and when later she left Evelyn at Pearl Island it was with a gentler face than usual that she turned away.

She did not see Evelyn for several days. Then one evening, as she was leisurely pulling towards her flower-garden, she heard the banjo again, and presently she came full upon a row-boat in which were Evelyn and Horace. Madeleine gave an involuntary start as her eyes fell upon the latter. He wore a yachting suit of white flannel, with a broad blue silk sash knotted loosely about his waist. This was altogether different from the costumes he had heretofore deemed good enough for Little Venice. A sudden vindictiveness against Evelyn arose stormily in Madeleine's bosom. Evelyn, too, was all in white, looking more like a lily than ever. On her breast was a sprig of scarlet geranium. She called to Madeleine as soon as they were within speaking distance.

"O Madeleine, how beautiful it is — your garden! I never suspected there was anything so quaint, so charming, anywhere about. I am so glad to have seen it."

Madeleine's brows contracted sharply. She looked silently at Horace for explanation. He nodded brightly back at her.

"We have just come from there. I wanted Miss Staunton to see it. It is the only sight I had for her up here. Was I not clever to find the way back there again by myself through all these blind lanes?"

Madeleine made no reply. There was a lump in her throat. It was her garden — the one place on earth exclusively her own. She would never have taken any one there but him. What right had he to go there now with any other than herself?

"I picked a bit of geranium for Miss Staunton as a souvenir," Horace continued, looking at Evelyn with all his happy heart in his frank eyes. "She is fond of souvenirs, and I knew you would n't mind, as you had such a lot of it. Does n't it look well on her white dress?"

"You must show me how to make a garden like yours," interrupted Evelyn. "One would be lovely at Pearl Island. There is just the spot for it near the pier. You must help me make one. Will you, Madeleine?"

"I will," said Horace, eagerly. "Only try me."

Evelyn gave him a conscious look from under her long lashes and smiled and blushed, and neither of the two noticed Madeleine's continued silence. She had stopped rowing at their call, and the current was drifting her boat farther and farther away from theirs. She gave one swift, angry glance at her flower upon Evelyn's snowy dress; then she took up her oars, doggedly turned her boat about, and went home. All her softer feelings towards Evelyn were swept tumultuously away in a burning sense of wrong, and she hated her as she had never hated anything on earth before.

V.

THE next day was one of the sultriest that had ever been known in Little Venice. There was not a cloud in all the sky; not the faintest breeze ruffled the satin smoothness of the channels. Notwithstanding the heat, Mrs. Hayden left by the morning boat, in company with her friends from Pearl Island, to attend a funeral in Detroit. They were to return on the morrow, so that it seemed scarcely worth while to take Evelyn with them for the single night that they were to be absent, and she was left behind with the servants, two sisters from Algonac. Towards evening, however, these two girls were unexpectedly summoned home by their mother's illness, and Evelyn, alarmed at the thought of being alone, sent by them, when they went, an urgent petition to Madeleine to come and pass the night with her.

"I won't go," Madeleine said when her grandmother delivered the message; and neither commands nor threats availed to change the stubborn answer until Horace, with no knowledge of her mood, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the ranch.

"I hope you can get off without much delay, Madeleine," he said anxiously. "There is a tremendous storm coming up, and it will

never do for Miss Staunton to be alone in it. She is mortally afraid of thunder. I shall not feel easy about her until I know that you are there."

The blood rushed to Madeleine's head. She could have cried aloud for jealous anger; but, to Mrs. Brabau's boundless astonishment, she instantly sprang to her feet, and, passing Horace without looking at him, hurried out of the ranch and into the first boat that came to hand, and rowed furiously away.

Mrs. Brabau pursed up her thin lips and nodded sagaciously to Horace, who stood with his hands in his pockets watching the receding boat.

"That girl has the devil in her sometimes, — and then sometimes again she has n't," she remarked oracularly, and Horace smiled in serene acquiescence, thinking only that now Evelyn would not be left alone.

It was ominously dark when Madeleine reached Pearl Island, and thunder was growling intermittently in the remote distance; but still there was not a breath of wind, and the atmosphere quivered with heat like the air above live coals.

Evelyn ran to meet Madeleine as she rowed into the boat-house and made the boat fast.

"It is so good of you to come to me, Madeleine, dear," she exclaimed gratefully, "and I am so glad you are here! Only see those clouds! I am all of a tremble already. I could n't have gone to bed all night if I had been alone."

Madeleine looked off at the north where clouds were rolling densely together. "It 'll be hours yet before the storm is on us," she said, following Evelyn into the little white house. "You 'd better go to bed; it 's late now."

Evelyn lighted a candle, and, carrying it into a small room on the ground floor, set it down upon the table.

"This is where you are to sleep, Madeleine; but if the storm gets very bad, won't you come up to my room, please?" she asked pleadingly. "I am such a ridiculous coward in storms. They frighten me nearly to death. My room is just over this. I 'll leave the door unlocked so that you can get in. Won't you come before it gets very bad?"

A dangerous light gleamed suddenly in Madeleine's somber eyes.

"Don't you want something to eat?" Evelyn continued, opening a door across the tiny passage into the dining-room. "I had the girls get you a supper ready before they went. It is on the table in here."

"You need n't 'a' done it," Madeleine returned shortly. "I 'm not likely to be hungry this time o' night."

Evelyn still lingered, loath to go off alone; but her attempts to draw Madeleine into conversation failed, and at last she left her and went slowly upstairs.

Madeleine stood a long time in the same spot, not stirring hand or foot, listening to the sounds overhead. She could hear Evelyn's every footfall through the thin partition. When all was silent above, she drew a long, deep breath, and going to the window lifted the shade and looked out. The storm was drawing nearer. The thunder was one low, unbroken rumble, with occasional sword-cuts of lightning slashing through the darkness. Madeleine slipped off her heavy shoes, and taking the candle went restlessly from room to room, her stockinged feet making no sound save where some loose board creaked beneath her weight. All was empty and still. She set down her candle on the dining-room table and went back into her own room, crouched down on the floor, and waited for the oncoming of the storm. She and Evelyn were all alone in the house. There was no other house near enough for any cry of help from this to reach it.

A bread-knife on the dining-room table gleamed white in the candlelight. It fascinated her. She could not take her eyes from it. She got up and went stealthily in and drew her finger across the blade. It was as sharp as a razor. She laid it down again and returned to her old place and sat staring back at it fixedly. She could hear her heart beat.

The storm was drawing steadily nearer. The blackness could almost be felt as it deepened around the house. The curtain hung lifeless before the open window. The air was like a hot hand laid stiflingly over her mouth. In the room beyond the knife shone in the candlelight. Madeleine got up again, went into the dining-room, felt of the knife once more, and then hurriedly thrust it into the loose bosom of her dress, glancing over her shoulder as if some one had been there to remark upon what she did. She could not see it now, but she could feel it, and its cold touch was like the hand of a demon upon her heart. She shivered as in an ague fit.

The storm was near. Sudden little gusts of wind lifted the curtain and blew in upon her. She turned, with the knife hid in her bosom, and stole softly up the stairs. Here and there a step creaked under her tread, light as it was, and each time she trembled, and stood still and waited. The hall above was dark, but she groped her way along the narrow passage till she came to the door of Evelyn's room. Here she bent down and listened. There was no sound. She put her hand upon the knob and half turned it. Still all was silent within — silent as death itself. She raised her other

hand to the knife hidden in her bosom. Was it time to go in? With a violent effort she wrenched herself away and fled back along the passage to the other end, and crouched down again upon the floor and waited.

Nearer and nearer came the storm. There were short, sharp patters of raindrops upon the roof, like hurrying feet; the wind-gusts came oftener; the water began to moan and toss. At last, out of the incessant mutter of the thunder broke a loud, long peal, together with a flash of lightning that cleft the heavens in twain from end to end; the wind leaped down out of the darkness like a bloodhound loosed from its leash, and the rain was as a river that had burst its bounds. The storm had come. Fury and chaos reigned.

In the midst of it Madeleine found herself again at Evelyn's door. This time the knife was in her hand. She turned the knob. The door yielded at her pressure, and she entered noiselessly.

As the silent figure advanced Evelyn gave a suppressed scream, followed instantly by a cry of relief as she recognized the newcomer by a flash of lightning that pierced even the closed shutters. She was sitting up in bed, white and trembling.

"Madeleine, Madeleine!" she cried, holding out her arms towards her like a scared child. "Do come quickly! I was afraid to stir to go to you. There have been such queer noises all about. The house has seemed full of ghosts. Is n't the storm terrible? But I won't be frightened any more now you are here. You won't let me be hurt, will you, Madeleine? You saved my life before, and I feel as if I must be safe anywhere with you now, you are so strong and so good. Sit down by me on the bed — close — close. So, let me hold your hand — one of the hands that saved me before, when I should have died but for your coming. O Madeleine! did you ever in all your life know such a storm as this?"

Madeleine felt Evelyn's uneven, warm breath upon her cheek, Evelyn's soft arm drawn close around her neck, Evelyn's little hand holding fast by one of hers. Not since her memory began had any one ever clung so to her before. In her hand on the other side, farthest from Evelyn, in her right hand, the hand to strike with, was the knife. Her fingers closed spasmodically over the handle.

The storm raged on with increasing fury. The lightning was one wide, white sheet of flame, the thunder one continuous roar, the wind one prolonged, demoniacal shriek. Evelyn clung closer yet and sobbed for terror.

"O Madeleine! I can't bear it. It will kill me; and I don't want to die — not now — not just now, when I am so happy. Why should I have to die just when we are so happy? Madeleine, dear Madeleine, pray! Pray for help! Pray that it may pass over! Perhaps God will hear if only you pray too."

Madeleine pushed Evelyn roughly aside, and rushing to the window tore it open, flung back the blinds, and hurled the knife with all her might out into the storm. The falling blade made a curve of lurid light through the rain, as if the night bled fire.

"Don't touch me, don't come near me; let me go," Madeleine gasped, as Evelyn flew towards her and tried to draw her back. "I can't stay here with you — I must go — I will wait outside — outside. I 'll be near — I promise to be near — only outside — outside the door! Lock it close after me — do you hear? Lock it and bolt it so nothin' can't get in — nothin' — nothin'."

She leaped out into the hall while speaking, drawing the door to behind her, and holding it with a grip of iron lest Evelyn should open it to follow.

"Lock it!" she shouted through the panels to the terrified girl within. "Lock it — lock it, — lock it quick, and bolt it! I don't hear you bolt it. Make it fast! Make it so nothin' can't get by it to get at you."

Evelyn was frightened past all except instinctive obedience. She thought Madeleine had gone suddenly mad, and she turned the key and slid the heavy bolt in place with fingers stiff with terror. Then she crawled back into bed, and buried her face in the pillows, and covered her ears with her hands.

More and more wild it grew. The house shook, as if with a human fear, while the water and the wind warred together as to which should be its destroyer. Madeleine in the passage-way was on her knees, with her hands clasped in a wordless prayer. She was praying for the cessation of the storm — but of the storm in her own soul.

The rain and the wind ceased all of an instant. There was a moment of absolute, breathless, suffocating stillness, as if the clouds, breaking free from restraining bands, had descended with a rush upon the earth, extinguishing every sound in their vast, thick folds. Then, after that second's awful pause, through the silence and the darkness came a flash beside which all that Madeleine had previously known as light was as blackness, and simultaneously a crash like the rending asunder of all the worlds and their foundations, followed by peal on peal, and peal on peal, as though their shattered fragments were being hurled back and forth through space.

Madeleine fell prone on the floor with outstretched arms. All that was not light around her was sound. She had no sense of anything

else. How long she lay there she did not know, but as she gradually came to herself she was conscious of something familiar penetrating the unearthliness of the night and forcing itself upon her notice. It was the smell of smoke. The house had been struck. She struggled to her feet, gasping for breath and tearing open her dress at the throat as she made one plunge down the hall to Evelyn's room, frantically calling her by name. There was no answer, and the door was still double-locked and barred. She was hopelessly shut out. Was Evelyn dead within, or only stunned as she herself had been? She shook the door violently, and beat it with hands and feet, throwing her whole weight against it again and again; but lock and bolt resisted every effort, and within was complete silence. The smoke was growing denser every moment. Here and there little tongues of flame curled up through it. The stairway was already on fire. Oh! how could she reach Evelyn before it was too late?

With a despairing cry she flung wide the window at the end of the hall and sprang upon the sill. Yes, it was as she thought. There was a window on that side of the house opening from Evelyn's room, and in front of it was a tiny balcony. If she could but reach that balcony! She gave a glance over her shoulder down the hall. The smoke and fire were whirling after her in a furious dance of death. There was no time to rush back for anything. She must jump unaided across to that narrow iron-girded shelf. Seizing her thin skirts in both hands, she rent them in two from hem to band; there must be nothing to fetter her. For one second she stood poised like a bird winged for flight, measuring the distance; then she gathered herself together and leaped. There was a rush of wind in her ears, and an intolerable blaze before her eyes. She felt herself falling — falling into eternity itself. She was lost, and Evelyn with her! But as she fell she struck against something unyielding and cold and hard, and her hands closed upon it convulsively. It was the railing of Evelyn's balcony. For an inappreciable instant she hung upon it, bruised, bleeding, and quivering; then with a great effort she drew herself up by main force, climbed over it, and dashed through the window.

Evelyn lay extended on the floor, motionless and ghastly white. Madeleine did not wait to see if she yet breathed. Dead or alive, she must save her. She had no conscious thought but that. The smoke was pouring in through every crevice around the door. Escape that way or back by the window that she had entered was impossible. But there was a second window at the rear of the house, and under this the roof of a veranda sloped down almost to the ground.

Quick as thought Madeleine leaped to the bed, and tearing off a sheet gathered one end of it in a knot around the bedpost nearest to this window, and flung down mattress, pillows, and blankets out of it to the ground below. Evelyn must have something to fall upon. Then lifting the slight figure in her arms, she got out on the roof, and clasping Evelyn tightly to her and holding by the sheet as by a rope, she slid down the roof to the edge, and there dropped off with her burden upon the bedding below, just as a line of light shot waveringly up into the sky out of the bedroom window.

Evelyn gave a moan of returning consciousness as she fell, and Madeleine bent over her with a sigh of relief. At least then she was not dead. But all danger was not yet passed. The storm had spent itself. The thunder was muttering in sullen undertones, the lightning was fainter and less frequent, the clouds had lifted, the waves were subsiding, the rain fell in scattered drops. But the wooden house burned like paper. Already the boat-house and the covered way leading to it were ablaze. There was no escape by the boats. But, surely, help would come soon! Who could have slept through such a night as this? Surely some one of the many watchers must have seen the light of the fire already.

The building almost completely covered the little island, leaving scarcely more than a passage-way around it. The heat from the burning walls grew more intense every moment. The boards were falling right and left. The house grew to be like a skeleton robed in fire. Madeleine dragged Evelyn with her to the extreme edge of the island, and dipping a blanket in water wrapped it closely about the trembling girl. The flames seemed lapping up the very air around them. Oh, was no one in sight — no one? Straining her eyes through the gray light of the breaking dawn, Madeleine at last distinguished two boats approaching from opposite directions, but both still far off.

"Call, call, shout!" she cried despairingly to Evelyn. "The fire will be upon us before they get here."

But Evelyn could only cling dumbly to Madeleine, still unequal to any effort. Madeleine's voice rang out alone, feeble and shrill. A cry came instantly back in answer across the water — one, and another, and another, but still so far; and the hair on their heads was singeing in the heat.

With a heart-breaking cry Madeleine once more caught up Evelyn's unresisting form and plunged with her into the water. It was their only chance for life. It needed but a few strokes with her free arm across the deep channel surrounding the island to reach the shallows beyond; but, good swimmer though

she was, Madeleine's strength was now nearly exhausted. She struggled desperately against the current. Once, twice, it seemed as if she must give way and they two be drowned together. The boats were hurrying towards them. In the nearest one was Horace Hayden and Louis Brabau. Would they be too late after all?

One more despairing stroke and Madeleine's feet touched the bottom. She had reached the rushes. Another instant and she was standing only knee-deep in the water, with Evelyn still clasped convulsively to her bosom.

The boat was within a few yards of them now. Horace dropped his oars and stood up, looking towards them. His face was as white as death. He could not speak, but as his boat came up to them he stooped and held out his arms, and once again received Evelyn into them.

"I saved her," Madeleine breathed into his face as she yielded her charge to him. "I did it for you."

His only reply was to bend his face to Evelyn's with a sob, and kiss her passionately on the brow and lips.

VI.

ALL of the next day Madeleine lay in her tiny darkened bedroom with her face turned to the wall. She was weary and sore indeed, but not sufficiently for such a vigorous constitution as hers, and one so used to hardship, to stand now in need of a prolonged rest; and after her bruises had been dressed by her grandmother's skillful, if untender, fingers and she had been left in quiet for a few hours, she was declared to be as fit for everyday life as ever, and bidden go hungry if she could not see fit to come to the table for her meals.

By the second morning, however, Madeleine rose as usual, dressed herself in a pale blue print in place of the torn red gingham, and went out of the boat-house to her wonted duties. Never had these been more conscientiously performed. Never had the boats been so thoroughly cleaned and dried, the gun so carefully oiled, or the fishing-reel rubbed to so bright a polish. When all was in order, she sat down mechanically on the edge of the platform, her feet hanging over the water, the gun lying across her lap and the reel by her side, her head drooping upon her breast.

She was roused by a low voice just beside her.

"Madeleine, my dear little girl, I am so glad to have a chance to speak to you at last."

She looked up startled. Tears hung on her thick lashes.

Horace smiled at her affectionately and laid his hand caressingly for an instant on her silky curls.

"I do not know how to thank you," he said gently. "It was you who first brought her to me — do you remember? And now you have saved her life again; and this time, Madeleine — this time it is my promised wife that you have given back to me from a horrible death. Can you guess what I must feel towards you?"

Madeleine made no answer. She trembled slightly beneath his touch, and the tears fell from her lashes to the smooth brown of her cheeks and rolled down unheeded to her dress.

"I cannot repay you," Horace continued. "Such a debt as this can never be repaid. But I shall be grateful to you all my life. I will never forget that I owe my happiness to you. I will never, never forget it."

Madeleine's eyes were like those of some poor dumb animal in its death agony, gazing piteously into the face of its destroyer as if beseeching help from the very hand that has dealt the blow.

"God bless you!" Horace said, so solemnly that the words seemed in truth a prayer; and turning, he went quietly away.

At last she rose unsteadily, and returning to the ranch took her hat and put it on, drawing it close down over her brows.

"Where are you goin'?" asked Mrs. Brabau gruffly, looking up from the savory dish she was preparing for the midday meal.

"Fishin'."

"It 's hard on dinner-time, child. You 'd best wait till you 've eaten."

"I don't want no dinner, thank you, gran'."

Something in the altered intonation caught the old dame's attention. She stopped stirring and looked at the girl more closely.

"When 'll you be back?"

"Not till I 've caught a sheepshead."

"Oh, if it 's just a lucky-stone you 're wantin', you need n't put yourself out to go," said Mrs. Brabau, with a faint uneasiness in her glance as it rested on the young girl's face. "Your father can get one any day; can't you, Louis?"

"Aye, I can get a lucky-stone easy enough, if that 's all," said Louis, sauntering in and dropping loosely into a rocking-chair. "Stay where you be, girl."

"No, I must get it myself," Madeleine answered in the same strained voice. She stood a moment more looking from one to the other. "Good-by, gran'. Good-by, father, and thank you," she added with unwonted gentleness, and then went out and loosed her boat, and was soon out of sight.

The afternoon wore away. There had been a light drizzle of rain all day, but towards evening it ceased, and Horace and Evelyn went out and stood together upon the pier. Evelyn was not yet fully recovered from the shock of the thunderbolt, and her beautiful face was delicate and white with an apple-blossom paleness; but the curves about her mouth were sweeter than ever, and her eyes were deep and bright with a happiness beyond speech. She and Horace were talking in subdued voices of the terrors of that night.

"Thank God and Madeleine," he said.

"Yes, thank God and Madeleine," echoed Evelyn, softly. "But where can Madeleine be? Why does n't she come home? I do so want to see her, now that I am well enough to think and speak of it."

She looked off across the water, which stretched out in a dull, lifeless sheet before her, all one cold, hard slate-color, as far as she could see it. From the south a fog was sweeping slowly up out of the blue lake towards Little Venice, like a gigantic bird on wide, soft-feathered wings, that lifted and fell as one looked, and swooped nearer with every stroke. One could no longer see the horizon, nor the canal, nor the round, hive-shaped turret of the Lower Club. And now even the nearer islands disappeared one after one, as the noiseless white down floated over them. Now the Rushmere's red flag vanished. Now the pole was lost. Now the lines of the house itself were wavering and blurred, like a house drawn by a child upon a slate. And now the marshes opposite were all blotted out of sight, as by a moist finger drawn across them from end to end.

"I do wonder where Madeleine can be," repeated Evelyn uneasily; and as she spoke the mist seemed to roll together and then to divide again, and out of it, shadowy and indistinct in her gray-blue dress, as if a ghostly part of it, came Madeleine in her little white boat, the mist straggling softly along after her as though drawn irresistibly to follow.

"Here she is now!" exclaimed Evelyn, gladly. "Do let us go to her." And she went swiftly towards the landing-place, Horace following closely.

Madeleine came directly towards them.

"Madeleine," cried Evelyn, overcome with the rush of vivid memories that the sight of her called forth, "what can I say — how can I show — O Madeleine, dear Madeleine!" And springing impulsively into the boat, she flung her arms about the girl and kissed her.

Madeleine grew deadly pale. She shivered in the other's embrace and drew away from her, holding out her hand to Horace across Evelyn's clinging arms.

"Take it," she said.

In her hand was a small, round, white stone, in which, as if cut with a knife, were two deep indentations at right angles with each other, forming the letter L. Horace took it from her.

"Why, it is a lucky-stone," he said. "Come and look at it, Evelyn. It 's a natural formation found behind the eye of a sheepshead, and it 's said to carry good luck with it. Is n't it an oddity? This is a splendid specimen. Do you mean me to keep it, Madeleine?"

"Yes," she said; "keep it. It brings good luck. It is my weddin' gift."

Evelyn flushed, and Horace passed his arm around her and drew her out of the boat to his side and held her there, reaching his other hand to Madeleine.

"You have been a dear friend to us, Madeleine," he said earnestly. "I promise you that I will keep the stone always, my little marsh-bird; always, in memory of you and of all that you have done for me."

The fog had stolen stealthily around them. It was like a blank wall of visible silence on every side.

"Good-by," she whispered, looking up at him, her dark eyes full of despair.

Seizing her paddle, she sent the boat with a few quick strokes out into the stream, and there let the current take it. The two stood watching her. She was kneeling, and looking back at Horace. The gliding white boat, the slender gray-blue, shadow-like figure, the mist curling uncertainly over all, made it like a picture in a dream.

Suddenly, as they watched, their hearts heavy with forebodings, they heard the signal whistle of a coming vessel, and high up in the air, like a huge, black hand parting the fog before it, was the bow of a monstrous iron ship almost directly over the drifting boat and its kneeling figure.

"Madeleine! Madeleine!" they called in terror.

There was yet time for escape. With a single stroke of her paddle she could have saved herself.

"Madeleine! Madeleine! Madeleine!"

Good God! did she not see? Did she not hear? The unearthly look was still upon her face. Another moment and the great ship steamed slowly by, and where it had passed was only the moaning river and the mist that lay ghostlike over all.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

A SINGLE TAX UPON LAND.

THERE are many persons who take a purely philanthropic interest in social science, or who may have studied social problems in a somewhat one-sided manner, who have been led to believe that if all the taxes which are necessary for the support of national, State, and municipal governments should be collected by a single tax, to be imposed upon land or upon a valuation of land, poverty might then be abolished.

This proposition has been put forward in a very attractive manner by very sincere and in some respects very able men, whose humane purpose cannot be doubted, and who most earnestly hope and expect, through its adoption, to solve the difficult problem which the abject poverty to be found in all great cities now presents.

If the single tax could be equitably assessed upon land and collected, and if it would only work all the benefit predicted by making it possible for every one, first, to secure a suitable piece of land, while, secondly, also enabling all such possessors of land to get a good living off it, the economic millennium would surely be within sight and every one would welcome its prophet; but the theory has not yet been sustained by any adequate evidence or citation of facts. Its alleged beneficent effect has no basis in history or in practice; it is a pure hypothesis, and the second and most important element has received little or no attention.

Unfortunately the chief causes of poverty in this country are deep seated in the nature of men rather than of legislation, and even free access to and the free possession of land does not prevent men from becoming abjectly poor. The remedy for poverty must therefore be sought in great measure by reform from within rather than from without; from individual development rather than from the collective action either of State or of nation. In almost all other civilized countries, so called, there may be many causes of poverty which are to some extent remediable by legislation. The laws or customs of many of the countries of Europe in respect to land tenure may require amendment in order to render the holding of land more free from legal obstruction; but from most if not from all these difficulties, inherited from a long distant past, we are free; it may even be held that our public lands have been given away too freely even to actual settlers. Hence it follows that if the whole burden of taxation were put upon land or land valuation it might work the very reverse effect from that predicted by its advocates.

The treatment of this subject has been made more difficult by the glamour of sentiment which has been thrown about it, causing many persons whose desire to aid their fellow-men is stronger than their perception of the true causes of poverty to look upon any criticism of their proposed method as if it indicated opposition to their humane purpose; but this is a very common weakness, that affects nearly all purely philanthropic enterprises, and it must be wholly disregarded by students whose sole purpose is to get at the truth in social science.

In order to find out, if possible, how a change in the method of taxation may or may not alleviate poverty, it becomes expedient to test the theory of the single tax on land by attempting to apply it to existing or to known conditions. For this purpose the writer purposes to make use of the figures of production, of distribution, and of taxation, as reported in the United States census of 1880, and in other official documents issued by various States and cities.

In several treatises, some of which may be familiar to the readers of THE CENTURY, the writer has previously attempted to measure the total value of the product of the United States, in the census year, in terms of money. It apparently came to two hundred dollars' worth per head of the population of that year, which would give six hundred dollars' worth of product as the average money value of the productive work done by every person who was occupied for gain in the census year, numbering substantially one in three of the population. On this computation the total value of all products of the census year, including all that was consumed upon farms without being exchanged, was ten billion dollars ($10,000,000,000). It may have been less; it could hardly have been more. Even at these figures the product of the United States was the most abundant of any country in the world in proportion to the work done, although it averaged only fifty-five cents' worth of product — a little more or less allowed for any possi-

ble error — to each person, man, woman, and child, for each day in the year.

The taxes of the census year for all purposes, national, State, and municipal, came to substantially seven per cent. of this gross product; *i. e.*, to seven hundred million dollars, or a fraction under four cents a day per capita. At this rate they were very much less in proportion to the product than the taxes of any other country in the civilized world. The sum of all taxes, divided by the population, came substantially to fourteen dollars per head. These taxes were, however, in part paid for a supply of water, and in part for some other kind of work done in supplying material wants, undertaken by cities and towns: this part of the taxation, not exceeding two dollars per head, may be set off as compensation for value received from the town or city, working as a corporation, in supplying material wants which can be met at less cost by organized collective action than through the separate action of individuals.

The actual cost of government, aside from supplying such material wants, came substantially to twelve dollars per head of the population in 1880; or to thirty-six dollars contributed from the product of his or her work, on the average, by each person who was occupied for gain. These figures are given disregarding fractions: they are very close to the mark, and any change which might be made on absolute data would not affect the reasoning which is subsequently based upon them.

The average family numbered within a fraction of five persons: the cost of government to each family was therefore, on the average, sixty dollars for a year.

These taxes were assessed and collected in various ways. The State and municipal revenues were raised by a direct assessment upon land, upon buildings, upon goods and wares; in some cases upon stocks, bonds, and mortgages, upon incomes, upon licenses to sell liquors, upon licenses to transact business in other ways, etc. The national revenues were raised by duties upon foreign imports and by taxes upon the domestic product of whisky, beer, and tobacco, accompanied by a few other sources of revenue.

It might be the simplest and least costly way of collecting the entire revenue by a single tax upon land or upon land valuation, if this term represents anything more than a distinction without a difference, if a practicable method could be found for assessing and collecting it; it might also be a great benefit to the community if all other taxes could be removed or abated; but when the question is presented how to assess and collect the single tax on land the difficulties begin, and it may appear that poverty could not be abolished, although it might be alleviated in some measure. It may prove, however, that the same relief can be attained in perhaps greater measure without adopting the single tax on land.

It may also appear that even if this theory of a single tax on land were applied so as to cover the whole amount of revenue needed, the hope might not be realized that land would then be more widely distributed than it now is. It is possible, even probable, that the personal possession or occupation of land, which is admitted to be necessary to its productive use, would then fall under the control of a much smaller number of persons than those who hold it under present conditions. As nearly as the data which are available for the study of this question enable one to make the computation, one-fifth part, or about one hundred and forty million ($140,000,000), of the total[1] revenue of the census year, amounting in all to substantially seven hundred million dollars ($700,000,000), was in fact derived from taxes assessed upon land; it would follow of necessity that had the entire revenue been collected in that year on the basis of the valuation for assessment on land of that year, the tax upon land would have been increased fivefold or more throughout the country. Now since such a tax must of necessity be the first lien upon the land, and must be paid year by year, even in advance of its cultivation or its use for business purposes or dwellings; and since the payment of this tax in money would of necessity become the sole condition on which the possession or use of land for any purpose could be granted by the state, it might happen that the burden would become too great to be undertaken, except by persons who already possess ample capital from which they could advance the taxes in anticipation of recovering them from the product of the land or from the income of their buildings.

Could the poor farmer, the mechanic, or the artisan of moderate means, or in fact could any one who did not possess ample capital, afford to accept the conditional possession of land under such terms? Each one who now occupies land can answer this question for himself by multiplying the present tax upon his land by five or at least by four.

Those who expect so much benefit from a mere change in the method of collecting taxes overlook the fact that *taxation* and *work* are synonymous terms. What we may call raw or wild land will yield no revenue, and will

[1] The exact amount of taxation by way of licenses, and the revenue derived from water rates, are not known; in this respect the last census is incomplete.

support only the hunter or the herdsman ranging or ranching over it but not occupying it; therefore land itself will not provide for its own taxation.

Even if work be put upon land without capital, it may yield barely a subsistence to him who does the work, if it yields even that. Labor and capital must be combined and applied together to land in order that any land may yield either a large product, or rent, or income, or single tax. Does it not follow that if the whole tax of the country were assessed in a single tax imposed in the first instance upon land this would be but an indirect method of deriving the whole tax from all the products of labor and capital combined, without discrimination? If so, this would be but an indiscriminating mode of taxing all consumption.

All this is elementary. It is manifest that land must be set off, fenced in, and worked by individuals in order that it may yield the primary products which are known as the products of the earth in any sufficient measure to sustain existing life. The proposed tax must come out of the product; there is no other source.

Land must be occupied by individuals in order that these crude products may be converted by the application of capital as well as labor into goods or wares, commonly called manufactures. Land, again, must be occupied by individuals in order that these goods and wares may be distributed by the processes which are known as trade and commerce; consequently the single tax, whatever its amount may be, and at whatever point it may first be collected, can be but the taking of a part of the joint product of land, labor, and capital, by due process of law, from the people who do the actual work by which men subsist; such products thus taken from producers being applied to the consumption of those who do the necessary, but not directly productive, work of the Government.

A small number of individuals may combine in a corporation or association, making what the law defines an "artificial person," but this slight variation does not affect the general principle of personal possession which lies at the foundation of all property.

If the figures which I have given of the value of the annual product of the census year are near the mark, and if the average product of each person occupied for gain was substantially six hundred dollars' worth per head, this product representing the work of 17,400,000 people out of fifty million — then it follows that the seven per cent. of this product which was applied to taxation in the year 1880 stood for the actual work of 1,218,000 working people, or seven per cent. of all occupied for gain; the smaller portion of whom performed the actual work of the Government itself, while the larger portion did the work that was necessary to supply this force of officials with shelter, food, and clothing. If the annual product was worth less than the sum at which I have computed it, the taxes being the same as given, then the actual work of the Government required the product of a larger proportion of all who were occupied for gain to be given up to it by way of taxation.

It will not be denied by anybody that some of the taxes which were in force in 1880 were very bad taxes, which ought not to be continued. No one, belonging to any party, questions the necessity for some change in the present method of raising the revenue. There is no question whatever but that some of the present taxes fall in proportion more heavily on the consumption of the very poor than on the prosperous — like those on potatoes, salt fish, smoked herring, sugar, salt, and other necessary articles of food; and also the taxes on coal, lumber, iron, and other materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry. To the extent to which the necessary cost of living is increased while wages are reduced by these taxes, they are without question a cause of poverty. To the extent to which any unjust or inequitable taxes may be removed poverty may be alleviated; but that is all. This is something very different from the extravagant expectations of the Anti-poverty societies that advocate the single tax on land valuation as a panacea for all poverty.

As I have stated, the rate of taxation in 1880 which was deemed necessary to defray the actual cost of government, including the rapid payment of the national debt of the United States, came to substantially twelve dollars per head of the population. One dollar per head could then have been spared, and two dollars per head could now be spared. What we call our surplus revenue, which cannot be immediately applied to the payment of any debt now due, and which ought not to be spent in the wasteful manner now proposed, comes to about two dollars per head, or to from one hundred and twenty million to one hundred and thirty million dollars per year. If this sum were applied to the reduction of taxation, every tax on food, on fuel, and on the materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry, could now be wholly removed. The taxes which would then remain, and which would suffice to meet the entire cost of government,— national, State, and municipal, at ten dollars per head,— would be the State taxes, levied as they now are on real estate, personal

property, incomes, and licenses; while the national taxes which would remain in force would be imposed on whisky, beer, tobacco, wines, laces, and embroideries; on the finer textile fabrics which depend upon fashion and fancy rather than upon utility for their sale; on furs, fancy goods, and a few other articles which are almost wholly of voluntary rather than of necessary use.

Upon the basis of the valuation of land of all kinds, as assessed in the census year or in the same proportion, land would be assessed by direct taxation on its owners from two dollars to two and a half dollars per head out of the ten dollars; *i. e.*, one fourth or one fifth part. If allowance be made for any possible error in my computation, land now contributes by direct taxation on its owners about one fourth part of the sum necessary to defray the entire cost of all government, national, State, and municipal, on the present basis on which our revenue is collected. If all other taxes were abated, the single tax upon land could not therefore be less than four times as much as it is now, and would probably be five times — after the reduction of the total revenue in the manner proposed by about one hundred million dollars ($100,000,000). If, in addition to this absolute reduction of our present taxes, some of the present injudicious municipal taxes were changed in their form rather than in their substance, there could be no question that poverty would be to that extent relieved. It would then be easier for men and women to get a living: there would be less artificial obstruction placed in the way of their work by taxes imposed in the wrong place, and there would be less, if any, perversion of the power of public taxation to purposes of private gain. But the necessity would still remain for taking from the annual product five or six per cent. in place of the seven per cent. or more taken in the census year, for the mere purpose of supporting the Government. Somehow, in some way, five to six per cent. of the work of the people must be devoted to the cost of sustaining the national, State, and municipal governments, since land itself will yield no revenue without work.

About one in twenty of all persons occupied for gain must always remain either an official, a soldier, a sailor, or a pensioner; or else must be occupied in supporting the civil service, the army, the navy, and the pensioners, so long as the present form and method of government exists and is supported by taxation, wherever the tax may be collected.

It matters not where the tax is first imposed — whether by a single tax on land or by multifarious taxes on other subjects — this work will be distributed as a part of the cost of the national product, either on the whole, or on the special products subject to taxation. Under the single-tax system the tax would be distributed substantially in proportion to the consumption of all products of every kind by the people of every class. Taxes will not stay where they are put; if they would, the tax question could be solved with very little difficulty.

Mr. Henry George himself, as well as all the advocates of the single-tax theory who are not anarchists or communists, agree that a permanent possession of land by individual persons, or artificial persons, under some conditions of some sort, is necessary to its productive use in agriculture or to its occupancy for dwellings or for purposes of manufacturing or of distribution; whether the land consists of lots in towns or cities occupied for business purposes, or of allotments occupied for dwellings, or of larger areas cultivated as farms. The number of persons who do not justify the personal possession of land in one way or another, or who advocate the so-called communal possession of land, is too small to call for any attention or argument at the present time in this community, where the possession of land is more free from obstruction than in any other country except Canada and Australia; and even there the huge public debts are promising to become too great a burden upon the landholder.

It is also conceded by every person whose observation is entitled to any consideration that unoccupied land possesses no productive value, and will yield no income except to the extent that it may be grazed or hunted upon by wandering tribes. It is admitted that occupied land will yield only a bare subsistence to labor, if it yields even so much, unless that labor is furnished with or sustained by capital in some form; it is finally admitted that capital can secure no product whatever from land unless it is applied and worked in connection with or in coöperation with labor.

It follows of necessity that land, labor, and capital must be combined; they are the three necessary factors in abundant production, each of little or no avail without the other.

There is as yet no true science in taxation; or at least if it is so claimed that there is one, it is as yet in an experimental stage. Is it not therefore manifest that it may be injudicious to put the whole burden of taxation in the first instance upon only one of the three necessary factors in production? Why not put a part of it on the other factors? Why not tax, at least in part, the result or income, — *i. e.*, the product which has been derived from land by the application of labor and capital to its use and occupancy, — when such product is in the pro-

cess of consumption, rather than to tax the source of all production at the point where such taxes may prove to be the greatest obstruction to an abundant result? Land is but the primary factor in crude production; it follows that the necessary conditions for deriving an abundant product from land, to be converted into such a form as may enable humanity to exist in comfort and welfare, must be —

First. Its occupation or possession under such conditions that labor and capital can both be applied to its productive use in the most effective manner. These conditions must be such that both labor and capital shall be free from any legal or artificial obstruction by which their relative service or productive efficiency may be impaired.

Second. It requires but little observation to prove that neither the area of land nor the value of land as now computed bears any positive or equal proportion to the product. In the production of the crude materials which are converted into food, or the crude fibers which are converted into clothing, a very large area of land is required both in ratio to the quantity and the value of the crude product.

With respect, for instance, to wheat, the area of land which must be devoted to its product in a crude form — *i. e.*, as grain — is very great in proportion to the area of land which must be occupied by either the railway, the miller or the baker, or the dealer who distributes the bread; yet the value which is added to the wheat by the work of the railway, the miller, the baker, and the tradesman who distributes the bread is about two to one as compared with the value at the farm of the crude product of the wheat of which the bread is made. If land only is taxed, the farmer must pay the larger part of the tax and recover it from consumers in the best way he can devise. If he cannot recover it, he must stop work.

With respect to cotton, the area of land devoted to the production of the fiber is excessive in proportion to the area occupied either by the factory, by the dealer who distributes the cotton fabrics, or by the clothier who makes up the fabrics into clothing. Yet the value added to the cotton fiber by all those who take part in its conversion into clothing is one, two, three, or four fold the value of the crude cotton. If cotton land were subject to the single tax the planter must charge the tax to the cost of cotton and recover it from consumers, if he can. And so the demonstration might go on in varying proportions throughout all the arts.

Third. The mental factor, or what we may call the mental capital, is the prime factor in abundant production. Without the directing mind the cotton factory could not exist; it could neither have been invented nor could it now be operated. Neither could the clothing factory have been organized. Without this work the present abundance of goods could not have been made for distribution, and then the product of the cotton fiber would be limited to its demand for homespun use; yet the man or men who provide the mental capital in the production of grain or cotton, of food and clothing, may occupy so small a part of the land as to make the rental value of that little patch an utterly insignificant element. Shall we put the whole tax on the land where the crudest and least profitable work is done, and exempt him who manufactures or distributes its products from any share in sustaining the Government?

A tax on land may be but a tax on crude production at its very source, or at the point where it might, and probably would, work the greatest obstruction to the most productive occupation and use of the land itself.

This problem may be treated with a tolerable approach to accuracy by the use of statistics. There are some statistical data which may be made use of with absolute certainty that they are correct. In the city of Boston land is valued by the assessors separately from buildings or from improvements thereon, for the purpose of assessment for local taxation; the proportion of land valuation as compared to buildings or improvements in Boston is in ratio of three to two. In other parts of Massachusetts, especially in the farming districts, land constitutes the lesser element of value, and the improvements the greater element.

It may be considered a well-established fact that the assessment upon real estate in Massachusetts, for purposes of taxation, is at about the ratio of one-half upon the land at its present valuation, and one-half upon the buildings or improvements which have been placed upon it. If we may reason by analogy that the taxes of other States are assessed upon substantially the same basis, *i. e.*, half and half, then we may approximately assume that the assessment upon land throughout the United States, in the year reported in the census of 1880, did not exceed seven billion dollars ($7,000,000,000), and was probably somewhat less.

The total assessment on real estate in that year amounted, in round figures, to thirteen billion dollars ($13,000,000,000).

It therefore follows of necessity that had the entire revenue of 1880 for national, State, and municipal purposes been derived from a single tax, then imposed upon land at its assessed value, the rate of assessment for the single tax on the valuation of that year would have been *ten per cent. or more.* These valuations of course varied very much; in Massachusetts

the assessors' valuation is very high; in Michigan it is computed at about eighty per cent. of the true value; in New York the valuation is much less; and in many States it probably does not exceed one-half the market value of the land.

Under the single-tax theory these variations in value must of necessity be equalized; hence it would follow that all the valuations made by local assessors must be displaced, corrected, or equalized: a national board would be required, to be charged either with the duty of equalizing the valuation of the local assessors, or else to be charged with the duty of making a national valuation.

At this point the theory begins to break down by becoming impracticable. Such a national assessment could not be made. So long as local taxes are collected for strictly local expenditures, it matters but little whether the land be valued at a high rate or a low rate in that specific place; the money is to be spent for the service of the occupants of that land in that town or city. Local self-government, therefore, meets the whole necessity of the case in the matter of taxation for local purposes; but if, in addition to the municipal expenditures, the national expenditures are also to be assessed in equal or greater amount,—falling like the dew of heaven upon the land of Boston or of Massachusetts, or of Michigan, or of other States, without distinction of race, color, or condition,—it follows of necessity that the low valuation of some States must either be raised or the valuation of other States must be reduced. All valuations must be made upon the same basis if the single tax is to be made an equitable tax. How can this be accomplished?

Objection has been made to the computation which shows that in the census year the single-tax rate would have been ten per cent. or more on all land, and it is alleged that this high rate creates a prejudice against the single-tax theory. It is alleged that the entire valuation of land in 1880 was far below the true value; it is also alleged that much unoccupied land is withheld from use and is not taxed at the same rate as the occupied land, or on the basis of the same valuation.

Whether this latter allegation is true or not in any place the writer has no means of determining; but there is no unoccupied ground in the city of Boston, and probably none in the State of Massachusetts, which is not or may not be as fully taxed as that which is occupied, if the assessors do their duty.

It may be assumed that through long practice, under the guidance of an extremely efficient chief assessor who has been judiciously maintained in office for a long term of years through all party changes, the land valuation of Boston is equitably made and the land equitably taxed, whether occupied or unoccupied, according to its value, or as near to it as any board of assessors could come.

We will, however, treat the subject on another basis. One of the most conscientious officers of the census of 1880, Mr. Gannett, attempted to make a true valuation of all the property of the people of this country, and in so doing he raised the assessors' valuation of land. He valued farms a fraction over ten billion dollars; residences and business real estate a fraction under ten billion dollars; mines, including six months' product waiting for sale, a little under eight hundred million dollars; railways with their equipment a little over five and a half billion dollars ($5,500,000,000); reaching as a true valuation of real estate in all forms, except strictly public property, substantially twenty-six billion dollars ($26,000,000,000), a little over five hundred dollars' worth per capita.

If it be admitted that this sum should be divided by one-half, corresponding to the rule which has been thoroughly well established in the State of Massachusetts, on sufficient evidence, as to farms and business real estate, in order, first, to separate land from buildings and improvements thereon; secondly, to separate mines from the machinery and product thereof; thirdly, to separate the railway track from its equipment — then the land valuation would have come to thirteen billion dollars ($13,000,000,000), and the single tax would have fallen at the rate of five to six per cent., instead of ten per cent., on the full value of all land in the census year. If these conditions should be realized, it must be admitted that the declared objects of the advocates of the single-tax system would have been fully attained. Any one who is even superficially conversant with the income which can now be derived from real estate — *i.e.*, from farms, dwellings, railway property, and the like — will doubtless concede that a tax of five to six per cent. on a full valuation of the land occupied would take up the entire rent or rental value which land now yields in any form of income to its owners, with here and there an exception on a few special sites in cities. Land, *as a whole*, does not pay its owners five per cent. above the cost of cultivating it, or above the fair return on the capital invested for the purpose of using and occupying it for manufacturing, trade, and commerce. A very large proportion of our farm lands especially yield no rent; *i. e.*, no income above an average return on labor and capital.

The space here permitted me will not admit of any proofs being given of this dogmatic

statement; it must rest upon the experience of those who are competent to pronounce judgment upon it.

Now let it be admitted that a way can be conceived for determining the relative value of every parcel of land in the United States, even if no practical way can be invented to carry the conception into effect, and that a tax of five per cent. upon that land would yield a revenue sufficient to defray the entire expenses of the Government; in such event substantially all rent of any kind would be absorbed by the tax. What would next ensue? Before attempting to consider this question we must next assume that under these conditions a way should also be found by which cultivation, production, manufacturing, and distribution could go on as effectually as they do now. We must also assume that the same opportunity to accumulate capital would continue to exist. We must assume that the only change would be the taking up by taxation of all the rent of land, at five per cent. on the present valuation, coupled with the removal of all taxes of every other kind.

What next?

The moment land ceased to yield an income or rent to the owner, no one would pay him anything for it. The market value of land would no longer exist. That, again, is the objective point of the advocates of the single-tax theory. They affirm that no one ought to be called upon to pay anything for the possession of land, and their main object would be attained if land should cease to have any salable or market value, as the result of the single tax imposed upon it. Yet the necessity is admitted by them that land should be placed in the possession of private persons in order that labor and capital may be applied to its use and occupancy for purposes of production and distribution. In what way or by what tenure would this new kind of no-rent possession of land be granted by the state? How would existing titles be extinguished, and how would the land then be redistributed? When redistributed how would the rate of the single tax then be determined? Would it not become necessary for assessors to be appointed by the National Government to establish what the promoters of the single-tax system call the "site" value of land? How would these assessors determine the exact or full amount which any person could afford to pay for the choice of land or for the selection of a particular site in order either to cultivate it or to occupy it?

How could this "site" value be established without practically leasing the land at specific or fixed rates of annual taxation, established so as to cover long periods of time? Without such permanent possession at a fixed rate who would expend capital upon land?

The possibility of deriving any rent, product, or income from land at the present time depends mainly upon the amount of capital which has been or may be expended or invested upon it. There are many lots of land, especially in cities, which yield no more than enough to pay the present taxes, because the capital invested upon such lots is insufficient and the time has not arrived when the owners dare substitute better buildings. On the adoption of the single tax it would become necessary either for the Government to confiscate whatever capital there might be upon such lots, be it more or less, or to compensate the owners for its value before vesting that land or leasing it to some one else who would put more capital upon it. Of course unoccupied land would be at once surrendered by owners who could not afford to pay the taxes upon it and who had no capital, although they might have paid a large sum for it and might also have previously paid heavy taxes at present rates in order to keep their title. How would they be compensated?

But suppose all these difficulties overcome; still, if the "site" value, rental value, or tax value, by whatever name it may be called, were subject to alteration year by year, according to an estimate which might be put upon it by a national board of assessors, also changing from year to year, would any one dare accept the conditional possession of land for any purpose which would require a large expenditure of capital or of labor upon it before it could be made productive or useful?

Would not the only alternative then be to grant the possession of land to private persons at a fixed rate of taxation for a long term of years, or indefinitely? But that process would simply make the nation a single landlord, collecting a single tax, or rent, which could not be changed — in place of many landlords who now adjust the rents, reducing them as well as advancing them, according to the changes which occur in the progress of society. We hear much of the "unearned increment" of land, but we hear nothing of the *unrequited decrement* of land. I think it may be safely affirmed that the present market value of all the land in this country represents less than the cost of clearing, fencing, draining, building, and making it productive either in cultivation or, outside a few cities, for any other purpose. But this opinion cannot be sustained by any demonstration. There is hardly any investment that requires as much care, skill, and judgment as the management of land.

If the Government should thus become a single landlord, then, in the progress of society,

a particular site which had been granted at a low rate of single tax might advance in value for use. In such event the leasehold, or right to hold it subject to a fixed rate of taxation for a long term of years, would sell in the open market for a very large bonus. What is called the "unearned increment" would accrue to private individuals on the leasehold or tax-hold precisely as it does now on the land-holding; just as the farms of Ireland have been sold to new by old tenants at a large bonus, after the old tenant had secured a reduction of rent by the action of the land courts on sufficient evidence that it would bear no more than the lower judicial rent.

What an opportunity this would give to the assessors, to the city council, to the national board of assessors! How easy it would be to grant a conditional title to a large area of unoccupied land for a long term of years, at a very low rate of taxation, to a certain number of persons; then to grant a conditional single-tax title to a long strip of land leading to this unoccupied area, on which a railway might be laid, at a very low fixed rate of national taxation. How quickly the progress of society would raise the value of such a conditional tenure of land held on condition of paying a single tax at a fixed rate. Who would get the benefit of the bonus? There are many other interrogatories which might be put of the same kind; in fact, there is hardly an aspect in which this theory can be presented from which it does not at once become apparent that the plan for the so-called "nationalization of land," and for the raising of the entire revenue by a "single tax" thereon, will not work. Even if it would work, no plan has yet been presented by its promoters which would remove any of the disparities in the conditions of men that are due to the present system of taxation, or of land-owning, which may not be removed by changes in the existing system of taxation, without recourse to the single tax on land.

On the contrary, if this theory of a single tax on land were carried into effect, it would probably load all desirable lots of land, either in city or in country, with such permanent burdens that none but large capitalists could thereafter afford to occupy them for any purpose whatever. The owners of capital would not then be obliged to pay any principal sum, or capital, for the purchase of the land. They would therefore retain the whole of their large capital for its improvement, and they would thereafter secure as large an income from their capital only as they now derive from the rent of the land which they now purchase and capital combined.

Again, if land should be taxed at its "site" value, without regard to the capital or value of the buildings or improvements upon it, then the poor man who may now be in possession of a small house must pay as much as the rich man who owns a large house in the next lot of the same site value, or an expensive warehouse in the immediate neighborhood on another lot of the same site value. Factory operatives as a body occupy a very much greater area of land for their dwellings of no greater value foot by foot, or acre by acre, or of no greater site value than that which is occupied by the factory in which they work. The single tax on land would therefore fall excessively on them, and very lightly upon the factory. It would fall with the utmost weight upon the farmer, who of necessity requires a large area of land to produce his crops; while it would fall very lightly upon the miller, whose mill might be built upon a site of no great rental value; and yet more lightly upon the owner of the wheat elevator, which might be built on land that would not feed a rabbit.

As nearly as the writer has been able to compute the effect of the single-tax theory applied to the land of Boston, each average family of five persons in that city would be subject to an average assessment of three hundred dollars' single tax each year, which they must agree to pay when called for, in consideration of the right to possess or occupy any part of the land of Boston for any purpose. This would be the average; of course there would be variations. This single tax would be assessed, not according to the area, not according to productive capacity, not according to the relative income of the occupants, not according to the relative ability, but at the will of a board of national assessors whose estimates of the site value of the land of Boston might or must change year by year.

In opening this subject the writer has held that a single tax upon land would be but another name for a tax upon the entire product of land, which would be distributed with unerring precision in proportion to consumption of all products, without discrimination or power to avoid any part of the burden.

It may be asked why the mass of the people would not then pay the same tax directly that they now pay indirectly, if it is true that the present taxes do not stay where they are put, but are distributed in proportion to consumption.

The answer to this objection is very plain. If consideration be given to the present subjects of taxation and to the various ways in which taxes are now assessed, it will appear that a large part, if not the larger part, of the present contributions for the support of gov-

ernment are voluntary, and are not compulsory on the part of those who pay them. The man who buys a costly piece of land, and who builds an expensive building upon it, becomes a contributor to taxation in ratio to the amount of his whole investment in buildings as well as in land. The consumers of beer, spirits, wines, and tobacco may use more or less of these subjects of taxation without affecting their productive ability, unless they use too much. To the extent to which they choose to become consumers of beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco, they now pay about one seventh part of all the taxes that are now required by national, State, and municipal governments combined; in fact more, because that is the proportion of the national taxation, and does not include the license taxes which are now very widely adopted as the condition of engaging in the distribution of liquor in cities and towns. It is practically certain that the taxes on beer, spirits, wines, and tobacco, domestic and imported, now suffice to meet at least one sixth part of the entire cost of government, including the present surplus revenue, and probably more; the exact amount of license taxes is not known. There are many other taxes which it is optional for the owner or consumer of products to pay or not. To the extent to which land is held for luxurious purposes, to the extent to which houses are built beyond necessary use, to the extent to which warehouses are made more costly than is necessary, to the extent to which not only spirits, wines, beer, and tobacco, but many other articles — such as expensive silks, dress goods, furs, and other luxuries — are consumed, the farmers, the mechanics, and the occupiers of land in small allotments are relieved from the burden thus voluntarily assumed by others, unless they themselves choose to share in their consumption.

The writer has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to explore the subject and to apply the theory of the advocates of the single tax on land to existing conditions. There is nothing new in the proposition. It was presented more than a century since by the economists of France known as the physiocrats; it was applied in France under Turgot, before the French Revolution, with very disastrous results. The discussion which has ensued since it was again brought forward by Mr. Henry George at the present time has without question been extremely useful; it has directed attention to many of the existing abuses in our system of taxation; but how it could be adopted, how it could be applied, and how it could be made to serve as a panacea for poverty, yet remains to be proved: even the way to begin remains to be pointed out by its advocates and supporters. The space which can be assigned in a magazine forbids a more extended treatment of the voluntary nature of the payment of a very large part of the taxes now collected, not only by the National Government but by State and municipal governments as well.

It is held by all the standard authorities on taxation that the burden of the cost of government may well be borne in part by all who share its benefits. As yet but little attention has been given to establishing an absolutely equitable system for dividing or distributing the burden of taxation either in this country or elsewhere. We possess a great advantage in the separate action of States, making it possible to try many experimental methods in local taxation, by the comparison of which various methods all may benefit hereafter. Our national revenues are, however, now derived from taxes which are consistent with no theory, and are assessed under laws which no two officials can construe alike: under these conditions it may be held that while the single national tax on land may not be approved, there is not a single national tax now imposed which does not need to be reformed.

If the omissions of the last census are covered in the census which is about to be taken, to the end that a complete statement may be made of the actual amount of all taxes,— whether assessed by the nation under a tariff or internal tax bill, or by States, cities, and towns by direct taxation upon property, by licenses, or in other ways,— it will become possible to determine the several agencies through which a part of the national product is converted to the use of the Government more accurately than it can now be done.

On the basis of the somewhat incomplete data now available it would appear that the contributions to the actual cost of government are about evenly divided between those which are paid for the support of the National Government, aside from the reduction of the national debt, and those which are paid for the support of State, county, and municipal government. The per capita contribution is now, approximately, ten dollars per head of the population for the cost of government and two dollars to the national surplus. About twenty-two per cent. of the ten dollars appears to be collected in the first instance by a direct tax assessed upon the valuation of land; about twenty-two per cent. by taxes and duties upon spirits, wines, beer, and tobacco. It is not yet possible to distribute the remainder of the taxes with any very close approach to accuracy. Nearly twenty per cent. of the present contribution at twelve dollars per head is raised by taxes on the necessaries of life — on food, fuel, or crude materials which enter into the

processes of domestic industry, all of which taxes now constitute a part of the so-called surplus revenue.

If the agitation of the single-tax question results in turning the attention of the mass of the people to the present abuses of taxation, to the repeal of obstructive taxes, and to the sorting of the taxes which are necessary, with due attention to their effect upon productive industry, a long step will have been made towards bringing our whole method of raising the necessary revenues for the support of the Government into such form as will enable the work to be done and the taxes to be paid with the least burden upon industry and with the least interference with the freely chosen pursuits of the people.

Edward Atkinson.

A SINGLE TAX ON LAND VALUES.

MR. GEORGE'S REPLY TO MR. ATKINSON.

MR. ATKINSON'S objections to the single tax arise from the fact that he does not understand what the single tax is. He constantly speaks of it as a tax on land. And that he really thinks of it as a tax on land is shown by such utterances as that it would be a tax on a factor of production; would keep poor people from getting land; would fall most heavily on farmers because they use most land, etc.

But the single tax is *not* a tax on land. It is a tax on land value — on that value which attaches to land irrespective of improvements in or on it; that value which remained in the land of Johnstown after every improvement had been hurled into awful heaps of debris; that value left in the business part of Lynn lately swept by fire; that value which remains in a centrally located city lot after the building on it has become of so little value that it is bought only to be torn down.

It may be said: "What is the use of making this distinction? You would not speak of taxing house values or ship values; but of taxing houses or ships. In the United States when we speak of taxing land we mean taxing it according to value. We do tax some things specifically, but land we usually tax by value." This is true. And it is worth noting. For it shows that instead of being a new tax, which would require, as Mr. Atkinson supposes, a tremendous new taxing machine and a fundamental change in our government, the single tax is really a tax we now collect in the tax on real estate. All that is new in it is the *single*. The tax itself we already have. To make it the *single* tax we have only to abolish other taxes.

But as to the necessity for the distinction. There is a difference between taxing land and taxing land values that does not exist between taxing such things as ships and houses and taxing their values — a difference that, although of no importance in ordinary thought or speech, becomes all-important when we come to reason on the effects of taxation. A tax on house or ship values would fall on all houses or ships — or at least on all that have not been abandoned and are yet in use. But a tax on land values would not fall on all land, nor yet on all land in use, for value does not attach to all land, nor to all land in use. Mr. Atkinson is an example of the great cause of economic confusions — the failure to define terms carefully. He certainly knows that in the United States taxes on land are assessed by value. Yet, deceived by the phrase he uses, he goes on thinking and talking of the single tax as though it were a specific tax that would fall on all land.

Though he seems to see it only by glimpses, since by saying that all taxes have the same final incidence Mr. Atkinson negatives them all, he is quite right as to many of the things he says of the tax he has in mind. A tax on land — that is to say, a specific tax on all land — *would* become a condition to, and a restriction on, the use of land; *would* hamper the use of the natural factor of production; *would* fall on farmers; *would* become a tax on labor; and *would* increase prices by increasing the cost of production. These are valid objections to a tax on land. But the single tax is *not* a tax on land. It is a tax on what in the terminology of political economy is styled rent — that value, namely, which, irrespective of the value of improvements, attaches to *some* land with the growth of population and social development; that premium which the user as user must pay to the owner as owner, either in one payment (purchase money) or in an-

nual payments (rent), for permission to use land of superior excellence.

The single tax, therefore, could *not* fall on all land. It could fall only on valuable land, or land of superior excellence. Hence it could not restrict production, or lessen the use of land, or diminish the earnings of labor or capital. It could only take the premium which the user as user must pay to the owner as owner; and since this would discourage speculation and make it easier to get land for use, it would tend to increase production and to increase the earnings of labor and capital.

In point of exchangeable power, or as items in the wealth of individuals, there is no difference between a given value of land and a like value of grain, metals, cattle, clothing, machinery, tools, or ships; but observation will show wide differences in their nature, their genesis, their laws, and their relations. As an example of the valuable things whose common character is that they are produced by labor, and which in political economy are alone properly classed as wealth, let us take a thing of the kind that in common thought and legal terminology comes closest to land — a building.

Here is a building which, irrespective of the land it stands on, is worth $5000; and here is a piece of land which, without any improvement in or on it, is also worth $5000. These values are equivalent, representing to the owner equal powers of obtaining other things in exchange. But —

The value of the building attached to it originally, from the moment it came into existence. The land had no original value. There is no building in the United States that did not have a value when first erected. But, though the land has existed for geologic ages, there is no land in the United States that has had any value for more than a few hundred years; while there is much land now valuable that has only had a value for a few years, or even for a few months.

The value of a building lessens with time, since with time buildings decay. And in growing and improving communities improvements that cheapen the cost of building, and changes in the kinds of buildings demanded, also tend to lessen the value of existing buildings. But land is not subject to decay or change of fashion. Nor can decrease in the cost of production lessen its value, for land is not produced by man, but was here before he came. So far from diminishing with time, the value of land in growing and improving communities tends steadily to increase. In all our growing cities there is no building that is worth as much as it was a year ago, but land as a rule is worth more.

In the case of the building, what determines value is the cost of producing such a building. In the case of land, it is its relative advantage for use over other land — the final element in which is its location in respect to population. The value of the building has thus individual exertion as its basis. It represents the present value of the labor embodied in the building. The value of land, on the other hand, has social growth as its basis. It does not represent the value of any individual exertion, but the present value of an appropriation — for the ownership of land cannot be obtained by producing, but only by appropriating what already exists. The labor of the individual exerted on land may produce value, but it will be a value inhering in the product or improvement the labor makes, not in the land itself. That value comes only by growth of population and social advance. A man may work or spend on land to any amount; but no matter how valuable his improvements, the land itself acquires no value except as the community around it grows and improves, or access to larger populations is opened. He may do nothing at all, and, as social growth and improvement go on, the value of his land will increase. He may be an absentee, an infant, an imbecile — social growth will still add value to his land.

Thus in taxing buildings or other products of labor we take from the individual what individual exertion produced, thus impairing the natural reward of exertion, and checking the springs of general wealth. But in taxing land values we take from the individual what is brought by social growth; we simply apply to the use of the community what non-producers would otherwise appropriate. In no wise do we lessen the rewards of exertion or check the springs of general wealth. On the contrary, in applying to public use the power of drawing on the general wealth which pertains to the ownership of land we discourage ownership without use, and thus prevent natural opportunities for production from being withheld from use.

Here it may be asked, as the anarchists ask, "Why should not the whole results of production be left to those who take part in production?"

The sufficient answer is, that there is no possible way of leaving to labor and capital that part of the product that constitutes economic rent. This setting aside, as it were, of a certain portion of the results of production which *may* be taken by the community, but otherwise *will* be taken by non-producers, is a result of advance in civilization. It arises from the necessity, which comes with the higher uses of land, of giving individual possession, and from differences in the capabilities of land.

Even where the owner and the user of land are the same person, economic rent exists. Where the demand for wheat causes the cultivation of land that with a certain application of labor and capital will yield fourteen bushels an acre, the owning farmer whose land, otherwise equal, will yield to the same application twenty bushels will have an advantage — not as a cultivator, but as a land-owner. The power of getting six bushels more with the same exertion will inhere not in his labor nor in his capital, but in his land. He may cease to take any part in production and still get the equivalent of the six bushels by renting the land; or if he does not choose to rent, or is prohibited from doing so, he can get from the user who takes his place an equivalent capitalized sum or obligation. So, if a site in the center of a city will enable a storekeeper to get a larger net profit than will one on the outskirts, a separable advantage will attach to this site, which he who has the right of use can rent or sell.

These advantages attach to land; they cannot go to labor or capital. Where they go to a laborer or a capitalist, they go to him not as laborer or capitalist, but as land-owner or possessor, and give him an advantage above what his labor and capital can give. The whole product can go to labor — or to labor and capital, if they both engage in production — only where social development is so rude that no special advantage attaches to one location over another, and the land is treated as a common. In civilized societies, where there are great and increasing differences in the advantages of location, it is only on the poorest land in use that labor and capital can retain the full results of production. Any location where land has superior capability must command a premium which labor and capital must pay. This premium may be taken in taxation on land values for the use of the community, as we single-tax men propose; or it may be left to land-owners, as for the most part it is now left. But it cannot go to labor and capital. There is no way of leaving it to them.

Let me illustrate: In newspaper offices where union rules prevail the price of composition is based on the average work, and steps are taken to secure to every workman his fair chance of "fat" and "lean." But it is sometimes desirable to permit special men to set particular kinds of "fat matter." In such cases those who set this matter pay a premium to the others by way of equalization. To abolish these premiums, and to allow the men who set the "fat" to retain the full amount of their bills, would not be to give them the wages of their labor, but to give them the advantages of monopoly. To put the theory of the single tax in terms every printer will understand, it is to take "department premiums" for the use of the "chapel."

In speaking on this point I have had in view not only the anarchists, who oppose the single tax, but also Mr. Atkinson. He bases some of his objections on a confused recognition of the fact that taxes must be paid in the results of production, declaring that we single-tax men "overlook the fact that taxation and work are synonymous terms." This indeed we do, and for the reason that there is no such fact. Taxation and work are no more synonymous than addition and subtraction. But it *is* true that taxation can be paid only in the products of work. Mr. Atkinson would be right were he to say that all taxes, no matter on what levied, can be paid only in the products of labor and capital. But, as any standard political economist will tell him, he is utterly wrong in thinking that all taxes fall on the earnings of labor and capital, and by increasing the cost of production become taxes on consumption.[1] In this he ignores the fact that the rise of land values with social growth tends to deprive labor and capital of a larger part of the product, and to give it to those who do nothing in production. Yet he does see facts that involve this. He rightly says that land itself can yield no income. He declares that any revenue drawn from land must come from the exertion of labor and capital on the land. Now, since there is much land in the United States that yields large income to its owners, where does this income come from? It is manifestly a part of the production by labor and capital which they do not now get, and which goes to those who take no part in production.

Here, then, as Mr. Atkinson must see, is a portion of the product of labor and capital that can be taken in taxation without lessening their rewards. It is this that we single-tax men propose to take for public purposes in place of the taxes now levied on the rewards of labor and capital. It is, as it were, a natural tax levied on labor and capital when using land better than the ordinary, and which they must pay anyhow. If we leave this to individuals, we must tax labor and capital to supply its loss. If we take it for public needs, we can abolish all taxes on labor and capital, leaving them their natural and just rewards.

[1] A tax on rent falls wholly on the landlord. There are no means by which he can shift the burden upon any one else. It does not affect the value or price of agricultural produce, for this is determined by the cost of production in the most unfavorable circumstances, and in those circumstances, as we have so often demonstrated, no rent is paid. A tax on rent, therefore, has no effect other than its obvious one. It merely takes so much from the landlord and transfers it to the state. (John Stuart Mill, "Principles of Political Economy," Book V., Chap. III., Sect. 3.)

Mr. Atkinson sees that land, labor, and capital are the factors of all production, and he appears to see the impolicy of taxing these factors, since he objects to a tax on land as a tax on a factor of production. Very well. On this correct principle, a tax on land (all land) would be condemned. So, all taxes on labor and all taxes on capital must be condemned and ought to be abolished, for they, too, are taxes on factors of production. And so, all taxes on the processes or products of production ought to be abolished, for they are taxes on production itself. What, then, remains as the only proper tax? A tax on land values — the tax we would make the only tax!

Labor, capital, and land are the three factors of production, the first two being different forms of the human factor, the last being the natural factor. Labor and capital must have a reward for their exertion or they cannot continue to exert themselves, or, indeed, to exist. But Nature claims no reward. Land is her free gift to man, her gratuitous service. The primary division of the product is therefore between these two, or into wages and interest. And this (monopoly eliminated) continues to be the division on what in political economy is styled the margin of production, or the poorest land in use — land on which labor and capital can produce only their ordinary returns. But where labor and capital are willing to work on land of a certain quality — or, what is the same thing, can from their product on it obtain the ordinary rate of wages and interest — then that law of competition that tends to bring wages and interest to a common level will enable the owner of land of superior quality to claim the excess which the exertion of labor and capital will yield on that, over what they could obtain on the poorer land. And as the earnings of labor and capital must always be fixed by what they can obtain on the poorest land worked, while the growth and development of society tends to bring out higher and higher capabilities in particular lands, the portion of the results of production that land-owners can claim tends constantly to increase with the advance of civilization.

It is this part of the increment of wealth — the part called by John Stuart Mill the "unearned increment," because it now goes to non-producers — that we propose by the single tax to take for public needs in place of the taxes now levied on industry, enterprise, and thrift.

Is not this clearly the wise and just way of raising public revenues?

Mr. Atkinson is concerned lest the poor man with a small house should be taxed as much as the rich man with a large house on a lot of the same site value, and lest men who furnish "mental capital" should not be taxed enough if taxed only on the value of the land they occupy. Let me put the case the other way. Should a rich man pay any more than a poor man for a thing of a like kind? or is it just to tax men of brains for using their brains in production? Mr. Atkinson and I probably differ as to riches, and may differ as to brains, but if we went to a hotel and took like rooms should we not expect to pay like prices?

Suppose Mr. Atkinson to have charge of one of those large buildings now rising in all our great cities. To provide for its care, maintenance, insurance, and for a return on the capital invested, a revenue would be needed which could only come from those who used the building. Would Mr. Atkinson try to collect this revenue from the tenants in proportion to what they were worth? or in proportion to their business? or their brains? Would he station men with clubs at the entrances with instructions to seize forty-seven per cent. of everything brought into the building? or send them around periodically to demand "voluntary contributions" from the tenants? He is too good a business man for that. What he would do would be to raise this revenue by a single tax assessed on the tenants in proportion to the desirability of the rooms they occupied.

To make the illustration closer, let us suppose that a man of great wealth and benevolence, wishing to help a number of poor people, erects a building of many apartments. He stores the cellars with coal; he secures a supply of water; and he so adapts the building that elevators may be put in, and heat, light, water, and power be conducted through it. He does not wish to become a special providence to these men, for that would be to make and to keep them babies. He wishes them, by doing for themselves, to develop manly qualities and to learn to live together. So admitting a certain number to the building, and providing for the future coming of others, he leaves them at liberty to manage as they please.

The donor of the building asks no revenue; he has made a free gift. But the tenants will need a revenue, since some of them must be occupied in taking care of the house, in making improvements from time to time, and in doing other things for the common benefit.

Now, the proper way of raising this revenue will be clear — so clear that it will be certain to whoever considers it that the donor could have intended no other. And this way will appear as soon as the tenants come to settle the occupancy among themselves. Though for a day or two after they enter into possession they may treat the house as common, yet they will soon discover the necessity for defi-

nite location. The question of how the apartments shall be assigned among them will thus come up. If all the apartments were alike, and if the matter of location with respect to other tenants made no difference, equality might be assured by letting each take an apartment leaving the unoccupied ones for new-comers. But the apartments are not all alike, and location in respect to other occupants is a matter of importance, especially since the erection of elevators, the distribution of heat, power, electricity, etc., could not be made all at once, but would come first in the best-tenanted parts of the house. The most desirable apartments would therefore command premiums. To collect these premiums for the common expenses would be the obvious way both to put all the tenants on a level with regard to the bounty of their benefactor and to provide for common needs and improvements. Under this system there would be no levy on any individual. There would be only a single tax, collected from the occupants of the more desirable rooms. No one would be taxed for living in the building or for having an apartment, for every one would be free, without the payment of any premium, to take any apartment that no one else wanted. It would be only to the use of rooms of more than ordinary desirability that the payment of a premium would be a condition.

In this way, as the new tenants came in, in accordance with the benefactor's will, they would, until the house was really full, find ample room on equal terms with those already there; and in this way all the common expenses and the costs of making improvements could be met. As the tenants increased in number and improvements were made, the relative desirability of the apartments might change. Some that at first were most desirable and paid the highest premiums might become of only ordinary desirability and cease to bring any premium, while the upper stories, that at first no one cared to live in, might, when the elevators got to running, seem most desirable and pay the highest premiums. But the aggregate premiums would increase with increase of numbers and the making of improvements, and a larger and larger common fund be available for common purposes.

I am sure that Mr. Atkinson would say that this would be the just and wise way for such tenants to provide for their common expenses. Now this is the way of the single tax—the method which we single-tax men would apply to that house of which we are all tenants.

But another way *might* be adopted. If such tenants were to do as we of the United States have done, they would let a few of their number claim the apartments as their private property, collect the premiums, and keep the greater part of them. They would let them claim whole blocks of as yet unoccupied apartments, and in the effort to get monopoly and speculative premiums hold them vacant long after those who ought to use them had arrived, compelling the new-comers to go farther upstairs, or into the wings, or to sleep in passage-ways, and to wander around unable to find a place to work. They would let other grabbers go into the cellars and claim the store of coal as their private property. They would let others claim the water supply, and others take the privilege of putting up the elevators, etc., and charging tolls. And then to supply the place of the proper revenue thus given away they would station guards at each entrance to the building to seize part of everything brought in, and send men nosing about the apartments demanding of each tenant to exhibit all he had, that they might levy toll on it. What liars and perjurers and evaders this system would make; how it would prevent proper improvement, and discourage honest work, and stimulate everything mean and wicked; how it would frustrate the benevolent intention of the builder of the house; how of the tenants many would be miserably poor, while a few could be lavish and lazy, Mr. Atkinson may readily see. Yet this is the system he defends.

Mr. Atkinson's astonishing statement that the single tax was applied in France under Turgot with disastrous results; his intimation that he does not know whether in any part of the country unoccupied land is less heavily taxed than occupied land; his talk of an "unrequited decrement" in a thing which has originally no value; his notion that land is worth nothing unless the improvements on it will sell for more than they ever cost,[1] and many other confusions, indicate such lack of the exactitude and discrimination required for the analysis of statistics that I would not be disposed to accept his figures did anything depend on them. But since nothing does,—since a better system of taxation would be a better system, whether our present production and revenues, or their averages, be more or less,—it is not worth while to examine or dispute these figures. One thing, however, Mr. Atkinson admits in them, that more than our present revenues could be raised by a single tax on land values. He puts the land values of 1880 at $13,000,000,000. On his estimate of five per cent., that would make the ground rent $650,000,000. But as this represents only the net

[1] This notion, a favorite one of H. C. Carey's, Mr. Atkinson may see thoroughly riddled by a bitter opponent of the single tax, in President F. A. Walker's "Land and its Rent."

rent exclusive of taxation, and as Mr. Atkinson estimates that $140,000,000 of our taxes now fall on land values, the gross rent on this calculation would be $790,000,000, while the gross revenue he puts at $700,000,000, and the necessary revenues at $580,000,000. In other words, without consideration of the increase in land values which the increased prosperity consequent on the abolition of these taxes would cause, he shows that we might abolish all other taxes, and by a single tax on land values raise $220,000,000 more than needed. Thomas G. Shearman, whose estimates are much closer, shows that sixty-five per cent. of economic rent would yield all our present revenues.

One error, however, runs through Mr. Atkinson's statistics — the assumption that what our governments receive is what our people pay. To say nothing of the enormous wastes and losses entailed by the taxes we single-tax men would abolish, they directly cost the people far more than they put into the treasury. Is there a tax levied by our Federal Government which is not supported by a powerful interest ready to spend money to prevent its repeal? Propose to abolish or even to reduce one of these taxes, and Washington, as at this moment, will be filled with lobbyists begging and working for its retention. What does this mean? It means that these taxes yield revenue to private parties as well as to the Government. I speak not merely of "protective taxes." This of course is what protective taxes are for. This is what "protection" means. A tax that will not enable private parties to levy a tax for their own benefit, in addition to the tax collected by the Government, is not a protective tax. But though in lesser degree, this feature of yielding private profit is also characteristic of Federal taxes that are not "protective," and of many State taxes. Take, for instance, the liquor tax. The whisky ring "spent money like water" to oppose its reduction, and would spend money to prevent its abolition. Take the tax on cigars. The cigar manufacturers have been working like beavers to prevent its repeal. Take the stamp tax on matches. The match combination spent $250,000 a year for some years in the effort to have it retained. Take straw braid. This is not made in the United States, and could not be made here on account of our climate. The duty on it therefore is not protective. For this reason the Senate bill of the last session proposed to abolish it, the better to keep up taxes which gave greater private profits, while the Mills bill retained it. Yet the importers of straw braid are to-day circulating petitions against its repeal. The fact is that all taxes on products, even where not directly protective, increase prices, and thus tend to concentrate business and give larger profits at the expense of consumers.

Taking into consideration wastes, losses, and private profits, the cost of the taxes we would abolish cannot be fairly put at less than three times the public revenues they yield. But if we put it only at twice, here taking Mr. Atkinson's figures for 1880, and his estimate of needed income $580,000,000, the direct saving by the single tax would be $680,000,000. Considering that indirect taxes fall with greatest weight on the poorest of our people, this direct saving ought to be quite an alleviation of poverty.

Mr. Atkinson says, "Taxes will not stay where they are put; if they would, the tax question could be solved with very little difficulty." A little study of economic principles would show him the absurdity of saying either that taxes will, or will not, stay where they are put, since some taxes will and some will not. The rule is that taxes that fall on the factors, the processes, or the results of production before they reach the hands of the final consumer will not stay where they are put, but can be shifted upon the final consumer with costs and extra profits by those who first pay them. But taxes that fall on special profits or advantages, or on things of which the supply is strictly limited, or on wealth in the hands of the final consumer, or in the course of transmission by gift or devise, *will* stay where they are put.

Most of our present taxes belong to the first class. Such are all our import and excise and license taxes, and all taxes on capital in its various forms. The most important of the taxes that *will* stay where they are put are taxes on incomes, taxes on bequests and inheritances, and taxes on land values.

Taxes on incomes are unjust in nature and cannot be collected fairly; taxes on bequests and inheritances are also unjust in nature, and would soon be evaded where large amounts were involved. But the tax on land values has preëminently the element of justice. It takes from the individual not in proportion to his needs, or to his energy, industry, or thrift, but in proportion to the value of the special privilege he enjoys. It can be collected with the maximum of ease and certainty and the minimum of cost. Land lies out-of-doors. It cannot be hid or carried off. Its value is always more definitely known than any other value, and a little sign on every lot stating size, owner, and assessed value would enable public opinion to check the assessment. This tax cannot lessen production or increase prices. Tax anything of human production, and in a little while there will be less of it in existence. But land values may be taxed to the highest pos-

sible point and there will be no less land. Nor will land be less profitable to users or more difficult for them to get. On the contrary, it will be more profitable and easier to get.

The moment Mr. Atkinson realizes that the single tax would fall not on land, but on land values, he will laugh at his fears of its effect on farmers. He himself says that the value of land in cities is higher relative to the value of improvements than in farming districts. Hence it is clear that to abolish all taxes, save a tax on land values, would be to the gain of the farming districts. He himself tells us that a large proportion of our farm lands yield no revenue above the ordinary return to labor and capital. In such case there is no real land value, and under the single tax such farmers would pay no tax at all. But under the present system they are taxed most heavily. They are taxed on their buildings, their improvements, their stock, their furniture, their crops, and in many of our States on their very mortgages — for the tax levied on the mortgagee the mortgagor must pay. Taxes compel them to wear shoddy when they might wear wool, to sleep under quilts and comfortables when they might have blankets, to pay for three bushels of salt or two lumps of sugar in order to get one. From the plow that turns the ground to the machine with which he harvests the crop and the steel rails that carries it to market, from the lumber and nails of his house to the hat on his head, almost everything the farmer uses is increased in cost by taxes that fatten rings, combinations, and favored individuals. The American farmer, like Issachar, is a strong ass; but to-day he is crouching, with almost broken back, between two burdens — the burden of land speculation, which makes him pay for land he ought to get for nothing, and the burden of taxation, which wherever else it may not stay put, does stay put when it reaches him. Between the two he is being crushed out. All through the United States the typical American farmer is disappearing, and the tenant, or "blanket man," is taking his place, or the land is relapsing to wilderness.

Though he afterwards calls them "voluntary contributions" — the name that in jovial mood Dick Turpin used to give to his collections, since, as he said, no one was compelled to carry watches or money across Hounslow Heath — Mr. Atkinson seems to have some consciousness of the evils of indirect taxes, and speaks vaguely of amending them. But these evils are of the nature of indirect taxation.

These methods of plucking the goose without making it cry have always proved curses. Without them the wars, the standing armies, the enormous public debts of our modern world would have been impossible. Out of them has come that doctrine of protection that negatives the benefits of invention by raising in hostile tariffs greater obstacles to human intercourse than seas and mountains; that legalizes robbery and makes piracy pass for patriotism; that teaches so-called Christian people that "they did n't know everythin' down in Judee," and that the interests of men are not mutual but antagonistic. It is this taxation that maintains the standing armies that prop European thrones with bayonets, and that has made our republic rotten with corruption.

Look at the willful extravagance this system has caused in the United States. Our Federal taxation is kept up for the sake of taxation. Every proposition of waste has the powerful support of interests that want taxes imposed or maintained to enable them to rob their fellow-countrymen; interests whose impudence and pertinacity have actually made many Americans believe that they can get rich by taxing themselves — that the way to help the laborer is to pile burdens on his back. But for this system of indirect taxation we might since the war have paid off every penny of the national debt, and had to-day nothing but a nominal Federal revenue to raise.

The single tax would destroy this vicious system. It would end the pressure to impose and maintain taxes, and would enable us to dismiss a horde of officials and bring the Federal Government to its proper simplicity. What we mainly need a Federal Government for is the performance of general coöperative functions, such as the issuing of money, the carrying of mails, etc. These functions tend to increase, but they bring their own revenues. We have no more need for army and navy and coast defenses than Mr. Atkinson and I have for suits of armor and blunderbusses; no more need for diplomatic and consular services than he and I have for court dresses. The collection of the comparatively small amount really needed for Federal revenue presents no difficulty. We could either change the Constitution and collect it as the State's proportion of local taxes is now collected, or without change in the Constitution could assess it on the States in proportion to population — a far fairer mode of collecting Federal revenues than the present.

Mr. Atkinson's idea of the necessity for leasing land for long terms is chimerical. The tax on land values would be collected just as it is now, and where improved land was sold for taxes, which would be seldom or never the case, an adjustment could readily be made which would secure the value (not cost) of the improvements to the owner. Land would be more readily improved than now, since it could be had for improvement on easier terms, and the

whole value of the improvement would be left to the improver. As the tax was increased speculative or anticipatory values would rapidly disappear, while selling values would diminish, and if the tax were pushed to theoretical perfection it would also disappear. But rental or use value would remain. It does not lessen the value of land to the user if what he must pay to the owner is taken from that owner in taxation. If we ever reach the point of theoretical perfection so nearly that selling values disappear, then we shall only have to abandon the American plan of assessing selling values and adopt the English plan of assessing rental or use values. With speculative values gone, and with public attention concentrated on one source of revenue, there could be no difficulty in this.

To reach this point of theoretical perfection, at which land would have no selling value,— *i. e.*, would yield to the mere owner no income,—would be to reach what Mr. Atkinson himself confesses to be the ideal. Then labor and capital could be applied to land without any artificial obstruction whatever. They would be free from all taxes on themselves or their products, while they would not have to buy land, but would only pay for its use where peculiar advantages gave them a larger return. Even before this point was reached mere ownership would cease. Men would not care to own land they did not want to use, and users of land, where their use was more than transient, would become the legal owners, having the assured privilege of peaceable possession and transfer as long as the tax was paid.

How close it might be possible finally to come to the point of theoretical perfection, or whether it would be best to leave such a margin as would give a small selling value, are matters which, like other questions of detail, it is not now necessary to discuss. But in thinking of details it should be remembered that we cannot get to the single tax at one leap, but only by gradual steps, which will bring experience to the settlement of details; and that from the abolition of present taxes, and the resulting ease in social conditions, we may expect moral improvements, which will make easier than might now seem possible the fair and full collection of a tax that took for the use of the community only values due to the progress of the community. Taxes on the products of labor, taxes which take the earnings of industry and the savings of thrift, always have begotten, and always must beget, fraud, corruption, and evasion. All the penalties of the law—imprisonments, fines, torture, and death—have failed to secure their honest and equal collection. They are unjust and unequal in their very nature, always falling on the poor with greater severity than on the rich. Their collection always entails great waste and cost, increases the number of office holders and the complexity of government, and compels interference with individual affairs; always checks production, lessens general wealth, and takes from labor and capital their due reward—the stimulus to productive exertion. Men naturally evade and resist them, and with the sanction of the moral sense even where their duller intellectual faculties are convinced that such taxes are right and beneficial in themselves. There may be protectionists who will not smuggle or undervalue when they get a chance, but I have never met them. There may be rich men who make a true return of their wealth for taxation, but they are very few. Rent, however, is usually a willing payment. It is the strength of landlordism, so outrageously and preposterously unjust, that it appropriates a natural contribution or tax that in itself men recognize as just. For the privilege of occupying a superior location to that of others a man feels that he ought to pay. A while ago it was discovered that a man had been for years collecting rents on some blocks of land belonging to the city in the upper part of New York. Those who paid the rent had not inquired into his ownership. They knew, though perhaps they did not reason it out, that *they* were not entitled to use this superior land any more than other people, and were willing to pay for the advantage they got.

For Mr. Atkinson to understand what the single tax is will be for him to see how it will abolish poverty; will be to make him a sharer in our firm and joyful faith that He who built this house we tenant has not brought into it more than He has provided for, or doomed any one to poverty.

What is poverty? It is not want on the part of those too lazy to work—for this is a world in which work is the ordained supplier of want.

The helplessness of the infant is not poverty. This helplessness finds its natural complement and supply in the love which greets it; by natural law its very food awaits it in the breast of its mother.

Nor is the inability of those crippled in the accidents of life poverty. This too finds its complement in the natural affections and the human sympathy, which when not too much put upon and strained is ever ready to help those who need. Those who cannot work will never want where work can find its natural rewards.

Poverty is the want of the things that work produces on the part of those willing to do reasonable work. Why is there such want?

I need not point out to Mr. Atkinson that while a few of our people have more wealth than is wholesome for men to have,— for great fortunes have been growing here faster than ever before in the world's history,— the masses of our people do not have wealth enough to give them the comforts, the leisure, and the opportunities of development that in this stage of civilization ought to be possible to the humblest; that most of us by working hard merely manage to live, and must stint and strain and worry; that many are becoming criminals, tramps, and paupers, and many are eking out an existence by charity in one form or another; that children die when they ought to live; that women are old and worn when they ought to be in the prime of womanly beauty and charm; that men are aged physically and stunted mentally and morally when they ought to be in the highest development of their faculties; that many who ought to have wives feel too poor to take them; that many who ought to have husbands are cheated out of the fullness of the life for which nature intended them. I need not point these things out, for, according to Mr. Atkinson, our average production is only fifty-five cents a day. What a pitiful possibility does this represent for the average American citizen at the close of the wonderful nineteenth century.

We want more wealth. Why, then, do we not produce more? What factor is short? Where is the limitation?

Is there any scarcity of capital? Why, so great is the supply of capital that it is lent on good security for two and a half per cent. There is no want of capital. It needs but the opportunity for profitable use to call capital forth in practically limitless abundance.

Is there any scarcity of labor? Why, everywhere there is a seeming surplus of labor. Even in what we have become accustomed to think normally good times there are men ready and anxious to labor who cannot get the opportunity — masses of men wholly or partly unemployed who would gladly be at work. So much is labor in seeming excess of the opportunities to labor that from all parts of the country come requests for laborers to keep away; that we talk and think of work as a thing in itself to be desired and to be "made"; are beginning to keep convicts in idleness or at unproductive labor that honest men may have work; and to take the first steps in shutting out laborers who come from abroad.

With an abundance of capital, with a surplus of labor,— the thing that makes capital,— with a people anxious for more wealth, why is not more wealth produced? Is there any scarcity of land? To ask the question is to answer it. In this country there are as yet but sixty-five millions of us scattered over a territory that even in the present stage of the arts could support a thousand millions! Any scarcity of land? Go where you will, even in our cities, and you may see unused land and half-used land — natural opportunities lying idle while labor presses for employment and capital wastes.

What is the cause? Simply that instead of applying economic rent to the purpose for which in the natural order it was intended, we leave it to be a premium and incentive to forestalling and monopoly, while we tax industry. There is no real scarcity of land, but there is an artificial scarcity that has the same effect. Our land is not all in use — we have hardly more than begun to scratch it; but it is practically all fenced in. Wherever labor and capital go to find employment on land they find the speculator ahead of them, demanding a rent or price based not on present development, but on the prospects of future development.

To end all this, to open to labor and capital opportunities of employment bounded only by the desires of men, we have but to conform to the manifest intent of the Builder of the house, to abolish unnatural taxes, and to resort to their natural source for public revenues. On the one hand we would do away with all taxes that now fine industry and thrift, and would give free play to the human factor of production. On the other hand we would break up the monopolization of the natural factor. When economic rent was taken for public use the mere ownership of land would become as profitless as it is sterile. No one would want to own land unless he wanted to use it; and for all who wanted to use land there would be land enough and to spare. With the forces of production thus set free, with the natural and limitless means of production thus opened, who could set bounds to the production of wealth? Were invention and discovery to stop to-day the productive forces are strong enough to give to the humblest not merely all the necessities, but all the comforts and reasonable luxuries of life with but a moderate amount of labor — to destroy utterly the nightmare of want. But instead of invention and discovery stopping, they would only have begun. What checks invention and discovery to-day is poverty; what turns the very blessings they ought to bring to all into curses to great masses is that fundamental wrong which produces that most unnatural and helpless of all objects, the mere laborer — the human being feeling all the wants of a man, having all the powers of a man, yet denied by human laws all access to or right in that element without which it is impossible for human powers

to satisfy human wants. To what as yet undreamed-of powers over natural things man may rise, in a state of society where, the forces of production being unhampered and the natural opportunities for production being unmonopolized, there shall be work for all, leisure for all, opportunities of full development for all, the inventions and discoveries of the century just closing afford but hints.

The cause of poverty is not in human nature; it is not in the constitution of the physical world; it is not in the natural laws of social growth. It is in the injustice which denies to men their natural rights; in the stupidity which diverts from its proper use the value which attaches to land with social growth, and then imposes on industry and thrift taxes which restrain production and put premiums on greed and dishonesty; injustice and stupidity which ignore the true rights of property and turn governments into machines by which the unscrupulous may rob their neighbors.

Henry George.

MR. ATKINSON'S REJOINDER TO MR. GEORGE.

I THINK that Mr. George's support of the single tax arises from the fact that he himself does not understand what the single tax is. He attempts to discredit my reference to the economic history of France and the development of the single-tax theory by Turgot. Mr. George will find in the "Popular Science Monthly" for February, 1890, citations given by Mr. Horace White upon this old and well-worn single-tax theory, by which he can inform himself.

I think Mr. George totally fails in attempting to prove that a tax on the land value or land valuation would not have the same effect as a tax upon land. I am very certain that when he discovers that the burden upon the land would be the same under whatever name the tax were imposed, he will then fully agree that the taxes on intoxicants and tobacco had better be maintained,—as they now yield a revenue of about $160,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover more than twenty, and probably twenty-five, per cent. of the entire cost of government, national, State, and municipal,—rather than that the present burden of taxation on land valuation, which is less in amount, should be increased.

He fully concurs with me in the view that a single tax on land "would become a condition to, and a restriction on, the use of land; would hamper the use of the natural factor of production; would fall on farmers; would become a tax on labor; and would increase prices by increasing the cost of production."

Mr. George cites the Ricardian theory of rent and the authority of J. S. Mill in order to prove that neither economic rent, so called, nor the rental value of city lots, can be charged to the cost of production and distribution; therefore he holds that these charges could not be recovered from consumers if secured to governments by a single tax of equal amount on land valuation. The Ricardian theory of economic rent fails when two men of different capacity work two lots of the same fertility: one gets a good profit, *i. e.*, an economic rent, over the cost of production; the other gets nothing. Economic rent may therefore be attributed to the mental capacity developed in treating land as an instrument of production and not as a mine. Land soon ceases to be a mine yielding economic rent when cultivated without intelligence.

Mr. George needs only to examine the accounts of the largest manufacturers and distributers of products in order to have it proved to him that the rent or rental value, as well as the present taxes upon the land valuation of the areas occupied in these processes, are as regularly and fully charged to the cost of the business as the price of the materials and the wages of workmen. When such manufacturers and merchants cannot recover from consumers rents, taxes, and all other charges, with an average profit on their capital in addition, they give up the business.

I shall be happy to show Mr. George exactly how the rent, and also the city tax on the valuation or rental value, of land in Boston upon which my own office is situated are charged to the cost of the cotton and woolen cloth in which he is clothed, and are recovered from him as one of the consumers.

Mr. George finds that the statistics which I have given are inconsistent with his views. Without attempting to disprove them, or to substitute more accurate statistics, he then attempts to cast a doubt upon their accuracy. This attempt to evade conclusions, without proving the statistics to be wrong, is out of keeping with the general tone and sincerity of Mr. George's reply.

Mr. George has never tried or even proposed to disprove the analysis of the present conditions of the people of this country, or

the statistics of production and distribution which have been presented by myself, by Mr. David A. Wells, and by many other economists of recognized authority. These figures, and the reasoning based upon them, prove conclusively that the working people of this country, using that term in its most limited sense, are now, and have been ever since the end of our civil war, securing to their own use and enjoyment an increasing share of a constantly increasing product or its equivalent in money. This demonstration is wholly inconsistent with the very basis of Mr. George's work on "Progress and Poverty," and with all his subsequent articles, including his present reply to me — all of which proceed upon the unproved and unsustained hypothesis that because the rich have become richer the poor have become poorer.

I agree with Mr. George most fully that even this increasing share of an increasing product still yields a very meager and insufficient subsistence and but little leisure to the great mass of the people, even of this prosperous country. I should be very glad to coöperate with him in every rightly directed effort to promote better conditions; but I think he will make little progress in developing the individual character, skill, and capacity which are the necessary precedent to any general improvement of society, by raising a noxious kind of discontent with existing conditions, on false premises. There is a wholesome discontent with the narrow conditions of the present struggle for life, which is a very different thing.

I agree with Mr. George that it is most desirable that every one who can make a suitable use of land should be helped to the utmost to attain it; and I venture to call his attention, if this article reaches him in Australia, to the Torrens system of registering land titles under a state guaranty. I think the Australians are as far in advance of us in simplifying the transfer of land as they have been in the ballot.

There is no absolute ownership of land in the United States now. All lands are held in conditional possession. I am glad to have Mr. George admit so fully that he does not propose to disturb the "*legal ownership*" of land or "*the peaceable possession of land*" by private persons under the new conditions of tenure which he proposes to substitute for the existing conditions of possession. He states these new conditions more clearly in this article than he has before. He would so adjust the single tax upon land value or rental value, and would make it so heavy, that the land itself "*would have no selling value.*" This is his point of "*theoretical perfection.*" Under these new conditions, he says, the "users of land, where their use was more than transient, would become the legal owners, having the assured privilege of peaceable possession and transfer as long as the tax was paid."

I venture again to point out to Mr. George that when the large capitalists are not called upon to pay anything for the possession of land except the single tax, they will hold a great advantage over the poor in gaining possession of the most desirable farm lands and city lots. They would then have all their capital available for constructing buildings upon it, of which they now pay out half or more in order to enter into the possession of land in cities. As rich men would be able to advance the heavy taxes, where the poor would not be able to do so, the new conditions which Mr. George presents would limit the "legal owners of land" to a much less number than now possess it, and would give "peaceable possession and ownership" to the few rather than to the many.

Mr. George apparently thinks that he does not agree with me in my form of statement that raw land has no value. In some parts of this discussion he has even attempted to ridicule this view; but I find in this reply that Mr. George fully sustains me. When discriminating between buildings and land Mr. George says, "The land had no original value," and again, "There is no land in the United States that has had any value for more than a few hundred years." What is this but an admission that land attains its value in just proportion to the labor and capital applied to it. It is but an instrument of production, to which labor and capital must be applied in order to impart value to it. When Mr. George says that "land is not subject to decay or change of fashion" one can only wonder that so acute a man should be so blind. Is not exhaustion of the soil substantially "decay" in its productive power? If Mr. George will come to Boston I can also show him a difference in land valuation and land taxation of fifty per cent. on two sides of the same street, which is due to "fashion." Mr. George also says that "In all our growing cities there is no building that is worth as much as it was a year ago, but land as a rule is worth more." Any real estate dealer can show Mr. George buildings, which are standing upon land of which the salable value of the land has not changed within the year, for which a large advance will be paid, either in rent or in purchase, on the previous value of the estate taken as a whole, or on cost of land and building, and vice versa.

I think Mr. George's influence will be inconsiderable so long as he thus ignores or disregards history, unquestioned statistics, and facts which are within his easy daily reach. This is greatly to be regretted, because there

is so much to admire in his earnest purpose and in many of his views.

He could do great service in reforming our present costly and cumbrous systems of national, State, and municipal taxation, if he did not exaggerate their ill effect, and did not yet more exaggerate the possibility of benefit from the single tax on land, even if that would work all the benefit which can be claimed for it.

Whatever may be the case in some long distant future, the poverty of the present day cannot be attributed to lack of land, or lack of opportunity to come into the possession of land, by any one capable of making use of it. The "peaceable possession" of land and the "ownership," which Mr. George admits to be necessary to productive use, can be attained under present conditions with less effort, and therefore at less cost, than has ever been required since the time when only a narrow strip on the coast had been taken into private possession by English-speaking people, and when all the rest of the continent was open to the occupancy of him who could possess it, almost without price and wholly without rent.

There is hardly a State in the Union in which land is not waiting for use and occupancy, or for possession on almost any terms. In many cases this is land which has been redeemed from the wilderness at a heavy cost of labor and capital. Yet Mr. George charges existing poverty mainly to "injustice which denies to men their natural rights [in land]." He affirms that land-owners under present laws and conditions, which have been the growth of centuries, "ignore the true rights of property, and turn governments into machines by which the unscrupulous may rob their neighbors." I will not venture to comment upon the malignant effect of such injudicious and baseless charges. At the same time Mr. George holds out the most delusive promises of wealth and welfare, provided only that part of the annual product which is now secured by individuals in the form of rent be taken from them and applied to the support of Government in place of all other taxes.

Mr. George says that even "were invention and discovery to stop to-day the productive forces are strong enough to give to the humblest not merely all the necessities, but all the comforts and reasonable luxuries of life with but a moderate amount of labor—to destroy utterly the nightmare of want." All this is to come from the conversion of private rents into public taxes.

If rent is really robbery, it should be done away with. It matters not how insignificant its measure is, if it is a wrong it should be abolished. But before we predicate such vast and beneficent economic influence to this proposed reform, would it not be well to measure it?

I can myself find no trace of economic rent from farm lands, or of rental value in city lots, even approximating the total cost of government in this country, which is about ten dollars per head, or six hundred and fifty million dollars per year. I know of no economist or statistician of admitted reputation, who can be cited, who believes that there is any such sum secured by private owners from rent of land derived from simple possession under present conditions. But let it be assumed that the rent or rental value of the land of the United States may possibly be equal to the cost of government. The cost of government at eleven dollars per head (the utmost estimate) is but three cents a day for each person. Even in that cost there is a great margin of waste to be saved. One in three of the present population works for a living, supporting the other two. Working people, in the most limited sense of that term, constitute the great majority of the population. Whatever sum is taken away from landlords must be equally applied to the general relief of the working classes, so called, else the alleged disparity in conditions due to rent would be continued. The gain on each day's effort, all told, if the present taxes were abated, and if the tax on rental value were *not* distributed, would amount to three cents a day per capita, or nine cents to him or her who works, on each day's effort. If the entire cost of government could be thrown upon rents, and if that rental tax could not be distributed by those who in the first instance paid it to the Government, the gain would be less than the annual expenditure of the people of this country for spirits, beer, and tobacco, from which subjects of taxation a revenue is now derived greater than the sum now collected by taxes upon land valuation. The reader can decide whether this addition to or saving upon rates of wages would bring about the industrial millennium which is pictured in such glowing terms by Mr. George.

I think this demonstration will disperse the glamour which has been thrown about this subject by Mr. George's rhetoric, which is as conspicuous for its brilliancy as it is for its utter want of basis in history, experience, figures, or facts.

Since Mr. George has been somewhat dogmatic in his reply to me, he must excuse me for the necessary dogmatism of this short rejoinder, which is all that the space assigned to me by THE CENTURY will permit. In a previous article on "Comparative Taxation" some points have been more fully treated.

Edward Atkinson.

THE MUEZZIN.

IT is the swift, sweet, Orient sunset hour;
And o'er the city, as the daylight dies,
In melancholy monotone one cries
An exhortation from a tall mosque tower.
The almond tree is whitening into flower,
A vernal gladness on the garden lies;
There is a softness in the wind that sighs
Amid the branches of the orange-bower.
Two lovers whisper in the perfumed air,—
A bird's clear melody is heard above,
He tells the story to his feathered fair
The happy twain below are dreaming of.
That distant call proclaims the hour of prayer,—
Their murmured vows proclaim the hour of love.

Clinton Scollard.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

CALLAO.

I LEFT Melbourne in a sailing vessel in the month of May, 1865, bound for South America on my way to England. We were fifty-seven days at sea — a long and dreary voyage. During the whole passage we saw but one vessel. This portion of the Pacific is a waste of water, unbroken by land or any moving object, save the flight of the lonely albatross. This large bird sometimes measures ten feet from tip to tip of its wings, and as it sails around the ship it turns its head slowly from side to side with a wise and dignified look. The flight is graceful and mysterious. At times it will poise itself in the air, seemingly without motion. We caught several of these birds with a hook and a piece of meat. When seen closely they lost much of their mysterious beauty. They are not good sailors, and their sea-legs are treacherous. As soon as they stand on deck they become seasick and disgorge their food. As few ships cross the track of vessels in this region, the dreary waste is called by the sailors "the wilderness"; and the thought will force itself upon one that, if an accident should occur here, and the crew and passengers be compelled to take to the open boats, there would be but a slight chance of being picked up for many days.

We had several passengers, two of whom enlivened the trip with their political arguments. One was from South Carolina, the other from Massachusetts, and their disputes were quite violent. I was a kind of mediator between these hostile parties, and helped to settle some of these disputes. At times they were the best of friends, and really liked each other very much. We would often see them walking up and down the deck, almost affectionate in their manner towards each other; suddenly a chance shot would be fired, and then their feelings would burst forth in a blaze of excitement. They would break away and stride furiously from one end of the ship to the other, and when they met would face each other like a pair of bantam fighting cocks, with their arms akimbo and their heads violently wagging away until one would think they must soon come to blows.

On the fifty-seventh day we dropped anchor in the bay of Callao, six miles from the beautiful city of Lima, on the coast of Peru. A heavy fog settled over the town just as we arrived, and all surrounding objects were quite invisible: not even the lights of the place could be seen, and we only knew our position in relation to the town by the howling of innumerable dogs on shore; one of the passengers facetiously remarking at breakfast that he had been kept awake all night by the heaviest dose of Peruvian bark he had ever taken. In the morning the fog was still heavy and im-

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penetrable, and we were waiting for it to clear off so that we could land and get some news. The two belligerents were uneasy and restless, eagerly desiring some bulletins of the war. Presently we heard the plash of oars, and a boat darted suddenly out of the mist, stopping close beside the hull of our vessel. It was rowed by two swarthy-looking Peruvians, and in the stern there sat, or rather leaned lazily back, a tall, thin man with his legs wrapped round each other and a cigar tilted up so high in his mouth that it must have scorched the wide rim of his Panama hat. He was unmistakably my countryman, and if there had been any doubt of this he soon set it at rest by exclaiming as he caught sight of my face, "Joe Jefferson, by thunder!" There was a general surprise at this unexpected remark, and I was quite startled, though I confess somewhat pleased, at a recognition in this strange land. Of course I rose to a high premium now in the eyes of the passengers, and was deputed to interrogate my friend as to the latest news from the seat of war; but, like a true Yankee, he was n't to be pumped without filling his own bucket at the same time.

"My friend," said I, "as you seem to recognize me, perhaps you will kindly give us some news of the war." He answered this question by asking me how long it was since he saw me act in New York with Laura Keene. I told him about six years, but that I would be very much obliged if he would give me the latest news concerning Richmond.

"Where 's old Ned Sothern now?" said he to me. I was between the two belligerents, who were both writhing in agony at the cool delay of my new-found acquaintance. I told him that Mr. Sothern was in England, but that I really could not answer any more questions until he told me something about the war.

"Is he actin' old *Dundreary* now before the Britishers?" said he. Finding I could get no satisfaction from him, I turned to the captain and said: "You had better interrogate this man yourself. Perhaps you will be more fortunate than I have been."

Here the captain broke in, hailing him with, "My friend, I am the captain of this ship, and would like to get a paper from you concerning the war, as you don't seem to be very communicative yourself."

"Will your ship want calkin', Captain, before she loads?" said the impenetrable calker — for that, it seemed, was his profession.

"You don't calk my ship, or have anything to do with her, until you answer my question," said the captain.

The man now became thoughtful, and, I presume, turning over in his mind that he might lose a job if he did not comply, said, "Oh! the war — that 's all over; the South caved in, and Richmond is took."

The crestfallen gentleman from South Carolina sank upon a stool in the middle of the deck, and the lively gentleman from Massachusetts danced a hornpipe over him, whistling "The Star-spangled Banner" as an accompaniment.

That part of the Pacific coast that borders on South America is an interesting region, though the title of Pacific is somewhat of a misnomer, for the locality is in a continual state of commotion, both civil and military; and when the occasional visitations of tidal waves and earthquakes are added to the human, or rather inhuman, turmoil that constantly ranges through this feverish land, the traveler is more anxious to bid it farewell than ever again to tax its hospitality.

The town of Callao has always been singularly unfortunate during these external and internal disturbances. Situated in a somewhat exposed harbor, it presents a fine mark for bombardment in times of war, and a convenient spot for the passage of a tidal wave in times of peace. It is said that on a quiet moonlight night some hundred years ago, while the inhabitants were innocently slumbering and not dreaming of disaster, one half the town, having no desire to disturb the repose of the other half, slipped quietly away from its foundation and slid gently into the bay. I was told that some distance out in the harbor, when the tides were extremely low, the roofs of the submerged houses and the spires of the old Spanish cathedral could be seen beneath the clear waters of the bay. We got into the boat of the custom-house officer, who directed the men to row us to the shore, and as we landed we discovered that the town was in a wild state of commotion. Soldiers and policemen hurrying from the barracks and station-houses, broken-pated rioters under the escort of guards, and a general stampede of frightened women and children, made up an animated but rather unattractive picture for the entertainment of peaceful strangers. In the midst of this excitement there appeared upon the scene an old man in his shirt sleeves, attended and arrested by at least a good half-dozen policemen, who were hurrying him along to prison.

I was afterwards told that the disturbance and arrest had grown out of an attack upon two Chilians by some Peruvians, and that the former had fled to the house of the French consul, M. Valrie, who had protected them and offered the defenseless parties a sanctuary on his premises. A mob had collected about the place, and when the consul came out to ask their patience till a proper inquiry could

be made, the rioters became incensed; and at his offering protection to the Chilians the unruly crowd attacked the old man, who, seeing himself dangerously surrounded, snatched a sword from the hand of one of his assailants, and clearing a circle in the midst of the crowd fought his way out amid a shower of stones and sticks. The scene as it stood when we came upon the ground was animated and dramatic.

As we arrived in front of the jail, the policemen had unloosened their tight hold on the consul, who stood calm and unruffled, with his arms folded and with a look of utter contempt at the mob; the blood streaming from an ugly gash in his forehead had stained his white hair, which seemed to stand up defiantly. The expressive features of the old man had a fine aristocratic cut, and contrasted strongly with the low-browed, swarthy Peruvians who surrounded him. They hissed their anger at him and brandished their sticks and knives about his head; but the resolute look from his clear blue eye, and the quiet smile on his pale face, told of the supreme satisfaction he felt as he gazed in triumph at the well-battered heads of the enemy, and, old as he was, but few would have liked to trifle with him upon even ground.

I have mentioned this little incident as I afterwards became intimate with this interesting old gentleman, and had some curious experiences with him.

LIMA.

I CONSULTED the list of departures, and found that I could not possibly leave for Panama inside of ten days; so, with the rest of the passengers, I determined to spend that time in Lima. This city was founded by Pizarro in the year 1535, and a magnificent cathedral built by him still stands in the center of the plaza. Through each one of the principal streets of Lima flows a clear stream of water. Pizarro had viaducts constructed from the foot of the Andes for the purpose of running these useful sewers through the city. It is a bright and sparkling place. The ladies are considered the most beautiful in the world, while the men are the most insignificant. My South Carolina friend was particularly susceptible to female beauty, and, being unable to restrain his enthusiasm, would start back as every new and beautiful face presented itself: pausing suddenly and grasping me by the arm, he would point at some lovely beauty, and go off into an ecstasy of delight. Many of them would veil their faces, while their cavaliers would look stilettos at my enthusiastic friend.

The South American cities are extravagant in the use of gas, and Lima at night is brilliantly illuminated. There was a French comic-opera troupe at the theater, so we wended our way in that direction. The crowd was great, and we had difficulty in procuring seats, which at last we accomplished by paying high prices to the speculators. The dress circle is reserved entirely for ladies, who have their open private boxes which encircle the whole tier. They never go into the parquet, so that part of the house was filled with gentlemen, and, as the curtain fell, they all got out their opera-glasses, and, turning around, began surveying the beauties in the circle. This is the custom; it is not considered rude; on the contrary, the fair ones expect it, and prepare their toilets to meet the demands of this masculine scrutiny. If we were struck with the handsome ladies on the plaza in the daytime, what was our amazement at the fascinating scene before us as we stood with our backs to the curtain and gazed in wonder at the audience! The circle was ablaze with beauty, the black eyes of the señoras and the señoritas vying in brilliancy with the diamonds in their raven hair. Their toilets were exquisite — flowing, gauzy silks in pale pink, blue, white, and amber; light and delicate fans waved with a grace only to be accomplished by those who have Castilian blood in their veins. A Frenchwoman is graceful and knows it, but a Spanish woman is graceful and does n't know it. There is such a difference in the effect of this! The extraordinary part of the sight was, that hunt where you would, there was no discovering a plain face — nothing but beauty. These bewitching sirens have a lovely olive complexion, tinged with deep carmine, singularly white, pearly teeth, and eyes so deep and black that I said to myself: "Oh, Father O'Grady, it was lucky for the little Sydney maiden that you did n't stop in Lima on your way to Australia." The good St. Anthony himself could never have withstood such glances as were here revealed.

Just before the end of the opera it is customary for the señors to vacate the parquet and station themselves in a long line to watch these lovely creatures pass out; and as they move slowly through the line of admiring gentlemen they begin to undulate those fascinating fans that almost speak, and bow and smile so sweetly that everybody seems to be making love to everybody else.

A MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

AFTER the opera we walked through the Grand Plaza. The majestic old cathedral of San Francisco loomed up grandly in the dark night. The rich stained-glass windows were

illuminated, and a dismal peal from the organ, accompanied by a low, wailing chant from the monks, told that a midnight funeral service was being held. The body was laid out in front of the altar, with kneeling friends and relatives about it. The dirge was in Latin and was chanted in a minor key, producing an awful effect, and one that I should think would be anything but consoling to those who are left to mourn the dead. I never saw a funeral service at night before, and the contrast just after the merriment of the opera was very striking. In the morning (it being a fast day) we went to the same church to hear mass. The outside of the cathedral had a cheap and tawdry appearance in the daylight, resembling theatrical scenery under the same circumstances. The plastering, broken and decayed, was painted a pinkish yellow; the doors and windows blue and green; the ironwork and figures were gilded with cheap Dutch metal — giving the whole building the tone of a decomposed Christmas cake.

On entering the church our ears were saluted by a magnificent orchestra playing the overture to "Masaniello." There are no pews in this cathedral; the great open space in the center is flagged with stones, and hundreds of people were on their knees at prayer; a motley group composed of all grades of society — native Peruvians, half-castes, and pure Spanish, all mixed together. A lame old mendicant, with his feet swathed in bandages and his crutches by his side, was groveling on the pavement, possibly asking relief from agonizing pain; farther on was a little market girl with a basket of flowers in her hand; between these knelt a stately and beautiful señora in rich and costly black lace, her raven hair done up with a jeweled comb, and sparkling gems in her ears and upon her fingers. This seemed to me the pure democracy of religion. Out of the church these people had their different spheres; their roads in life were widely separated; but here, where they prayed to God, they seemed to be upon a common level, and the lady and the beggar offered up devotions side by side.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

AFTER breakfast we walked out into the courtyard, and there I saw, for the first time in my life, a beggar on horseback — not the proverbial fellow who, having suddenly come into a fortune, bestrides a prancing steed and goes galloping over the heads of his old comrades, but a beggar mounted on his own charger. He got down from his saddle, and, taking off his sombrero, walked slowly and in a cringing sort of way from one point to another, asking alms. He had a villainous walk, and shambled along with a halt first in one leg and then in the other, almost dragging his unshapely limbs after him, his shoulders dropped and his face turned up with a hypocritical smirk upon it; but with all his fawning, his snake-like eyes had a searching, eager look that seemed to charm the unwilling charity out of the guests, and upon receiving each donation he would roll up his eyes and invoke a benediction on the giver. Nobody wanted to give him anything, yet most of them did; our group was disgusted, and declined to be blessed on this fellow's terms, at which he gave us a look not at all resembling a prayer, and most threatening in its aspect. After browbeating most of the bystanders out of their money he coolly sat down to count it, and then, without the slightest look of gratitude, lighted his cigarette, mounted his horse, and rode leisurely away.

I was naturally curious to find out something about this fellow, and in a conversation with the landlord learned that there were many of his class living on the outskirts of Lima. It seems they are a kind of half-beggar and half-brigand people, and prowl about at night in the dark streets near the edge of the town, begging from strangers. They seldom commit murder, but have a way of terrifying their prey into submission; the one we saw was especially bold, plying his trade in the open day. Their victims generally think it better to give something and so quietly get rid of them.

After I had been about a week here my old New York friend, the calker, who had hailed me on my arrival, called on me, as he said, to talk over old times; not that we had ever met in America, but, as he put it:

"Don't you know when a fellow in a foreign land sees another fellow from the same place he 's from, he kinder wants to pump him out, don't you know?"

"Pump him out" I naturally presumed was a technical phrase of his profession, being an operation to which a ship is subjected previous to calking. I asked him if I was right in my surmise. "Quite," said he; "you are water-tight on that point."

"Have you been long in South America?" I said.

"What 's become of Laura Keene?" he replied.

From my past experience I saw that he was going to do all the pumping, so I quietly submitted. He began asking the whereabouts of the actors that had played in "Our American Cousin." He seemed to have treasured their names as if they had been old friends. I wondered at this, and, thinking I might

venture on a question, asked him why he was so anxious to know all about them.

"Well," said he, "the actors a fellow sees in his young days, don't you know, he never forgets, though he has never spoken to 'em? He seems to kinder know 'em. Why, I could go on and tell you the names of all the old companies for years back — at Wallack's, Burton's, and even way off in the days of Mitchell's Olympic! Blake, Chanfrau, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Charles Walcott — yes, and a hundred more. They seem like old friends to me." Here he paused for a moment, as if calling up some old theatrical memories. At last he seemed to wake up, and said, in a mysterious way, "Did you ever see a 'fandango'?"

"No," I said; "what is it?"

"Well, it 's a place where Spanish girls sing and dance, and play the guitars and castanets. The company is kinder mixed, and it 's a leetle dangerous sometimes."

I told him the latter part of the programme would certainly have no attraction for me.

THE THEATER IN CALLAO.

"WELL," said he, "there 's one thing in Callao I want you to see; it 's the Spanish theater. I sha'n't tell you what it 's like; but you won't regret going, for it 's the darnedest, queerest theatrical performance you ever saw or ever will see."

I was now, naturally, interested, and went with him that evening to Callao, six miles from Lima, to visit the Spanish theater. We got seats in the dress circle, where we could have a good look at the entertainment and the audience. The cheap part of the house was quite full. In the pit there were entire families of men, women, and half-grown children. They appeared to be quite respectable, but very hilarious. The place was filled with smoke, the cigarettes being plied with great vigor in every direction. The performance opened with a farce. There was little or no dialogue, but plenty of practical fun. The characters seemed to be in a continual state of excitement, suffering, and terror. A man with a white face would go up the chimney and come down black, a baby was thrown out of a window, and an old lady burned her husband with a red-hot poker. The audience was very much amused at this, and I noticed that their glee was at its height when any one suffered physical pain. After this performance came Spanish dancing of an excellent kind, full of graceful poses and not at all vulgar. The dancing was followed by instrumental music and singing.

As I traced the plot of the next play through the action I discovered it to be "The Prodigal Son," illustrated by dialogues and tableaux. The parting of the father with his boy was exceedingly well done, and many of the audience were in tears. The temptation scene at Memphis, where the prodigal gambles and is lured away by beautiful women, was well acted and realistic. Then came the return of the prodigal, which ended the play.

I fancied that now the entertainment was over, but the alert calker laid his hand on my arm, saying with earnest meaning, "Wait a minute."

A RELIGIOUS TABLEAU.

THE theater was darkened, the cigarettes were put out, and a solemn hush went up from the audience. The place was as still as death. The people almost stopped breathing. I seemed to be the only one who did not know what was coming. Now there came a low moan of anguish, as if from a great distance; so expressive of sorrow, and yet so gentle we could scarcely hear it. An invisible organ began a solemn dirge, and as the curtain rose there before me was Mount Calvary with a complete tableau of the crucifixion, the whole scene represented by living figures — Christ upon the cross, the two thieves, and a group of female figures kneeling upon the ground. I was startled at this unexpected sight, but I saw at once by the reverence of the audience, and the earnest manner in which the tableau was given and received, that no sacrilege was intended. On the contrary, the beholders were devout: some were on their knees; men were praying, women were weeping, and nearly all made the sign of the cross and bowed their heads. I was transfixed with wonder as I looked upon the scene. In the distance there were dark and ominous clouds, streaked at the horizon line with a blood-red color as the sun was going down. The walls of the distant city were dimly visible, and against this dark mass the three weird crosses stood out with a bright light shining upon them. The patient anguish of Christ was wonderfully represented in the upturned face, while the heads of the two thieves hung down in abject, groveling misery. The contrast was marvelous, and the terrible grief of the women stretched out in agony upon the ground was full of reality. The curtain slowly fell as the organ pealed out a solemn hymn, and the audience rose and left the theater with a quiet, noiseless step, as if they were going from church.

Here is a subject that at once opens up a field for thought and discussion. The religious tableau that I saw in Callao is, undoubtedly, the same one given at the close of the Passion Play in Ober-Ammergau, which thousands of

devout Christians assemble to witness. They pay for their admission, and look upon the exhibition with no other feeling than that of reverence; yet if the same picture were presented here by the same people the audience would be shocked and distressed. And this is because, in the first place, we naturally feel the influence of the country we happen to be in, and imbibe sympathetically the sensations of those who surround us. In the foreign lands we know that time and custom have made it with them a sincere and holy illusion; whereas if this entertainment were sprung suddenly upon us here it would give great offense, because we should recognize that the subject was merely a catchpenny. It is the motive, therefore, which renders the same act religious or sacrilegious; and what is perfectly right in Bavaria or South America would not be tolerated in England nor in the United States. But I saw, from witnessing the impression of this performance on the ignorant minds of people who could neither read nor write, how effectively the Church in the olden time must have used the drama as a mode of illustrating religious history.

A TROPICAL CITY.

No rain ever falls in Lima. A heavy mist settles upon the city just before daylight and hangs like a pall over the place. About ten o'clock the sun breaks forth, quickly dispelling the misty veil as if touched by a fairy wand. The sky in an instant becomes azure blue, and the atmosphere so bright and transparent that, as you look at the far-off Andes, the crevices of the mountains are as clearly defined as if you were viewing them through an opera-glass. The gaudily painted shops and dwelling-houses, and, above all, the bright-colored walls and steeples of the churches, are crude and offensive when you are close to them, but viewed in the distance the effect is very different.

There is an antique bridge of quaint Spanish architecture some three miles from the city, through which falls, or rather tumbles, a cataract of foaming water. Standing on this structure and looking back on the city at sunset, the rich colors melt into each other with the most ravishing gradations. Above the red-tiled roofs of the old houses rise the innumerable tall, gray towers and gilded spires of the different cathedrals. They seem to flash in the sunlight and stand out clearly against the deep-green background of tropical foliage that skirts the base of the Andes. These lovely mountains rise one above another, melting from deep green to blue and purple. The peaks, full six thousand feet above the level of the sea, are capped with snow, glowing pink and golden against the clear blue sky.

Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of this tropical city. The costumes of the people are very picturesque. The ladies wear no hats, but wind about their heads and shoulders a graceful scarf called the *ribosa*. This is passed across the face, leaving only one eye of the lady exposed. Whether this is done to preserve the complexion, or to give a coquettish air to the wearer, I do not know, but the effect is full of mystery and romance. The children dress precisely like the grown people. Little señoritas six or eight years old wear the "ribosa," and peep their one little eye out in quite a comical way, and the boys go about in black swallow-tail coats and high silk hats, looking like so many General Tom Thumbs.

The streets swarm with lottery offices, and the hawkers stop you in the plaza, or waylay you at the corners, offering tickets for sale. Gambling is the besetting sin of the country. Men, women, and children of all grades indulge in this passion. In the quiet summer evenings it was delightful to walk by the dwellings and pause to look in at the courtyards. Many of these are illuminated and decorated with fountains and with orange trees bearing fruit and blossom at the same time; señors and señoritas swinging in hammocks, smoking cigarettes, and playing their guitars. It was a very dreamland of romance.

Since I was there this lovely city has been desolated by war. The majestic cathedrals and beautiful homes have been battered down by the armies of Chili, the proud people subjugated, and the whole country of Peru laid in waste and ruin.

LEAVING SOUTH AMERICA.

We sailed from the port for Panama early in August. On our second day out I recognized the old French consul of Callao. He and his wife were promenading the deck arm in arm, their little son clinging affectionately to his father's hand. To my surprise the consul stopped me, and, offering me his hand, exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur Jefferson, permettez-moi. I have known you exceedingly very often. I was been consul in Sydney when you arrive zer four times a year ago!" He introduced me to his wife, who was an exceedingly bright, witty little lady, and as my agent spoke French fluently, we made the trip through the tropics the more agreeable by an interchange of civilities and ideas.

It was fortunate that my agent was a good interpreter, for if in his fracas with the Peruvians M. Valrie's head had been as badly broken as his English, he never would have

left South America alive. Himself, wife, and son were bound up in one another's love. The lad was not more than twelve years of age, quite young to be the son of such an elderly couple, and he seemed to be the sunlight of their lives. He would often pat his father's hand and kiss his mother's cheek in the warmth of his affection, and at such times the old people would glance first at the child and then at each other, as though they were saying, "Was there ever such a boy as ours?" One could not look at this Arcadian trio without shuddering at the thought that their happiness came so near being destroyed by a ruthless mob of South American ruffians, whose whole lives were not worth one drop of the blood they would have shed. M. Valrie, like all his countrymen, was devoted to the drama and the opera. As I had been in France and was familiar with the acting of the favorite comedians, we would compare notes as to our opinion of the reigning favorites of the French stage. He delighted in these conversations, sometimes wandering off in imagination to the Opéra Comique, singing the overtures to "Zampa" and "Fra Diavolo" all out of tune, and giving imitations of some of the noted actors, shrugging his shoulders and grimacing to the delight of us all. At such times it was curious to contrast this innocent, vivacious little man with the calm and dignified consul whom I had seen behave so courageously when in the hands of the rioters, and difficult to realize that it was the same person.

The moon shines with great brilliancy in the tropics, and when the Pacific is on its good behavior the long, low swells, as smooth as glass, reflect great streaks of light in fantastic shapes across their surface with splendid effect. During these glorious nights our little party would sit out on the deck of the steamer, humming old tunes and keeping time with the beat of the machinery, and generally finishing the evening with a game of whist, the agent and Madame against the consul and myself. The French are bad whist-players, and surely M. Valrie was a champion in this respect: he never would return my lead, and whenever I took a trick he would trump it triumphantly if he could.

"My dear M. Valrie," I would say, "why trump it? the trick was already ours."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he would exclaim; "how treacherous I am! Ah, well! we bos take him tergezzar, so we make sure of him, eh? it is always ze same t'ing."

AN INCIDENT IN PANAMA.

A SINGULARLY interesting old gentleman called to see me while I was acting in Australia. He had been in the colonies for a number of years. His early life had been passed in the society of actors, and his memory of the celebrities of the theatrical profession was quite remarkable. He knew the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Jack Bannister, and Elliston intimately. He had witnessed the O. P. riots and Kean's first night in London. As he had a rich fund of theatrical anecdotes, I was charmed to cultivate his acquaintance. We passed many hours together, walking and chatting in the Botanical Gardens, and in these rambles I gleaned from him much of the unwritten history of the English stage during the reign of George the Fourth.

I mentioned to him that I was about to visit England by way of South America. "Then," said he, "you will pass through Panama?" I told him that I should do so. He became very much agitated, and said: "My young friend, I have a dear daughter living in that city. She is the wife of an English merchant. I have not seen her for fifteen years. My only child! God knows how I have longed to look upon her dear face again. Will you not see her, and tell her that we have met? I know that she will feel anxious to hear of her old father. We are separated by thousands of miles, and shall never meet again upon this earth, but it will be a great comfort to me if you will let me know that you will bear her this message."

He gave me the name and direction of the merchant, and I promised him faithfully that I would see the old man's daughter when I passed through Panama.

On my arrival there I felt much pleased to think that I should possibly see the daughter of my old Tasmanian friend and bear to her the loving message of her father. I detest the tropical cities, and have always been miserable until I could get out of them, with the single exception of Lima. The humid atmosphere, filled with the rank odor of vegetation, the sweltering heat, the lazy and inanimate inhabitants — all combine to make one restless and unhappy. So it was a comfort to contemplate an approaching sensation of a domestic character. Besides, there was a touch of the dramatic in the prospect of telling a long-lost daughter of her long-lost father, and I quite felt my heart beat as I approached the house of the English merchant. The name on the door was quite correct, and, in accordance with the old gentleman's direction, I rang the bell and sent in my card by a warm, red-faced footman, who returned and ushered me into the presence of his master. The gentleman remained seated as I entered, and seemed to be looking directly over my head. The day was broiling hot, but the coolness of this reception

seemed to lower the temperature at least twenty degrees. I had entered the house with some agitation, so I confess that this unexpected freezing rather disconcerted me. The man sat bolt upright in his chair at a writing-desk. The conventional English frock-coat was conventionally buttoned from the waist to the breast (and that, too, with the thermometer at a hundred), a starched white cravat (nothing could have melted on this gentleman), a great parrot nose, drooping eyelids, together with a crisp and bristling head of gray hair, completed the picture of the stiffest piece of humanity I had ever seen. There was a pause.

"Well," said he, "what is it? I don't know you."

I was so enraged at the whole proceeding that I was going to reply that if he kept on looking two feet over my head the probability was that he never would know me; but I restrained myself, and merely replied that I had a message for his wife from her father in Tasmania. He looked as dead and unmoved at this as if he had not heard me at all, and apparently addressing the footman, but with his eyes still directed over my head, said, "Show this person upstairs, and inform your mistress."

He took his eyes from the wall and began to examine some papers with that kind of earnestness that seemed to say, "I don't want any remarks from any one on any subject whatever; go away at once, and oblige me by not returning." His manner admitted of no appeal so I followed the man, and was ushered into a large, gloomy apartment where he left me to announce my visit to her ladyship. In the tropics all the dwellings are closed tightly against the light, so as to render them cool during the heat of the day; but surely this was the darkest room that I had ever seen, and when I entered, having just come out of the bright glare of the street, the objects in it were scarcely visible, and only revealed themselves one by one. Little sharp streaks of yellow sunlight forced themselves through the closed window-blinds, and gradually I discovered that the walls were dead white; not a picture or ornament of any kind hung upon them; there was no carpet on the floor, and the only articles for use were a half-dozen of those uncomfortable and inhospitable mahogany chairs covered with dismal black hair-cloth, and a long sofa made of the same mournful material. The high backs of this unfriendly furniture were stiff and straight, or perhaps inclined a little forward, as though they were designed to tip the visitor gently out, the smooth hair-seats rather assisting in the arrangement. I fancied that the grizzly ogre of this gloomy place kept his young and lovely wife a kind of prisoner here and tortured her with these unsympathetic surroundings; and if this were so, I thought how her heart would beat and her eyes fill with tears as she listened to one who bore a father's blessing to his child, and I blamed myself for not having written just a line to prepare her for my visit that she might have time to recover from the shock, for I felt now that the meeting might be embarrassing to both parties. I was working these thoughts in my mind when the door of the adjoining room opened slowly and her ladyship appeared.

She was dressed in white, and as she glided slowly into the dark room one would almost have fancied she was a ghost. Her figure was tall and graceful, and her bearing aristocratic and self-possessed.

I was standing when she entered, and as she seated herself upon the sofa she motioned me to a chair without speaking a word. I was disappointed in her cold and stately manner, for her temperature was quite as low as her husband's, and she received me if possible a trifle more frigidly. Her face was very beautiful, but so cold and quiet that I felt nothing short of a domestic communication could melt such a piece of marble.

In a few words — for I was really anxious to get out of the place — I told her that I bore an affectionate message to her from her father.

"Oh, indeed. Poor father! I hope he is quite well? May I offer you some luncheon?"

I could no more have swallowed a morsel in that house than I could have embraced the master of it. The face of her father rose up before me. I called to mind the tears in his eyes and the trembling emotion of his voice when he spoke of his only daughter, and I thought how years ago that fond old man had perhaps looked forward to the birth of his child, and when it came into the world that he had taken it in his arms with loving care and attended its early life; and now, in his old age, thousands of miles away, with his heart still yearning to see her, she sat there, cold and impassive, receiving his loving message with chilling indifference. I could stay no longer, and rose to depart.

"Madam," I said, "I came here to deliver a message with which I was charged, and fancied that the nature of it might give you some pleasure; but I feel satisfied that I have unintentionally been intruding."

"No," she replied; but it sounded so much like "yes" that I took up my hat and bowed myself out.

The hot and narrow streets of the town were an agreeable change after the freezing I had just gone through, and I was only too glad to get out of this charnel-house. I do not know, nor can I tell to this day the cause of my

unlooked-for reception. At first it crossed me that perhaps the father had committed some crime, and that they were ashamed of him; but when I recalled his simple, honest face I felt how unjust were my suspicions; so I could therefore only conclude that it was the natural austerity of the merchant and his wife.

It is over twenty years since the little incident I have just narrated took place, and if this cheerful couple are still alive I do not envy them the many hours of stately misery that they must have passed in each other's society.

I was glad to get out of Panama. Our party, consisting of my son, a friend from Australia who was now acting as my agent, and myself, crossed the Isthmus, and took an English mail steamer from Colon to Southampton, passing through the group of West India Islands, touching at St. Thomas and Jamaica, and arriving in London about the middle of June, 1865.

THE NEW "RIP VAN WINKLE" IN LONDON.

On my arrival in London I met Dion Boucicault. He asked me if I intended to act; I told him that I certainly did if I saw an opening offering a fair chance of success.

"What material have you got?" said he.

I replied that I had a great part in an indifferent play, "Rip Van Winkle."

Boucicault did not seem to fancy the selection, thinking the subject stale, but we talked the matter over and soon came to terms. He undertook to rewrite the drama for a consideration agreed upon between us. He never seemed to think much of his own labor in this play; but I did, and do still, with good reason.

While the work was in progress I made an engagement with Benjamin Webster to act the part at his theater, the Adelphi. I sent to America for my three other children to join me in London, and took up my abode at No. 5 Hanover Street, Hanover Square. It was generally supposed that four years of success in Australia had enabled me to return home a millionaire. Quite a mistake, I assure you. Not poor, certainly, but not rich: just in the condition that is most desirable for all; neither too poor nor too rich, with something to give one security in case of accident, constant employment, and a moderate income. Less than this may be inconvenient at times; more than this is a nuisance. But I must stop writing speculative philosophy and stick to facts, or I shall turn from a biographer into a lecturer.

The play was finished in due time, and a day was set for reading it to the company. The time arrived, and I hastened to the theater with some anxiety, for I am always attacked with a nervous fit when I am to meet a new assemblage of actors and actresses. I cannot get over the feeling, and to this day it is the same. I of course had expected both Boucicault, the author, and Webster, the manager, to meet and assist at the reading, but when I got to the theater I found letters from both, saying that they could not attend. There seems to have been an old feud between Webster and Boucicault, and I presume they did not desire to meet; so I read the play. Among the actors who were present at the reading was Paul Bedford. The name of this cheery old man is scarcely known in this country except among professionals who have been abroad, but in England it is cherished with much affection. He had been a member of the Adelphi company for forty years, perhaps longer; he sat opposite to me during the reading, and was an attentive and sympathetic listener.

When I came to the entrance of *Nick Vedder* in the opening scene, "Ah, that 's me, my lad; that 's me," said he.

He chuckled over the humor of the play, and at times he wiped the tears from his eyes as the pathos of the language moved him. "I say, my lad," said he, "I 'm told there is twenty years to elapse between the third and fourth acts?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, I ain't alive then, am I?" "No, Mr. Bedford," said I; "you are cut off in the flower of your youth." "What, die in the first act? Good!" And so he went on with a running fire of fun altogether at variance with good discipline.

Mr. Billington, who was to act in the play, and who was considered an authority in such matters, said, "There 's a hundred nights in that play; am I right, Paul?" To which Bedford replied, quoting from his old character of *Jack Gong*, "I believe you, my boy"; and then, taking me by the hand, he said with mock solemnity, "My transatlantic kid, I welcome you to the classic precincts of the royal Adelphi."

While the play was in rehearsal I was desirous that Boucicault should see how I had arranged the business of the scene, as I knew that his judgment and opinion upon what I had done would be of value, and would serve to strengthen the effects. So it was arranged that a full rehearsal of the play and the scenery should take place on the Monday preceding its production, and that he was to be present.

With my portion of the work he seemed well pleased, but during the setting of the scenery something went wrong; nothing of very great importance, I fancy, or I think I should remember the details of it. It was, however, enough to start him off, and in a rage he roundly abused the theater and its manager. As I before mentioned, he and Mr.

Webster had been at variance for some months. The latter gentleman was hot-tempered and highly sensitive. Previous to my arrival in London he and the author had been quarreling and wrangling over their respective rights and wrongs. Mr. Boucicault, now that an opportunity offered of his speaking his mind before Mr. Webster's company, launched forth against the manager, the theater, and its misrule with great energy. He denounced the whole establishment, spoke of his own experience on that stage, and likened the present to the former imbecility of management to which he had been subjected, and so revenged himself on the absent manager by holding him up to scorn before the actors. After the rehearsal was over, and the enraged author had departed, I found that the company were very indignant at Boucicault's abuse of their absent chief. Mr. Phillips, the stage manager, took me aside and told me that he feared much trouble would arise from the scene that had just taken place; and to my surprise informed me that Webster, knowing that Boucicault would be present, was there himself, concealed behind the curtains of a private box, where he had heard the whole affair. Webster was very bitter when transformed into an enemy; and I can imagine the furious glare that must have been in his fierce eyes as he listened to the abuse of Boucicault, who, quite innocent of his presence, had been thus denouncing him. If ever there was an occasion when listeners heard no good of themselves, surely it was on that memorable morning. I was about leaving the theater in quest of Mr. Webster when the call boy handed me a note from him. It was short, but entirely to the point; it referred in no very complimentary terms to the scene that had just taken place and to the author of it, and concluded by saying that he could not allow any play of Mr. Boucicault's to be acted in his theater. Here was an unexpected check. I at once asked where I could find Mr. Webster, and was told that he had gone home. I got the address and jumped into a cab, making a hot pursuit after the irate manager. Mr. Webster lived upon the Surrey side, I think; I know that we passed the celebrated old madhouse of Bedlam on our way. But bridges, steeples, and madhouses almost merged into one during this exciting ride, so far as my mind was concerned; for I had looked upon the approaching Monday night as the most important professional one of my life, and I was not going to have my golden opportunity snatched from me without a struggle.

As I turned the corner of the street in which he lived, I saw that the old manager had arrived and was striding up the steps of his house; his hat was firmly set on his head, and the very back of his coat seemed to be in a rage. He entered, and I followed close upon him. The old housekeeper admitted me, and took my card. She said that her master had just gone upstairs; and at that moment I heard a door bang with an angry thud that echoed through the old house like the ominous thunder that precedes a storm. The place had a bare and lonely look, being scantily furnished and very dusty. The old housekeeper, who was scant of breath, came to the head of the stairs and beckoned me up. When I reached the landing, she pointed rather timidly towards a side door, and said to me cautiously and in an undertone, "That 's his den, as he calls it." I thought the name most appropriate just at the present time; I felt there would be a scene, but there was nothing left except to have it out. I knocked at the den, and the lion growled, "Come in!" I opened the door, and — enter Daniel. The old manager was quite pale, and if he were then not in a towering rage, the effects of one were plainly visible upon his angry face. His gray eyes, wonderfully expressive, snapped with the reaction of temper; and his black wig — one of those unmistakable articles with a hard parting on one side and a strong tendency to get away from the back of the head — had got awry, and this gave him anything but a reconciliatory appearance. We had a long and stormy scene. Of course he was not unreasonable enough to blame me, but his opinion of the whole affair was delivered in language more tinged with billingsgate than "choice Italian." I told him that any interruption of my opening would be very injurious to me; that the play, scenery, and actors were even now fully prepared for action; that I felt quite sure of myself in the part, as I had already played it with success in the old version; and that to interrupt the present arrangement was to imperil my future. He suggested that we should discard Boucicault's play and substitute the old version. To this I answered nay, explaining to him that not only was Boucicault's play infinitely superior to the old one, but that I had made my agreement with the author, and it must be kept. I insisted that I would not submit to act the Mercutio in the matter, and so fall because of a quarrel between the Montagues and the Capulets, and finished by showing him that it might be disastrous to his season to throw aside a good play ready for production and trust to chance to fill up the vacancy. He began at last to see the matter in the light in which I had placed it, and withdrew his objections, though with much reluctance.

My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been

five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of "Rip Van Winkle" succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

On Sunday evening, being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time, I think; so I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthused, and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minuses there came a knock at the door.

"Who 's there?" said I.

"It 's me, if you please," said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. "May I come in?"

"Certainly not," I replied; for I had no desire to be seen in my present make-up.

"Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?" said she.

"Nothing at all. Go away," I replied.

"Well, sir," she continued, "there 's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there 's a crazy old man in your room, a-flingin' of his 'arnds about and a-goin' on hawful, and there 's a crowd of people across the street a-blockin' up the way."

I turned towards the window, and to my horror I found that I had forgotten to put down the curtain, and, as it seemed to me, the entire population of London was taking in my first night. I had been unconsciously acting with the lights full up, to an astonished audience who had not paid for their admission. As I tore off my wig and beard a shout went up. Quickly pulling down the curtain, I threw myself in a chair, overcome with mortification at the occurrence. In a few minutes the comical side of the picture presented itself, and I must have laughed for an hour. I had been suffering from an attack of nervous dyspepsia, consequent upon the excitement of the past week, and I firmly believe that this continuous fit of laughter cured me.

On Monday, September 5, I made my first appearance before a London audience, and was received with a cordial welcome. The play of "Rip Van Winkle" was entirely new to the English public, and its success secured for it a run of one hundred and seventy nights. The company worked with a good will and never flagged in their energy.

ENGLISH RELATIVES.

After I had been acting a short time in London I received, to my surprise, the following letter:

Hackney, September 30, 1865.

Dear Sir: Somewhere about the year 1801 an uncle of mine, bearing your name and belonging to your profession, went to America.

On seeing the announcement of your appearance at the Adelphi I was naturally curious to know if you were a distant relative of mine or not. My wife and I sat in the front of the theater last night, and when you came upon the stage we were quite certain that you had the honor of being my first cousin. My father, Lieutenant Frank Jefferson, commanded the queen's yacht at Virginia Water — you may have heard of him. I am the father of an English family, in comfortable circumstances, so you need not be alarmed lest you should have stumbled upon a batch of poor relations, and if you will dine with us next Sunday we shall be glad to give our Yankee cousin a hearty cockney welcome. Under any circumstances let me say that it gave me great pleasure to see a face from a far-off country so unmistakably like the Jeffersons.

My wife and children join me in hoping that you will come.

The inclosed diagram and address will show you how to find us. We dine at three (not fashionable people, you see), and I shall be at the gate on the lookout for you. Yours truly,

Tom Jefferson.

I was much pleased at the tone of this letter, and replied that I was undoubtedly a cousin of his, but a second one, as his uncle was not my father, but my grandfather; writing him also that I would join his family party on the following Sunday.

Sure enough, he was at the gate; and as he gave me a hearty shake of the hand I looked in his face and it seemed to me as though my father stood before me: the likeness was indeed wonderful. His wife and a host of children were waiting inside, and they received me right royally.

We all sat down to dinner — roast beef and plum pudding. My cousin said that they did not usually have the latter dish till Christmas, remarking that he looked upon it as a national institution, not to be trifled with, and that I must feel myself highly complimented at being treated to this formidable article; but as he knew that I never got anything so delicate in America, my enjoyment of it would console him for leaving the beaten track.

In ten minutes the ice was broken, and I was one of the family. Of course I had a thousand questions to answer about America, and my glowing accounts of the New World filled the boys with a desire to emigrate at once. Tom was a wag, and told the youngsters that he had heard when I first arrived that I was quite black; but a few months' sojourn in the clear atmosphere of London had restored me to the natural color of my ancestors, at which the little ones wondered and the big ones laughed.

We had another family reunion at Christmas, when all the Jeffersons we could hunt up dined with me at Verey's. In the afternoon the whole party went to Astley's to see the pantomime. Of course there was the usual crowd about the doors that always assembled during this festive season at the theater. I was elbowing my way to the box office for the purpose of purchasing tickets, when I was accosted by E. T. Smith, the manager.

"I cannot allow you to buy tickets," said he.

"I am obliged to you," said I; "but I have my family with me, and could not think of intruding them on your good nature."

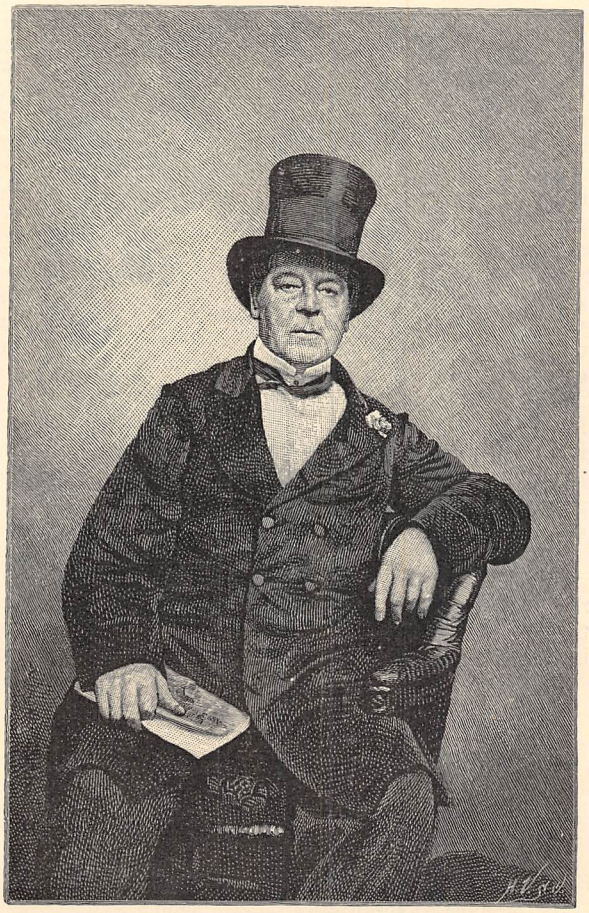
"Your family — take my box," said he. "You are quite welcome. Where are they?"

"There," I replied, pointing to the group. "Twenty-four of them."

"Twenty-four!" said he, aghast.

"Yes," said I; "and as they are not professionals, I must insist on buying the tickets. All I ask is your good offices in getting us seats together."

This was done, and in the center of the theater sat four-and-twenty Jeffersons "all in a row."



PAUL BEDFORD. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & SONS.)

If there is one thing more amusing than an English pantomime, it is the English audience that go to see it. Men, women, and children who are intelligent enough on ordinary occasions seem, under the influence of this potent spell, to lose all control of themselves. Before the curtain rose the faces in front were expressive and even thoughtful. But when the entertainment was in full swing all sense of propriety was thrown off.

The audience were carried away and delighted beyond measure, and swallowed the most idiotic nonsense with one broad grin that seemed to mantle the face of the whole house. Shout after shout went up when the clown sat on the baby; and as the cockney swell appeared, extravagantly conscious of his own dignity and charmed by the effect of his personal appearance, the heartless public

sat in eager expectancy, well knowing that some disaster was about to befall him; and when a half-barrel of flour was poured upon his devoted head they would burst forth in the most boisterous manner. Any catastrophe that occurred to the police was always hailed with delight. Why is it that these guardians of our safety are held in such contempt theatrically? When a double-dyed villain gets his quietus, and the innocent heroine is restored to the arms of the first walking gentleman, we applaud with delight. Surely under these circumstances one would suppose it to be our duty to resent any affront offered to the "force"; but no, the slightest indignity bestowed upon a virtuous policeman, such as the emptying of a bucket of water over his helmet, seems to give us joy.

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY.)

It was very pleasant to meet with some of the artists, actors, and men of letters in London. To sit and chat with renowned people that I had heard of from boyhood — to have the erratic and domineering advice of hot-headed, kind-hearted Charles Reade pounded into one; to be patted on the back by dear old Planché; and to be glared at through the fierce but honest spectacles of Anthony Trollope, was a treat indeed. I had come unheralded and unexpectedly among them, and they made me very welcome.

Joseph Jefferson.

NATHANIEL BACON, THE PATRIOT OF 1676.

OF Bacon's Rebellion, probably the most romantic episode of colonial history, I purpose to give an account here, drawn not only from all the familiar sources of information, but also from the great mass of documents relating to this period preserved in the British Public Record Office, as well as from some manuscripts of the highest importance acquired about 1875 by the British Museum, and not before used by any student.[1] I have also used manuscript authorities lately acquired by the Library of Congress.

EARLY STRUGGLES FOR LIBERTY.

NOVEMBER 13, 1618, O. S., is perhaps the most important date in colonial history; and November 23, which corresponds to it in our style, is the great forgotten anniversary of American history. On that day the Virginia Company granted to the colony a "Great Charter," by which representative government was set up in America for the first time.[2] The first representative assembly in what is now the United States met in the chancel of the little church at Jamestown, 1619, the two houses and the governor sitting and deliberating as one body.

When King James determined to crush the

1 Reference is here made to some of the papers in the volume numbered Egerton, 2395, in the British Museum. Perhaps the most important of the papers in the Record Office is the report of the royal commissioners sent to Virginia at the time of the rebellion. There are many other manuscripts there necessary to the right understanding of Bacon's movement, but they seem to have been almost or quite unknown to writers on Virginia history.

2 A note preserved in the Public Record Office in London, in the handwriting of Secretary Davidson, is my authority for the date of the Great Charter. But the date is confirmed by certain ancient deeds cited in the Aspinwall papers which refer to a Great Charter bearing this date.

Virginia Company, because it had fallen into the hands of Sir Edwin Sandys, the Earl of Southampton, and other liberal statesmen, he used great art to persuade the colony to surrender the Great Charter of 1618. But the Virginia Assembly defended their charter, and even cut off the ears of their clerk for taking a bribe from the king's commissioners to betray their secrets. In 1624 this little pioneer assembly laid down the fundamental principle over which the struggle against English encroachment was to take place, by declaring that a royal governor could not levy taxes without the consent of the burgesses. But declarations of sound principles will not establish liberty. In 1635 the Virginians went further. One of the very commissioners whom James had sent to cajole them into a surrender of their Great Charter had been made governor of the colony. The colonists sent many vain petitions to England for relief from his arbitrary rule. Harvey had made friends with Lord Baltimore and the rival Maryland colony. The colony named for Queen Henrietta Maria, and affording a refuge for her co-religionists, stood easily first in the king's favor. At length the colonists rose bodily against Governor Sir John Harvey, and packed him off to England in May, 1635. In October, 1636, he was sent back to govern a colony in which he had the ill-will of every human being except those who were partners and abetters of his oppressions.

Every effort of the Virginians in these days to relieve themselves of this tyranny failed, for Baltimore steadily sustained Harvey, except when in 1637 he entered into a sinuous intrigue through which, by cool deception of the king, he proposed to get himself made governor of Virginia, at a salary of £2000 a year.[1] This last is almost the only petition of his in these days that was not granted just as he made it. When Harvey had wreaked his will upon the devoted colony for three years London was filled with the scandal of his administration, and the king and his council were overwhelmed with bitter outcries from Virginia. The king at length consented to restore the colony to the old Virginia Company, but Baltimore appears to have defeated this. In 1639 even the influence of Baltimore could no longer shelter Harvey. He was removed, and Sir Francis Wyatt, who had governed Virginia under the Company, was sent out to allay the discontent, and perhaps to pave the way for the proposed reëstablishment of the Company. Wyatt, "a most just and sincere gentleman and free from all manner of corrupt and private ends," stripped Harvey and his fellows of the property they had gained by confiscation. But the triumph of the popular party was short. Kempe, the secretary of the colony and a supporter of Harvey, eluded Wyatt's vigilance, and got away to London, carrying with him "the charter of the colony." This may have been the "Great Charter" of 1618, which appears to have been destroyed or irrecoverably lost at an early date.

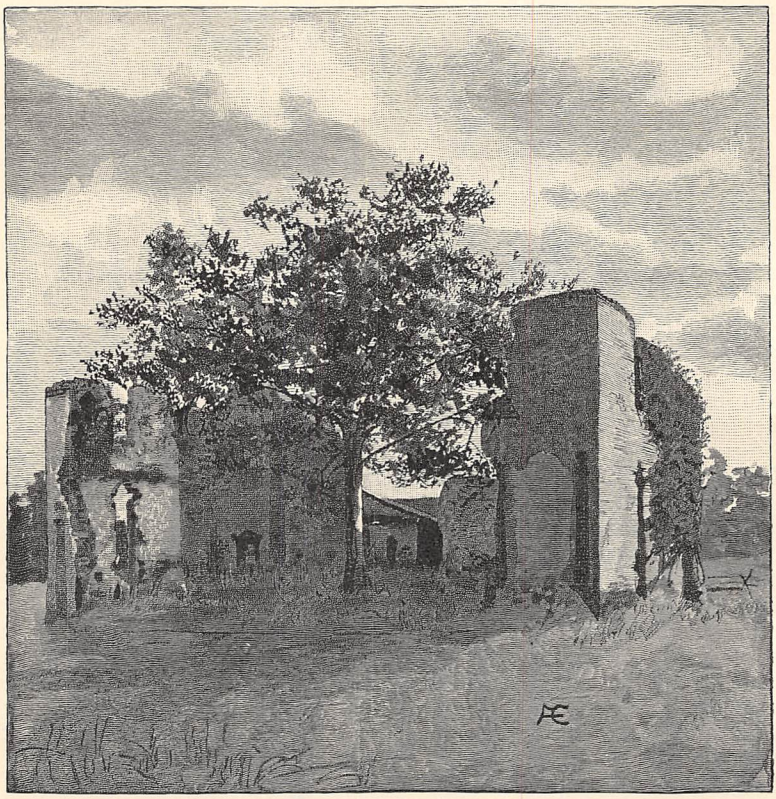
When in 1641 George Sandys and other friends of the colony thought themselves in a fair way to get the Virginia Company reëstablished, they were taken by surprise at the success of an intrigue of Kempe, Wormley, and other fellows of Harvey, by means of which Wyatt was removed and Sir William Berkeley appointed governor.

Sir William Berkeley was from the outset a bigoted courtier. In reference to all questions of religious or political progress his eyes were in the back of his head. On the other hand, in affairs relating to material advancement he was almost visionary in his attachment to novel projects. He had received from Charles I. by patent a monopoly of the right "to gather, make, and take snow and ice, and to preserve and keep them in such pits, caves, and cool places as he should think fit." As governor of Virginia he recommended himself to the king and his ministers, and no doubt to the Virginians themselves, by his patronage of every kind of novelty in trade and agriculture. He endeavored to promote the culture in Virginia of silk, flax, hemp, rice, cotton, indigo, and currants, as well as the manufacture of pitch and potash, and the exportation of masts.

OLD FIREPLACE AT GREEN SPRING PLANTATION.

[1] Baltimore to Windebauk, March, 1637; Colonial Papers, Public Record Office. Also printed in Maryland Archives.

He adroitly turned the tide against the movement to restore the Company, and obtained from the assembly a protest against it. He no doubt endeared himself to the Church and Cavalier party by expelling the Puritan ministers who had come from New England, and in 1644 he won applause by conquering and capturing the veteran chief Opechankano after the Indians had massacred five hundred of the colonists.[1] By his resolution in holding the colony for Charles II. after the death of Charles I., and by the favorable terms he exacted from the Protector's agents, he won still greater applause. The expulsion of the Puritans from Virginia in 1643, the immigration before 1650 of many hundreds if not thousands of cavaliers, and the enforced transportation of sixteen hundred royalist soldiers in one batch, fixed the cavalier character of the colony.



RUINS AT GREEN SPRING, GOVERNOR BERKELEY'S PLANTATION.

The Virginia cavaliers as soon as the Commonwealth began to show weakness, and before they dared to set up the standard of the king, chose Berkeley governor in order to be ready for whatever might happen. Berkeley, in the absence of definite intelligence from England, accepted the election in a good-lord-good-devil sort of a letter, as not knowing into whose hands he might fall. The first act of Charles relating to the colonies after his return was to issue a warrant granting anew to the stanch old royalist the governorship of Virginia. His salary was made independent of all grants from the colony, and he was provided with a commission for a court of oyer and terminer; thus the two deadliest weapons of colonial despotism were put into his hands.

[1] From a brief document dated 1648, and preserved in Westminster Abbey, which I examined by the courteous permission of the Dean, it seems that even in this honeymoon of Berkeley's government there were suspicions of speculation in the royal revenues in Virginia, and that "the king's late ministers" were charged with complicity in it.

BERKELEY'S SECOND REIGN.

A CHARACTER in which prejudice is intensified by egotism and passion gains nothing by adversity. Sir William began where he left off. Traveling Quakers and Puritan refugees had intruded into the colony. Imprisonment and banishment — unanswerable arguments much in vogue then in Old and in New England — were applied, and Berkeley used also the more profitable argument of confiscation of

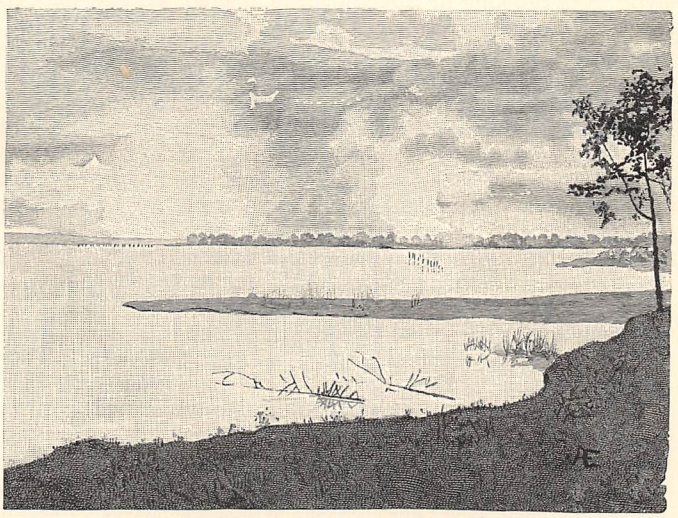
goods. He discouraged the laudable desire of the Virginians to found free schools, declaring that "learning had brought disobedience and heresy into the world." He would have no printing presses, nor any ministers who were not "very orthodox." He did not like preaching; he preferred parsons who contented themselves with reading the prayers, and for the rest, let the world wag as it would. It was a political maxim of his time in Jamestown that wise men and rich men are given to faction, while poor men and fools may be governed. Without schools or printing presses, and with little preaching, he would prevent Virginians gaining much wisdom, nor did the exactions of his rule leave them hope of wealth enough to make them dangerous.

But even poor men and fools turn upon their oppressors at last. There were only about fifteen hundred negroes in Virginia in Berkeley's second term, but in 1670 there were about six thousand bond white servants — poor people, some of whom had volunteered to come to America and be sold for four years to pay their passage, others who had been kidnapped by force or trickery, and some convicts sentenced for petty thefts or transported for political offenses. Fifteen hundred of these passed out of bondage every year, each receiving a warrant for fifty acres of land. These new freemen composed a formidable democracy, ever disposed to resent the oppressions of the magnates or "grandees," as they called the rich planters.

The Virginians, rich and poor, were victims of the English merchants. The new government passed again the oppressive navigation act of the Commonwealth, made it more stringent, and exacted obedience to it. As all Virginia tobacco was thus compelled to go to England, a ring of about forty English merchants got the whole trade into their hands on their own terms, and ate up almost the whole profit of tobacco-planting. Berkeley, who had a large tobacco plantation at Green Spring, overcame his dislike for the printing press so far as to publish in London a brochure against the oppressions of the tobacco merchants.[1] But in the very year, 1663, in which he was thus warm against a monopoly that pinched him, he tried to get what he called "a perticuler commission" by which the whole Indian trade of the colony should be given over to himself, his cousin, and certain associates — a scheme which he succeeded in carrying out in another form, and which was the main cause of the desolation that came upon the colony thirteen years later in Bacon's Rebellion.

If the governor, his cousins, and his friends, with the English tobacco traders, had been the only hawks hovering over the colony, the case would not have been quite desperate. But the easy-going Charles II. was surrounded with courtiers whose greed has rarely been matched. Even a remote colony of planters seemed to them worth the plucking. In the very year of the death of Charles I. a group of them wheedled his exiled son into making them a grant of the whole northern neck of Virginia, and this grant was renewed after the Restoration, in total disregard of the rights of those who already owned the land. Such a grant threw doubt on the validity and perpetuity of all land titles, and this was sure to shake the very financial foundations of an agricultural colony.

After years of uneasiness from these earlier grants, the colony was startled in 1672 by a grant of the whole colony to Lords Arlington and Culpepper almost without any reserve. They were to have the royal quit-rents and the escheats; to them was to appertain the sole right to grant lands. They were at the same time given powers that were yet more formidable in that day of uncertain wilderness boundaries, neglected titles, and corrupt courts. Arling-



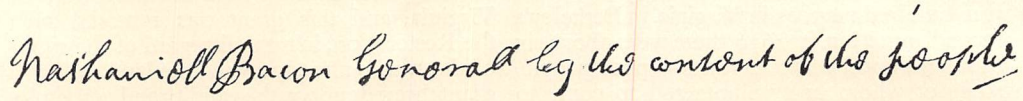
VIEW FROM THE UPPER END OF JAMESTOWN.
(The piles mark the ancient location of the Sandy Beach peninsula.)

[1] I have seen a copy of this rare pamphlet in the White Kennet collection at the house of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, in London. It is called "Discourse and Veiw of Virginia." A note in the margin, in the handwriting of Bishop White Kennet, ascribes the authorship to Sir William Berkeley.

ton and Culpepper were to have the appointment of the sheriffs who executed the laws and collected the taxes; they were to name the escheators, whose business it was to recover lands the title to which had been forfeited, and the surveyors, in whose hands were questions of lines and boundaries. They had power to make new seals, and they could regulate the division of the colony into counties and parishes at their pleasure. This wholesale grant of royal powers, with all its half-hidden possibilities of cruel extortion, had thirty-one years to run, and during that time the landholders of Virginia would be unsheltered from the rapacity of the two proprietors.

It was at length decided to send a commission to protest against the grant, and to buy off the grantees. To pay the expenses of the commissioners, and to supply blackmail for the noble lords whose clutch was on the very throat of the colony, an additional tax of sixty pounds of tobacco was levied on every "tithable poll" in Virginia. By this means the poor, already overburdened with an undue share of the taxes, were again made to pay charges for what could benefit only the landed proprietors. For since the poor man's substance was sure to be consumed in any event, it could not make much difference to him whether he was robbed by favorites of the king in England, or plundered by favorites of the governor in America. Culpepper and Arlington, finding themselves confronted with a commission from Virginia, were readily persuaded, or perhaps paid, to sign an agreement by which they yielded their claims under the grant to everything except the royal quit-rents, which last they contrived to increase one-third by a stipulation that they should be paid in tobacco at three halfpence instead of at twopence per pound, as had been the custom.[1] But by the time the news of this release reached Virginia, the attention of the colonists was wholly turned to the disasters of a new Indian war, and to troubles which were fast driving Virginia into civil strife.

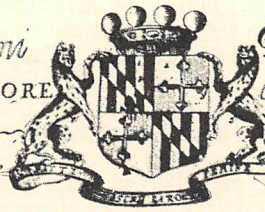
Below the discontent with the taxes lay a deep-seated dislike of the assembly which levied them. It had been elected in the loyal fervor of 1662. From that time Berkeley refused to order a new election until the rebellion under Bacon, fourteen years later, compelled a change. The governor had a pliant assembly, originally chosen by the freeholders only, and one that had long since ceased to represent anybody. The members, with the governor's help, had provided liberally for themselves. Besides a large daily pay from the time of leaving home, each member drew an additional allowance for a man-servant, and yet another for his horse — the whole pay of a burgess aggregating two hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco a day. The assembly, if its services were sufficiently prolonged, might be made to yield to a member a far better crop than his plantation. The liquors consumed by "committees" were also charged to the colony, and there were "clerks" to these committees who received salaries of four thousand pounds of tobacco sometimes "for scarce twenty lines of writing." Men who were not landholders were not suffered to vote, but the salaries of the burgesses were collected by a poll tax; for, by the rule of that time, the rich were to enjoy, and the poor were to pay. As each county paid its own representatives, the three hundred tithable men of one thinly populated county were required to contribute five hundred pounds of tobacco a day to support the dignity of their burgesses at Jamestown. And this was only one of many charges, for an assembly so well cared for could not be mean. In addition to the governor's high salary he was kept in good humor by an annual "present" voted in recognition of this or that imaginary service rendered to the province. Members of the governor's council, who engrossed the most lucrative offices, were, as a special mark of nobility, freed from the poll tax on themselves and ten servants apiece, and received a salary besides. There were also smaller officers who took their toll with a large hand: the sheriffs had the first chance, and they got ten per cent. of every levy for collecting it; the clerks' fees were similarly exorbitant. The parson of each parish had also his claim for sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, raised, like all the rest, by taxing the "polls." On these same tithable polls, and never upon land, were laid many other grievous burdens; as the tax for arms and ammunition, forts



SIGNATURE TO THE FIRST DRAFT OF A PROCLAMATION, PROBABLY AUTOBIOGRAPHIC. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

[1] Mr. Doyle reads this paper wrongly when he supposes that Arlington and Culpepper were to receive a tax of three halfpence per pound on Virginia tobacco. This would have extinguished the planter's interest. By adroitly lowering the customary price of the tobacco in which they were paid, the grantees increased their quit-rents.

Effigies Illustrissimi Barones BALTEMORE Hiberniæ Absoluti Provinciarum Terræ America etc.ª



Dñi Cæcilij Calvert, de Baltemore in Regno Dñi et Proprietarij Mariæ et Avalonæ in

PORTRAIT OF THE SECOND LORD BALTIMORE.
(AFTER A PRINT PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.)

and cannon, and for other charges from which the country received no visible benefit whatever, but from which Berkeley and his friends ever grew visibly richer.

With all these multiplied charges to pay, it is not surprising that the planters should be curious to know to what the permanent tax of two shillings a hogshead on tobacco collected since 1659 had been applied. The people living nearest to Jamestown were the most puzzled by this riddle. There was no printing press, and the planters in each county were dependent on the gossip of their "court-day" for information; it is not surprising, therefore, that many of them even believed that the story of the king's having granted away the land and privileges of the colony was but another device for taxing them to enrich the "grandees." Often imposed on by fictions, they had grown suspicious. For there was every year a tax to buy ammunition for the militia, and yet the militia were "feigne to buy their own powder and shott themselves." And what had become of all the "castle duties" levied on

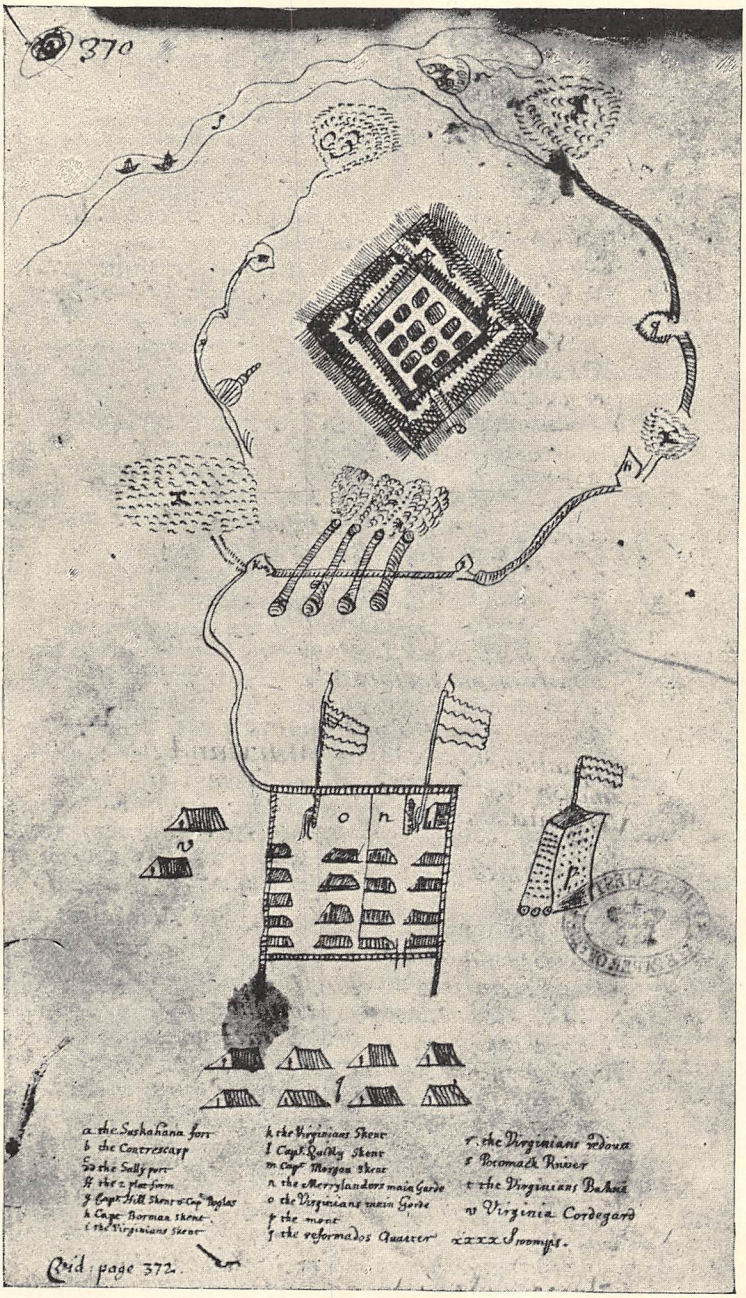
TOMB AT JAMESTOWN PARTLY INCLOSED IN A TREE.

ships for many years, and certainly not spent in maintaining forts? Notoriously these duties were often collected from ships in shoes, and these were appropriated to private use.

But there was no apparent means of relief from the strong hand of oppression. Berkeley stubbornly refused to dissolve so obliging an assembly; he said that men were the more valuable, in any calling, in proportion to their experience. To the mutterings of the storm about him the governor was the more insensible that he was now old and hard of hearing, and was, moreover, married to a young wife, who was believed to be the very devil of the whole situation. There was small encouragement to appeal to England against Berkeley, who was backed by powerful court influences, and who had there a high reputation for loyalty and public spirit. Almost continually for a dozen years the colonists had complained in vain, for Berkeley was ever amusing the king and that portion of the English public which took any interest in Virginia by sending over specimens of hemp and other new commodities raised on his own plantation.

THE INDIAN MASSACRES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

"King Philip's" Indian war, which broke so fiercely upon New England in 1675, was thought to have spread a contagion of hostility far to the southward by means of that quick intelligence which existed between the tribes. Indian aggressions took place on the Potomac, which led to rash and indiscriminate reprisals from the settlers. The Virginians were presently involved in war, not only with their old enemies the Doegs, but with the more dangerous Susquehannocks as well. These last fortified a well-chosen position in Maryland with a skill worthy of a more civilized race. They surrounded their camp by a high bank of earth constructed with flankers and pierced with many port-holes; this again was inclosed by a trench, while without the trench was a stockade of tall tree-trunks. The bases of these were planted three feet below the surface, and they were wattled together six inches apart, in order to leave space for the defenders to shoot through. The tops of the trees thus arranged were interlaced, so as to give great firmness to the whole. The location in wet ground prevented the besiegers from mining. A hundred and fifty Susquehannocks held the place against a thousand colonists. From this impregnable stronghold the Indians killed fifty of their assailants, but the lack of providence in the matter of food is the weak point of savagery; the Susquehannocks were soon obliged to depend for sustenance on horses captured in their sallies against the besiegers. These failing at length, they sued for peace, sending six of their head men as ambassadors to ask for terms. The colonists, exasperated by their losses, and finding, as they claimed, some of the original murderers in this embassy, detained the chiefs, and after awhile put five of them to death. The Maryland officers concerned in this breach of faith were afterwards severely punished; the Virginians were rebuked by Governor Berkeley. The Susquehannocks, seeing that there was no chance for escape by surrender, were pushed to desperation. Watching their opportunity, they succeeded in getting out of the fort in the night, with their wives and children and all their goods, "knocking on the head" ten of the besiegers as they made their way out. The Maryland government entered into a separate treaty of peace with the Indians, and thus the fury of the Susque-



PLAN OF THE SUSQUEHANNA FORT.
(FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.)

hannocks' revenge was turned wholly upon Virginia.

The Susquehannocks, though much reduced by their conflicts with other tribes and with the whites, were a fierce race, loving war for its own sake, and, having now abundant provocation, they soon made their revenge felt. In one night in January, 1676, they cut off thirty-six people in the upper settlements of the Rappahannock and Potomac. The governor thereupon ordered out a competent force to pursue them, giving the command, with ample power to make peace or war, to Sir Henry Chicheley; but, with that sudden change of purpose which more than once marked his course at this critical time, he presently disbanded the troops and recalled Chicheley's commission.

The infatuated Berkeley, perhaps rendered sullen by opposition, now persisted in postponing all effectual preparations until the assembly should meet, "in the mean time leaving the poor inhabitants in continual and deadly fears and terrors of their lives," while the Indians, meeting with no organized resistance, scourged the upper settlements more savagely than ever. Of seventy-one plantations in one Rappahannock parish on the 24th of January there were but eleven left seventeen days later, "what with those that ran away . . . and such as staid and were cut off." By the time the burgesses met in March the number of victims had mounted to three hundred.

The assembly was the old and rotten one chosen fourteen years before. As was its wont, it did what the governor desired and what the people detested. Provision was made for building frontier forts and garrisoning them with five hundred soldiers; these were to be raised in the seaboard counties, where the dissatisfaction with the governor was somewhat less pronounced than among the people on the exposed frontier. But these troops were on no account to be allowed to attack any Indians without getting specific orders from the governor, unless, indeed, the Indians should be so indiscreet as to be caught in the very act of murdering the settlers. The simplest frontiersman could see that forts so far apart were of no service to settlements so sparse. The structures built under the act were so flimsy that they were soon reported to be falling down of themselves from the mere effect of wind and rain. They served the ends of their projectors, however, in giving an excuse for a new levy of no less than two millions of pounds of tobacco on the tithables, already driven to desperation by the accumulation of their burdens, and especially by the sixty pounds of tobacco a head which they were obliged to pay to ransom the colony from Arlington and Culpepper.

Stung by the cruel and unrevenged desolations wrought by the savages, and outraged by this unpitying taxation, the people cried out upon their rulers. They declared that they would rather plant no more tobacco than to pay for the building and maintenance of the forts, deeming the whole proceeding "merely a design of the grandees to engross all their tobacco into their own hands." They humbly petitioned for leave to go against the Indians at their own cost under some leader of the governor's appointment, but Berkeley met this reasonable request by forbidding such petitions under a heavy penalty.

Much of this war against public opinion may have been the mere obstination of a narrow-minded and unsympathetic old man, adhering first and last to a dogmatic belief in his own infallibility, and feeling himself badgered by a populace he had been wont to control and to hold in contempt. But the exasperated Virginians did not hesitate to ascribe to Berkeley far meaner and more mercenary motives. The colonial law forbade traffic with the Indians without license. Berkeley had made use of this to secure the monopoly he had first sought to get by royal grant. He licensed a few men to trade, and exacted from them every third skin. These licensed partners — one might rather say accomplices — of the governor sold arms and ammunition to the neighboring Indians with impunity, though the law made this a capital offense. The nearer Indians had a "go-between trade" with the hostile savages, and these were thus amply supplied with materials of war. Open criticism of a governor so absolute was dangerous, but the people passed their thoughts from mouth to mouth in dark proverbs. The current saying, "No bullets can pierce beaver-skins," told, as plainly as men dared to utter it, their belief that a tenderness for this lucrative trade withheld the governor from sending an expedition into the Indian country. The people went so far as to believe that Sir William and his friends were even willing to goad his enemies to open rebellion that they might have a pretext for confiscation, and this surmise was also coined into a proverb to the effect that "Rebels' forfeitures will be loyal inheritances."

The governor not only suppressed petition; he even tried, whenever there was any possibility of success, to discredit reports of Indian massacres. But no authority could keep intelligence of the outrages from traveling swiftly from plantation to plantation; and the panic-stricken refugees, fleeing in destitution from the frontiers, were a perpetual censure of the governor's administration. Nor could any vigilance of Berkeley's keep back the darker stories of the hideous tortures to which cap-

OLD CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN.

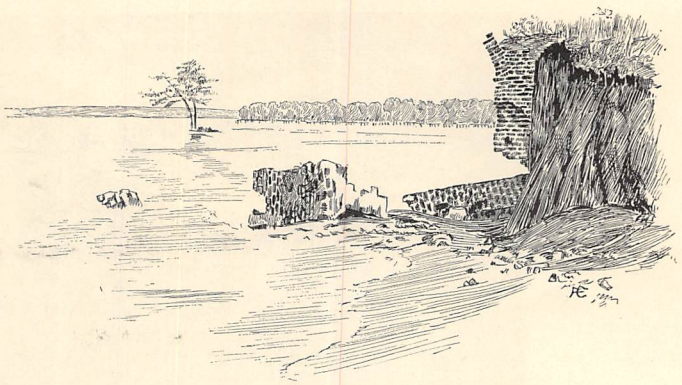
tives were subjected by the savage foe, the favorite device of the Virginia Indians being that of slowly flaying the victim alive, after having torn the nails from his fingers with their teeth.

But none of these things moved the unpitying governor. At the very time when he had intelligence that fresh bands of savages were descending on the upper James River settlements, he refused a new request made by the men of Charles City County that they be allowed to go against the enemy. But the cup would now hold no more; the settlers could no longer be restrained by the shadow of royal authority. "The cries of their wives and children had grown grievous and intolerable to them." They beat up for volunteers on their own account; and though such an act was held in that age to be rebellion, the magistrates offered no interference while the inflamed people were day after day "drawing into arms" and waiting "for nothing but one to head them, and lead them out on their design."

NATHANIEL BACON.

GENTLEMEN of fortune and education were the natural leaders of every undertaking in a society like that of Virginia in 1676. But it was not surprising that men of property were loath by any act of technical rebellion to put their estates within the reach of the cupidity of the governor, in whose hands centered every kind of legislative, judicial, and executive power. Many of the great proprietors, and even some members of the council, could not quite conceal the sympathy they felt with the popular indignation. There were, besides, several gentlemen of less fortune who took the popular side more or less openly. Among these was Lawrence, a brilliant man, bred at Oxford, who had lost an estate by an unjust decision which Berkeley had made on the bench; another was Drummond, a shrewd Scotchman, who had been governor of North Carolina.

But the most important adherent to the popular cause was Nathaniel Bacon, the younger of the two Virginia councilors of



POWDER MAGAZINE, SO CALLED, AT JAMESTOWN.

that name. He was of "no obscure family," being son of Thomas Bacon, of an ancient seat known as Friston Hall, in the county of Suffolk, in England. From the characterization of Thomas Bacon, in an exceedingly rare tract of that time, as "a gentleman of known loyalty and ability," we may infer his adhesion to the royalist side in the civil wars. Nathaniel Bacon entered St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, as gentleman commoner, in 1660, and proceeded to his M. A. in 1667.[1] "To the long-known title of gentleman," says the tract cited above, "by his long study at the Inns of Court he has since added that of esquire." He had also been abroad; "his erratic fortune," as the royal commissioners put it, "had carried & shewne him many Forraigne Parts."[2] He did not escape the taint of his time—a time in which lavish expenditure was accounted a mark of generosity of spirit in one of his rank. His father had given him a "genteel" competency; "but he, as it proved, having a soul too large for that allowance, could not contain himself within bounds, which his careful father perceiving . . . consented to his inclination of going to Virginia, and accommodated him with a stock for that purpose to the value of eighteen hundred pounds starling"; a very liberal outfit for a new country, considering the value of money two hundred years ago. His age at the outbreak of the rebellion was twenty-nine.[3] "He was indifferent tall, but slender, black-haired, and of an ominous melancholy aspect," say the royal commissioners, who were naturally not favorable to him; and they add that he "was not given to much talk or to make sudden replies." He "lived in that continent in very good repute," says the tract I have cited before; "his extraordinary parts, like a letter of recommendation, rendering him acceptable in all men's company." His cousin, Nathaniel Bacon the elder, was "a rich politic man," and already for many years a member of the governor's council. The younger Bacon, who arrived in Virginia in the autumn of 1673, or the winter following, was soon raised to the same dignity. The elder Nathaniel, who was childless, proposed to make the younger his heir, and it is said that at a critical time he offered to "his uneasy cousin" a considerable part of his estate, if he would lay down his arms and "become a good subject."

But the younger Nathaniel had settled at a plantation about twenty miles below Richmond, known then as now by the name of "Curle's." He was, therefore, not far removed from the Indian frontier. Three servants of his neighbor, Captain Byrd, had been killed by the savages; and Bacon's own "outward plantation," on the brook yet called "Bacon's Quarter Branch," within the present limits of Richmond, had been ravaged, the crops and a great stock of cattle destroyed, and his overseer killed. Among papers recently acquired by the British Museum there is a copy of a letter from Bacon's wife, a daughter of Sir Edward Duke, to a sister or sister-in-law, palpitating with alternate fears that her husband will be killed by the savages or hanged by the governor. In this she thus naïvely tells how Bacon came to undertake the leadership:

> If you had been here, it would have grieved your heart to hear the pitiful complaints of the people, the Indians Killing the people daily and the govern'r not taking any notice of it for to hinder them, but let them daily doe all the mischeif they can: . . . . and the poor people came to your brother [Bacon] to desire him to help them against the Indians, and hee being very much concerned for the losse of his overseer, and for the losse of so many men women and children's lives every day, he was willing to doe them all the good he could; so hee begged of the Governour for a Commission in Severall letters to him, that hee might goe out against them, but hee would not grant one, so daily more mischeif done by them, so your brother not able to endure any longer hee went out without a Commission.

Bacon's own account is equally striking:

> Finding that the country was basely for a small and sordid gain betraied, and the lives and fortunes

1 I am much indebted to Dr. Charles Waldstein for examining the college registers for me.

2 "A True Narrative, &c." MS. Pub. Rec. Office.

3 The authority for his age is a letter kindly sent me, in answer to one of inquiry, by Henry F. Bacon, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, who informs me that he was born January 2, 1647.

of the poor inhabitants wretchedly sacrificed [I] resolved to stand up in this ruinous gap and rather expose my life and fortune to all hazards, then basely desert my post, and by soe bad an example make desolate a whole country in which no one dared to stirr against the common Enemy but . . . crowded together like sheep leaving their plantations and stocks a prey to the enemy.

The royal commissioners relate that Bacon hesitated long to take the decisive step of putting himself at the head of the volunteers without a commission; but three prominent men, Crewes, Isham, and Byrd, persuaded him to visit the camp and "treat" the volunteers, when at a preconcerted signal the men cried out, after the old English fashion, "A Bacon, a Bacon, a Bacon!" This sudden election by acclamation, or rather by clamor, turned the scale of his decision.[1] The "whole heart and hopes" of the distressed people "were now set on Bacon as the only Patron of the country and preserver of their lives and fortunes," say the king's commissioners. His force consisted of three hundred men, who pledged themselves to him by signing their names in a round robin on a large paper, and taking a solemn oath to stick together. Meantime the governor issued a warning proclamation,[2] and mustered a company of gentlemen to disperse Bacon's men; but when Berkeley reached the falls of the James River, Bacon and his three hundred had crossed to the south bank and pushed off southward into the Indian country, whither neither the governor nor his escort of gentlemen had the stomach to follow. Sir William Berkeley found means to vent his angry feelings by gallantly informing Mrs. Betty Bacon that her husband would be hanged as soon as he returned, and by uttering another angry proclamation, dated the 10th of May, in which he denounces Bacon as "young, inexperienced, rash, and inconsiderate," and his followers as "rude, dissolute, and tumultuous," declares Bacon a rebel, and deposes him from his seat in the council and from his office as a magistrate.

Eight days later the governor's whole tone had changed. While he was lying in wait in Henrico County for the return of the volunteers from the Indian country, and, as the Baconians believed, even sending information to the Indians, a new storm suddenly arose among the people of the lower counties, who cared little about the Indian war, but who looked on Bacon as their champion against the oppressive tax of two millions of tobacco for worthless forts. Berkeley issued another proclamation, on the 18th of May, 1676, while he was yet in Henrico County, dissolving, though with manifest reluctance, the old but never venerable assembly, which for fourteen years had braved public opinion in making laws at the governor's dictation. The rising in the lower counties was by this time taking on the proportions of a serious insurrection, and Berkeley could only avert the hurricane by dismantling the useless forts and returning promptly to Jamestown, thus reluctantly leaving open a door for Bacon's return.

BACON'S CAPTURE AND RELEASE.

A PARTY of the Susquehannocks had taken refuge on an island which is described as two hundred miles to the southward of James River, and which seems to have been in the Roanoke River. This island was the seat of the Ockinagees, one of the trading tribes. These Indians are thought to have belonged to the great Dakota family. Their island was "commodious for trade, and the mart for all the Indians for at least five hundred miles."[3] These Ockinagees appear to have been the same as the Mangoaks, of whom Raleigh's colonists heard, who had a great trade for copper, which was brought from the Northwest, passing through the territory of several tribes before reaching them.

When Bacon reached this isle of traffic his provisions were exhausted, and he was not strong enough to engage both the Ockinagees and the Susquehannocks. One may conjecture that the Ockinagees, as the great trading tribe, were the Indians that Berkeley wished to shelter, for at this moment they had a thousand beaver-skins in store which would naturally pass into the hands of the governor and his partners, and no doubt it was through an intermediary trade with the Ockinagees that the Susquehannocks were able to procure arms and ammunition. But Bacon, affecting friendliness with the Ockinagees, persuaded them to fall upon the Susquehannocks, which for some reason they were not loath to do. By this sudden and treacherous attack thirty Susquehannock warriors and all their women and children were slain.

But by this time the Ockinagees, who had three forts on the island, were reënforced. Perhaps also they had got wind through the Pamunkeys, or some other protected tribe, of the wish which the Berkeleian party openly

1 The royal commissioners say that he had been previously plied with wine to render his acquiescence the more certain.

2 This first proclamation is probably not extant, but it is referred to in the second.

3 A manuscript by Sir William Berkeley in the collection of the late S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., entitled "Virginia's Deploared Condition," and dated August, 1676, is authority for some of these particulars.

confessed, that the savages would "knock Bacon on the head." Bacon could get no food. Many of his men deserted, and his force was now reduced to seventy. The savages grew more hostile as the whites grew fewer. At length one of Bacon's men was shot from the mainland. At this signal a bloody battle ensued. Bacon, who never failed of resource in an emergency, drew his men close to the open palisades of the Indian party, so that the Indians could get no range on them, while the Virginians thrust their guns between the very palisades and fired on the huddled mass of yelling savages within. Many Indians tried to escape, but large numbers were slain. The destruction was pitiless and indiscriminate; it was the seventeenth century. After fighting all night and a great part of the next day and quite destroying one of the forts, Bacon withdrew his men, exhausted by heat, hunger, and fatigue. He had lost eleven men. On his return to the settlement he was received with acclamation, both as the first who had given a check to the Indians, and as a champion whose action had compelled the calling of a new assembly.

Bacon prudently sought to make peace with the governor and to secure even yet a commission against the Indians, who were now ravaging the border in revenge of Bacon's raid. Meantime, however, a guard was kept night and day in Bacon's house, for fear the governor should have him assassinated.

> You never knew any better beloved then hee is [privately writes Mrs. Bacon of her husband]. I doe verily believe that rather then hee should come to any hurt by the Governour or any body else they would most of them loose their lives.

Bacon having been displaced from the council, the people of Henrico returned the blow by choosing him and his friend Crewes to the House of Burgesses in the new "June Assembly." Throughout the colony there was a democratic reaction, and the governor was compelled to give way, by allowing all freemen to vote. The people in many cases refused to trust a land-holder, but chose men "that had but lately crept out of the condition of servants" and those who had been "eminent abetters of Bacon."

But when the June Assembly met, the lead against the governor was taken not by the humble freemen, but by some gentlemen who got a committee appointed to inquire into the collection and expenditure of the revenue. Sir William Berkeley with characteristic facility forgot the fair promises made before the election, that he would submit to investigation, and now sent pressing messages to the lower house "to meddle with nothing until the Indian business was despatched." The debate between him and the house rose high, but the governor's new-born zeal in "the Indian business" prevailed, and the profound mystery of the public accounts was never penetrated by the profane. The Virginians presently had work more serious than looking into expenditures, and in the troublous times that followed the governor had the satisfaction of hanging one Mr. Hall Clarke, a gentleman who had been guilty of no other offense than that of "a prying curiosity" into the administration of public funds and such like secrets of state.

Bacon's constituents, though they had chosen him their burgess, were loath to trust their idol within the governor's reach. Forty of the Henrico men, guns in hand, resolved to bear him company to Jamestown. On the evening of the second day of the session Bacon's own sloop, with this guard on board, reached the neighborhood of the little town; and that night Bacon rowed ashore with about twenty of his men, whom he stationed in the bushes at various points in the scattering town, while he resorted to the house of his friend Lawrence for consultation. The presence of the rebel in Jamestown was discovered by Clough, the parish clergyman, who gave notice to the governor, so that by the time Bacon could reach his sloop the guns of the fort had opened upon it, and Bacon sailed up the river out of shot. The next day armed boats were sent to take him, but these were probably unwilling to close with the fusileers of Henrico. The ship *Adam and Eve*, however, intercepted Bacon's sloop, and he surrendered himself and his men, and was brought to Jamestown, to the joy of the governor and his friends.

A curious scene ensued. When Bacon was brought before Sir William Berkeley the governor said, "Now behold the greatest rebel that ever was in Virginia." After a short pause he added: "Sir, do you continue to be a gentleman? And may I take your word? If so, you are at liberty upon your own parole." This clemency was well judged, for the rumor, already spreading from plantation to plantation, that Bacon was in arrest had set the country ablaze with excitement. The men of the upper James River and the men of New Kent were quickly in motion "with dreadful threatenings to double revenge all wrongs" done to Bacon or his men.

THE FIRST MARCH ON JAMESTOWN.

BERKELEY had before shown his knack of seeming to bend before an opposition too strong to be resisted, while clinging tenaciously to his purposes. Jamestown was by this time full of determined though unorganized men come to

watch the course of affairs. Further to allay the dangerous popular jealousy, the governor intimated his willingness to pardon Bacon and restore him to the council, and even to grant him the much-desired commission against the Indians, if Bacon would only salve his wounded honor by a public apology. Bacon had professed a desire for such a settlement two weeks before. "If you can propound any honorable way," he had written to Berkeley, "I will run as great a risk to procure your esteem as I do lose it for." It was besides a life and death matter with him, so that though he afterwards claimed to have yielded to the entreaty of his cousin, it is probable that being a prisoner he did not stickle long at signing and reading in public the very humble apology prepared for him by the elder Nathaniel Bacon, acting as mediator. He was almost at once admitted to his old seat in the council, and the news of the reconciliation dispersed the excited up-countrymen who had continued to crowd into town.

So fine a day presaged a storm, for Berkeley had learned statecraft in the school of Charles I. He had gone so far as to make public announcement of Bacon's appointment, but the commission was left unsigned, and the wind soon began to set from another quarter. Orders were privately sent out to raise the train-bands of the neighboring counties, and so to dispose of them that Bacon's friends could not again assemble in such numbers. The governor, relieved from pressure, found a pretext for not signing the promised commission. Intelligence was secretly given to Bacon that he was to be re-arrested, and that the road and the river were beset with men to put him to death if he essayed to go home the next morning, as he had proposed to do. He thereupon, to use his own phrase, "took the next horse" and escaped in the night. The party sent to seize him early in the morning searched Lawrence's house, sticking their swords through the beds in the vain hope of finding Bacon somewhere concealed. But the up-country was already flocking to him, and in an incredibly short space of time he was marching with characteristic celerity towards Jamestown, and this time there were five hundred armed men at his back. It was late in the day when the news came; the governor promptly ordered four great guns set up at Sandy Beach, which was then the only approach by land to the Jamestown peninsula, and which has now quite disappeared. Thirty men, all that could be mustered, were called out, a barricade across the narrow neck at Sandy Beach was planned, and scouts were sent out over night. The next morning there was a cry of "Arms! Arms!" in Jamestown, but all attempts to secure trustworthy recruits from the York train-bands had failed, for the whole country was filled with disaffection. The soldiers of Jamestown were few, and the half of them not to be depended on against the popular leader. Reports were brought, moreover, that Bacon's men had sworn to put all to the sword if any resistance should be offered. With characteristic versatility and finesse, Berkeley had the cannon thrown from their carriages and the small arms laid aside, so that the town which had beat to arms in the morning presented an utterly peaceful and non-resistant aspect when on that June day Bacon marched in at the head of four hundred excited men on foot and a troop of a hundred and twenty on horseback. He left a party at Sandy Beach to prevent surprise from the land side or the escape of any one from the town, sent another squad to the ferry, another to the river landing-place, and a fourth to take possession of the fort, "so that no place could be more securely guarded."

Everybody in the little capital seems to have been panic-stricken except the old governor, whose cardinal virtue was the courage of a Cavalier. After some parley through councilors, he became furious at his own humiliation and the sturdiness of Bacon's demands. Going out, he bared his breast and declared that they might shoot him before he would sign a commission for such a rebel as Bacon. Then, forgetting his age and station, he drew his sword and offered to settle the matter on the spot by single combat with the young rebel. It is indeed the seventeenth century that we are here dealing with! "Sir," answered Bacon, "I come not nor intend to hurt a hair of your Honor's head, and for your sword your Honor may please to put it up; it may rust in the scabbard before I shall desire you to draw it. I come for a commission against the heathen who daily inhumanly murder us and spill our brethren's blood and no care is taken to prevent it." All the time of this dramatic parley between the slender young leader and the aged governor Bacon's hand was nervously put now to his hat and now to his sword-hilt, as though in an unconscious alternation of respect and defiance.

But courtly speeches did not avail. The governor and council retired towards the state-house; upon which Bacon, following them, took another tone, and burst out with one of those ingeniously meaningless oaths with which the young gentry of the Restoration period garnished their speeches, and in the making of which Bacon was notoriously ingenious. "God damn my blood!" he cried, "I come for a commission, and a commission I will have before I go.

I 'll kill governor and council and assembly, and then I 'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood." Rhyming his action to his words, he turned to his fusileers and said, "Make ready and present." The loaded matchlocks of the enraged Baconians were now leveled at the state-house, from the windows of which the burgesses were eagerly watching the scene between Bacon and the governor. One of the frightened burgesses waved a handkerchief at the troops and called out, "For God's sake hold your hands a little and forbear, and you shall have what you please."

Bacon probably felt that in his perilous position he could not afford even a half victory. He refused the first commission offered to him, and extorted a satisfactory commission for himself as major-general and thirty commissions in blank for officers to serve under him. He required the assembly to pass an act disabling certain of the worst spirits of the governor's party from holding any office, and he extorted a letter to the king signed by the governor and the speaker in exculpation of himself. In vain the old governor professed himself sick and sought permission to go home; the ferry and the peninsula were guarded, and Berkeley, subdued for the time, assented to a set of laws well adapted to reform abuses and relieve the people. When Bacon was dead and his work abrogated the oppressed Virginians begged for the reënactment of "the laws of the June Assembly," and "Bacon's Laws" are an oasis in the Virginia legislation of the seventeenth century.

THE SIEGE AND DESTRUCTION OF JAMESTOWN.

This legislation at gun-muzzle was interrupted before it was completed. In the forenoon of Sunday, the 25th of June, Jamestown was thrown into commotion by news "that the Indians had been ffoule and murthered eight of our people . . . at two several places on York River." These bold murders were but twenty-three miles from the capital, and were more than forty miles within the line of frontier settlements. Bacon therefore ordered provisions to the falls of the James River, and on Monday morning marched out of Jamestown to try his new commission against the savages. On that very Sunday in which Nathaniel Bacon, for the moment virtual dictator of Virginia, was getting ready to go against the Indians, England was agitated by the news of his earlier movements, and Thomas Bacon of Friston Hall was presenting a pathetic petition to the king begging that he would not be too angry with his son in Virginia until all the facts were known.

No sooner were the rebels out of Jamestown than the governor set himself to undo their work. He summoned the militia of York and Middlesex, under pretense of going himself against the Indians; but when the train-bands were informed that it was Bacon against whom they were to march, it is said that a murmur of "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon," arose among the men, who sullenly broke ranks and returned home. The old governor fainted on the field with chagrin.

The "general," as Bacon was now called, had completed his preparations for the Indian campaign, when, on the very night before the proposed departure of the expedition from the falls of the James River, there arrived a messenger sent post to inform him that the governor was raising the militia against him. Fearing to go against the savages with the certainty of encountering a hostile force when his men should come back exhausted, Bacon made a ringing little speech to his men and marched straight back to Jamestown. The governor, not wishing to encounter the rebels single-handed, fled across Chesapeake Bay to the eastern shore, where the inhabitants, from their remoteness and perhaps from their peculiar character, had always remained loyal, and free from the agitations of the rest of Virginia. But even the men of Accomac, while affording him an asylum, higgled with Berkeley for relief from abuses.

Bacon now found the government of all Virginia, except the two counties on the eastern shore, left derelict on his hands. He therefore summoned the leading gentlemen of the country to meet him on the third day of August at Middle Plantation, the site upon which the new capital, Williamsburg, was planted a few years later.

The men of estate were very willing to have their battles fought out for them, but many of them were naturally loath to put their own necks in reach of the governor's halter. Bacon, however, boldly threatened to deliver up his commission to the assembly, leaving the people to get out of the fix as best they could, unless they would enter into the most stringent engagements with him. He was not in a position to be content with a half support; Berkeley from Accomac was threatening vengeance, and he knew that he must soon settle his account with England itself, for the governor had sent Lady Berkeley across seas to make sure of assistance. A clergyman who opposed the taking of an engagement hostile to the king's troops was imprisoned, as were Sir Henry Chicheley and some others; some were won over by Bacon's arguments and persuasions, and some whom he suspected he compelled to go with him to the Indian country. Just at

the opportune moment the scale was turned in favor of Bacon's propositions by a new Indian raid into Gloucester County, and even York fort, from which the governor had but the day before taken away the arms and ammunition, was in danger of being captured by the savages. The general prescribed an oath which was administered in almost every county by the lawful magistrates, binding the Virginians to resist any forces sent out from England until Bacon could have time to inform the king of the true state of affairs and get reply; to divulge to the general all words spoken against him; and to keep his secrets. Bacon now made the only military mistake of his whole career; but, owing to the coincidence of unfortunate circumstances, it eventually proved a fatal one to his cause. He intrusted to Carver and Bland, two of his lieutenants, the delicate task of sailing to Accomac and capturing Berkeley. It was the only one of his important undertakings that he put into other hands, and the only one that miscarried. It might have been better to have sent Carver, seaman that he was, to fight the savages, and to have gone after the larger game himself.

Of his second expedition into the wilderness the accounts are very conflicting. The royal commissioners — who, however, knew little of Indians — censure him severely for attacking the Pamunkeys, who were ostensibly at peace with the whites. But the Virginians for the most part held to the theory, adopted by all frontier people when smarting under long-continued, cruel, and treacherous Indian outrages, that all Indians are hostile, overtly or covertly. Detained by rain until provisions were short, he offered to all who wished permission to return home; but this was done so adroitly that only three or four dared to brave the ridicule of their fellows by deserting the general. When all the provisions were consumed, he sent away all those who were not willing to subsist on horse-flesh and chinquapins. With the hardy little band that was left him, he kept up as long as possible a relentless scouring of the woods.

But when Bacon emerged from the wilderness it was to find the province again in confusion. The governor had captured the ship sent to take him, and had joined to this sixteen or seventeen sloops of the country; with these, on the 7th of September, he reëntered Jamestown, which had been hurriedly evacuated by the Baconians without any attempt at defense. Berkeley had mustered for this expedition six hundred sailors and other adventurers. It was reported at the time that he had promised them, besides regular pay, twenty-one years' exemption from all taxes except church dues, and the plunder of all who had taken Bacon's oath — "catch as catch could."

When Bacon received intelligence of the governor's return he had left but a hundred and thirty-six men, including "baggatiers" or porters; and this little troop was exhausted by fatigue and scant diet. But by one of those martial appeals which never failed to stir the blood of his followers, he contrived to inspire his wan and weather-beaten little company with his own valor and confidence. He boasted to his men of their courage; he ridiculed the governor's force as composed of cowards and plunderers; he made the fiercest threats of vengeance; and to work his men up to the courage of savage desperation, and to intimidate his foes, he swore them to give and take no quarter — an oath not hard to them, since they were pretty sure to be hanged if they should surrender.

He did not take time to secure many reenforcements, but pressed forward towards Jamestown. The people cheered the valiant little forlorn hope as it pushed along the roads; they uttered prayers for the general's happiness, and railed at the governor and his party. Fruits and victuals were brought forth to the soldiers as they passed, and the patriotic women passionately cried after Bacon that if he needed help they would come themselves to aid him.

Such was the celerity of this march, that before the governor had warning of his approach Bacon reached Jamestown — "outstripping the wings of fame," in the words of a writer of the time. His last day's march was thirty or forty miles, and he halted at Green Spring, in the neighborhood of Jamestown, where he disclosed to his tired men the tremendous odds against them, and animated them again by a speech pitched in a high, romantic key. "Come on, my hearts of gold," he cried; "he that dies in the field lies in the bed of honor." Drawing up his men after dark in the old Indian field by Jamestown, he rode forward to Sandy Beach — the neck, about ten paces wide, that connected the town with the mainland. He began the siege in the chivalresque fashion of the time. Instead of leaving the enemy to discover his arrival as best they could, he commanded a trumpeter to sound a defiance, and had a carbine fired; this was presently answered by a trumpeter from the town. Having performed the ceremonies due to the occasion, he dismounted, surveyed the ground, and ordered a trench made across the neck.

All night the men worked in the moonlight, having but two axes and two spades. Berkeley again attempted his favorite ruse of a conciliatory hypocrisy: he ordered his troops not to

attack, believing that the rebels would not dare begin an open battle with the royal governor, and pretending that he wished to avoid a war on account of Bacon's services against the Indians. The game had been played too often; Bacon assured his followers that the governor's party were as perfidious as they were cowardly. The little earthwork was at length completed, and at daybreak six of the Baconians announced the beginning of the siege by making a dash at the Jamestown palisades, firing a volley in bravado, and retreating in safety to their trench. In the contest which ensued Bacon's works, though built so hurriedly, effectually sheltered his men from the fire of the ships in the river and from the sallies of the governor's troops. By showing the men how to shield themselves with fagots carried in front of them and deposited on top and at the ends of the breastwork, the general extended and strengthened his fortifications under fire, apparently without losing one of his volunteers in the whole struggle. A sentinel perched on a neighboring chimney reported to the leader "how the men in the town mounted and dismounted, posted and reposted, drew on and off, and what number they were." Bacon's followers, after the childish fashion of the time, taunted and braved their adversaries, and even made a display on the top of their works of the Indians they had captured.

One attempt was made by a strong sally to carry the besiegers' works, but the rebels repulsed this, killing two of the attacking party, and Berkeley's troops never essayed it again.

On the 17th of September Bacon secured some cannon. Finding it difficult to mount these without losing the lives of some of his band, he sent to the neighboring plantations and brought into his works the wives and other female relatives of the governor's principal advisers and set them in an exposed position in front of his breastwork, sending one of the number into the town to give notice to the husbands of these ladies of the nature of his defenses. When his guns were in position he politely sent the ladies home again. A jaunty time, when men in deadly struggle played such schoolboy pranks!

Berkeley's recruits had come for plunder, and the business was getting too serious for them. Jamestown, with its malaria and its brackish water, "not grateful to the stomach," was an uncomfortable place in September. Every day was adding to Bacon's strength, and great numbers were rising in Isle of Wight and Nansemond counties. The governor's friends were particularly anxious to save the spoils already in their hands. On the 18th of September, the day after Bacon's great guns were placed, the plunder that had been gathered — of which the governor had Lawrence's cupboard of beautiful silver plate — was carried on shipboard and the town evacuated.

The governor's fleet, however, halted in sight of the town; there was evidently an intention to reoccupy it at the first opportunity, nor was it very defensible from the water side. Besides, if Bacon remained he would soon be entrapped, for Major Brent was marching against him with a thousand men mustered from the northernmost borders of Virginia, where the causes and course of Bacon's movement were only known from vague rumors. The rebels did not want any stronger reasons for destroying a place which seemed to them the very fountain-head of all their calamities. Jamestown consisted, at this the pinnacle of its splendor, of sixteen or eighteen widely scattered houses. Of these about twelve were large, new, and built of brick, as was the church. There were only about a dozen families permanently resident there, "getting their livings by keeping of ordinaries at extraordinary rates," as a writer of the time tells us. All the dwellings, with the church and the state-house, were burned on the 19th of September. Lawrence and Drummond set fire to their own houses, and, if one may believe the governor, Bacon fired the church with his own hand. Drummond saved the records from the burning state-house.

BACON'S DEATH.

WITH his usual promptness in meeting a danger half way, Bacon started at once to encounter Brent, but the tidings that the general had beaten the governor out of the town demoralized the northern train-bands. Their adhesion to the governor was perhaps already doubtful; some of them fled; the greater part deserted bodily to Bacon, "resolving with the Persians to go and worship the rising sun." In his hour of triumph Bacon showed much moderation. He was full of plans for reorganizing the colony and for withstanding the forces expected from England. But Jamestown, whose unwholesome air had from the outset cost the colony many valuable lives, was now to revenge itself even on its destroyer. The week that Bacon spent in the trenches of the pestiferous peninsula had smitten him with a fatal dysentery, and he died in Gloucester County on the twenty-sixth day of October, full of military anxieties to the last. With admirable devotion the friends who surrounded him took precautions against the possibility that his body should ever be exhumed and exposed on a gibbet. In later times nobody knew where Nathaniel Bacon was buried. The only hint that has come down to us is that stones were placed in the

coffin by his friend Lawrence, from which we may conjecture that he found a sea-burial in the wide estuary of York River.

His character is sufficiently apparent from his career. The royal commissioners, who arrived in Virginia after he was dead, use some harsh words about him; it was to be expected that the commissioners of Charles II. would not speak well of a rebel. But their whole narrative of the rise of the rebellion is a justification of his action; nor can the commissioners quite conceal their admiration for some of his qualities. They testify that he was not "bloodily inclined"; in spite of all provocation he put but one man to death in cold blood, and that one a spy who had made a business of enlisting with Bacon and then deserting to the governor. Bacon offered to pardon him if any soldier in his force would but speak a word for him, but no word was spoken. The rebel leader seems to have lived without a suspicion of personal vindictiveness or mercenary corruption. He restrained the appetite of his troops for plunder in an age which accounted spoils the legitimate reward of the soldier. Men did not simply obey him — they were ready to die for him. In some things his movement foreshadowed the American Revolution, which it preceded by a hundred years. His contrivance of a quasi-voluntary engagement of the people, as a substitute for legal authority, resembles strangely the "Articles of Association" exacted by the Congress of 1774; it is possible that the patriots of the later rebellion took lessons from him. For, in 1774, the "Virginia Gazette" printed an account of Bacon's movement from an old manuscript, now lost, as a means of animating the people to resistance. The signature to one of the proclamations in the British Museum, "Nathaniell Bacon, Generall by the consent of the People," strikes a note that has a strangely modern and republican sound. He was, as we have seen, an adroit speaker, and he possessed courteous manners and great powers of persuasion. His writings, though never elegant, and though sometimes lacking in correctness, are strong and effective; in spite of occasional turgidity and youthful declamatoriness, they are in places nervous and even eloquent. Considering the really great administrative qualities that were combined in this man of unfailing resource, one is tempted to wish that the Virginia Hampden had chanced on a more fortunate time and a larger field for the exercise of his genius.

Edward Eggleston.

[*BEGUN IN THE JUNE NUMBER.*]

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

III.

IT was not until Mr. Ernest Jencks, late passenger on the steamship *Etruria*, and future professor of biology in Illyria University, Michigan, found himself and his luggage shut up in a dingy cab of the "night-hawk" pattern, and oscillating violently towards the Brevoort House over pavements unutterably bad, that the conviction dawned on him he had been tricked by fate. Verily, in the words of his prophet Carlyle, might have been said to him, "The understanding is indeed thy window — too clear thou canst not make it; but fantasy is thine eye, with its color-giving retina." Imagination had him in her grip. Since the pantomimic but expressive interview with the goddess of his dreams on shipboard he had actually not had speech with her alone. With returning sunshine, dry decks, good appetites, and hopes of land, the ship's passengers had suddenly blossomed out into a host of chirping, joking folk, full of the affairs of a world that did not interest him and that subtly divided him from Lily.

Among the first to emerge from seclusion was Lily's mother. Trig, alert, stylish, conscious of a becoming hat, and sustained by stays that took ten years from her age, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was herself again. At her beck were attendants aggressively correct and solemn. Surrounding the chairs of mother and daughter was a throng of gossipers. And if chance offered him a loop-hole, by seeing Lily set out for a walk, she was at once followed and entwined by Mrs. Clay. To hang around with the crowd in the hope of receiving the sixteenth of a smile or the thirty-second part of an opinion as to Lili Lehmann's voice did not allure him irresistibly. The whole complexion of things between them had been altered by fine weather. He was almost tempted to find his divinity sometimes pert, as he thought her mother vulgar. A light frost, in fact, had fallen upon his blooming rosebush. And then a great event had taken place, reconciling Mrs.

Floyd-Curtis to head winds and expanding her soul in pious recognition of the blessings sometimes concealed by frowns of Providence. Lady Melrose, widow of the late earl and mother of the present unmarried owner of the title, the irate dowager on her travels whom Miss Lily had contrived to affront so grievously at the outset of their voyage, had, like her fellow-travelers, been laid low by seasickness. She was a neighbor of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis in the locality of her stateroom, and it would have been a stony-hearted peeress who could have refused the patient daily offerings of homage — *pâté* sandwiches, fruit, champagne, and what not — that found their way to the reviving sufferer. And thus, by a process slow, but sure as the growth of pearls within the shell, America appeased the mother country. When the dowager appeared on deck, giving to view high aquiline features, a suffused complexion, and the expression of a bird about to pounce, her thin form encased in a black alpaca dust-cloak, and a faded blue hood trimmed with seal upon her head, it was leaning on the arm of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's own Jeames, to take her place amid the downiest of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's own cushions.

How Mrs. Clay admired her co-worker in diplomatic paths; how Lily was made to nibble, with rosy lips and contradicting eyes, at a bit of humble-pie; how Mrs. Floyd-Curtis sat by serene, and kept the situation well in hand — are victories to be sung in strains heroic, not said in lowly prose.

Had our worthy Jencks been a little less of a dreamer, and a little better versed in worldly ways, he had surely seen that this circumstance put the finishing touch to his hopes of favor from Lily's mother. Had there been nothing else, how could Mrs. Floyd-Curtis have ventured to perform the rites of introduction between an Englishman of middle class and an Englishwoman of high rank on a ship flying British colors? This is a question for the manuals on etiquette to decide. The vastness of the subject inclines me to waive trouble by letting Mrs. Floyd-Curtis have her way.

Thus matters had continued until the *Etruria* touched her pier. Then a wild throb of rebellion against parting with his love without another word of confidence assailed the breast of Ernest Jencks. He could have seized her and jumped overboard had he dared believe she returned his passion. But of opportunity for this sort of medieval *coup-de-main* none offered. Lily had receded as America drew near. He almost fancied she had intention in her avoidance of his presence. In the confusion of going ashore, when he was standing alone and savage, debating what next to do, Jencks felt a touch like velvet on his arm. He turned around, saw Lily with her maid, and in the near distance Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, beckoning.

"It was to ask if I may keep your 'Letters to Dead Authors,'" Lily said; "I can send it to you by mail."

He had forgotten the book, but his heart exhaled in blessing Andrew Lang. In his joy at recognizing a bond between them, however slight, poor Jencks lost his head, and blurted out:

"Don't send it back. Or, if you must, keep it till you want — till you 've need of me — you might, you know — then send it, and I will come."

"All the way from Illyria?" she said, with her old merry smile at his extravagance of promise.

"From the world's end," he whispered hotly, and their hands met; then Mrs. Floyd-Curtis bore down upon the group and hustled them apart.

It was a moment of some anxiety for Lily's mother. There was on board a new prima donna, and the reporters had come down in full force to be told of her gladness to greet America. It was also known that the heroine of the Prince's breakfast was returning by this ship, and as paragraphs were bound to reach next morning's newspapers it was naturally desirable that they should be discreetly framed. When, therefore, a good-looking young gentleman doffed his hat to Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, and offered her his card containing in one corner certain magic syllables to show what organ of public opinion he embodied, the clever lady actually turned red. But soon recovering herself, she withdrew a little from the crowd, and discoursed to her questioner in gracious whispers.

Mr. Thomas Banting, who, barring a rather cherubic look, could in no sense be said to suggest a messenger of Cupid, found Jencks at his hotel some days after landing. The Englishman, who had determined to spend a fortnight in New York before banishment to Illyrian wilds, seemed to the genial New Yorker to be in an impracticable mood, and, reversing Browning's words, was "all prickles, no petals." He let himself be carried off, however; was put up at a couple of clubs, and dined at Delmonico's, where they saw a curious gathering of sun-burned, hilarious people in half-traveling costume, declared by Mr. Banting to be the elect of society returned from mountain, moor, and sea, and in the act of opening their town houses for the season. Jencks looked in vain for the fragility he had been led to believe in as typical of American women. The men, too, were brown and hearty, and

much of the talk was about sport, horses, dogs, and yachting, although, where the ladies had no part in conversation, Wall street and the familiar names in finance were often heard. The evening wound up pleasantly at a neighboring theater, where they enjoyed as much as was possible of a charming actress over the

LADY MELROSE ESTABLISHED WITH A SUPPORTER ON EACH SIDE.

monstrous bonnets of the women occupying seats in the parquet. Coming out of the playhouse, the two men stood for a moment to light their cigars beneath the electric light of the entrance. Jencks wondered at the incongruity of an audience so richly attired struggling for places in a Broadway car. Pell-mell they rushed for the seats, and when these were filled surged into the narrow aisle, packed in a swaying mass. Women, with costly furs, diamonds, and hothouse violets, clinging to the straps, were nudged and jostled by any unsavory stranger who had paid his five cents for a "ride." And still the insatiable car stood still and submitted to new incursions. More ladies, laughing and breathless, got in, or rather on to the platform at the rear. These the conductor of the car, a smiling Irishman in a greasy uniform and with extremely dirty hands, patted upon the back, adjuring them to "Step up lively, now." When at last neither inside nor out could by any pretense be made to receive another martyr, the bell rang, the straining horses started, and a new car came into place, to see the experiment repeated.

"By the way, this is Friday," said Banting, as they exchanged good-nights. "Why not run out with me to-morrow to Tupelo, and stop over till Monday? It's a place you ought to see. And I should n't wonder if you found some one there you know. I know the Floyd-Curtises are there. They 've been buying land, I 'm told."

Jencks hesitated, and was lost.

Next day Banting found him walking up and down in the ferry-house at the foot of West Twenty-third street, and thought the

air of New York must agree with the newcomer, so bright, so eager, was the young man's face, so quick his step. Presently a huge double-ended boat came into the slip, gates were opened, and a crowd of people emerged, rushing as if to see a fire, carrying with it women, babies, and other impedimenta, to be succeeded by a returning wave of similar humanity, who, filling the cabins, settled placidly into the seats. When the everyday people were established it was the turn of a few whose luggage was marked "Tupelo Park" to go on board. Some sat in their cabs or broughams, with glasses down, and with long-coated footmen waiting close at hand. Others went out on the forward deck, and stood huddled in little isolated groups. Almost all refused to see their fellow-passengers. They were really delightfully exclusive. And their accent was for the most part so strongly English, their phraseology so much what Jencks had left behind, that but for an occasional relapse into the American vernacular, a word promptly repronounced in English, you might have believed them to be one of Thackeray's bands of British aristocrats compelled to cross the Channel in company with tourists of their own nation, but of baser clay.

The glorious wide river swelled into a mimic sea. The far shore was dyed with autumn tints. A wind blew out of the west so fresh and free as to make the blood tingle with delight. In this sparkling atmosphere the Hudson was instinct with life. As the cumbrous boat plowed heavily in the direction of New Jersey she was apparently compelled to thread her way among schooners, sloops, lumber-barges, tugs, and rowboats that impeded her course. Other huge ferry-boats crossed and recrossed the stream. An ocean steamer came in, another sailed, the decks thronged with passengers. It seemed like a game of hit-or-miss, as the various craft glided before and behind theirs, amid the clang of bells and raucous cries of steam whistles. For miles along each shore the horizon line was etched with the masts of ships.

Most striking to the eye familiar with the atmospheric density of a London firmament was the stainless blue of the sky serving as umbrella to New York, whose purity the smoke of thousands of chimneys did not succeed in smirching. In the slanting rays of an afternoon sun, housetops, spires, towering buildings, and meaner suburbs were seen under a beautifying veil of golden tissue.

In the drawing-room car, where the Tupelo party were presently assembled, Jencks found himself, willy-nilly, gathered up by Banting and presented to some of the passengers who had by that time relaxed into a relieved intercommunication of which the perspective showed no bar. By all of them he had the satisfaction to be received civilly, by some with cordiality. A new Englishman has the odds all in his favor. Banting, a good-natured mortal, and sketchy in his style, had told his friends that Professor Jencks was the most famous scientist of Oxbridge, and that Barker said he might probably be intending to write a book about the States. Barker had said nothing of the kind. It was a passenger on the *Etruria* who hazarded this observation, and Banting interwove it with his own ideas of the reality. The consequence was that Jencks's reputation, immediately after he set foot on American soil, began to grow at the rate of Chicago or Seattle.

In the talk of the circle of which Mr. Jencks was now privileged to be a member he thought he had never heard a more nimble interchange of merry nothings. The manner of it was rather French than English, though the low voices and distinct enunciation, here more the rule than the exception, suggested a lesson acquired in England and practiced with painstaking. Following his experience with some other Americans in public vehicles, the present one "like a poultice came, to heal the blows of sound."

It was evident that the men were mostly content to let their womankind serve as their representatives in active speech. Some of them, coming directly from down-town offices to join their families at the ferry, opened the large sheets of evening newspapers and were lost behind them at the starting of the train. Now and again such a student of current history might be observed to grind his teeth and crumple his journal, or to get up and retire precipitately into the smokers' car. He was apt to be a distinguished citizen whose name was familiar to the public, in process of deriving entertainment from some horribly personal and abusive paragraph concerning his private character, or a brief biography of his wife or daughter accompanied with ghastly process blocks of these ladies in *costume de bal.*

To Jencks's particular lot fell a voluble couple, mother and daughter, going up for what apparently was an oft-repeated holiday at Tupelo, and prepared to enlighten him on all points connected with the gossip of the place.

Under circumstances like these he naturally heard the name of his fair one early brought up for comment. The young lady, a "bud" of the preceding year, beset him to know what he thought of the eyes, nose, mouth, taste in dress, intelligence, and temper of Miss Floyd-Curtis. The poor girl was, in fact, thoroughly raked over the coals of criticism. His inter-

locutor, who, he justly thought, was pretty enough on her own account to have left room in the world for Lily, did not rest till she had despoiled the newer beauty of every claim to admiration. And then he observed her bestow a covert but satisfying glance at a certain strip of mirror let into the opposite wall of the Pullman.

Mr. Jencks learned also that not only were the Floyd-Curtises installed at the club house as recent purchasers of land and prospective house-owners, entitled now to the privileges of membership, but that they had with them as their guests Mrs. Bertie Clay and the Countess of Melrose. These ladies were to be crown and summit of the evening's expected meeting of club people and cottagers in the ball-room of the club house.

Less than an hour and a half of journeying over emerald lowlands into a beautiful hill country, all garlanded with autumn leaves, brought the party to their destined stopping-place. Behind the station were drawn up an array of dog-carts, village carts, wagonettes, and other shining vehicles, with grooms, horses, and harness in correctest style. To these severally resorted the people who owned them as well as the luxurious cottages scattered about the Park. Jencks, with his friend and others bound directly to the club, took possession knee to knee of a trig omnibus, and were before long passing under a stone archway marking the confines of the Park. Here, between the rows of chattering people, Jencks again enjoyed hearing the name of Miss Floyd-Curtis tossed like a shuttlecock. He was inclined to think that the importance to the social community of a new belle was second only to that of a presidential candidate to the community at large; and, this being the year of a presidential election, he had already found opportunity for observation on the subject. That conjecture had begun to reckon up the available and impecunious members of the British peerage for Lily's benefit, he was also made painfully aware.

It was otherwise a pleasant drive enough, through a wilderness that had been made to blossom into something akin to the perfection of English landscape gardening. The winding roads were paved and drained and provided with lamps for gas, but overhead grew trees of the deep woods, and at every turn some boulder bedded in moss and greenery, some bank of yellowing bracken, some glimpse of lake and distant hilltop, showed that nature had not been despoiled of her fondest coquetries. In the dewy depths of leafage glorious in rainbow color there were still notes of song-birds tarrying upon their southward way, while squirrels stored their nuts in full sight of the passer-by. Viewed in that atmospheric brilliancy of tone peculiar to our hill country at this season of the year, a little effort of the imagination and one might revive the primeval stretches of woodlands in which the genius of Cooper framed some of his "Leather-stocking Tales."

The "bus," skirting the lake, drew up finally before a long, picturesque, brown house, with wings and attendant cottages clustered beneath a grove of glorious oak trees. Lackeys in waiting helped travelers to alight, and ushered them into a deep hall, filled with the furnishings of home-like comfort, and softly luminous with lamps and a fire of logs, kindled in a chimneyplace of cavernous proportions. Scattered over the great table facing the fire were journals and magazines of England and America, those illusive piles that light the unaccustomed eye with rapture, and to the habitual reader of many periodicals convey satiety with the mere glancing at the covers. Surrounding this table, seated in easy chairs or standing, were groups of men and women, most of them attired as if just come in from walk, or drive, or ride, or sail. It was the pleasant hour when cups clink and kettles puff their steam, when whitest fingers twinkle over sugar-tongs, dally with cream-jugs, and make votive offerings of too often atrocious draughts of tea. In an adjoining drawing-room a table was spread offering full material for the exercise of this fashionable pastime. Elsewhere was heard the soft click of billiard balls, and to the men who so desired it there was more than one open door of escape from the society of their best and dearest. But for the registry desk, hidden from sight by the abutment of the chimney, where stood an official prepared to testify on all points connected with trains, telegrams, conveyances, drives, keys, location of rooms, probabilities of weather, and the correct time of day, it was like the country house of some self-effacing host.

Jencks was a little bewildered by the brilliant gaiety of the guests, the already established among them greeting the newcomers with effusive welcome. He would have missed the reserve, the low-toned talk, of a similar gathering in England had he been an adept in the country houses of his own, his native land. But it was charming enough to dispense with criticism as he stood by the hall fire looking curiously on at the kaleidoscopic picture. In none of the passing figures did he discern the one now become of absorbing interest to his thoughts. As the people were thinning out to go to their rooms the hall door opened, and, in a waft of cooling air, fragrant with odors of the autumn wood, came to him the apparition of Lily Curtis. She was one of a driving

"I HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE."

party just arrived, and on entering the warm hall she hastened to loosen and throw aside the Connemara cloak of glowing crimson, with some sort of high collar of brown fur and intricate clasps of beaten silver, that he remembered seeing on shipboard. That the young man nearest her received this cloak upon his arm as if it had been royalty's Jencks noted with jealous eyes. Then a species of giddiness came into his calm brain, for Lily, looking over at the fire, saw him in turn. She was clad all in white woolen stuff made sailor-wise, and she wore upon her ruddy locks a little sailor hat. Everything recalled to him their voyage and his enchantment. A moment and she had crossed the hall and was holding out her hand to him, a joy there was no mistaking in her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Jencks!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, how d' ye do—I 'm here with Banting."

It is only in books that people taken by surprise adjure each other in polished phraseology.

While dressing for dinner a sense of the grotesqueness of his present attitude disturbed the young professor. He was obviously a fish out of water. He felt tempted to pack his portmanteau and go back to town by the night train. He tried to persuade himself that the only reason for not doing so was that it would seem so very rude to Banting.

Banting and he had a little table for two in the great glass-covered veranda overlooking the lake, where everybody likes to dine. Banting had cunningly selected their location in order to give his friend a full view of the pretty scene.

There were many tables, some large, some small, the diners numbering about one hundred and fifty when reënforced by parties from the cottages, who came in for the dance that was to follow. In their immediate vicin-

ity a table with many roses and silver candelabra was prepared for an especial party not yet arrived. Presently Jencks had the pleasing pain of seeing six couples come down the room, among them his sweetheart and the man who had held her cloak, and take their places at this table next to him. Without doing more than to glance over the rim of his glass of Burgundy, he could see the back of Lily's beautiful young shoulders, and her knot of burnished hair twisted high and stuck through with an amber dart — the little rings escaping from the knot curling upon the bare white column of her neck. As she had passed them, with a nod and a smile, the poor professor had been struck dumb by her dazzling appearance. It was not finery, surely, for her attire was of simplest white, girdled with white, and she wore no ornaments. But he had never seen her before in evening dress, and he did not wonder that all heads turned to look at her, and, as to the Helen of the classics, "did her reverence as she passed."

"Amber — what is amber?" he was musing. "Tears of the Heliades, I think, when they wept over Phaeton's fall. They were changed into poplars, and their boughs dropped the precious gum. She is straight and tall, like a poplar, but her eyes have never wept."

Now this is what he said. To the waiter: "I will have another cutlet." To Banting: "It 's awfully good of you, certainly, to give me an opportunity to see this. I 'm not likely to see anything better of its kind. These people, I take it, represent your most distinguished citizens. But tell me, if you don't mind: this upper stratum of republican society in your States in general — for what are its members distinguished? Has any one of them discovered or invented anything, or written a book that led thought in his time, or a successful play? Is there among them a great statesman, or surgeon, or scientist, or one of your brilliant editors or lawyers whose names we know so well in England?"

"Hum!" said Banting; "you see *those* at dinners sometimes. But, as a general rule, they 're too busy. They 're bored by it, in fact. They send their women-folk."

"And your politicians?"

"They show up in Washington," Banting exclaimed, rather nervously. "Fact is, you should go to Washington. It 's unique. I run down there myself every season, for a week or so."

"But the politicians who are living in New York?"

"They can't serve two masters," Tommy said, serenely. "Just let a man's name be published as at a swell ball or dinner, and his constituents of Avenue A pitch into him for a 'dude,' and away goes his 'inflooence' in his 'deestrict,' and the newspapers never let up on him. Two or three fellows of our set have gone in for politics in New York, but they were young, you know. They 'll have time to live it down."

"Then if this is society, such men as I ask about are *not* society?"

"Absurd!" said Banting. "Plenty of 'em send their families. You can understand that to run a big machine like ours takes time."

"Then the ones who do have time to associate with the wives and daughters of the ones who don't?" persisted Jencks.

"Oh, they have mostly inherited great fortunes; in some cases have made their own and stopped," said Tommy, easily. "They represent our leisure class, our equivalent for your aristocracy."

"Is it true, what a newspaper man told me, that there are gentlemen of inherited wealth among you who are actually and designedly segregating into a clique that shall exclude the present maker of money, the professional man taking fees for service rendered to his client or his patient?"

"I give you my word I never heard anybody *say* so," said Tommy, modestly. Being the son and heir of a late eminent haberdasher, Mr. Banting was rather flattered by this suggestion. "Hang it, Jencks, what do you expect of us?"

"I expected to find New York the flower of the materialism by which the world is leavened; and I've found it," remarked Jencks, putting sugar in his coffee.

"If we 're material, what 's London? What 's Paris? Why, fellows over there will do anything for money. As I was going on to say, I believe you Britishers are half disappointed not to find us sitting around wigwam fires, and to have our squaws wait on you, and be asked to go to the chase in Iroquois costume."

"I am disappointed to find so few who seem to value their country for anything it has achieved beyond heaping up colossal fortunes and laying so many miles of railroad. Those who treasure its traditions are about as isolated from the control of thought as one of the Aztec images up yonder in your Metropolitan Museum, where I spent the morning in company with perhaps a dozen other searchers after art last week."

"We 'll catch up with history and the arts by and by," remarked Mr. Banting, with imperturbable good nature. "And if you 'll stay over in New York till election time I rather think you 'll find a reason why the high patriotic business is about played out. Just go down to Castle Garden and study the kind of citizens we 're acquiring every day to help form our thought. Drop in at one of our courts and see our manufactory of voters at work.

The other day I happened to be there when the judge was examining a scaly lot of organ-grinders and Russians, previous to naturalizing them. The first fellow he had up was an Italian, all garlic and ear-rings, and the first question asked was, 'What sort of a government is this?' 'Georga Washa, Georga Washa,' the fellow answered, like a parrot. But the judge pressed the question, and on being prompted in the rear the man rallied up with, '*Si, si, republicana.*' 'Who make the laws?' was the next question, and again the answer was 'Georga Washa.' But after repeated coaching Signor Garibaldi informed the court that 'de peep' make the laws, and was then admitted to be one of us—an American citizen. Another aspirant was a dirty, hairy Nihilist with a name like a sneeze. He could n't speak a word of English, and the questions were repeated to him through a Russian interpreter. His only answers were a series of shrugs, and his face was as vacant as an owl's; but he, too, became entitled to the privilege I share with him. The law's exaction is that the would-be citizen shall be 'of good moral character and attached to the principles of the Constitution'; hence the style of interrogatory."

"That 's a nice showing for your judiciary," Jencks said. "It 's as bad as stealing votes."

"We must make allowance for a fellow-feeling in some cases, I suppose. When the judge happens to be foreign born himself, or the immediate descendant of a naturalized immigrant, his inclination to be indulgent with the new applicant for citizenship is sometimes irresistible, don't you know? At any rate, that 's what we have to put up with, and it 's stinging hard to bear."

"You are always 'putting up with' things. You 're the most submissive race on earth to public outrages. And from a cursory view of the situation I 'm inclined to the opinion that the least attractive features of your great city, externally, are office-holders and ash-barrels," said Jencks, good-humoredly.

"Which is the *raison d'être* of Newport and Tupelo. Well, all said, and in spite of some weak points, I find our community a pretty good one to live in. You gibe at our extravagance, but what does money mean but the good things of life? If our millionaires have, so far, chosen to put their art into the best ways of getting comfortably around the world, who 's profited by it, I 'd like to know? Pictures and statues will come along. You don't find our charities behindhand. They are among the most splendid in the world. In the last few years our grand new houses have been filled with treasures you were glad we had dollars enough to pay for. Who 'd buy all these crown jewels of defunct monarchies, tapestries and carvings from impoverished castles, bric-à-brac and books Europe can't afford to keep, if we did not? Even the East profits: Japan has to manufacture new curios, because her priceless old ones are in American collections. Wait till I can show you the houses of a few of our New York millionaires, and you 'll see whether the Jeffersonian simplicity business is not played out to some good purpose."

"Don't show me anything more," Jencks said, laughing. "I am rapidly growing into the state of mind of that young fellow I heard of last week who failed as a society reporter, and went and hired a suit of evening clothes in which to drown himself like a gentleman in the reservoir of Central Park. I believe it all to be enormously important."

"She has just the untrammeled walk that a young squaw might have," his thoughts took shape again. "If she were grinding corn in a hollowed rock she would be just as graceful. Oh, if she had not a penny, and I a ranch in the far West, what a glorious comrade for the wilds! Even this cobweb tinsel spun around her has not harmed her yet. But it will—alas! it will. And she is no more for me than I am fit for an atmosphere like hers. It is the wildest caprice of destiny that has made me love her. Well, I will regale my eyes this little while, and then—Walter Bagehot said he would enjoy society if the little pink-and-blue girls were not so like each other. That 's how I 've always looked at it. She 's not monotonous. She is continually changing, the embodiment of joyous youth at one moment, cynic the next. But the cynicism is only skin deep, and the freshness is perennial—"

"If you 've finished your coffee, shall we go and smoke?" said Banting.

IV.

THE ball-room at the Tupelo club-house is an octagonal apartment, with tints of opal iridescence in its dome and walls, and draperies of gray-blue plush. Around it runs a dais, with seats for dowagers and talkers. At one end is a stage for concerts and theatricals. On this were already grouped the picturesque Hungarians, tearing away wildly at their magic fiddle-bows, and filling the languid air with irresistible vitality. On the wide parquet, polished like an eggshell, groups of girls were strolling or waltzing together, with an occasional glance in the direction of the entrance-door, beyond which, in billiard and smoking rooms, the men hid themselves, conscious of value as blessings to be not unduly lavished until sufficiently desired.

Even Lily, at ordinary times indifferent, kept a sort of covert watch upon the door.

Lady Melrose, accustomed to her forty

winks after dinner before the men came in, had established herself with a supporter on each side. She resented the approach of ladies who would have chosen this hour for civilities. In her opinion there was too much discussion of everything among women in America. Upon the great questions of the hour, down to the smallest arrangement for social entertainment, was expended such a surprising amount of animation. Nor did she meet with the enthronement as an oracle she had been led to expect. These easy, clear-headed, clever women were a surprise to her. One inconsistency alone was patent. She saw that they were cultured, beautiful, and well-dressed without extravagance. It soon transpired that most of those with whom she talked had journeyed into every civilized part of Europe and the East — that in no sense could they be called provincial. It struck her as a curious weakness that the achievement they apparently valued most was the three days' visit last year to Lady Such-a-one's shooting-box in Scotland, or the dinners and balls they had had cards for the year before in London. Every hereditary title of their acquaintance in the British peerage was rubbed up and made to do duty in reminiscent conversation. To Lady Melrose such warmed-over food was not refreshment. Her fad was temperance, and she had much rather have discussed the blue-ribbon movement in America, and the probabilities of getting an audience to listen to her expound her views in New York slums, than to indulge in Mayfair maundering.

"Yes, I dessay. Very smart, very pretty," she answered to somebody's appeal as to whether she did not find the present scene attractive. Then, turning to Mrs. Bertie Clay, "I wish you 'd keep them off me for a bit," added her ladyship, hunching her mauve shoulders and yawning. "If they would sit still I would n't mind it. They talk so much. And everybody makes me give my views of everything. I don't want to be made to talk. I want to be told stories, like those What 's-his-name told me at dinner. He 's a doctor, ain't he, What 's-his-name? He 's really the best of the lot. I suppose he learned 'em to amuse his patients."

"Oh, but it 's a long time since Dr. Clarkson practiced," interposed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, hastily. "You must n't think he practices. He has an independent fortune, and is one of our most popular men in society."

"I 've another story for you, Lady Melrose," said the object of their remarks, coming up at this interesting juncture. "Heard it just now in the billiard-room, and booked it for your benefit. The place was — well, say Red Gulch, Oregon; the scene, a hanging. Red Gulch, you know, was a brand-new 'city' in the hands of an enterprising land company, consisting, in point of fact, of a store and two houses, near which the gallows had been placed. From far and near people had come to enjoy the exercises of the day. No such gathering, in style and numbers, had been seen or was likely to be seen. At the moment when the clergyman had said his prayer, the condemned man had stepped upon the trap, and the sheriff had adjusted the noose, a thin, excited man in a linen duster, his hat in hand, full of papers, dashed up the steps of the gallows, and with a profound bow addressed the group.

"'If the gentleman now occupying the platform will give way for *one* moment,' he remarked; then, turning to the crowd, 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he went on, 'I call your attention to the fact that the Red Gulch Land Improvement Company has still for sale a number of valuable corner lots, which to those buying now will be sold by me at prices within the reach of all — '

"So much he had said before he could be stopped; and having accomplished his purpose, cordially thanking and saluting the sheriff and the condemned, the intruder stepped down, and the 'gentleman occupying the platform' stepped 'out.'"

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Floyd-Curtis.

"Fancy, now," said her ladyship.

"It 's a fact," remarked Clarkson, beamingly. "Another? Well, I was traveling in — er — Missouri — last year, and a fellow in the smoking-car with me sighed deeply as we passed a field of growing wheat.

"'Things ain't like they was,' he said, sentimentally. 'Ten years ago I owned land in this vicinity — lived here, in short. Us gentlemen of the neighborhood took a man up on suspicion of horse-stealing, and he never denied it, and the boys just hung him to a tree. Well, we buried him in this here field we 're passing, and 'bout a week later came the news that he never done it. He war n't no horse-thief, after all. He was a respectable citizen living in the next county, and the wust he ever done was to kill a man in a quarrel over cards. He thought, you see, we was a-hanging him for that. Of course if we 'd have known all he done was to shoot a Kansas man, we 'd have never took the matter up. The joke was on us. But I told the boys I 'd make all square with the widow, and I did.'

"'How so?' I asked.

"'Well, they just got up resolutions of sympathy with the family of the deceased, and I rode over with 'em and saw the widow, and — married her. I live there now, and she 's in the ladies' car behind.'"

"Fancy, now," said her ladyship again.

An hour later and the dance was in full

swing. Jencks, who had several times gone to the threshold of the ball-room door and turned back, at last strolled in, taking his seat in a remote corner. Lily was, as he soon discerned, queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls, and on exceedingly good terms with her surroundings. He did not suppose she had noticed his arrival; but in one of the figures of the cotillon where the dancer may choose a partner she came swiftly in his direction, appealing to him with a little gesture of command.

"I 'm awfully sorry, but I don't dance," he said, his heart thumping at the opportunity he had lost. "I have no right to be here. But if to-morrow I may see you for one moment—"

"Come to service at the little church; you may walk home with me," she answered, melting from his sight into the multicolored throng.

Next day, which was Sunday, a light, drizzling rain fell, and many of the ladies, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis among others, chose to stay indoors. Rain had ceased, but the yellow trees exhaled moisture and the lake seemed to be veiled in gray as the two young people set out for their walk back to the club-house.

"I wonder what I should say to you if I met you in fair weather," Lily remarked. "You are a perfect rain-crow."

"And you are a stormy petrel, that has become entangled in the rigging, to be held sacred on my voyage through life."

"Well done!" cried Lily. "You have certainly improved in gallantry. I have hopes of you. Ten years in America, and we shall not know you for a British stoic."

"I am afraid not," returned Jencks, a tremor in his voice that he could not entirely repress. "But, indeed, I can't talk nonsense about you and me."

Lily tried to rally to her rescue something to turn away the tide she felt was ready to burst and overwhelm her.

"Don't talk, then," she said. "Let me do all the talking. Then I 'll be sure to go home and tell mamma that Mr. Jencks is the most agreeable man I know."

"You had better say as little as possible about me. I 'm not inscribed in your mother's books. When I bowed to her last night she looked as if she were trying to think where she had met that person, and Mrs. Clay simply cut me in cold blood."

"You were never half civil to Mrs. Clay. She gave you more than one opportunity on shipboard."

"I don't like that kind of woman. She makes my flesh creep. And—but I 've no right to say what I began to say."

"Go on, please."

"It 's only that I don't think she 's a good friend of yours."

"She 's a very intimate friend of mamma's," said Lily, a shade crossing her bright face. "And she has been *so* kind to me. I believe she can make mamma do anything she pleases."

There was a pause. Jencks was thinking, with terror, that his worst fears for Lily would be confirmed.

"I 'm not exactly meek," the girl went on. "But when I love people I like to please them in every way. My mother has been the tenderest, the most loving person to me, except my dear old daddy—and Mrs. Clay is so captivating. Oh, why did you put it into my head she 's not my friend?"

"I am very sorry," Jencks said, humbly. "It was not considerate of you. I was thinking perhaps chiefly of myself."

"But you said she makes your flesh creep."

"Good heavens! so I did," cried Jencks. "That was abominably brutal. It 's well I 'm to leave these parts on Wednesday for Illyria."

"I never knew such a plain-spoken person as you are," she resumed. "But when I 'm inclined to take offense it comes over me that you have never told me anything that was not true—and truth seems to me so beautiful. It is like a rock to rest upon. So I forgive you the rest; but please don't abuse my friends, for they are all I have."

"Soon you will have a hundred new friends to choose from. In a few weeks they will be swarming around you. It will be only a question to whom you will throw the handkerchief."

"Your voice sounds cross. Why are you like a peevish child? Why should I not have friends? You, who are going to Illyria, what difference can it make to you?"

O Lily, Lily! what has become of your pride of young womanhood that you stoop to set this snare?

Jencks did not answer her at first. He stalked along, swinging his closed umbrella, and splashing the water out of little pools. She stole a side glance at his face, and saw it dark and lowering, the vein between his brows swollen, the lines around his mouth more set than ever before. She thought she had offended him, and, like the child she was, moved fluttering closer to his side, and looked up into his eyes.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I did not mean to hurt you. I can't bear to have you look at me like that."

"God help me!" the young man burst out suddenly. "Oh, you are not blind; you have a heart that feels! Don't you see that I love you better than life?—that if I asked you to marry me I 'd be a cur? That day upon the steamer I thought for a moment—one mad moment—that you might care for me. I 'll declare it gave me more pain than pleasure. But in the time since I 've seen that it was

my own delusion, and I am glad. If I go away from you, it will be with resolution to live this passion down. It 's because I respect my manhood as much as I love you that I 'm going; can't you see ? "

Lily, for all her coquetry of manner, knew not the arts of evasion. What was trembling on her lips to say, and was yet unsaid because he had told her he did not mean to ask her to be his wife, might have changed the course of events and of this story. She was conscious of a wave of protest, of longing not to be left, like a child's clinging to the one who bids him farewell and sets him down to go away. And while these emotions were tearing her heart a carriage came around a turn in the road and the horses were pulled sharply up. Within sat Lily's mother and Mrs. Clay, the latter languid and indifferent, appearing to look at them through narrowed eyes.

"Lily! Why, Lily, you imprudent child!" cried Mrs. Floyd-Curtis. "It was only two days ago you were complaining of sore throat. Come in with me; I am taking Mrs. Clay for a turn before luncheon. Mr. — er — Banks."

"Jencks, Madam," said that person, bowing.

"Mr. Jencks can no doubt find his own way to the club. There, Thomas, you may drive on now. Good morning, Mr. Banks."

Jencks stood like a stock upon the roadside, watching the carriage roll away. Two men in knickerbockers, with billycock hats and blackthorn sticks, came up with him. The young fellows, who were off for a ten-mile tramp, eyed him curiously, and bestowed on him a civil greeting as they exchanged remarks about roads and distances. This circumstance gave Jencks the idea of setting out on his own account for a walk of indefinite duration. He struck over the hills, and did not make his appearance at the club-house till after dark.

While Lily's maid was engaged in attiring her young lady next morning a knock at the door developed a bell-boy with a note. When she could be alone to read it Lily found these penciled words:

I write this at the station waiting for the train that will take me away from you. I tried to pass out of your life without another word, but vainly. With my whole heart and soul I love you. Good-by, and be happy always, and light of heart as you deserve to be, and are.

I think it no shame to our Lily that she kissed the prosaic bit of railway paper again and again, raining over it a summer tempest of girlish tears. It seemed to her that a great black stone had rolled across the pathway of her life. This man, this stranger, who had been but a short time before one of the vast army of entities born into the world to cross and recross one another unrecognized, how had he suddenly become the master of her heart? That is a mystery it would puzzle a deeper philosopher than Lily to answer. One fact, however, remained indisputable. He had come, he had gone; and with him the spring-time of her woman's life.

"Yes, he left last night. You managed the matter beautifully, you dear thing," said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis to Mrs. Clay the same morning, when the ladies were on their way to see a match at shooting pigeons.

"I knew from the moment he turned up here what his little game was," Barbara observed. "Banting, who is a goose, ought to have known better than to bring him."

"You are quite sure there has been no gossip about their meetings on the ship? "

"Everything is talked about," said Barbara, discreetly generalizing. "But it will die out soon. The worst they can say is that she flirted — and in America, what 's that? "

"But I never knew Lily to want to flirt before."

"My dear lady, it is an appetite that to most of us comes with eating," Mrs. Clay said, not refraining from a sneer. "Those big blond men, with broad shoulders and an air of caring only for themselves, are the most dangerous to girls. There 's no denying the man was good enough to look at."

"But his name — how could my Lily fancy any one with such a dreadful name? "

"Well, he has taken his name away with him, and we may hope never to hear of it again. All I advise is, that for the future you keep an eye on Lily. This kind of affair at starting may give her a taste for them. Besides, there are other reasons — did I tell you? Lady Melrose says her son has cabled that he will join her for the journey to the West."

"But I thought he never saw his mother more than once or twice a year," exclaimed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis with sparkling eyes.

"Perhaps he means to turn over a new leaf, and will begin by attaching himself to his mother's apron-string. Perhaps he 's tired of England. When I knew him he was tired of everything. At any rate, he is coming to New York."

"I don't think I mentioned," resumed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, after a moment's silence, "that Lady Melrose has promised me a visit before she sets out for the West."

"She is so very fond of you," answered Barbara, with a cooing little laugh, as she turned over for admiration the new bangle, with its ruby solitaire, that Mrs. Floyd-Curtis had that morning clasped upon her wrist. "And you will find Melrose so very nice."

My Dear Melrose [had his mother in America written to the young lord who was tired of everything]: What I am going to say will no doubt bother you. But you know I never was by way of being afraid of coming to the point. There are some people here who have a daughter — I came over in the

boat with them, and they were very civil. At first I thought this girl was bad-tempered, but now I think she is only saucy, and her temper is well enough—it is the habit these American girls have of asserting themselves in the presence of their superiors; and that, it appears, one must get used to, like the iced water and the stuffy hot houses, where you can't breathe without opening the window. She is very pretty,—so pretty that people over here are making as much of her as if she were one of our princesses,—and her fortune is immense. Her own mother has told me that if the girl marries to please her she will receive four million dollars upon her wedding day, with more to come when the mother dies; and there is but one other child, a boy at Eton, and you know the children here inherit share and share alike. Now, knowing the fuss you are in about money matters, and hoping that you have at last seen the necessity of settling down to keep up the estate, it occurs to me this chance is excellent for you. Of course they will jump at it. The father of this Mrs. Curtis made his money in—Something Oil, I think; but he was formerly a grocer, and her husband still keeps a "store," though to be sure he need not. One never sees the husband, but Mrs. C—— is now in the best society. Their home is a perfect palace, finer than Lord John's, or even the duke's. This mother and daughter dress in a way that surprises Timpkins, and seem to have always worn these fineries. When I say house, you 'll understand I mean the town-house. They have no country-seat, but have bought land and are about to build a cottage. Everybody in America is talking of buying or building in the country. But when you come to see their country homes, they are just smart villas on the public road,—only fancy, on the public road,—or else they have a beggarly few acres around them, and the house always in sight. Some of them live so close together that I believe they can talk from one veranda to another, which I consider shocking. Even their great men, the ones worth from fifty to a hundred million dollars, do the same.

If you don't care for this girl after seeing her, you might go with me to Chicago, and then go on and get a bit of hunting somewhere, so the trip would n't be thrown away. You said you wanted to try for mountain sheep in Wyoming. I 'm doing very well, and would be willing to wait in New York until you come; and Timpkins has no complaint to make, as the beds are good, and one can have tea at any time. I 've had no chance yet to speak in public about temperance, but there 's a field for it in New York, and I shall certainly hope to do so before long. The most degrading exhibition of the general prevalence of this vice among the lower classes came to my personal experience a few days since, and if you meet dear Lady Jane I hope you won't forget to mention it to her.

We 'd been, Timpkins and I, to see the asylum for lunatics, and some reformatories, and so on, upon an island near New York, and coming back the boat landed us at a wharf where there were no cabs to be had. So we took a little tram-car, intending to go to the hotel; and a most filthy place it was, with market people and laborers squeezed up to me, and such a smell! I thought I would just improve the opportunity to distribute leaflets, and to say a word or two as we went along. While I was getting to my bag the driver of the tram began to ring a little gong, and I observed that everybody's eyes were fixed on me. A woman next to me explained (very rudely) that we were expected to drop our fare into a box fastened near the door beside the driver. Then I found my purse was gone: luckily enough I 'd but a few shillings in it, for I 've not heard of it since. By that time the car had stopped and the driver put his head in, and I was in a pretty pickle.

"Have you no money, Timpkins?" I asked, and when she said, "No, my Lady, not a penny, please your Ladyship," there was the rudest laugh. It was evident they *were all intoxicated — every one*. One man said we were rum Salvation gals, and the brute of a driver said he 'd seen my kind of a ladyship try to make a ride before. Just then Timpkins, who had gone quite pale and was crying, fished up out of the pocket of her gown some bits of silver. You may depend we got out of the wretched hole quickly, and for some time wandered around in the mire of a slum beside a river till we met a policeman, who found a cab that took us to the hotel. I shall mention this in my lectures when I return.

The way I happen to know about these Curtises is that the mother has been so uncommonly polite. To show you how they live, soon after we landed from the boat she invited me to an "informal luncheon" at her house in what is called Washington Square. Of course I went in my every-day gown and bonnet, expecting to get a chop and a potato, and perhaps a glass of beer. But, dear me! It was superb; a great banquet, with the rooms darkened, and lighted by lamps and candles, and such banks of flowers as we 'd never think of ordering in except for state affairs. We were at table for nearly three hours, and at every place were five or six wine-glasses, and the table loaded down with gold and silver, and Sèvres and Dresden and Minton china for each remove. Twelve women were at table, and they looked for the world and all like Kate Reily's fashion-plates, and talked all together in the shrillest way. When we got up to go into the drawing-room to drink coffee the servants gave us bouquets. A person at the luncheon told me she heard our hostess had ordered all the roses of a single variety that could be purchased in town, costing at least five shillings for each rose. We fetched away also *menus* printed in gold on satin, bags of sugar-plums, and other costly knickknacks. It was quite embarrassing. I felt as if I had been shoplifting. And this, they tell me, is an ordinary kind of entertainment among the ladies of New York. One must not expect to meet their men at luncheons. They are at work "down town."

Do, my dear Melrose, think over what I have said. You know better than I do how badly you need the money. Fancy my hearing a man say, yesterday, that he would rather be a hack-driver in New York than a poor peer in England. But all these people exaggerate, you know, and there are so many of us in the same box. Marrying an American is n't what it used to be. If I were not hurrying to catch this mail I 'd tell you more about the girl herself. On second thoughts, I send you inclosed her photograph. I dare say you will be surprised, as I was, at a certain air she has—quite like one of us. But then most things here are a surprise. They don't talk a bit like Americans in novels. I am very disappointed, on the whole, at the want of local color. But it is cheaper living than I thought. They invite you all the time.

(To be continued.)

WAITING FOR RELEASE.

A YANKEE IN ANDERSONVILLE.

THE following pages were written during the years 1866 and 1867, almost immediately following my release from the Southern prisons. It is my own personal experience, and was written while fresh in my mind that it might not be lost to memory. It is but the experience of several thousands of others who were comrades with me at Andersonville, Charleston, and Florence, only the half is not told; while if the experience of many others was told it would be greater and worse than my own.

After twenty years I revised the original manuscript, leaving out much of its bitterness, and nearly all the explosive adjectives and personal opinions.

My experience embraced three years of service, twenty-two battles, and ten months in different Southern prisons. I enlisted as a private soldier the twentieth day of May, 1861, in a company that was raised in my native town of Wrentham, and composed almost entirely of schoolmates and acquaintances. The following June, together with nine other companies from adjoining towns, raised in the same manner as our own, we were organized into the 18th Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment, with James Barnes of Springfield, a prominent engineer, for our colonel. He was soon promoted to command a brigade.

Our fortunes were soon cast in with the Army of the Potomac. The 18th Massachusetts Regiment took part in all its marches, and was present on every battlefield of that army. I was always present with my regiment till the event which is recorded below.

General Grant took the Army of the Potomac under his personal observation in April, 1864. The third day of May following we started for Richmond for the fifth time, in a little different manner than ever before, as the sequel shows. Two days later, soon after noon, we entered the first fight of the campaign, the battle of the Wilderness.

My company, I, were deployed as skirmishers. Our forward movement was soon stopped by a volley from the concealed enemy, which brought down Charley Wilson, one of the first victims of General Grant's campaign.

This volley caused us to move back. We found our division drawn up in line of battle, with knapsacks and all unnecessary baggage stacked in a heap, and a guard detailed from each company to watch over it. The preparations did not seem to indicate that our generals apprehended much of a force in our front, but expected only a small skirmish. We were soon ordered to advance upon the enemy, which we did by moving slowly through the woods and underbrush, keeping our line as straight and compact as possible, about half a mile, when a dropping fire of musketry began.

The nature of the battleground was such that artillery could not be used to advantage, though I noticed upon the turnpike to our right that two pieces had been planted so as to command the road, but they were not used, as I shall explain, till nearly night.

The dropping fire did not check our advance. The order to charge soon rang along the line, and our slow advance broke into a double-quick and a run. The firing was rapidly becoming heavier and occasionally told upon our men, dropping one here and there, seeming to make no particular selections. Our line soon became very much disordered, owing more to the underbrush than to our reception at the hands of the enemy. One brigade of our division was two hundred yards in advance of us, hotly engaged upon the top of a wooded knoll,

while the brigade to our right was nearly half a mile in our rear. The enemy, no doubt seeing this disorder, took immediate advantage of it and pressed us harder than ever, when the order was passed along the line to fall back and re-form. We did so in part, but did not succeed in connecting with the brigade upon our right.

Again we charged through the brush upon the enemy, driving them more than half a mile, causing our line to become still more disordered and scattered among the brush, and again we were ordered to fall back and re-form.

The afternoon was very hot; the young growth of forest was so thick as to shut out any breeze that might be stirring outside, and the trees had not yet leaved enough to afford any shade. The powder smoke was stifling, causing exhaustion and extreme thirst. Some few were sunstruck, or completely overcome by the heat and smoke.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we had been fighting nearly three hours without any advantage to either side. Our loss was pretty heavy in killed and wounded. We had reason to suppose the enemy's loss equaled ours. As we moved back they charged upon us in turn. In trying to move across a miry place, together with several of my immediate comrades, we were held fast in the mud, and before we could extricate ourselves, in our partially exhausted condition, the "Rebs" were upon us, giving us no choice but to surrender or be shot down.

Of course we surrendered, and were ordered back to the rear of their line of battle, about two hundred yards, where we were considered safe enough without having any special guard placed over us. We busied ourselves for two hours in ministering to the wants of our wounded, who lay scattered about in every direction and every possible condition of suffering, bringing them water, and binding up their wounds to the best of our ability.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when I saw those two cannon, before spoken of as posted on the turnpike, do fearful execution. The turnpike was straight as an arrow, and crowded,— massed full of Confederate reënforcements coming to the front,— and these two pieces of artillery opened upon them, each firing only a single shot; but the shot skipped down and along the road, opening two distinct gaps through the rebel ranks for full three hundred yards. I had no means of knowing how many those shots disabled, but it must have been hundreds. In three seconds there was not a man left in the road, as far as the eye could reach, who was able to help himself out.

About dark all the scattering prisoners were collected by our captors and marched to General Ewell's headquarters, a little to the rear of his corps. About nine hundred of us were collected in this way, and we found that the most of us had been captured by the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade."

Here I saw General R. E. Lee for the first and only time in my life. He sat upon his horse carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of the saddle, and leisurely smoking a cigar. He appeared a middle-sized man, with iron-gray hair and full gray beard, not very closely cut; as fine-looking a specimen of a man and soldier as I ever saw. He remarked, as we filed past him, "Am sorry to see you in this fix, boys, but you must make the best of it." His tone was kind, and spoken as though he really sympathized with us, as I have no doubt he did.

After dark a guard was detailed to march us to Orange Court House, distant twenty-five miles. We were all exhausted with the day's fighting and heat, and the march before us did not look very promising; for go we must, and that, too, at the point of the bayonet.

Our thoughts upon this lonely, tiresome march were anything but pleasant and comfortable. Only one month more and my term of service would expire. I had been thinking very strongly of the home I had left three years before, and during the whole of that time had not seen it, or even been outside the lines of the Army of the Potomac. Now we were marching the opposite way, towards the rebel prisons — of which we had already heard too much.

Our guard used us well, and I would say here that during our whole captivity we always experienced good usage from an old soldier — from all those who had fought and met us upon the many battlefields of the war. It was left for the "home guards" to maltreat and abuse the prisoners of war, and to heap insult upon injury. No truer statement was ever made than "A brave man is always humane and generous, while a coward is cruel and vindictive." The brave men of the South were mostly at the front with their armies.

We were told by our guard that we should be exchanged in a few days by way of Richmond and City Point. We believed it, and therefore none of us made any attempt to escape. We arrived at Orange Court House about one o'clock the next morning — to use an army phrase, "completely played out" — and were there crowded into the jail yard, our number just packing it full. Distributing ourselves upon the ground, we made the best of our circumstances, and generally slept till nine o'clock in the morning. Before noon we began to realize the meaning of the word "prisoner."

We had been used as brother soldiers by Lee's army, but at the Court House we fell into the hands of the dreaded "home guard."

We were searched, and robbed of everything valuable — watches, money, knives, extra blankets, and shelter tents, they telling us we should soon be exchanged, and could get more of the same kind. All that we were allowed to keep, except the clothing upon our backs, was our choice of an overcoat or a woolen blanket. Some of my comrades succeeded in secreting their money, and in some instances their watches. I saved my own watch by slipping it into my shoe under the sole and instep of my foot; and my money (about eight dollars) went into the lining of my jacket — both saved for a time. One poor fellow, with more pluck than discretion, tore his rubber blanket into shreds, but was rewarded by a blow upon the head from the sword of an officer. I saw the blow and was told that it caused his death in an hour.

About noon we started for Gordonsville, very much lighter loaded than the night before, and reached that place (about nine miles) in the afternoon. A train of box-cars was waiting, and we were soon hustled on board, packed sixty in a car. We rode thus all night, reaching Lynchburg early the following morning. General Longstreet was brought into the place on the train following ours, having been severely wounded in the second day's fight at the Wilderness. I just got a glimpse of him as he was borne from the train upon a stretcher.

We were marched outside the village half a mile, down through a steep gully, into a kind of natural basin containing perhaps five acres, surrounded on all sides by high hills, and overhead the blue sky. A brook, clear as the blue heavens above us, came leaping through it from the foot of the Blue Ridge; a prettier, more retired spot could not be imagined. Nature had done her best, and man absolutely nothing, for our convenience.

Here we remained one week, without any serious cause for complaint, except once they neglected to issue our daily allowance of hard-bread and two ounces of bacon. The weather was fair and warm, so we did not once think of shelter.

Additions were made to our number daily, so that at the end of a week we numbered three thousand. We had begun to congratulate ourselves upon having nearly enough to eat, and on the advantages of our prison over close confinement between brick walls. Many of my comrades were planning for an escape to the mountains, and were only waiting for a dark, stormy night to put those plans into execution, when it would have been a comparatively easy matter to pass our guard. But the chance was never given; instead, one morning all was bustle and confusion, because we were going to be sent South for "immediate exchange," so we were soberly informed by the officers of our guard. Our exchange proved to be from the open air to the crowded, filthy rooms of a large tobacco warehouse at Danville, Virginia. For once, and the only time during our travels in "Dixie," we were crowded into the regular passenger coaches, instead of the box or baggage cars, and accommodated with seats, for our "exchange" to — Danville.

It took us two days and one night to make this journey of less than one hundred and fifty miles. The first day exhausted our provisions; the following thirty-six hours we subsisted upon faith and the beautiful scenery of the upper James River, where we saw substantial-looking plantations and a rich country, but thriftlessness was stamped upon it all.

Our arrival at Danville was not so much noticed by the townspeople as at Lynchburg. They had seen many a like deputation before, for we found several thousand of the "boys in blue" confined in the six different tobacco warehouses that the town contained. The prison selected for us was upon the bank of and overlooking the Dan River — a plain, brick, three-story building. Two hundred and fifty were packed upon each floor, giving each man a space of six by six feet, which made it very crowded. An approach to the windows was not allowed, and was considered to afford a legitimate target for the guard below.

Who ever saw a soldier that was not looking for something to eat? We had fasted thirty-six hours, and before examining our new quarters the first concern was for something to eat. Just before night corn-bread and bacon were issued to us in fair quantities.

This, then, was the exchange promised us at Lynchburg! To be sure, we were exchanged from the open air to close confinement between brick walls, our rations from hard-bread to corn-bread. The quantity of our rations was now sufficient, though the quality was doubtful; but quantity was the principal item with the majority of us, although the stomachs of many rebelled against the coarse corn-bread and fat bacon. The bacon had a habit of acting a little queer and lively at times, although we were repeatedly assured that it had been killed once more than two years before; the bread was never more than half baked; but the lack of fresh air during the heat of the day was the most unbearable. A barrel of water stood on each floor, and a detail was made from our number to keep the barrels full. I succeeded in being detailed for one day, and more fully appreciated the taste of fresh air obtained in going to and from the river than ever before or since, and would have esteemed it a privi-

lege to carry water the greater part of each day.

I met prisoners from the other prisons, conveying water, who had been confined in these tobacco houses for nearly two months, and they looked more like ghosts than human beings — hardly able to drag one limb after another, their skin bleached to a dead white, and their bodies thin with the appearance of transparency. I began to fear prison life more than ever. It was repeatedly asserted by the commanders of our guard that exchange or parole was not far distant; that news from our Government was expected every day of its readiness to receive us as fast as we could be shipped. We began seriously to doubt their sincerity.

The dispositions of old comrades were rapidly undergoing a change. They were not so ready to help each other, and do that for another which would in the least lessen one's own chances or advantages. If there was a selfish vein in one's disposition or temperament, that trait now began to predominate.

It is hardly right to call it a selfish trait; it was rather the instinct of self-preservation, an instinct that human nature will rarely resist to the death. I, for one, had great faith in the strength of human friendship, knowing from absolute experience what one friend will do and sacrifice for another; but here it would not do to reckon too much upon the amenities of our supposed friends.

Our life between the brick walls of the tobacco warehouses of Danville was of short duration, only six days, when the story was freely circulated, "to be exchanged by way of Charleston. Several of your transports already awaiting you there!" We had not heard of Andersonville, and did not then know that such a place existed. We had heard that some of our officers were very "pleasantly located" at Columbus, but were not aware of any place south of Virginia where private soldiers were confined. We knew that General Grant was pounding away at Richmond in a way that made it very unsafe for prisoners of war to be retained there. We were told by our guard that owing to the proximity of Lee's and Grant's armies they could not exchange us over the old route, by the way of City Point, so we were again made to believe and swallow the "exchange" lie. We left Danville rather elated with the idea of being able to see something of the Southern country as we journeyed to Charleston. I was among the first train-load, and learned subsequently that the prisoners were taken from Danville at the rate of one train-load each day. At that time there were seven or eight thousand in the different Danville prisons.

We were crowded, as usual, into box-cars, sixty in each car, one sentinel posted inside at each door, and a number upon the top of each car. A special car was attached to the rear of the train for the use of the guard. This was the manner in which all our journeyings were conducted, forward and backward, while within the Confederacy. Lucky were the privileged few who could secure a standing-place by the open doors, or obtain a seat upon the floor of the car, with legs dangling outside. I usually obtained such a seat, reaching it in a quiet way, without any loud assertions as to my rights or superior powers, but squirming and squeezing myself into it in a very unostentatious but persistent manner. I wished to examine the country as we moved along, and it was impossible to do so except from the open door.

After riding a few miles we all left the train and marched sixteen miles over an unfinished section of the road. In going this distance we somewhere crossed the North Carolina line. We were marching to be exchanged, else the insufficient guard would not have succeeded in conducting us through this wild, unsettled country. As it was we took our own time, and on the whole made a comfortable march of it.

One evening we camped in a pleasant spot by the side of a clear stream of water. In the thicket of wild undergrowth that partly surrounded us the magnolia and sweet-bay trees were in full bloom, which loaded the evening air with a rich, sleepy perfume, very pleasant to the senses. We were hungry and our empty haversacks only laughed at us, but about nine o'clock a quart of flour was issued to each man; no salt to be had. Every other man soon had a fire of small sticks started, and by a careful inventory we discovered that about every third man was the owner of a tin plate, so we quickly formed clubs of three for baking purposes. A stick split at one end would grasp the plate like a pair of pincers, making a handle to our baking-dish. One kept the fire in operation by constantly feeding and blowing it; another procured the water and mixed the dough in our tin cups, and the third attended to the baking. In place of grease for the pan, flour was sprinkled upon it, which answered the purpose very well in preventing the dough from sticking to it. Owing to the unskillful handling of the plate it was frequently upset and its contents dumped into the fire, and the split stick would often burn off, causing a like result; but by eleven o'clock we all managed to eat a hearty supper of unleavened, unsalted cakes. Heavy as dough though they were, yet we hungry men never tasted food that relished better.

The following morning we were again

packed into the box-cars and journeyed south. The country in North Carolina through which we passed was desolate and barren in the extreme. It appeared to be a land that once was cultivated, but now worn out and left to grow up with what it would. Occasionally we passed through long stretches of the Southern pine; large, noble-looking trees, but all bearing the scar of the turpentine maker's ax, with here and there an old still, where a few years before the pitch obtained from the pine was converted into turpentine. About them were immense piles of resin. We met many negroes upon our route, but very few white men. The negroes had hardly rags enough about them to cover their nakedness, and when we met white men or women they were almost as shabby. Their houses were mere hovels, and bore no marks of distinction that would distinguish them from the huts of the negroes.

We stopped a few moments at one place that broke the desolate monotony — Charlotte. It was pleasantly located and contained some comfortable residences. Close by the depot, in a beautiful park, was located the female institute of North Carolina. The young ladies crowded the balconies and front yard of the seminary. They waved their handkerchiefs and flags of stars and bars. One young lady, evidently of the right stamp, cunningly grouped a red and blue ribbon with her white handkerchief in such a way as to catch our eyes, and one car-load of us honored her with three cheers. It was very soon hushed, however, by our guards, who inquired what we were cheering at. Of course they obtained no satisfactory reply. We knew that there was one young lady in the seminary who was on our side, and she acknowledged our cheers by a graceful bow, then quickly withdrew.

There were plenty of lone widows who gathered about the train, each with a fragment of something to sell. One had half a dozen ginger cookies in a peck basket for which the modest sum of ten cents each was asked; another had three-quarters of a sweet-potato pie, rather a doubtful compound, and asked only twenty-five cents a quarter for it, in Confederate money. One of my comrades, of the 1st Michigan, dickered with her for it, and finally obtained the whole three-quarters for five cents in silver. They seemed willing to take our greenbacks in exchange for their produce, but asserted that it was a prison offense to do so, and therefore dared not openly take them in presence of our guard. Another of my comrades sold his watch to one of the citizens of the place for $212 of their currency, the watch being worth in ours about six.

Our stop at Charlotte was only about twenty minutes. We crossed the Catawba, and several smaller streams, our approach to them being always anticipated by the swampy nature of the land on each bank. The rivers were sluggish, dark, gloomy-looking streams.

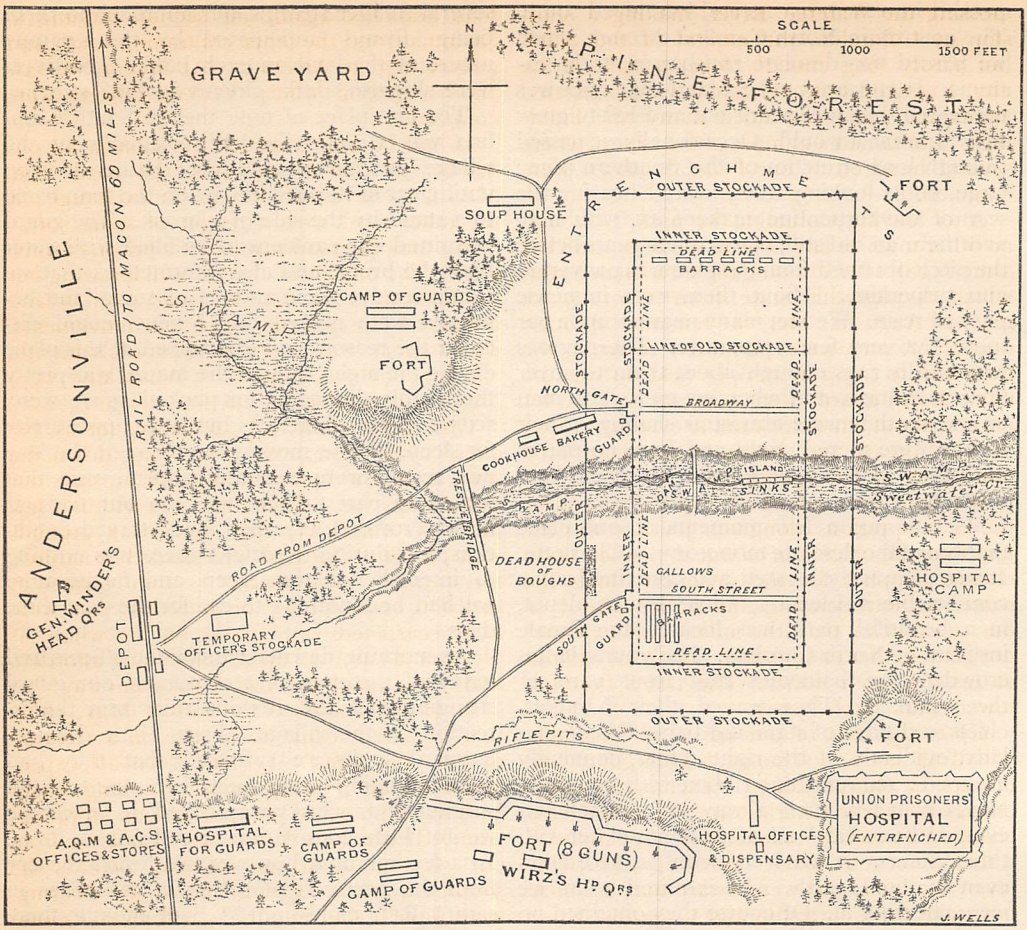
The first place of note met in South Carolina was Chesterville. We passed near the village just at nightfall, but made no stop until clear of its outskirts, when the train came to a stand by the side of a brook. The guard permitted our canteens to be filled with water from the brook, and also informed us that we would receive some rations of some kind before we were moved on. I never could discover the reason why we stopped at this place during the night, though the matter was pretty thoroughly discussed, for packed as we were, sixty in a car, there was but little opportunity for sleep. While moving on through the day new scenes were constantly opening up that served in part to help us keep our tempers in our crowded, cramped, and starved condition; but during this night there was nothing to interest, not even sleep, and furthermore we had had nothing to eat for the past three days.

As morning dawned we saw the officers and many of the men that composed our guard stringing back towards our train from the direction of the village. From their dogged, haggard looks we surmised that they had been indulging pretty freely in "pine top and sorghum," as whisky was called, so of course we got little consolation or relief from them. In a few minutes, however, we heard the cry from the rear end of the train, "Rations in sight! Rations in sight!" Sure enough, there they came. A single mule with a two-wheeled cart loaded down with rations of some sort in bags; their nature or quality we could not even surmise, although every guess of a Yankee was exhausted.

We were told by our guard that they would be issued to us after the train was under way. We saw the bags loaded upon the train, and immediately we started. Very soon the order passed along the train for a sergeant from each car to climb to the top and pass to the rear car for rations.

The sergeants soon returned and tossed a bag into each car containing — *corn!* There was a deal of muttering and cursing indulged in for a while, the import of which it is not necessary to repeat; but when we discovered that each of us would obtain nearly a quart, the growling and muttering subsided, or was confined to the unlucky few who had poor teeth. My teeth were good, my appetite was good, the corn tasted good; and, by diligent application, before noon my rations were well ground in the mill that nature provided.

All this time we were moving onward,



PLAN OF THE STOCKADE AND SURROUNDINGS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

THE stockade was formed of pine logs planted in the ground. The inner or main stockade was twenty feet high; outside of it were two other stockades not far apart (indicated by a single line in the above plan), the inner one sixteen feet high and the outer twelve. On November 27, 1863, the site of the prison was chosen by W. S. Winder, son of General J. H. Winder who arrived to take command in April, 1864. The first detachment of Union prisoners reached the prison on the 15th of the previous February. Winder's reputation in connection with the Richmond prisons was so bad that the Richmond "Examiner" said, when he was sent South, "God have mercy upon those to whom he has been sent." Winder died Feb. 9, 1865. Captain Henry Wirz, who commanded the stockade, was a native of Switzerland, a physician by profession and before the war was a citizen of Louisiana. In August, 1865, he was tried by a Union Military Commission, and executed.

In the summer of 1864 Lieutenant-Colonel D. T. Chandler officially inspected the Andersonville prison; his report is dated August 5, and in it he begged the Richmond government to send no more prisoners to that pen and to remove all of the prisoners then there, above 15,000; that is, he reported that 20,000 to 25,000 prisoners ought to be provided for elsewhere. He also said in his report: "There is no medical attendance provided within the stockade. Small quantities of medicine are placed in the hands of certain prisoners of each squad or division, and the sick are directed to be brought out by sergeants of squads daily, at 'sick-call,' to the medical officers who attend at the gate. The crowd at these times is so great that only the strongest can get access to the doctors, the weaker ones being unable to force their way through the press; and the hospital accommodations are so limited that though the beds (so called) have all or nearly all two occupants each, large numbers who would otherwise be received are necessarily sent back to the stockade. Many — twenty yesterday — are carted out daily, who have died from unknown causes and whom the medical officers have never seen. The dead are hauled out daily by the wagon-load and buried without coffins, their hands in many instances being first mutilated with an ax in the removal of any finger-rings they may have. The sanitary condition of the prisoners is as wretched as can be, the principal causes of mortality being scurvy and chronic diarrhea. Nothing seems to have been done, and but little if any effort made to arrest it by procuring proper food. The ration is ⅓ pound of bacon and 1¼ pound unbolted corn-meal, with fresh beef at rare intervals, and occasionally rice. When to be obtained — very seldom — a small quantity of molasses is substituted for the meat ration. A little weak vinegar, unfit for use, has sometimes been issued. The arrangements for cooking and baking have been wholly inadequate, and though additions are now being completed it will still be impossible to cook for the whole number of prisoners. Raw rations have to be issued to a very large proportion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils, and furnished so limited a supply of fuel they are compelled to dig with their hands in the filthy marsh before mentioned for roots, etc. No soap or clothing has ever been issued. The present hospital arrangements were only intended for the accommodation of the sick of 10,000 men, and are totally insufficient, both in character and extent, for the present needs; the number of prisoners being now more than three times as great, the number of cases requiring medical treatment is in an increased ratio. . . . My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post, Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, and the substitution in his place of some one who unites both energy and good judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as is consistent with their safe keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control; some one who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside of the stockade, a place the horrors of which it is difficult to describe, and which is a disgrace to civilization: the condition of which he might, by the exercise of a little energy and judgment, even with the limited means at his command, have considerably improved."

crossing the Wateree River, making a short stop at Columbia, the capital of the State, but hardly long enough to get a sight of the city. I noticed, however, that it wore a deserted appearance, and contained many fine buildings. I obtained a glimpse of the prison, where several hundred of our Federal officers were confined.

After leaving Columbia we passed through no other town of any note in the State, and the same night, after crossing the Savannah River, which divides this State from Georgia, we reached Augusta. Here we remained through one night, and were permitted to leave the train and to camp in an open field outside the city. Extra guards were sent out to care for us, and about ten o'clock in the evening rations of hard-bread and bacon were distributed among us in fair quantities.

We were here informed that the reason of the lack of rations along our journey was the fact that the officers in charge depended upon chance supplies for the prisoners along the route, without sending any notice ahead of our approach; that the inland towns could not get together enough to ration us all without at least a day's notice. The trains that followed ours fared better.

Up to the time of our arrival at Columbia it had all been "exchange." Our guard and officers in charge talked "exchange" — exchange by way of Charleston. We talked "exchange." It was all "exchange." At Columbia a revolution took place. Many of us knew the lay of the land, and were aware that we must now take the Charleston and Columbia Road in order to reach Charleston. We gently hinted this fact to our guards, making eager inquiries regarding another fact, that we were taking the road to Augusta instead of to Charleston, but we could get no satisfaction from them.

The earnest discussions among ourselves soon reached the ears of the commanding officer, and he very quickly set the report into circulation that Charleston was so blockaded, in such a state of siege, that we could not be exchanged by that port; that he had received a telegram while at Columbia to take us on to Savannah for exchange. The majority were ready to believe and swallow this new dose, but several questioned whether we were now taking the most direct route for Savannah. The majority ruled, however; therefore it was voted, exchange by way of Savannah.

At Augusta there was a branch road for Charleston, but we did not take it. Our cramped condition in the box-car prisons was becoming unendurable.

We finally reached Macon. This was the point where the doubting ones were to decide the matter of exchange. Here the road branched again, one section running to Savannah, and the other continuing south and terminating at Americus. At Macon we saw another prison where Federal officers were confined.

It had become a settled question in all our discussions that if we took the road from Macon to Savannah it was for exchange; if the other road, then a prison of some sort.

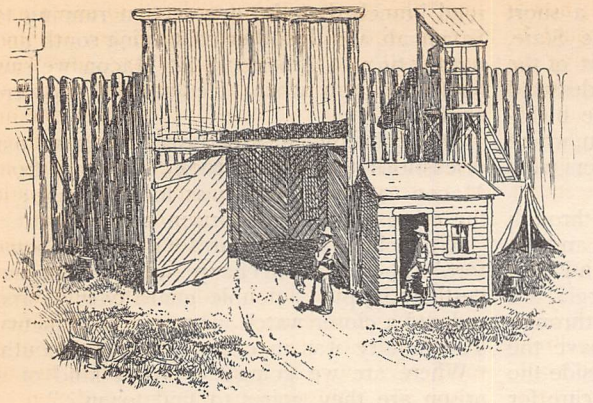
We took the road towards "a prison of some sort." The officers in charge, well knowing our destination, put a double guard over us and ordered a closer watch upon our movements. The inquiry was in every comrade's mouth, "Where are we going?" "What kind of a prison are they going to find for us?"

Our guard soon had an answer for us, because instructions were sent along down the train from the commanding officer that our destination, for a short time, was within a few miles of Americus; that the prison grounds were pleasantly located, well shaded by nature's forest trees; the "fence," as they termed it, inclosing two slopes or hillsides that were richly carpeted with grass; on the whole as pleasant a spot as the Confederacy afforded, and "too good for you Yanks anyway!"

It was near noon of the 20th of May, 1864, that our train came to a stop, in a clearing of the pine forest. We had been all expectation for an hour or more, straining eager eyes to catch some glimpse of our stopping-place. It was here before us. Looking from our position upon the railroad towards the southeast, at the extreme end of the clearing, some three or four hundred yards away, a cloud of smoke was curling upward from a rectangular, substantial-looking pen. Upon inquiry we were told, "That 's where you Yanks will put up!"

We had little time for thought before a round-shouldered, blustering little man upon a white horse rode the length of the train, and with many a curse and oath ordered us all out. During our exit from the close, cramped quarters we had occupied so long a fresh guard came, in the wildest confusion and unmilitary order, from the direction of the smoke, and after much blustering and more cursing we were formed into two lines, giving room for us to pass between, four deep. After some more swearing the officer on the white horse placed himself at the head of the column and ordered us to march. This was Wirz, our prison-keeper, and unhappily our first introduction to him was not our last. Upon reaching the inclosure we halted while a part of our number were formed into a detachment, and the remainder were ordered to be placed upon the rolls of the older detachments already in the pen.

I have hesitated thus far to pronounce the



VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE SOUTH GATE.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

word Andersonville. We knew nothing, or had heard nothing, of the place, so we had not a moment's notice of the life we were about to enter upon. These many years after, the word "Andersonville" excites the same curiosity that it did before we entered upon the months of suffering that cannot be told. This, then, was Andersonville, or, as it was called by the guard, "Camp Sumpter." We entered it by a swinging door or gate, large, heavily ironed, and guarded.

As we passed within the doors were closed behind and heavily barred — closed upon me for five long months, and upon one-half our number for life. Our hearts sickened as we first looked upon the misery before our eyes. The attempt to picture our mental depression, as we took in, with one quick, swift glance, the condition of those who had entered before us, would be futile.

We joined inside the inclosure thirteen thousand of our comrades in arms, but they were not to be recognized. They seemed a different race of the human family, and vastly more squalid than any I ever had seen or heard of — emaciated forms, half human and half spectral, black with filth and smoke, and swarming with vermin. As we were driven like sheep into the stockade they crowded about us, making inquiries faster than they could be answered.

I think we were the first detachment of fresh prisoners that had reached Andersonville for two or three months. Those that we met there were immigrants from Belle Isle, Libby, and Danville, and all of them prisoners of from three to sixteen months' experience.

For convenience in drawing rations and being counted each morning they had been divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy men each, and one of their own non-commissioned officers placed over each company. Each detachment was subdivided into sections of ninety men, with a non-commissioned officer over each, but we found the numbers of the detachments diminished fully one-third by deaths. I was placed in one of the old detachments, together with a number of my more intimate comrades — "Detachment 13, Squad 3."

The sun was giving us the benefit of its direct rays, which soon roused us, in a degree, from the stupor into which we had subsided as a partial realization of the situation crept upon our senses; and we began to make a move towards forming some kind of shelter to protect us from the scorching heat. My stock consisted of an overcoat — nothing more.

Richard Lovell, Richard Williams, and Charles Wilmarth, who had associated with me thus far, now proposed that we unite our stock, and thus build a common shelter. Our combined effects consisted of two woolen blankets, two overcoats, two case-knives, an apology for a pocket-knife, two tin cups, one tin plate, and three canteens; nothing superfluous, as can be readily seen, in necessary material for four men to build a house and begin keeping it with. We selected the best unoccupied spot for a location; with our case-knives and hands we scooped a level place upon the hillside barely large enough for our number to lie upon. It was necessary that we should have two upright poles and a cross pole, or ridge pole, in order to stretch our blankets in the form of a roof over our heads. We thoroughly searched the whole interior of the stockade for material enough for the purpose, but could obtain none without purchasing; and we finally bargained for three poles, each of them smaller than common bean-poles, by paying a dollar and fifty cents in greenbacks. Towards night we had finished our shelter, so far as lay in our power, but were obliged to leave both gable ends open, using our coats for protection between our persons and the ground.

We were very hungry, having had nothing to eat all day, but about the middle of the afternoon rations began to come in. They were loaded upon wagons, each wagon drawn by two mules, and consisted of coarse corn-bread and old bacon. Each wagon was accompanied by a guard while being driven within the stockade and distributing its load at the headquarters of each detachment. The detachment sergeants issued it in equal lots to the three squad sergeants, and they again, dividing it as equally as possible, gave to the ninety individual men.

I was somewhat curious to see the operation

of issuing the rations to so many men; how it might be done fairly, so that each would be satisfied. The sergeant in charge, seeing me looking on with so much interest, called upon me to assist. After the bread and meat had been divided into the requisite number of pieces they were placed upon a log, which I was informed was the property of the squad. One piece of bread, about half the size of a brick, and a piece of meat, as large as two of my fingers, was the ration for each man for a whole day.

It would be impossible for any man, however nice his judgment, to divide the bread and meat into exactly even pieces; some would have a mouthful or a mouthful and a half more than others, and some pieces would be better in quality than others: in either case an item not to be overlooked by starving men.

We were all numbered, and so soon as the rations were ready for delivery I was asked to turn my back to them; then the sergeant would place his hand upon one of the rations, at the same moment asking me what number should have it. I called out what number I pleased; and, not being able to see what particular ration the sergeant had his hand upon, no one could complain that any favoritism was shown. This was, in substance, the manner in which our rations were dealt out from day to day throughout the whole stockade.

As night came on I repaired to the shelter we had improvised, but not to talk with my comrades; neither did they show any disposition to converse during this first evening and night spent in Andersonville: our individual thoughts were too busy with themselves. I was trying to comprehend the situation, to weigh the probabilities of life or death.

Whatever other scenes or experiences may be in store for me, none can leave the deep mark of despair or the dark forebodings which took possession of my mind that evening. It was not the confinement within the stockade. It was not the fear of starvation. It was not the fear of exposure to heat, cold, or midnight dews. It was the spectacle presented by the thirteen thousand comrades whom we first found within that inclosure: it required no prophetic powers to convince us that they could never be men again.

Our prison was an inclosure of fifteen acres; the stockade was built of pine logs, hewn square, set into the ground about five feet, with fifteen feet above the ground, and set side by side so closely that no space was left between. Upon the outside of the stockade, and near the top, sentry-boxes were placed at short intervals completely around the whole.

Inside the stockade, fifteen feet from it, a slender railing was run, known as the "dead-line," the sentries being ordered to shoot any person who set foot over it or in any manner interfered with it. Every night large fires were kindled of torchwood, or "lightwood" as it was called, forming two lines of these fires, one on each side of the stockade, some thirty or forty feet outside, and intended to light up the prison, so that no secret movement could be made under cover of the darkness of the night.

Upon two sides of the stockade, and some two to four hundred yards distant, were two earthworks, one upon either side, and each mounting four cannon. These were manned at all hours of the day and night, ready at a moment's notice to pour a destructive fire of grape and canister into the crowded pen.

The stockade inclosed two side hills, a brook, small and muddy, running through the valley between, dividing the inclosure into nearly equal halves. About three acres of this valley, most of it upon one side of the brook, but a part of it upon both sides, was a swamp, and uninhabitable, it being the upper part of miles of impassable swamp which stretched off to the eastward below us.

The cook-house, where all the bread was baked and meat boiled, stood upon this very brook, above and outside the stockade, so that all the greasy scum, refuse, and dirt from it came floating through the inclosure that we inhabited, upon the surface, or mixed with the water we were obliged to drink and to use for washing. The camps of our guard were so located that all their sewerage came down through our inclosure.

In building the stockade every tree within it had been cut, and although made within a heavy growth of the beautiful Southern pine — and this same pine was not worth here the labor of cutting it — not a tree was left for a shade from the scorching Southern sun, or to furnish us with material with which to build our own shelters, to say nothing of firewood for cooking purposes.

No provision was made, until near the very close of our incarceration at Andersonville, towards carrying off the refuse and sewerage of our prison, and no sanitary regulations had been put in force. The filth that accumulated through those long summer months can neither be described nor imagined. Most of it collected in and about the three acres of swamp, and I have seen that three acres one animated mass of maggots from one to two feet deep, the whole swamp moving and rolling like the waves of the sea.

We had no books, papers, or pamphlets; only a few Bibles brought in by the prisoners. I was fortunate enough to possess a copy, which was so well read by my comrades that nothing remained of it to bring away.

The thirteen thousand prisoners that we found in the stockade upon our arrival in May had, almost to a man, given up all hope of exchange or of ever reaching home again, and were every day and hour simply lying down to die. There was hardly a half-hour during the whole day and night but that at least one was passing away to his everlasting home. They had ceased to care for cleanliness, or to take any precautions for their health, though upon the arrival of our fresh-looking men they seemed to show a little more regard for their personal appearance and health. Upon our rallying them, some would brighten up and appear more hopeful, so that for a few weeks the death rate was materially reduced; but as the heat of summer advanced and the number of prisoners increased to thirty or thirty-five thousand, our death rate rapidly grew, and it was soon a common occurrence to carry out a hundred dead men from the stockade in one morning. Two hundred and twelve were carried out one day in August.

During the month of June the sufferings of myself and comrades were comparatively light; but about the first of July one of them, Charles Wilmarth, was taken sick, and very soon died. In his place we took a John Brown, another member and one of the recruits of my own regiment. Brown was about fifty years old, had served out his time in the English navy, had been several years a whaler, had been three years in our own navy, and knew nearly every important port in the world. He was the only man in the whole prison coming under my observation who did not seem afflicted by prison life. It did affect him, but in the form of a blessing rather than an evil. At the time of his arrival in the prison he was a mere brute, crazed with whisky; and his intellect, which was naturally strong, even brilliant, was nearly destroyed. After one month's abstinence he seemed stronger, healthier, and improving rapidly every day. His conversation, stories of his life, and brilliant qualities of mind were very entertaining to our immediate circle, and were of assistance towards keeping our spirits good. With all our sufferings this man proved to us, beyond a doubt, that there was one condition in this world that a man might reach worse than Andersonville.

We began to dig wells, as much for employment as anything, but yet for the purpose of procuring more and better water. We used an old tin plate or a split canteen for a shovel, and our haversacks for buckets to elevate the dirt. The soil was hard red clay, yet with our meager tools several wells were dug over eighty feet deep, and one that reached one hundred feet in depth. But the supply of water thus obtained was very small, only satisfying the wants of the few who had the courage and pluck to dig.

Another industry was the digging of tunnels, which required great outlays of labor and cunning, with little inducements, and only a slight hope of escape. I engaged in a number of these operations, and there were forty or fifty tunnels in process of construction at one time. In several instances the operators were successful, and made good their escape from the stockade for a few days or weeks perhaps, but were almost invariably recaptured by the hounds and hunters. The majority of the tunnels were a total failure, except that they served to give employment and to keep hope alive. They were pretty sure to be discovered by our keeper Wirz, who had the aid of traitors among our own numbers, or of spies sent among us.

The mode of operating in one tunnel, in which I was engaged, and which came the nearest to a success, will be a fair sample of operating with them all.

One of the members of my company, who was brought into the stockade several weeks later than myself, had built a shelter of blankets and rags very near the "dead-line," which also brought his stopping-place within the shadow of the stockade as it was cast by the night fires from the outside.

This made a very convenient and safe place to begin operations from. Several of us made a social call upon this comrade, William Moore, late one evening, and broached the subject of beginning a tunnel from his domicile. He fell in with the proposal very readily, and we concluded to begin operations the next night. It was about the first of July, for I remember that upon the night of the Fourth of July, when the whole North was supposed to be celebrating the birth of our nation, I was five feet under ground, upon my hands and knees, in a hole barely large enough to crawl in, working inch by inch with an old case-knife and my bare hands, trying to find the liberty that the North was celebrating.

We first dug directly down into the ground a hole large enough for one to work in and about seven feet deep; then we began to dig in a horizontal direction, from its bottom, towards the stockade. Our mining operations were upon a small scale and very simple, our ingenuity being all engaged in keeping the work a secret from the guard and from the general mass of the prisoners. The shaft was only large enough for one to dig at a time, and that upon his hands and knees. The operator would loosen the hard clay with the case-knife, scrape it into one of our haversacks with his hands, and a comrade at the

SCENE NEAR THE NORTH GATE — DISTRIBUTING RATIONS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

entrance to the shaft would draw out the filled haversack by means of an improvised rag rope, replacing it with an empty one by pushing it in with a slender pole, this pole being spliced from time to time as the tunnel proceeded.

Now came the most particular part of the job: this dirt must be scattered upon or about the heaps of dirt thrown out from the numerous wells; and these wells were invariably near the center of the inclosure, not being allowed very near the dead-line. Several haversacks of dirt might be carried from our excavation without attracting the attention of the vigilant guard, but to carry them at regular intervals throughout the entire night seemed almost impossible.

But the stockade cast a shadow of thirty or forty feet, and in this shadow the sentinels could not distinguish objects in a dark night; therefore the comrade employed as carrier did not leave this shadow to approach the center of the stockade twice in the same place, and always with his load underneath his overcoat or blanket of rags. Twelve of us were thus employed upon this tunnel, six working every night. After the shaft had been carried beyond the first few feet it was impossible for one to remain within it longer than half an hour at a time without being overcome and rendered insensible from lack of sufficient air. Several times we had to drag a comrade from the tunnel in this condition.

We worked patiently and steadily nearly four weeks without detection, though several other tunnels were discovered and demolished during this time. To keep the secret of its location safe, we made a shoulder upon the mouth of the shaft, and after nicely fitting some boards into it, the whole was covered six inches deep with dirt that corresponded with the soil at the surface of the ground, kept constantly ready for the purpose; then our comrade Moore and his chum spread their overcoats over all, and slept thereon the greater part of each day.

One night, after careful measurement, we ascertained that our shaft was eighty feet long. It was commenced twenty feet from the stockade; therefore we were sixty feet outside the stockade, and ten or twenty feet outside the usual line of fires. This was deemed sufficient; and we voted to suspend further operations and await the advent of a dark, stormy night the better to favor our escape through the tunnel.

About this time — the latter part of July — there was more loud talk of exchange. Reports of the resumption of the exchange of prisoners were common enough, evidently put into circulation by the authorities outside for purposes of their own; but this one, in particular, came so well recommended that it was pretty generally believed, for the following reasons.

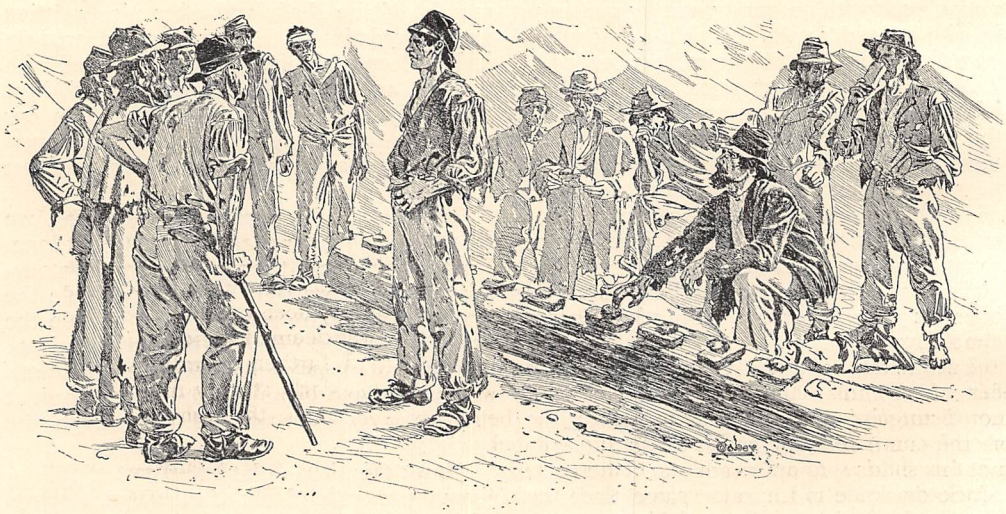
The only authorized representative of the Christian religion who possessed enough of it to visit the thirty thousand men in the prison pen was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who came in quite regularly, at least every Sabbath, for several weeks. He talked kindly to us, displaying much sympathy

for our condition, and administering the last rites of the Church to all the dying men who would accept, without any regard to individual beliefs. He stated that strong efforts were being made to bring about an exchange by both the North and South, and that their efforts would probably soon be successful. Upon the strength of this report we concluded to let our tunnel remain quiet for the time, thinking that if exchange failed we could have final recourse to it. The exchange did fail; and a heavy thunder shower loosened one of the timbers of which the stockade was composed, so that it settled into the shaft, discovering to the authorities our tunnel, and they quickly filled it up.

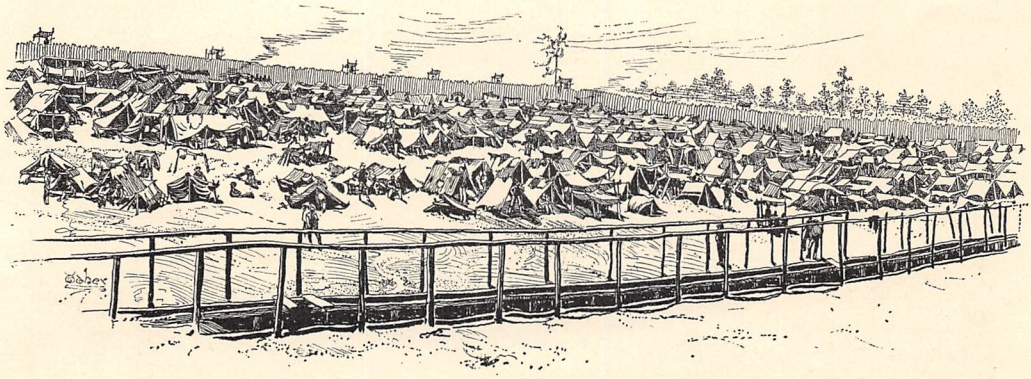
The sentinels and guard at Andersonville were "home guards," composed of boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, and of old men unfit for active duty. The older sentinels were not so rash or bitter in performing their duties, but the boys would often embrace the slightest opportunity for maltreating us. It was a common rumor that a premium — a furlough of thirty days — was offered for every prisoner shot by a sentinel while upon his post, and his positive orders were to shoot any one who encroached upon the dead-line in any manner. So well were the orders obeyed that hardly a day passed without some unlucky prisoner being shot at from a sentry-box, and I never saw or heard of the slightest fault being found with any sentinel for this shooting.

Although many were being carried to the burial-ground each day, the prisoners increased very rapidly till the 1st of July, when our number reached 35,000, all crowded upon about twelve acres of land. That was the highest number reached; and after July 1 the death rate equaled the recruits, the number being kept at about 35,000 by the frequent arrival of new prisoners in squads of from 50 to 500 each.

Until our numbers had been nearly doubled there was pretense of cooking the rations of corn-bread and bacon; but before the 1st of July they were issued to the majority of us raw — about one pint of coarse corn-meal and two ounces of bacon per man. This would have been preferred, only there were no adequate measures taken to supply us with fuel to cook it with. Loud and repeated complaints were made to the authorities, until they finally allowed small squads to go out each day, from two to four hundred in all, to carry in their arms the fuel to cook rations for thirty thousand men. If the rations could have been cooked in messes of hundreds or thousands, it is possible the fuel thus brought in might have been of some little use; but there were no cooking utensils in the prison larger than quart cups and tin plates, and the cooking by messes was an utter impossibility. These squads would rarely bring in any more wood than they used individually, and if any passed from their hands to that of a comrade it was by purchase at the rate of from twenty-five cents to one dollar per stick. The only way in which the great mass procured even the smallest amount of fuel was by hacking to pieces the stumps which were left within the stockade, generally using their case-knives for this purpose. In three weeks every vestige of a stump had disappeared; then the roots were dug; and



ALLOTTING SQUAD RATIONS BY NUMBER.



THE SOUTH HILLSIDE OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

within a very few weeks every foot of the ground inclosed by the stockade was cleaned of roots to the depth of six feet. In spite of all our complaints and begging, all our grubbing for roots, after exhausting all our ingenuity, thousands ate their corn-meal raw every day, and it certainly was not strange that so many perished in Andersonville from diarrhea alone. Add to the raw, coarse corn-meal the warm, filthy water which the great mass were obliged to drink, and one of the causes of the fearful death rate in Andersonville is explained.

About the middle of July the stockade was enlarged by an addition to its north end of about ten acres, which doubled our space, yet the fact was hardly noticed. It gave us for fuel the old section of stockade, which was rendered useless by being inclosed within the new, and ten acres more of stumps and roots, thus affording for three or four weeks some relief for the fuel famine.

There was a sutler located within the stockade, whose establishment contained a little flour, soda, salt, cream of tartar, pepper, sweet potatoes, onions, etc. The whole contents of the store could have been swallowed, at any one time, by ten of our hungry men in an hour. He charged one dollar per pint for salt, one dollar per quart for flour, ten cents each for very small onions, forty cents per pound for sweet potatoes, four to ten dollars per pound for tobacco, and everything else in proportion. A lemon did occasionally find its way within our prison, but I never saw one sold. I saw a few very small Irish potatoes that sold for five cents each, and were advertised to be excellent for scurvy.

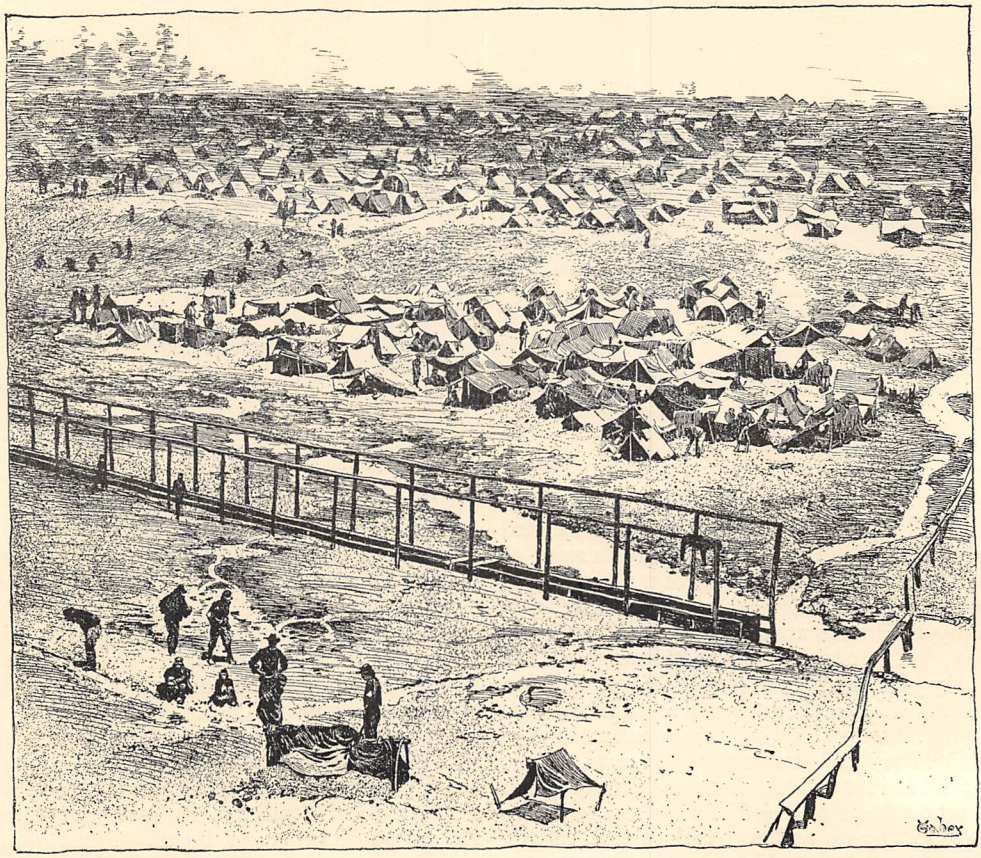
Some time in July "cow peas" made their appearance, a vegetable that seemed to be a cross between a pea and a bean, and about the 1st of August they commenced to issue rations of these beans to some of the prisoners. The beans took the place of the corn-bread and bacon, and were issued to some raw and to others cooked; about half a pint of the raw being a day's ration, and two-thirds of a pint of the cooked.

About this time commenced the great mania for trade. One had two spoonfuls of pease which he would trade for half a ration of corn-bread; another offered half his ration of raw pease for a small morsel of bacon to cook with his remaining half. For a short time after pease began to come in as rations those who received them could readily exchange them for a double ration of bread. Trade grew rapidly among us, and soon one-half our number were trying to better their own condition by trading with one another and selling to the other half.

The Western troops, captured from Sherman's and Thomas's commands, were not robbed of their money and valuables, as were the Eastern troops, so there was considerable money floating within the prison among the privileged few; but it was constantly changing ownership, and finally it all got into the hands of the very few, except the greater part that found its way outside by passing through the sutler's shop.

A few, by sharp trading, commencing with a dollar or two, were soon worth their hundreds. Little stands were erected in all parts of the prison, those who could not erect a stand using their knees, upon which they would display perhaps half a dozen sweet potatoes, a pint of salt, two or three pounds of flour, a quart of pease, etc., all well covered with dust and flies.

The only living things that seemed to thrive at this place were the flies, and they swarmed. Everything was covered with them, and they were responsible for the maggots that kept the swamp a moving mass of corruption.



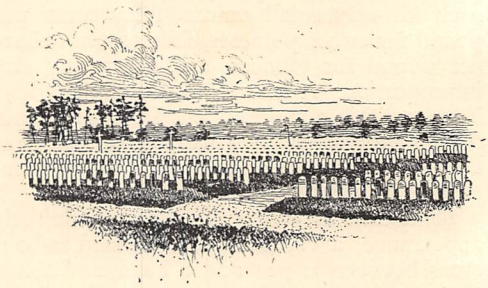
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NORTH END OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

In the middle-ground midway of the swamp is the "Island" which was covered with shelters after the higher ground had all been occupied.

"Main street," as it was called, the driveway for the teams that brought in the rations, soon became the center of trade — our "exchange." Hundreds crowded it from early morning till late evening with their rations of bread, pease, or bacon to exchange or sell for something they had not got; and although tobacco was more plentiful than any other article in the Confederacy, it would take two days' rations of food to buy enough tobacco to satisfy an ordinary chewer or smoker for a day. I have seen one of these tradesmen sit within the "exchange" and cry out the good qualities and cheapness of less than half a pint of stewed pease for three long hours, and finally exchange the whole stock for three quids of tobacco; though not exactly satisfied with his bargain, all his murmuring would cease upon getting a taste of the precious weed.

"Here 's your fresh-stewed pease, well seasoned with salt and pepper, only fifteen cents a plate!" "Here 's your nice boiled bacon, only ten cents a piece!" "Here 's your pure, clean salt, only five cents a spoonful!" "Who 'll trade a ration of pease for a ration of bread and bacon?" These were the constant cries from hundreds of lips along our "exchange" during the whole day. At the same time there was not food enough in the whole prison pen to give one-third of our number one meal in quantity, to say nothing of quality.

Several enterprising individuals commenced to manufacture beer. They procured a keg or barrel from the sutler, in which would be



NATIONAL CEMETERY, ANDERSONVILLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

placed four or five quarts of corn-meal and as many gallons of water. After remaining in the hot sun for a day or two the mixture would become very sour; then the keg would be filled with water and the whole allowed to work itself clear, when it would be drawn as beer and sold for five cents per glass, or half-pint. At first it sold well, and tasted good; in fact, it was the only sour thing we could get; and it really seemed to check the ravages of scurvy for a time.

A comrade, Dick Williams, and myself tried our hands at speculating. We purchased a twenty-eight pound box of tobacco of the sutler, paying him only half the price it was retailing for. First helping ourselves, we exposed it for sale, waiting two whole days for the first customer; but we finally succeeded in disposing of about half the box while we were using the other half, yet we hardly got back our capital.[1]

T. H. Mann, M. D.

MILFORD, MASS.

(To be concluded.)

[1] In the official "Report on the Treatment of Prisoners of War" in the South, are printed several reports of Confederate surgeons and inspectors to the Richmond authorities, on the condition of Union prisoners at Andersonville. It is impossible, on account of the horrible nature of the details, to quote generally from them. The following, which is the report of J. Crews Pelot, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., for Sept. 5, 1864, inasmuch as it does not refer to the appearance and sufferings of the prisoners and to the worst features of their surroundings, may properly be quoted without omissions. It gives an idea of the destitution in the hospital, where it would be supposed special efforts would have been made to alleviate hunger and distress:

SIR: As officer of the day, for the past twenty-four hours, I have inspected the hospital, and found it in as good condition as the nature of the circumstances will allow. A majority of the bunks are still unsupplied with bedding, while in a portion of the division the tents are entirely destitute of either bunks, bedding, or straw, the patients being compelled to lie upon the bare ground. I would earnestly call attention to the article of diet. The corn-bread received from the bakery, being made up without sifting, is wholly unfit for the use of the sick; and often (in the last twenty-four hours) upon examination, the inner portion is found to be perfectly raw. The meat (beef) received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day, and for the past three or four days no flour has been issued. The corn-bread cannot be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the diseases of the bowels, from which a large majority are suffering, and it is therefore thrown away. All their rations received by way of sustenance is two ounces of boiled beef and half pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances, all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical officer will avail nothing. Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the deficiency of medicines. We have but little more than indigenous barks and roots with which to treat the numerous forms of disease to which our attention is daily called. For the treatment of wounds, ulcers, etc., we have literally nothing except water. Our wards—some of them—were filled with gangrene, and we are compelled to fold our arms and look quietly upon its ravages, not even having stimulants to support the system under its depressing influences, this article being so limited in supply that it can only be issued for cases under the knife. I would respectfully call your attention to the above facts, in the hope that something may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick.

In the above-mentioned volume may be found a "return" "for the month of August, 1864," signed Henry Wirz, which shows that on August 1 the prisoners numbered 31,678, of whom 1693 were in hospital. During the month 2993 died; 23 were sent to other places; 21 were exchanged; 30 escaped, 4 of whom were recaptured; but the depletion from death and other causes was more than made good by the receipt of 3078 new prisoners, so that on August 31 there were 31,693 in the prison, 2220 of whom were in hospital. Wirz says: "Perhaps 25 more (prisoners) escaped during the month, but were taken up by the dogs, before the daily return was made up, and for that reason they are not on the list of the escaped nor recaptured."

BURIED THOUGHT.

HERE in this four-cornered verse,
As within funereal hearse
Consecrated unto death,
Lies a thought that ne'er drew breath.

Curious mortal, ask not why
This fair thought was doomed to die;
All thy asking cannot reach
Thought that never grew to speech.

Guess not at the fitting guise
It would wear to mortal eyes—
Whether it were like a flower
For a maid to wear an hour;

Or a breath upon the air
That should faint none knoweth where;
Or a shaft at random flown
Into depths of skies unknown;

Or a clear and stirring note
From a trumpet's silver throat,
For the signal of a deed
That should meet a royal need.

This world, maybe, was not wrought
To the measure of the thought,
That the one who spoke its doom
Gave it silence for a tomb.

It might have made you weep or laugh;
Now you see its cenotaph!
Go your way, whate'er it be,
And forget my thought and me!

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

FILIPPINO LIPPI, 1457–1505.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

THE question of the parentage of Filippino Lippi has been referred to in the notice of the life of Fra Filippo, and the justice of Cavalcaselle's strictures on the tradition reported by Vasari fully admitted; but as the romantic interest in the younger painter depends in a certain measure on the story, it is well to state all the facts that have probably been the origin of it. No valid ground for the accusation of sacrilege against Fra Filippo existed. He retained his standing in the priesthood and his princely protection up to the time of his death; but the evidence that is adduced by Vasari of the alleged parentage is not, when we come to examine it, of any significance. It rests mainly on the facts that Filippino signed his work "Philippinus de Lippis" or "Philipus de Lipis," and that in the public accounts of the city of Florence he is called "Filippo Filippi" or "Filippo alterius Filippi"; but the practice of painters of that day was to take the names of their masters, for, there being no distinctive family names with the artisan classes, the name of the father was no distinction, while that of the master would always be sufficient for identification. Thus we find that in the register of Paduan painters Mantegna is called "fiuolo de M. (Magister) Francesco Squarcion," fiuolo being the diminutive for son; Pier di Cosimo is so called because he was a pupil of Cosimo Roselli; Marco Zoppo signs himself "Zoppo di Squarcione," Squarcione being his master; and similar instances are numerous. All that can be stated with certainty is that Filippino was born in Prato, where Fra Filippo had relatives and where he went to paint some of his most important frescos, and that the friar took an interest in him; but whether there was a relationship or not, and if a relationship, what it was, is uncertain. We do not even know the date of his birth. If the story of Vasari as to his parentage is true, he would have been born in 1460, and at nine have lost the protection and direction of his father, who, according to the same authority, committed him to the care of Fra Diamante, his assistant in the frescos at Spoleto. But the evidence of his work is that he was thoroughly imbued with the influence of the art of Fra Filippo, and that he must have been under his influence more than could have been possible at that age. Nor is it conceivable that the "Vision of St. Bernard" in the Badia at Florence (the subject engraved by Mr. Cole) should have been painted when he was twenty years old. I admit the intervening influence of Botticelli, who was the pupil of Fra Filippo as far as he was the pupil of any individual master, but who certainly was of so strong individuality that he would probably have left a much deeper impress on Filippino, had he been his master, than he seems to have done. The connecting link which unites the three in one line is rather in the type of the head than in the technic. It is most probable that the two were pupils of Fra Filippo, and that Filippino was by some years older than Vasari makes him. Vasari seems to have been the first to assert that Filippino was the child of Fra Filippo by Lucrezia Buti, and the only datum he offers for this is the letter of Giovanni de' Medici to his agent at Naples alluding vaguely to some ludicrous mistake of the friar, which mistake is supposed to have something to do with the parentage of Filippino. I prefer to assume that Filippino was the pupil of Fra Filippo and was some years older than Vasari makes him. Cavalcaselle discredits the mastership of Botticelli; and certainly, while there is in the work of Filippino the strongest evidence of the influence of Fra Filippo in the vein of naturalism opened by the latter, and in which Botticelli, in common with other contemporaries, worked deeply, the color of Filippino is distinctly allied to that of Fra Filippo, and very little like that of Botticelli, save as all the artists of the Florentine school had in common certain canons of art which distinguished their work from that of contemporary schools and especially from the Venetian, and which produce the greatest confusion at times in the attempt to determine the authorship of unsigned pictures of the school. Thus, a certain one of the series of frescos in the Sistine Chapel is attributed at once to Perugino, to Pinturicchio, and to Botticelli; and admitting that the general verdict is in favor of Pinturicchio, as the highest authorities seem to incline, the fact that the question should be disputed shows that the internal evidence is not so clear as is imagined by the majority of students. One authority in Italian art, Venturi, accepts Botticelli. Cavalcaselle, once so inclined, now hesitates to pronounce; and Charles Murray Fairfax puts Botticelli out of the question.

This only proves, however, that the art of

individual painters of this school differed so little in its general characteristics that there is no room for that accumulation of superlatives which it is in the fashion to attribute now to one and then to another of its great masters. They were all well trained, and this was the principal question for the public of that day; as when the Pope wanted a sample of the art of Giotto and got a satisfactory O, so in the days of the Medici the man who was called to do public work was the man who had thoroughly mastered the handicraft of his art. Thus when Perugino, in association with others, was called to decorate the Palazzo Pubblico in Florence (1482), and declined on account of his engagements in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, Filippino was summoned to supply his part of the work at the same salary and on the same conditions. The Florentines were not munificent in paying their artists, and we have frequent occasion to wonder that the artist should have yielded to the demands of the municipality. Perugino was shrewd enough in such matters, and as there is no evidence that Filippino accepted this commission, it is probable that he was dissatisfied with the compensation and declined it also. The Florentines were too prone to consider the honor of serving the state as a large part of the reward.

Cavalcaselle notes, as one of the pictures which mark the best period of Filippino's art, the altarpiece of the Hall of the Eight now in the Uffizi, which is inscribed 1485. In 1487 Filippino received a commission for the frescos in the Strozzi Chapel in the church of Sta. Maria Novella which he executed only about 1503, having been called to Rome, where he decorated the chapel of Cardinal Caraffa in the church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. This work was completed in 1493, after which he returned to Florence and was invited to paint a picture in substitution to Ghirlandaio for the brotherhood of S. Francesco del Palco. A petition of the brotherhood is on record in which they pray that the town council of Prato will give them twenty ducats towards the thirty-five for which they had contracted with Ghirlandaio to have the picture painted. The council granted the petition, and Filippino seems to have received the same price as his more celebrated rival was to get. The picture is now in the Munich Gallery, and by this fine specimen of the artist's work we can judge something of the prices the painters of the beginning of the sixteenth century were paid. The price was equivalent to less than one hundred dollars. Filippino was, like most of his contemporary painters, strongly imbued with love for the antique, which is shown in the decorative part of his pictures; and he seems to have been a collector of antiques, as his son Francesco inherited a number which won him the friendship of Cellini. That Filippino was recognized as one of the masters of the craft of painting of his day is evident from the constantly repeated selection of him as appraiser or judge in reference to the work of other painters. He was one of those called to the council on the occasion of the restoration of the ball and cross on the apex of the dome of Sta. Maria del Fiore of Florence, in which all the heads of the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture were assembled, and to that which was to select the place for Michael Angelo's "David."

Filippino married in 1497. Dohme says that he died of quinsy in 1504, while Vasari puts his death at 1505, which, if the German author is correct, is another impeachment of Vasari.

I am hardly more disposed to accept Cavalcaselle's estimate of the art of our painter than I was his estimate of that of Ghirlandaio. He condemns the frescos of the Strozzi Chapel as indicating the decay of his art: to me they seem only the throwing off of the formal restraints of his masters and the expression of his own individuality. They are as careful in the study of forms and types as anything he ever did; here and there less careful in execution, but simply showing less attention to the traditions in which he was educated, and for that reason more individual. The "Martyrdom of St. Philip" is an instance of both these tendencies. The head of the old man who is, in a manner most contemptuous of mechanical probabilities, trying to pry the cross into the hole dug for it, that of the Fra-Filippesque boy at the left, and that of the man with the ladder at the right, are in the old vein; and the general effect is masterly. The great defect of the whole is lack of dramatic feeling; one feels that things could not have happened so.[1] Filippino might have done like Ghirlandaio and maintained his work in a certain majesty by a more rigid adherence to academical canons; and he might have made his work as conventionally formal and dignified as Ghirlandaio's and as uninterestingly masterly. But he was tired of the rules which helped him while they kept him in; he gambols lamely but more content. He was not a great master, but one of those who are made by the art of others more than they make for others. While he conforms to his masters he seems himself a master, and technically he always *is* one.

W. J. Stillman.

[1] Woermann, who writes the notice in Dohme, considers imagination one of Filippino's distinctions, which only shows that the conception of the nature of imagination in the writer is, as in most German critics, one of mechanical rather than of vital qualities.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XVI.

MISTRESS OF CHENAGE.

"We do not know when we shall pass through a day — the child of the sun — with never-failing good; for currents run this way and that, bringing both pleasures and sorrows."

"For the sower of the seed is the author of the whole harvest of mischief."

TO Kelderby, between the sea and the mountains, winter came early. It was yet September, but the air was chilly, and nature was facing the inevitable with that sad patience which is so characteristic of the last days of autumn. The sea lay quiet, colorless, mournful. The mountain tops were invisible, their shoulders covered with a shady mantle of clouds, their feet sandaled with fir forests, sounding softly the lament of ancient days. Like a gloomy lake of purplish barrenness were the distant moors. Nearer at hand the cattle and sheep stood mournfully among the bracken, now every color but green — amber, crimson, lilac, ivory, and russet-brown. In the stubble crows were calling in hoarse, coarse voices to a flight of fieldfares rushing past them in hurry or fear. Where the meadows skirted the village boys were playing football, and old men leaning over the stone wall watched the ball rise against the gray sky, and listened for the thud with which it fell to the ground.

The baron saw these things with a sigh, and then turned to the windows which looked into the garden. The flowers, the bees, the birds, the butterflies, were all gone away. A solitary robin on a bare rose tree sang their requiem, or perhaps the song of their resurrection; for his trilling ended upon his highest notes, and had a tone of triumph in it. And in the garden there was still beauty. The eglantine rods waved their small scarlet balls; the ivy was chapleted with jet; the privet had black clusters that gleamed like glass. For these faithful plants wear their memorials of summer until the snow buries them.

Such scenes speak with solemn eloquence to age. Kelder took the sermon into his heart and then turned his face from the outside world. The world inside was far more cheerful. The low, long room, with its dark walls, its handsome furniture, its bright hearth, was made still more delightful by the pleasantly thoughtful woman spinning in its light and warmth. For, in spite of her impulsive temper and ready tongue, Lady Kelder was capable of great restraints where her husband was concerned. She understood his revery. The patience of his face and attitude asked for her respect, and she gave it. She knew that his solitary and silent moods were peopled with far higher thoughts than she could share; then she was content to sit patiently in the outer sanctuary of his life. But when he pushed his chair towards the fire, and sitting down looked into her face with a smile, she gladly welcomed back to her a companionship full of sweetness and strength and confidence.

"We shall have a storm anon, Joan."

"I fear it. And, dear me! I do wish Nathaniel was at liberty to attend a little to his own affairs."

"He is constrained, and I trust willingly, to do his duty."

"A gadabout kind of duty it is. Never at home."

"I wonder, Joan, if Mistress Chenage went to Appleby?"

"Make yourself certain of it. Would Anastasia miss an opportunity to display herself? I am sure that the moon would sooner fail in her orbit. But you may certify all wonders now, for I hear my son's voice!" Her face shone, and she rose up hastily from her wheel.

Into the still old house there came with Nathaniel, not hurry or tumult, but a sense of most abundant life. His presence filled the room like sunshine. He kissed his mother and gave both hands to his father, and let his bright, sensitive face rest upon them, and upon each familiar object, with a proud thankfulness.

Quickly the whole house felt his home-coming. Voices and movements of unusual brightness and pleasant hurry passed through it. The baron, restless with expectation, walked up and down the room. Jael brought forward a small table and spread upon it spiced brawn,

cold partridge, and the wheaten loaf. An apple tart and a pitcher of thick cream edged the more substantial dishes. Wine and old October were placed within his choice. Lady Kelder watched these preparations with a thoughtful smile, and to crown them brought the chased silver tankard which she had given her son on his twenty-first birthday.

In a short time Nathaniel was ready for the meal. He had changed his clothing, and removed all traces of travel save such as defied outward renovation. But these were very marked. He was worn and weary-looking. His soul had evidently wasted his body. He had the appearance of a man who had lacked comforts, but who had not lacked fatigue and mental worry.

But it was pleasant to see the evident enjoyment with which he sat down to his own table — his grateful face, his whispered thanksgiving, the hearty, healthful portion which he meted out to his necessities. And though it may not be a very exalted pleasure to watch those we love enjoying a good meal, it is at least a very real one. The father and mother looked at the young man with delight, and doubled the delight by a constant interchange of glances which expressed their mutual satisfaction. And Nathaniel, though hungry, remembered that his parents had a very reasonable curiosity, and as he cut the generous slices of brawn he was saying:

"My Uncle Sanderson hath a very lively gratitude to you. Doubtless he will repay the gold, and in the mean time he hath given us a good gage for it. They were full of trouble, and my Aunt Ann had lost her health on the matter."

"Ann was ever a whimperer when things went not as she would have them. I hope now she will be so wise as to keep her husband out of folly. In these troublous times that is the first duty of wives."

The baron smiled faintly at this little home thrust, and asked, "What news have you of Cousin De Burg?"

"De Burg hath been strangely ill. 'T was feared that he would never recall his senses. God be thanked, that terror is passed!"

"In what condition is he now?"

"He is very weak. Two men carried him to his trial. One could have borne the burden, so much hath he fallen away."

"What hath been done in his affairs, Nathaniel?"

"He goes to London — to the Tower. His estate is sequestered to the Commonwealth, with such modest allowance from it as will pay his needful expenses in prison."

"I do not rejoice over him," said Lady Kelder, "though he has but gotten the wages he earned. They who kindle a fire must put up with the smoke. And as he could not bear wealth well, he must learn how poverty will bear itself. Was Mistress Chenage at the trial?"

Nathaniel's face darkened as he answered: "She was there. I think, however, that the Protector himself judged both De Burg and Prideaux, or the one had got less than his deserts, and the other more. For Anastasia had won the judges ere her father came to his trial, and her passion at their decision in Prideaux's case showed that she intended him more harm than he got."

"George Fox has been in London again. He may have moved Cromwell about both men."

"Cromwell is froward in himself to render justice. But herein some one had taught him particulars, for after the judges were on the bench, and the assize opened, a special messenger arrived and delivered them in open court two papers, and I am most sure their superscription was in the Protector's handwriting. In De Burg's case the verdict was, without doubt, unexpected, for Mistress Chenage showed a temper of disappointment beyond all womanliness. Nor did she company with the judges afterwards."

"What said she, Nathaniel?"

"Dear mother, 't would be unprofitable and fretting to repeat her. She is the sort of woman who cannot miscarry in her undertakings without calling earth and heaven to witness what wrongs she suffers."

"Indeed, 't is said her tongue hath driven her husband beyond seas."

"Pray God her intents were not sharper than her words! I think, indeed, that Anastasia's heart is worse than her tongue."

"What mean you?"

"Nay, I will not shape my suppositions. I doubt that Chenage forgot that the enemy he neither suspected nor feared was the most dangerous."

"What heard you of his strange disappearance?"

"A confused report passed through my ears, but full of hurry and unlikely dread. Le Tall whispers of the Devil and bottomless perdition. Others say he prodigally threw his life away, and now sits in hell brooding o'er the unprofitable escape. 'T is certain his wife mourns not for his fate; she laments it o'er much. Great sorrows find not leisure for such complaining."

"Hath De Burg left for London?"

"He was most anxious to leave. The Tower is a palace to the hole in which he has suffered so much; 't is also, he says, 'a prison befitting his rank'; and, though he could scarce whisper, he made shift to tell me that King Charles would pay a brave rent for his lodging."

"Is there good-will between you?"

"He is as grateful as a man can be who reviles fate for giving him back life through such hands as mine. Anastasia travels with him. She will pillow his way with her enchantments. I think surely the officers on guard will carry him all the way in their arms if she but smile and ask them. Never has she been so radiantly beautiful, yet never have I thought her so little to be wished for, so much to be dreaded."

"We carry the character of our souls mystically in our faces, Nathaniel. What says the son of Sirach? 'A man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him.' If God giveth wisdom to conjecture the countenance, it is as legible as a book, read in less time, and far less apt to deceive us; but in this matter God speaketh often to men and they heed him not."

"You are quite right, Baron. As for Anastasia, the woman is pretty handsome, but she is no miracle. I can never believe her beauty able to smite any sensible man. Pray God she do nothing worse than smile her father an easy journey to a sad-enough place!"

Presently the baron said: "I have been thinking of Roger Prideaux. You say the Protector judged his case also?"

"I am sure of it. He has been fined three thousand pounds for his imprudent hospitality."

"A lighter punishment than I expected for him."

"Punishment is the wrong word, sir. Prideaux was unworldly wise, but otherwise guiltless of any fault; and Cromwell, who is a discerner of men and of spirits, knew so much."

"Were there any new particulars in the trial?"

"None. The evidence taken in Kendal was gone over but hurriedly, for the judges were aware that the Protector had already sifted it ere he advised the sentence."

"Did Anastasia appear against Prideaux?"

"Yea, and her fair face and bitter words had wrought his ruin if his case had not been taken into a higher court by George Fox. For surely I think it must have been Fox — or you, dear father?"

"I made no special pleading for Prideaux. Cromwell asked me concerning the man, and I spoke the truth as I believed it." Then the eyes of father and son met with an understanding in them, full of sympathy and gratitude.

"Was the Quakeress present?"

"Her evidence was required."

"Truly 't was a time for both women to make a show of their beauty and virtues! Let me see them as they appeared. I have the curiosity which is natural, I am sure."

"Anastasia was dressed in black velvet with many gold ornaments. She held a little court of the lawyers and magistrates, and her brilliant smiles won the jury ere they had seen the prisoner. When Prideaux entered she looked at him as the hunter looks at the creature already in the toils."

"And the Quakeress?"

"She sat with her aunt under the eyes of Anastasia, and within hearing of her malicious words. But Olivia's soul was refuged in a height beyond both."

"Was she looking handsomely? Was she dressed so as to win the good-will of observers?"

"She trusted in something more than beauty and fine raiment."

"Poor silly one! Has she no worldly wisdom? Could no one tell her that a good suit of clothes wins many a suit at law — that a fair face is a good case, as justice now goes?"

"Olivia wore the sober garments which best become a woman. She is lovely enough to need not the adornment of gay cloth and gold and jewels. I would that you had seen her. You would have thought better of all other women for her sake."

"Indeed, I know not. A woman so wondrous fair might surely have asked of her beauty whatever good influence it had to help her father's case. Men are men, and not angels, Nathaniel."

"Then men should not be tempted to injustice, even though it tended to mercy. Olivia had a surer friend than her own loveliness. 'God was on our side,' she said to me after the trial. 'Oh, I knew well in whom I trusted! I said, "Our Father which art in heaven, save my father." And he saved him.'"

"Yet he has three thousand pounds to pay."

"She prayed not for his gold, but for his life."

"Three thousand pounds! 'T is a big price for a single guest. He will entertain no more strangers, I think."

"Prideaux would shelter a flying man tomorrow. So would Olivia."

"These Quakers are good at holdfast. They get an idea — "

"A conviction, mother."

"A conviction, then — for instance, that it is wrong to give hat-honor to any creature, and they will rot in prison or hang in chains rather than uncover their heads. Faith! their religion is in their hats, as Samson's strength was in his hair. Surely, Nathaniel, they are very poor creatures. If they were not, some would say a good word for them. But Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Episcopalians are all against a Quaker."

"I confess it. And there is excellent reason for their hatred. Men who can live a life of the

straitest piety and the most sublime faith without the help of churches must be stumbling-blocks and rocks of offense to the priests of every creed. Churches are everything to priests that Diana was to the silversmiths of Ephesus. No wonder they cry out, and make an uproar, and hale Quakers to prison. For their craft is in danger if men press beyond all forms and symbols and worship the Spirit in the spirit."

"Nothing but spirit, spirit, spirit, and not a word of sacraments and the ministry! No, I will not disdain the helps which God has provided. Losing myself in a wilderness, and knowing nothing, and being nothing, and having no will and no desires of my own, is but a poor exchange for the comfort of prayers and sacraments, and the shelter of the Church, and the advices of the priest. Until God gives me wings, I shall be so wise as to use my feet, Nathaniel."

The baron smiled, and Nathaniel leaned towards the earnest little lady and kissed her. She had the last word in the argument, and it satisfied her. With a more benignant face she asked, "What is to be done to that poor serving-man?"

"God has taken him. He was dying when I reached Appleby. Mother, I will tell you a great thing of that poor serving-man. He had saved three hundred pounds — he spent it all in Appleby jail. Many wretched men dying slowly for small debts he set at liberty. All prisoners for conscience' sake shared it to the last penny. In his thin, aged arms five men died happy for the great hope he had taught them. It appeared as if the strength and spirit of his youth came back to answer his great need of them."

"I think that he was a good man."

"Indeed, father, he was a soul of God's best earthly mold; wise in that learning that comes by reverence. Concerning the many entrances to scientific divinity Asa knew nothing at all; but he had found out the one only door to the kingdom of heaven."

"Is Appleby jail so bad a place as it is said to be?"

"'T is like all the jails in England, father; a hideous place in which dwell murder, envy, baleful destinies, squalid filth, wasting corruption, and many diseases. Birth is there, and death; slumber and wakefulness; the cry of the wicked in his punishment; the cry of the child in its innocent suffering; discordant clamors; the solemn whisper of prayer; yea, and the still small voice of God."

"Yet, Nathaniel, a hard place to die in."

"Asa lay down there as calmly as a child lies down to slumber on its mother's knee. 'T is beyond doubt that he had glorious company all down that 'narrow road shelving to the grave' which George Fox foresaw for him. And his last mortal word was a glad cry of recognition — Felicia!"

"Felicia?"

"'T was his wife's name. She left him many years ago."

"So does death make marriage."

The baron spoke with great emotion, and Lady Kelder lifted her eyes to her husband's face and caught the tender look with which he was regarding her. It was a moment in which all felt their immortality. But it is only for a moment the mortal can bear what is above mortality, and the first natural rebound of spiritual exaltation is to touch earth again. Lady Kelder rose, brought her wheel to her hand, and began to spin. And as she gently turned it she asked:

"Did Prideaux come back with you, Nathaniel?"

"No; the payment of his fine was to be secured, and certain formalities to be gone through, which may delay him several days. He is determined upon the sale of Sandys."

"That seemeth strange, Nathaniel," said the baron. "Three thousand pounds could not endanger Sandys beyond relief."

"And if it be truly got, it may be comfortably kept, Nathaniel."

"Yea, mother. Prideaux could keep Sandys, but his confinement hath changed him so much that he desires not to keep it. Seeing, and hearing of, and sharing in the affliction of his people, hath made his faith a burning flame. He will no longer dwell in comfort while they are scattered through all the dungeons in England. He has determined to join Fox, and visit the oppressed in every town, and minister to their bodily and spiritual necessities."

"The Vagrant Act is manifestly made for such traveling Quakers. He will be in prison again."

"In every prison he will find men to preach to, and friends to help."

"Self-denying, I confess. But what will become of his fair daughter?"

"She goes with her aunt to Mettelane." He rose with the words, and proposed to his father a walk among the farm offices. "The men are coming in from the fields," he said, "and I want to talk to them." In reality he feared any conversation with his mother concerning Olivia.

So they left the room together, and Jael entered as they did so. She began to clear the table, and for some minutes Lady Kelder did not speak to her. Among the white flax her white hands moved, and the wheel hummed gently to her indeterminate and changing thoughts.

"Jael!"

The woman stood still upon the hearth and looked inquiringly at her mistress.

"Jael, I have heard that the serving-man Asa Bevin is dead. I think surely that he was a good man,—in intent,—and it may be that God will accept the intention."

"Ambrose has told us about him. Ambrose went often to the jail with my young master. Asa Bevin did his whole duty. He always did that, did Asa."

"One should be sure that it is a duty, Jael, before we give life away. Life is a great gift. Happen the Lord likes us to value it."

"True, my Lady. But if you are going to do anything for other people's lives, you will often have to lose your own, and make no words about it. It is a grand thing, my Lady, to over-get the world, and count death eternal life."

"Unreasonableness is bound up in the heart of a Quaker. If Asa would have taken off his hat he could have kept out of jail and been alive to-day."

"Likely. More body and less soul had served him better for this world."

"What said Ambrose of the trial?"

"That the judges had ready-made verdicts. 'T is said that the Pro—"

"I know, and 't is like enough. Was Mistress Prideaux present?"

"At her father's side."

"And Master Nathaniel?"

"By her side."

"I feared it. God-a-mercy, Jael! what is to be done in this affair?"

"What we can't manage it is best to leave, my Lady. We only spoil what we have no charge to put different. Ambrose said a handsomer pair never stood together; and 't is certain that the Quaker maid far outshone the young widow—if widow she be."

"What was said of Mistress Chenage?"

"I 'd as lief say nothing of her. She is a naught of all naughts. First ogling the judges, and then rating them, and anon turning on Master Nathaniel and Mistress Prideaux as if she had a mind to kill them. Most people thought her off-at-side with temper, and I am much of their mind. Handsome, but a bad heart in her. And, like the cats, never doing good but out of an ill intention."

"'T is said Master Prideaux will leave Sandys."

"I heard tell. 'T was a bad sign to see such heavy crops on the land, and I said so; a fey harvest—the last for him."

"In many things you are too superstitious, Jael."

"God-a-mercy! No, my Lady. I but read the every-day book open before my eyes. Thus and so, from generation to generation; and why would n't it be true? When Lucy Halliday's baby died I said to her, 'Pour all your milk on the ground, or death will come again'; and she said, 'Nay, she would n't be that silly'; and so she kept her milk and lost the next bairn also."

"A pagan libation, Jael. Why should Christian mothers mind it?"

"I strain not my wits over why and wherefore, my Lady. Many happenings inner and outermer, and no reasons given us for them."

"What a noise the birds are making above the windows!"

"Fillip the sparrow. Brawling, impudent birds, always wrangling and always eating. Very common birds, my Lady. No quality among them. But when they are getting ready for bed it is near shutting-in time." Then Jael moved towards the door, and Lady Kelder began to turn her wheel again; but she sighed, and her face had the perplexed look of one who finds life a riddle beyond the solving.

Nathaniel had avoided a discussion concerning Olivia on the night of his return, but in the morning he voluntarily sought his mother's confidence. Something in his face and manner revealed his purpose before he spoke, and Lady Kelder was at once in arms. She lifted her face with a smile to meet him, but she inwardly resented the fact that Olivia was to be forced upon her notice. She had a score of more interesting things to discuss, and she thought Nathaniel might have waited her pleasure. In fact, she was very much in the same temper that made the wolf find the lamb guilty of disturbing the stream, whether the stream flowed up or down.

She talked nervously and hastily of the dahlia bulbs and the apple gathering; of Nathaniel's own need of a new velvet suit; of his father's failing health; of her own numerous household anxieties. She felt her son's divination of her motive, and at last she could no longer talk against the pained intelligence of his face. She became suddenly silent, and then made as if she would put by her wheel and leave the room.

"Stay, mother. I wish to speak to you about Mistress Prideaux."

"God's mercy! Am I never to lose the echo of a name so hateful to me? I have done my best to avoid this question; if you force it, Nathaniel, you must take the result from me."

"I do so love the girl, dear mother."

"Faith, sir! If confessions are to be made, let me tell you—I do so hate the girl."

"But why?"

"There is neither why nor wherefore about it. You have no right to ask me why.

And indeed I have other questions of far greater weight to occupy my conscience with."

"I intend to marry Olivia Prideaux, mother."

"Well, you have said so before. But between saying and doing is a big journey."

"Her father is determined to go to the American colonies. I have won the girl's love. If I marry her not, I force her to a long and dangerous voyage, and a life for which she is totally unfit. 'T is my part of honor, as well as of love, to offer her now the protection of my name and home."

"Well, then? What home?"

"Kelderby is so large, mother."

"'T is a world too small for Olivia Prideaux. And here she comes not while I stand as its mistress. Bring me a daughter like Mary Bellingham, and I will share all I have with her; or your cousin Singleton; or even Jean Raby. Faith, Nathaniel, though I love a good woman, I care not for saints and angels — till I have a translation."

"Dear mother, be patient with me. Will you let me have the use of Swaffham Manor House? You go not into it, nor nigh it, and it is quite empty."

"Swaffham! My own dower house! No, sir! If your father dies before I do, I must go to Swaffham, and you will bring that Quakeress here. Do you think I will give fate such an opportunity? To step down from Kelderby to Swaffham is ill enough, but to take her place, and let her take mine — that is a thing beyond my contemplation, and ought to be beyond yours. A good son has never dared to think that his mother was mortal."

"Be not so unjust in your words, mother; your thoughts, I know, condemn them. And if you will not love my wife, to force you is above humanity; I must pray God —"

"No, sir! I charge you make no such prayer for me. And as for a home, why go you not to Sandys?"

"Sandys is to be sold."

"To pay the Quaker's fine?"

"No 'needs be' for that end; but, as I told you, Roger Prideaux goes to America, and will turn all his estate into gold."

"Faith, if he goes nigh to the Plymouth Colony he will get his deserts. Brave Endicott and the priests who whet the swords and knot the scourges for him are such men as fear not to handle Quakers, be they men or women."

"Dear mother, 't is the thought of this, and of Olivia's upright soul, and of her danger —"

"There is no occasion for Olivia and her father to cross oceans in search of such dangers. Because they are stubborn in folly shall I give up my home to save the girl? I trow not!"

"One room, mother —"

"If she had one room I should feel her in every room. I will not have her here, nor in any place that is mine. Take that for your answer, sir. And I shall count you very much mine enemy if you name the girl in my hearing again."

She rose up with the words and looked steadily at her son. Her face was flushed, her head thrown haughtily backward, but through her misty, troubled eyes her heart denied every cruel word she had uttered. And her son's attitude smote her. He stood by the high oak chimneypiece, his teeth firmly set in his under lip. Despairing anger widened his mournful eyes. He was the image of one who had been wronged by a love that should have succored him. She could not bear to leave him without a word more like conciliation, and with the open door in her hand she said gently:

"Any girl but this girl I will love for your sake, my son."

"There is no other, mother."

Then she closed the door and went upstairs and cried bitterly, and would listen to none of Jael's comforting because she was sure Jael in her heart sided against her. She complained that she had no friend in her trouble, not even the baron, who ever since he saw Olivia in London had been weak-hearted, and she verily believed double in the matter.

Perhaps the baron was; at any rate his authority was sufficient to prevent the open sore of perpetual discussion. Nathaniel went to and fro between Kelderby and Sandys, and his visits were not commented on. And precious as the last sands of life were these hours to the lovers. For they knew that as soon as Sandys was sold some change must come. They inquired not of the future, but took day by day as a special gift of happiness.

In December Roger unexpectedly closed the house. He was going through England with George Fox, and perhaps also he thought that Nathaniel was acquiring an undue influence over his daughter. So Olivia went to Mettelane with her aunt, and fair Sandys was left alone with its memories.

Just before Christmas Nathaniel was one day on his road to Mettelane, and on Kendal bridge he met Anastasia face to face. She had a strange gentleman in her coach, and three serving-men rode behind her. She looked at Nathaniel fixedly, with burning eyes, but this day Nathaniel did not salute her. Never before had he failed to uncover his head when they met, and she was passionately angry at the implied slight. She put her head out of the window of the coach, and called after him:

"So-ho, cousin! Are you become a Quaker that you refuse me hat-honor? Or has the Quakeress forbidden you? Faith, you are a very scurvy fellow, and I have a mind to send my footman to chastise you." The words were emphasized by the mocking laugh he knew so well, and for a moment his face burned and he had a desperate longing to make her companion pay for the impertinence. Then he thought of Olivia and the temptation passed with the thought, and he rode onward whispering her name.

Anastasia was going to Chenage. She was going to carry out a little scheme of revenge which she had long contemplated, and she was in high spirits. Her meeting with Nathaniel made her dull and gloomy. But as soon as she came in sight of the gray, mournful-looking house she flung aside the depression. A dazzling light sprang into her eyes. Her lips parted in smiles. Her cheeks flushed vividly, and she impatiently pushed from them the long, drooping curls of her dark hair.

The gates were locked, and the dogs prowling about the inclosure like wild beasts. Their furious barking, and the clatter made upon the gates by her attendants, at length brought both Gilbert and Thomas to demand the reason of it. They were confounded by the apparition of their mistress. They trembled at the sound of her voice, at the nameless atmosphere she brought into the house with her.

Never had a meal been cooked in Chenage with such expedition as was cooked for Anastasia that day. While the servants were all busy about it, muttering beneath their breath their fears and their opinions, she suddenly stepped into the kitchen and asked if they had heard anything of their master. And there was so much suspicion and anger in her voice that only Audrey found courage to answer with a short but positive negative.

Anastasia fancied there was a tone of insolence in the word, and she looked at the woman. It was a cleaving glance. It made Audrey remember all the cruelty and petty insolence of her small triumphs. It made her heart turn cold with fear. It made her resolve to leave Chenage on the following day. Even when her mistress went back to the parlor she could not join in the low, timorous conversation that followed. She went to the door and looked out. It was snowing and the cold was intense. But she whispered to herself, "To-morrow I go, if she stays."

Five minutes after she had made this resolution one of the men brought from London by Anastasia informed Audrey that she was wanted. An excessive terror seized her; she went trembling to answer the call. She was at no time a pleasant-looking old woman. Cruelty, avarice, sensuality, had left their marks upon her hard face, and her bleared, soulless eyes essayed in vain their usual insolent stare. When Anastasia looked at her, she dropped their fat lids and stood in half-rebellious humility before the mistress whose wrongs and sorrows she had so often insulted.

"We will go through the house, Audrey. Get the keys and unlock the rooms."

"They are unlocked, mistress."

"All of them?"

"I would n't wonder, mistress. Master liked them unlocked; he did that."

Anastasia laughed, but it was a laugh which made Audrey wish that she had not spoken of her master.

"Go before us."

From parlor to chamber they went, Audrey first, Anastasia and the stranger following. She called him Captain Temple, and she had a good deal of conversation with him regarding improvements and refurnishing; and Audrey understood from its tone that it was the intention of Anastasia to live at Chenage a great part of her time.

"If Roger Chenage should come back," she said with an indescribable air — "if he should come back, I wish to be here to welcome him." Audrey listened to her with fear and wonder. She was constantly appealed to regarding the traditions of certain rooms; but ever, amid her babbling recollections of former squires and dames of Chenage, she was trying to recall the special indignities and unkindnesses she had offered to its present mistress.

In a little corner room of the second story, which afforded a magnificent view of the country, the party stood silent for a few moments, and Audrey, dropping a most unusual courtesy, turned to leave.

"Stop. We have not yet seen the upper floor."

"The garret, mistress? — the lumber-room? There is nothing else,"

"Only the most interesting room in the house, the room in which Lady Cecilia died — I mean in which she was done to death. Captain Temple is a relative of hers; he wishes to see it, Audrey."

"I protest, mistress."

"I protest, Audrey, that you will open it."

With a white, sullen face Audrey produced the key and preceded the party upstairs. In a few moments they stood within a large apartment containing nothing whatever but the iron staple and chain and bracelet, as Chenage had described them. It was lighted by several windows, but the chain was too short to admit of a prisoner reaching any of them. Captain Temple looked the horror he felt. Anastasia touched the instruments of cruelty, and then turned to the trembling woman at her side.

"How long was the Lady Cecilia a prisoner here?"

"Eleven years. She was mad."

"No wonder. Who had charge of her?"

"I — I was very kind to her."

"The better for you; for 't is said her ghost walks here all night, and I intend you to keep it company. Well, if you did her no wrong you need not fear it."

"Mistress, have pity!"

"Such pity as you gave you shall have."

"I shall die; I shall die of fright!"

"Faith! No one will be sorry. So this was to have been my chamber," — she looked with kindling anger around her,— "and you, woman, my jailer! Give me the key of the bracelet."

"Mistress!"

"Give me the key."

She was in a blazing passion, and the stamp of her foot on the floor was like a blow to the almost fainting woman. But she put her hand in her pocket and found the key, and with an almost inarticulate cry for mercy she handed it to Anastasia.

"Captain, lock the ring round her right wrist. It is your part of a righteous retribution."

Then the woman groveled in abject terror and humiliation at Anastasia's feet, and Anastasia spurned her away with loathing and hatred. There was no pity in her reproaches; there was still less pity in the stern silence of the man who was Lady Cecilia's avenger; and in a few moments Audrey was learning by personal experience something of the misery she had inflicted.

"Make haste to die; it is your only hope of release." And with these words Anastasia locked the door and went leisurely with her companion down the dark, winding staircase. Her light laugh and the tapping of her shoes on the oak floors were strangely distinct in the uncanny silence of the lonely house.

After she had eaten and drank she called in every one of the old servants of Chenage and dismissed them. Gilbert, who had been all his life in the house, pleaded that he had no relatives left and knew not where to go.

"I will warrant you have money saved, for you are a thief. I have seen you selling the wheat out of the granary."

"The master has four hundred pounds and some more of mine."

"A likely story, truly! Where is your proof? and I will pay you."

"Alack-a-day! I have never a scrap of writing. The master knew; the master knew —"

"For my part I am sure that you are an impudent liar."

"Audrey knows too, mistress; Audrey knows —"

"Audrey, indeed! Audrey will say whatever I want her to say. Audrey is in my service now, and I will keep her where you cannot teach her what to say. Thomas, be off from Chenage by noon to-morrow — by daylight were better, lest worse befall you. Had you also money with the master?" Then, turning on the women, she said with a double fierceness: "Nan Kerr, I hear you came from Carlisle. Be as far as you can on the way back to Carlisle ere my sleep is over. Jess, 'pretty Jessie,'— so your master called you, I think,— you are a bad wench, and out of house you go at daylight. Wages, did you say? Not a farthing bit. The master owes you money belike, also. Such a parcel of rogues in a house! I wish I may keep my temper long enough to clear it of you."

"Mistress, mistress, I cannot leave Chenage!" cried Gilbert, piteously. "I am an old man. I have no home but Chenage. I have no friends."

"Bethink you, sirrah. One day I wished to leave Chenage to see my friends, and you told me that the dogs would not permit me. The dogs can drive out as well as in. Do you understand?"

"God help me! I am old and friendless, and my gold is gone."

"Ask the Devil's help; 't were better you did not remind God of your existence. Ask the Devil's help. He knows you."

"Mistress," said Jess, "I always liked you. I will serve you faithful. Let me stay. 'T is a long way back to Conistone, and over mountains —" Then Jess ceased speaking, for she saw her mistress toss her head and turn on her heel with an impertinent shrug, and she suddenly remembered that she had once answered her in the same manner. The action was too cleverly imitated to be mistaken, and the girl knew that all her entreaties would be in vain.

"All of you go, the sooner the better, and leave behind you some token for the constable. I know not what you may have taken from the house, but faith! I 'll find that out ere long. And, in earnest, I hold none of you innocent about the master. 'T will be seen yet that you did for him in some way. I find myself unable to endure you longer."

Then she turned her back upon the wretched group, and putting one hand upon Captain Temple's shoulder and one foot upon the bright brass fender, she began to sing, swaying herself to the melody with careless and graceful movements.

Temple looked at her with wondering admiration. He was an old man, and his strong face was bronzed with long sea-service. In an accidental meeting with Anastasia in London he spoke of his aunt's marriage to a Chenage,

and then he heard of her miserable fate. He had been accustomed to "right his own wrong"; he understood the feeling of Anastasia, and shared it. Her spirit was admirable in his eyes, and he rejoiced in the "accident" which had made her free. Her singing pleased him; he listened with a smiling face, and at the close of the verse said:

"Compute me how much gold the young Earl of Southport would give to be here in my place."

"He is but a poor fellow, Captain—a poor fellow who knows not what opportunity may do for love"; and then, laughing, she sang with a meaning and spirit not to be mistaken:

"A silly shepherd woo'd but wist not
How he might his mistress' favor gain;
For on a time they met but kist not,
And ever after that he woo'd in vain.
Silly youth, why dost thou dally,
Having time and season fit?
Never stand on 'shall I,' 'shall I,'
Nor commend an after wit.
He that will not, when he may,
When he will, he shall get nay."

As she finished the song she brought the chessboard and arranged the pieces for a game with her companion. And she made her moves with as much consideration as if they were her only interest in life. The terror in the lonely room upstairs, the fear and anxiety in the kitchen, gave her satisfaction. She found pleasure in reflecting that her abrupt dismissal would send her men and women into the world under suspicions they could not remove—that they were all without money, in a lonely, mountainous country, in midwinter, and at a time when there was a superfluity of servants.

After she had got a checkmate she pushed the board away, and, sitting in the firelight, she told such tales of her miserable marriage that the old man listening wished with a great oath that he had Chenage and all the servants of his wicked will under the hatches of his ship. And then such a strange light flashed into Anastasia's face that he stopped speaking and looked at her in wonder. Just a little more, and he would have read the whole story in her eyes.

He went to sleep trying to find it out. Anastasia slept not at all. She walked to and fro in the large, dim room, stopping to throw a fresh log on the fire; or to look at herself in the darkling mirror; or to open the door, and, standing with head thrust forward, listen for any unusual noise downstairs—or upstairs.

She was on the watch, and would be until she had freed the house of every one connected with Chenage. "And then," she said softly, with a sigh of satisfaction—"and then we shall attend to Prideaux and the saint Olivia. Ha! ha! Revenge is a tasty morsel. No wonder the gods kept it for their private share."

At length she sat down before the blaze, and flung off her shoes and gown and all the restraints of her fine costume, and dovered, and dozed, and mused, and dreamed, until the pallid dawn showed her a white, frozen stretch of moorland, and a sad, shivering group of men and women fighting their way across it.

She watched them a moment or two, and then cuddled herself comfortably among the lamb's-wool blankets and dreamed of what she had been thinking—the great drift by Chenage Scaur, which might, might—which might—be so dangerous for them.

XVII.

PARTING.

"But love can hope where reason would despair."

"Their free-bred soul
Went not with priests to school,
To trim the tippet and the stole,
And pray by printed rule;
But they would cast the eager word
From their hearts' fiery core,
Smoking and red, as God had stirred
The Hebrew men of yore."

"THE first cock of hay drives the cuckoo away"; and the Mettelane meadows were all sweet with hay, and the Mettelane woods empty of cuckoos. But the garden was ablaze with roses, and from the thickest coverts came the music of the nightingale; in the day singing of the invisible sun treasured in his soul, in the misty midnight dreaming aloud his hymn of impossible love—"O sun! O sea! O rose!"[1]

It was the longest day in the year, and there were at least a dozen men and women making hay in the High Meadow. Nathaniel and Olivia sat under a great oak, both a little flushed with the unusual exercise. Olivia's hood was on her lap; Nathaniel had also uncovered his head, and the cool west wind fanned them with the green leaves of the outstretched branches.

They were very happy. They were together, they had forgotten all time past, and they were not inclined to wonder about the future. They knew that when Sandys was sold there would be a great change, but until then they were taking the counsel of the wise son of Sirach, "Defraud not thyself of a good day."

Never had Nathaniel seen Olivia so charming. With the innocent gaiety of a child she told him all about her simple life. Her head was resting against the huge brown trunk, her

[1] Rückert.

little feet just escaped the hem of her white dress, and their bronzed morocco shoes and silver latches gleamed among the green grasses around them. Sometimes they were silent for very happiness, and then they listened smiling to the rude chant of the laborers as they followed one another through and through the swaths of drying grass.

"Oh, the haymaking! the haymaking!
And the shaking,
And the raking,
And the very merry making,
Of the hay, of the hay!
Of the hay, hay, hay!"

The musical repetition of the word, and the rhythmic step, and the charm of voices in unison, was chorus to the drama in their hearts.

Suddenly Nathaniel felt an impulse irresistible and delightful — a little madrigal long forgotten sprang to his lips, and he gave it utterance in a voice clear, and strong as the heart from which it came:

"Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela!
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela!

"As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
For she 's Samela!
Like lovely Thetis on a calméd day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move —
Shine fair Samela!

"Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she 's Samela!
Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela!"

To Olivia, ignorant of the gods of ancient days, there was no express meaning in the words. But the dulcet measure of the music was a charmful force. They rose, and hand in hand went through the fields singing of "Fair Samela." For when the heart is full of rapture it recovers its spiritual language, and breaks forth into singing. The words make little matter. Nathaniel had not thought of "Fair Samela" for many a year; it was a song without words, as far as Olivia's intelligence of them went; but its *allegro maestoso* melody, full of slow periods and long movements, expressed, far beyond human language, the ravished perfervidness of a love so noble that it must look to eternity for its highest fulfilment.

Softer and yet more penetrating grew the iterated lines, the words became living words, they floated into the warm atmosphere and lingered there. And the lovers felt no weight of mortal flesh, but seemed to float and glide with them through the glowing evening atmosphere, as if their will were motion and their love gave them wings.

At the garden gate Nathaniel ceased singing. They were going to enter common life again. They could hear Aunt Hannah calling to a servant to hasten the sunset meal, and the dairymaids in the home meadow calling the cows to the milking. But before he opened the gate he took Olivia in his arms and kissed the rosy blush upon her cheeks, and the love-light shining through her dropped eyelids, and the almost visible love-words upon her lips:

"Dearest Heart! Mine, and only mine?"
"Thine, Beloved, and only thine."

The words were like a golden band between them. Their clasped hands typified it. They stood still a moment to listen to a song-sparrow. He was singing on tiptoes, sparkling all over with little cries of happiness. The box trees diffused a woody fragrance, the gold-dusted snapdragons, the stocks in scented blow, the white and purple fritillaries, and the sweetwilliam's homely smell — were part and parcel with the marvel of the golden skies. Noticing nothing particularly, they felt the influences of every flower, and every song, and light, and shadow. They were so happy they forgot to hope and they forgot to fear. The present moment was a full cup.

With a low laugh they crossed the door-step together, and saw Roger Prideaux sitting at the open lattice. He turned to them a face full of affection, but they knew that they had come to a sorrowful hour. Roger was much changed. His face was lined with thought and suffering, his eyes were full of piercing inquiries, there was a lofty scorn of all human ambitions on his brow. He talked with Nathaniel, until the business of the day was over, about the sufferings of the Quakers and the rapid increase of the persecuted sect.

"But I have preached to the prisoners and the oppressed a great crusade, Nathaniel," he cried. "We are going to America. In the silent forests of the new land the world has yet no thoroughfare, and we shall have peace and freedom to worship God."

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

On Lack of Conscience as a Means of Success.

A LITTLE experience in life makes it plain that one element of what is called "success" consists in a certain toughness of the conscience. By "success" we mean, of course, worldly success under the present conditions. We do not mean the true and high success, the conduct of one's life in all honesty, with the rewards of a pure fame and the better rewards of conscious clarity of purpose, and fairness of action. We mean that men of business who are trying to live up to an ideal are very apt to find less scrupulous men passing them at certain points, and sometimes permanently outdoing them in the mere race for wealth, from the fact that the latter are less hampered at critical moments by conscientious considerations.

It is true that "honesty is the best policy" in the long run, and as a rule even in ordinary business affairs; and it is true that many men make a complete failure in life by disregarding this maxim. It is true that honesty is one of the forces of worldly success; it is also true that dishonesty is one of the forces of worldly success.

The honest reader will perhaps ask, why this praise of dishonesty. But we are not praising dishonesty; we do not think it commendable in any way: on the contrary, we think, just as the honest reader thinks, that it is in every way condemnable and contemptible. We are, however, stating a palpable and provable fact — namely, that in the present constitution of society a lack of conscience may be an important, even a deciding, element of worldly success.

The point that we are getting at is this: namely, that it is easier to reap a certain kind of worldly success without conscience than with it; and that, therefore, the conscienceless man who reaches enormous wealth or high worldly position is not nearly so clever a fellow as his admirers think he is and proudly proclaim him to be.

We believe this to be particularly true in political life. Under the thoroughly un-American system of spoils and patronage, and by means of the prevailing system of corruption at the polls, it has been of late years prominently demonstrated that some of the highest public positions can be reached in America by men of well-nigh the lowest character. Now one reason that these men succeed is that "nothing succeeds like success"; and that even men themselves personally honest have a certain admiration for the ability of the conscienceless man of success. Our present effort is to remove a part of the credit of the successful rogue. If he is less admired perhaps he will be less successful; and if he is better understood perhaps he will be somewhat less admired. Well, then, it is a fact that the successful rascally politician, while doubtless having a certain amount of natural "smartness," is, in reality and upon close examination, not nearly so "smart" as he superficially appears to be. Under the spoils system, which is only partly abrogated in the United States, it does not take — how ridiculously true it is that it does not take — great abilities to insure success in the corrupt manœuvers of the political field. The only wonder is when, under present conditions, a thoroughly scrupulous leader appears in local or general politics. To win success without resorting to the usual unscrupulous methods,— that is the test of real force,— there should be the focus of admiration.

The principle is true in ordinary business; it is true in politics; it is particularly true in the journalistic world. It is a harder task, it requires more genuine ability and greater "staying power," to reap worldly success in this field scrupulously than unscrupulously.

The fact is that there is altogether too much reverence for rascals, and for rascally methods, on the part of tolerably decent people. Rascality is picturesque, doubtless, and in fiction it has even its moral uses; but in real life it should have no toleration; and it is, as a matter of fact, seldom accompanied by the ability that it brags.

One proof that the smart rogue is not so smart as he thinks, and as others think, is that he so often comes to grief. He arrives at his successes through his knowledge of the evil in men; he comes to grief through his ignorance of the good in men. He thinks he knows "human nature," but he only half knows it. Therefore he is constantly in danger of making a fatal mistake. For instance, his excuse to himself for lying and trickery is that lying and trickery are indulged in by others — even by some men who make a loud boast of virtue before the world. A little more or less of lying and trickery seems to make no difference, he assumes,— especially so long as there is no public display of lies and tricks,— for he understands that there must always be a certain outward propriety in order to insure even the inferior kind of success he is aiming at. But, having no usable conscience to guide him, he underrates the sensitiveness of other consciences,— and especially the sensitiveness of that vague sentiment called "public opinion,"— and he makes a miscalculation, which, if it does not land him in the penitentiary, at least makes him of no use to his respectable allies; therefore, of no use to his semi-criminal associates; therefore, a surprised, miserable, and vindictive failure.

New York's Reformed Electoral System.

THE State of New York has now the most thoroughly reformed electoral system of all States in the Union. The enactment of the Saxton Ballot Act, after three years of discussion and repeated failures, was the first step, and the enactment of Saxton's Corrupt Practices Act, the first American imitation of the English act of that name, was the second, though curiously enough the second step was taken first. The new ballot law, though the outcome of a compromise, is really an excellent measure. It differs from other American ballot laws in several respects, but only in relation to methods of operation. The vital principle of a secret

official ballot, printed and distributed at the public expense, is retained inviolate.

In nearly all other American laws, which, like it, are adaptations of the Australian system, the names of the various candidates are printed upon one large ballot. In some of these laws the names are arranged in party groups with the party name or title or sign printed above each; in others, the names are arranged in alphabetical order under each office, with the politics of each candidate indicated after his name. Under the New York law the names are arranged in party groups upon separate ballots, but with no party names above them, and with nothing to indicate the politics of the candidates, after their names. The voter will receive a set of ballots, numbering as many as there are parties or factions or movements making nominations, and a blank ballot containing only the names of the offices, but all will be printed in exactly the same manner, with no distinguishing mark as to their political character. Each ballot will have a coupon attached to it upon which the ballot clerk must write his initials before he hands the ballots to the voter, together with the voter's number, which is also entered upon the tally list. The voter must take his ballots into a secret compartment and there prepare one of them for voting. He can paste or write upon it any name he pleases, can paste on it a complete ballot, or can write an entire new ticket on the blank ballot. When he has finished, he must fold all the ballots in such a way as to conceal their identity and leave the coupons exposed, and emerging from the compartment must present the ballot which he wishes to vote to the clerk in charge of the ballot-box, who, after identifying him by the numbers on the coupon and tally list, must tear off the coupon and deposit the ballot. The unused ballots, after their coupons are removed, must be deposited in a locked box provided for the purpose.

This is the secret official ballot in all its simplicity and perfection. No ballot can be voted save one received inside the polling place. No ticket peddler or other electioneering agent is allowed within one hundred and fifty feet of the polling place. A boss or a briber may give a voter a "paster" and get the latter's promise to use it, but he cannot follow him to the polls to see if he keeps his bargain. All ballots are to be printed and distributed at the public expense; so that there will be no longer any excuse for heavy "assessments" upon candidates for election expenses, including the hiring of large gangs of ticket peddlers and "heelers." The law provides for nominations by petitions, so that one thousand men by favoring the same candidate for governor, or the same candidates for an entire State ticket, can have the name or names of their candidate or candidates printed upon all the ballots and distributed in all the polling places on equal terms with the nominations of the regular political organizations. Three hundred citizens of New York City or Brooklyn can, in the same way, secure a nominee for mayor, or any other city or county office. Here is a weapon ready at hand for use at any time against caucus tyranny, which is destined at no distant time to abolish the caucus entirely — at least in its old and most pernicious form.

With a ballot law of this kind as a basis for electoral reform, a Corrupt Practices Act which aims to abolish bribery of all kinds from elections can accomplish a great deal, provided it is a comprehensive and adequate measure. Mr. Saxton's act of that name, which became a law before his ballot act did, cannot be called such. It had a serious defect, which was at once revealed at its first trial after a municipal election in Albany. It required the sworn publication after election of all campaign receipts and expenditures, by candidates or their agents, but neglected to make the same requirement of campaign committees. The result was that the candidates evaded the law by simply stating the sums they had paid to the committees. The governor recommended an amendment extending the provisions of the act to campaign committees, which passed the Senate but failed in the Assembly. This Corrupt Practices Act is very interesting as constituting the first application to American methods of the principles of the English act which were discussed in THE CENTURY in February last. It is a decisive and important step in the right direction, and can be briefly summed up in three parts.

1. *Provisions against the briber.* These are very minute and specific and the penalties are very stringent. Any person is forbidden, either directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, to influence the vote of another in any possible manner, either by bribery, loan, persuasion, promise of money or office or anything of value, intimidation, threat of loss of employment or reduction of wages, use of so-called "pay-envelopes," betting, coercion, restraint, or any means whatever. Any person is forbidden also to induce another, by any means whatever, to refrain from voting. Any candidate convicted of bribery or undue influence of any kind mentioned in the law, either by himself or through an agent, will be liable to imprisonment of not less than three months nor more than one year, and will be obliged to forfeit his office in case of election.

2. *Provisions against the bribed.* These include all the forms of bribery and influence mentioned as unlawful for the briber to practice, and forbid any voter to submit to them, either by himself or through another, either in voting or in refraining from voting. The penalty for violation of these provisions is imprisonment for not less than three months nor more than one year, and exclusion from the right of suffrage for five years.

3. *Provisions for sworn publication of campaign expenditures.* These can best be given by quoting the text of the law, which is as follows:

> Every candidate who is voted for at any public election held within this State shall, within ten days after such election, file, as hereinafter provided, an itemized statement, showing in detail all the moneys contributed or expended by him, directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, in aid of his election. Such statement shall give the names of the various persons who received such moneys, the specific nature of each item, and the purpose for which it was expended or contributed. There shall be attached to such statement an affidavit subscribed and sworn to by such candidate, setting forth in substance that the statement thus made is in all respects true, and that the same is a full and detailed statement of all moneys so contributed or expended by him, directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, in aid of his election.

It will be observed that not only every candidate who is elected, but "every candidate who is voted for," must file these sworn statements. The law goes on to specify that all candidates for State office must file their statements with the Secretary of State, and all

those for local offices, with the county clerk. Failure or neglect by any candidate to file such statement will be a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment of not less than three months nor more than a year, and, in case of an elected candidate, by forfeiture of his office also.

The chief defects in the bill are its lack of an express prohibition of assessments or levies upon candidates by political organizations as the price of their nomination; its failure to require sworn publication of expenditures by all campaign committees as well as by candidates; its failure to put a maximum limit to campaign expenditures, as the English law does; and its neglect to fix a penalty for making false returns. The assessment evil is a very serious one; and while it may be mitigated by the requirements of the Saxton law, it cannot be wholly destroyed. Publication of the receipts and disbursements by campaign committees is fully as important as that by candidates. The bill which passed one house of the Massachusetts legislature in 1889 required such publication both by candidates and by committees, and fixed a penalty for false returns. It is much to be regretted that Senator Saxton did not imitate it in this respect. In most other respects his law is superior to the Massachusetts proposal. As for a maximum limit, it may be found that that feature of the English law cannot be put in practical operation here. We have so large a number of offices that a limit in each case would be very difficult to fix.

The great point gained by the Saxton law is publicity of expenditures. We have never had this before in this country, and its possibilities of good are illimitable. In regard to "assessments," it will be extremely difficult for New York City candidates, who have heretofore paid from $5000 to $25,000 for a nomination, to conceal that payment among the items of a sworn statement in which they are required to give "the specific nature of each item, and the purpose for which it was expended or contributed." In short, publicity, the most deadly enemy of corruption in government everywhere, will under this law be brought to bear upon corruption in elections, and the result is certain to be in every way beneficial.

A Recent Sermon.

SUCH sermons as that preached by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, on the "National Sin of Literary Piracy," and one recently preached by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, touching upon the present condition of New York municipal affairs and the consequent duty of Christians, help to keep alive the respect of the world for the office and calling of the Christian ministry. We have already spoken of Dr. Van Dyke's most clear, eloquent, and patriotic restatement of the eighth commandment in connection with intellectual property.

Dr. Parkhurst's sermon happens to apply to the state of things in a single city, that city, in shame be it spoken, the "chief" one of America. But how many cities in America are governed in a manner which represents the wishes, the tone, of the more decent inhabitants? and in how many American cities would the preacher's words apply with stinging effect? The earnest preacher describes the group of men who permeate the public offices of New York City in language as accurate as it is damning. Let us hope that nowhere else would just this description prove true, but let us acknowledge that in scarcely any American city where it is largely profitable to steal are all the offices manned by men of such character that private moneyed institutions would select them for positions of similar responsibility.

Dr. Parkhurst says with regard to the men who dominate New York municipal life that "their only title to candidacy was their deviltry, and their only apology for being elected the apathy of the saints and the subserviency of respectable men to political bossism." He adds:

> We maintain in this city schools of the prophets, we ship missionaries to all countries, and we annually export tons of Bibles and evangelical literature, and yet there is not concrete holiness enough on Manhattan Island to insure us against a system of political brigandage that excels even the organized outlawry of Italian banditti in the monstrousness of its demands and the frank cheerfulness of its methods.
>
> It is as much a Christian's duty to love his country as his God. To an American the Stars and Stripes ought to be as much of his actual religion as the Sermon on the Mount. It is as much the duty of a New York Christian to go to the polls on election day as for him to go to the Lord's Table on communion day. What is needed is a Christian conscience vital and real enough to damn iniquity even when it would be more convenient to have it taken up into glory. So that if you are a Democrat and hear a Democrat lie, you will be prepared to brand it as a lie then and there. If you are a Republican and know a man is a bribe-giver, you will be prepared to brand him as a bribe-giver, even though he be a Republican and worth a good deal to his party.

If a Christian minister, with noble frankness, thus must needs remind members of Christian churches of their civic duties, need the churches be surprised if those who are not actually within their fold, but whose whole hearts are engaged in the attempt to establish really free institutions in the New World, look with astonishment upon the lukewarmness of professed Christians in matters of such vital and enormous import? Every Christian church is a society for the cultivation of the highest and purest ethics; every community in the United States has at least one of these societies; the larger communities are crowded with them. Are these numerous, these busy and well-equipped, these dominant societies having the effect they should have upon the standard of public morals? Do known scamps constantly get to be aldermen, mayors, legislators, governors, representatives, senators — here where hundreds and thousands of these societies for the culture of the highest ethical standards are sprinkled thickly through the land? Are men of known lack of conscience openly intrusted with the management of local or general elections and election funds? And are political tricksters and notorious corruptionists associated with, trusted, supported, by prominent members of these ethical societies, these Christian churches?

If these things are so,— if Dr. Parkhurst is right,— to what influence shall we look for the purification of public morals? "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets," like Dr. Parkhurst, "and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."

Tom-toms in Politics.

WHILE the din of party strife is for the moment unheard, let us do something to encourage urbanity in politics, though it be no more than to turn our thoughts

in that direction. Let us think "malice towards none, with charity for all," even when the campaign is on and kindly sentiments are drowned by the tom-toms of the politicians and the party newspapers.

To be sure, party warfare is the natural condition of representative government. Men will always struggle for political principles and for the honors — and the spoils — of office only less fiercely than on the battle-field for national existence. And a more personal element enters into the question: men will fight just as desperately for their good names as for their lives. When the political tom-toms sound false abuse, tom-toms are sounded in reply, and the opposing forces, with unseemly noise and hideous masks hiding their better natures, go forth to defeat and victory.

Mental qualities, personal tastes and temperament, undoubtedly do much to place a man in this, that, or the other party; and some men are so constituted as to be repelled by the idea of absolute allegiance to any party. The latter prefer to solve the issue for themselves, and to train, for the time, with the party they think is in the right or is provided with the safest leaders. They are a useful class of citizens, and are more conscientious than ambitious, because it is their part to serve, not to play the master. When they announce a choice the leader of their present alliance says, "Well done"; but the leader they have turned from sets the tom-toms ringing with execration. So soon as their conscience carries them again in the other direction, praise and penalties are reversed. It is as true in politics as in business and in war that the strong leader who welcomes accretions is most ruthless in his feelings towards the cooled partisan or the withdrawing ally.

These personal traits, that help to determine a man's politics, draw him naturally into certain social sets and business relations. His amiabilities, therefore, are in danger of being cultivated on partisan lines. Though kindly in heart and courteous by nature he is capable of treating a political opponent with insolence expressed in the words of a blackguard. His feelings may be more or less involved in the abuse, but the leading motive is the time-honored necessity of beating the tom-toms. Public meetings and political clubs (and no matter how generally cultivated and high-toned the members of the latter may be) indorse and cheer resolutions that stigmatize the opposing party as base in principle and motive; and they even find it within their dignity to throw low epithets at the names of "the enemy's" leaders, even though in doing so they may be dishonoring the very public offices it is the object of their efforts to fill with their own leaders. Men seem to lose the inbred manners of civilization in beating the political tom-tom.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a rule that appeals as little to a political opponent as it applies to him — when the campaign is on. And even in the lull of political strife the Republican is prone to wonder if his Democratic fellow-citizen is kind to his horse; and the Democrat, on his part, has a suspicion that his Republican neighbor supports his "style" by neglecting to pay his bills; and each respects the Independent only because, perchance, he is lending his vote, and while he is lending it.

In arguing for better thoughts and kindlier manners in political life we are, of course, paying tithes to Utopia; yet it will do good to remind ourselves after our party has been abused, and our chosen leaders defamed, that the only weapon that fills the commonplace void of routine politics is the childish tom-tom, strident and smarting perhaps, but not death-dealing, and that public men and public bodies are to be respected in proportion as they refrain from beating it. The world, by this time, ought to be too old for barbarous methods in the exercise of the duties of popular government — the most civilized of all human actions.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Inside Facts of Lincoln's Nomination.

THERE is a chapter in the history of the Chicago convention of 1860 that nominated Abraham Lincoln which has never been written. A majority of the delegates elected to this convention were favorable to the nomination of William H. Seward. That he was the favorite of the party there was no doubt.

At this time it was admitted that there were four doubtful States — New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois. In order to elect their candidate it was necessary for the Republicans to carry three of these States. A majority of the delegates from the doubtful States were of the opinion that neither one of these States could be carried by William H. Seward if he should be nominated by the convention. This opinion was freely expressed among the delegates, and was generally believed, and it was this belief that prevented his nomination.

The State conventions of Indiana and Illinois had each instructed their delegates to vote for Abraham Lincoln; a majority of the delegates from Pennsylvania presented the name of Simon Cameron; while those from New Jersey were desirous to secure the nomination of William L. Dayton. These names were urged because the delegates from these States were satisfied that William H. Seward could not be elected if nominated, and were of the opinion that some other candidate could.

The fact that William H. Seward could not carry the doubtful States was pressed strongly upon all the delegates, and they were told that his nomination would surely defeat the party, and insure the success of the Democratic candidate and the party's policy for the extension of slavery.

The convention was appointed to meet on Wednesday. On Tuesday a committee from Massachusetts and some of the other New England States, with John A. Andrew at its head, visited the delegates from the four doubtful States. Mr. Andrew was the spokesman for his committee. He stated that it was the desire of all that the party should succeed;

that he and others from New England were in favor of William H. Seward, but that they preferred the success of the party rather than the election of any particular individual; and when it was made apparent to them that William H. Seward could not carry the doubtful States and that some other man could, they were willing to give up Mr. Seward and go for the man who could make victory certain. "You delegates all say that William H. Seward cannot carry the doubtful States. When we ask you who can, you from New Jersey give us the name of William L. Dayton, a most excellent and worthy man in every way, and entirely satisfactory to us; but when we go to Pennsylvania they name Simon Cameron; and Indiana and Illinois, Abraham Lincoln. Now it is impossible to have all these three candidates, and unless you delegates from the four doubtful States can agree upon some one candidate, whom you think can carry these States, we from New England will vote for our choice, William H. Seward of New York; but if you will unite upon some one candidate and present his name, we will give him enough votes to place him in nomination." The talk of this committee made a profound impression upon the delegates from the four States, and the necessity of uniting upon some one candidate was felt by all. If they could unite on some one, then there were men enough ready to nominate him. If the four States did not agree, but persisted in putting forward the three candidates, then William H. Seward would be nominated and the party defeated. This was the manner it was presented to them, and certainly a very large majority of all the delegates from the four States so regarded it. The responsibility of the situation was felt, but the difficulty was not an easy one to overcome. Most of the delegates had been instructed, or at least had been elected with the understanding, that they should vote for one of these candidates. To break from them and vote for some one else was not a very easy or pleasant thing to do. This was the situation when the convention assembled on Wednesday. The writer of this was placed on the committee on resolutions, and after the adjournment on Wednesday took no part in the convention until Thursday noon, at which time the committee on resolutions had agreed upon their platform. He then learned that a sub-convention of the delegates from the four doubtful States had been called at the Cameron rooms in Chicago, and that it was then in session. He proceeded there at once and found it organized, with Governor Andrew Reeder of Pennsylvania in the chair. Much discussion was going on, and it was very evident that nothing could be agreed upon in this sub-convention. The writer proposed to Mr. Judd of Illinois that the matter should be referred to a committee of three from each State to be selected by the States. Mr. Judd made this motion and it was carried, and the delegates from each State appointed its committee. The writer cannot remember all the names of the different committees. From Illinois a committee of three was appointed with Judge David Davis at its head; from Indiana, a similar committee with Caleb B. Smith. From Pennsylvania, David Wilmot, William B. Mann, and Judge Purviance were appointed. From New Jersey Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Ephraim Marsh, and Thomas H. Dudley. This committee met at David Wilmot's rooms the same evening (Thursday) at six o'clock. The whole committee of twelve were present. They remained in session from six until eleven o'clock in the evening. At ten o'clock the white head of Horace Greeley was thrust into the room. He asked if anything had been done, and was told that nothing had been. It was then, under the belief that the committee had failed to agree to anything, that he telegraphed to the "Tribune" that William H. Seward would be nominated the next day on the second ballot. This telegram appeared in the paper on Friday. Thus it is that "man proposes, but God disposes." After Greeley had left, one of the committee from New Jersey proposed that they should ascertain, so far as they could, the vote that each of the three candidates, Lincoln, Cameron, and Dayton, could command in the convention. This canvass was made, and it was found that Lincoln was the strongest candidate; that he could obtain more votes than either of the others in the convention. This fact being ascertained to the satisfaction of all the committee, one of the delegates from New Jersey asked the committee from Pennsylvania, if New Jersey would give up Dayton and vote for Lincoln, whether the friends of Cameron would also agree to support Lincoln. The committee from Pennsylvania stated that they had no power to bind their co-delegates, but that they were prepared to recommend it, providing the committee from New Jersey would do the same. After some discussion this was agreed to, and Abraham Lincoln, so far as this committee of twelve from the four doubtful States was concerned, was agreed upon as the candidate for the Presidency. The understanding was that the three committeemen from Pennsylvania were to submit the conclusion of the committee to the delegates from that State and urge upon them its adoption, and the committee from New Jersey agreed on their part to submit the matter to the friends of Judge Dayton, and to urge upon them the ratification of the action of the committee to vote as a unit for Lincoln. A meeting of the delegates from New Jersey who were friendly to William L. Dayton was called at the Richmond House the same night at one o'clock. All of Judge Dayton's friends were present, and after they had been informed what had been done by the committee of twelve, they ratified it and agreed that after the complimentary voting was over they would vote for Lincoln. The Pennsylvania delegates met the next morning (Friday) at nine o'clock, and after hearing the report of their committee agreed to cast their votes for Abraham Lincoln, after giving complimentary votes for Simon Cameron. The committee of twelve, before they adjourned after agreeing upon Abraham Lincoln as their candidate for President, consulted upon the question of Vice-President and selected Henry Winter Davis of Maryland; and Judge Davis of Illinois, his first cousin, was appointed to telegraph him and ask if he would accept, if nominated. An answer was received from him the next morning that he would not accept. But for this refusal Henry Winter Davis would have been placed upon the ticket with Lincoln. Before the committee of twelve adjourned it was agreed to keep the proceedings private, except to those who were immediately interested. In consequence of this injunction, the action of the committee was not generally known among the delegates when the convention assembled on Friday morning. The States were called alphabeti-

cally. New Jersey was called before Pennsylvania, and on the third ballot, when this State was called, the writer, who had been selected to make the break, arose and stated that on that ballot he should vote for Abraham Lincoln, and he was at once followed by all the other friends of William L. Dayton, who voted for Lincoln. On the same ballot when Pennsylvania was called the delegates from that State voted for Lincoln, as had been agreed upon. This gave Lincoln the four doubtful States and virtually nominated him. As soon as this was seen, some of the States that had voted changed their votes, and others that had not voted cast their votes for Lincoln, giving him a majority of the whole convention and thus nominating him. I am not aware that this part of the history of the convention has ever been made public. It is but right and proper that it should be given to history.

CAMDEN, N. J. *Thomas H. Dudley.*

University Extension and the Science of Teaching.

IN failing to give direct instruction on the education of children the universities and colleges are guilty of a great wrong in thus neglecting that training which fits for the greatest responsibility of life. The indifference of the higher institutions of learning to the subject of education is also greatly responsible for its being the one great subject about which educated men generally are most ignorant.

As influences upon the lower orders of society must come from the higher orders, it is almost useless to expect any more general interest in education until the universities set the example and give to its study the prestige and the means for research and investigation given to other and less important subjects. In thus reaching out to help the teaching profession to a broader and deeper knowledge of educational principles, the universities will be brought to see their own needs and their neglect of the most important thing in life — the bringing up of children.

It is a mistake to think that a knowledge of the philosophy and science of education belongs only to the teacher. The teacher's influence and power is very great, but it is small compared with that of the parent: therefore how important to the parent is the knowledge of child-nature in its physiological and psychological aspects; the value and order of certain studies; the respective worth of educational practices and the principles upon which they are based, etc. The overwhelming amount of evil that is due to ignorance of these things on the part of parents, together with the irresponsible and unthinking way the duties of parenthood are assumed, demands the attention of thinking men, and calls for some solution — some instruction from the centers of thought and learning. However, the growing need for educational knowledge will continually force on the higher institutions of learning the necessity for giving to educational research and study the moral support and the opportunities it so fairly deserves.

The world needs teachers, great ones, teachers for children and teachers for the people, and it is the university that should supply these by widening its functions and becoming, as it should, the great teacher of the people. University extension in this country is only in its infancy, but its value and practicability as demonstrated in England and Scotland assure a large and vigorous growth. University extension, too, is suggestive of such a wide scope of activities and influences that it is to be hoped that through this means will be begun in the near future some work for humanity, some work for the enlightenment and the moral uplifting of the masses. The extension of university privileges and influences to the school and to the people is a sign that the university is beginning to assume its proper sociological function.

"THE TEACHER." *Mary Hargrove Simpson.*

Bloodhounds and Slaves.

IN the March CENTURY I notice an interesting article, "Bloodhounds and Slaves."

Many a Southerner will smile as he reads: "I suppose it will hardly be believed, but, as a fact, dogs were rarely used in the South for tracking human beings. I never knew of a case where they were used in Virginia. . . . I *saw* but one pack in Georgia, . . . and I never heard of a pack in Alabama." This only shows what Mr. Nelson knew, saw, or heard, and proves nothing as to facts. His conclusions are misleading. I, too, lived many years in Alabama, and knew, saw, and heard of many packs that were kept and trained to follow the trail of runaway negroes, and I knew several men who made it their principal business to capture fugitives.

I have often seen dogs on the trail, and have seen the runaway brought in as the result of the hunt. These dogs were not bloodhounds, though often so called. Nor were they *little* foxhounds, from which there was no danger, but they would bite, and, as a pack, would tear a man down. Safety for the pursued was in taking to a tree.

KNOXVILLE, TENN. *Observer.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

MARY. And what do the notes be, Andy?
ANDY. I can't tell thim off; but had I me flute I c'u'd play thim.

Amateur Photography.

I FELL in love with Phyllis Brown:
She was the nicest girl in town.
Her father had a bank account
Of a superfluous amount;
And so the more I thought of it
The clearer seemed the benefit
That such a union would confer
At least on me — perhaps on her.
For she was pretty. Such a nose!
Such grace of curves! Such tint of rose!
Such sylph-like elegance of pose!
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,
With little cherubs peeping through!
Such golden bangs! — Oh, every *such*
Was the superlative of much!

And educated? She could speak
Italian, Spanish, Volapük,
French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch,
And every language born of Babel—
To read and speak them she was able.
So learned, pretty — rich besides;
Yes, she would be the gem of brides!
And I, though poor, had every taste,
The wealth of Kroisos would have graced;
So I resolved to risk my fate
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair:
She met me half-way everywhere;
Accepted my civilities;
And sometimes made me ill at ease
When I on parting held her hand
And felt that mute "You understand,"
Expressed by just the faintest squeeze.
(I cannot think she was a flirt,
And yet she did it to my hurt!)

One day I crossed the Rubicon:
I knew her father would be gone;
I rang her door-bell inly bent
On knowing if she would consent.
She sent me down a little note,
The coolest that she ever wrote:

"Excuse me, please, from seeing you,
I 've something else that I must do;
I 'll see you later if we live."

I asked the footman if he knew
Why such an answer she should give;
The servant shrewdly shook his head;
"She 's busy, sir," he gravely said,
"*Developing a negative!*"

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Love-making in Hay-making.

LOVE'S time is his own,
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.
In winter or summer or springtide, or whether
The sunshine is glorious or winds stretch their tether
To batter a city or play with a feather.
Love will have his way,
Whatever the weather;
And yet in the days that are gone, as to-day,
The making of love and the making of hay
Somehow go together.

Love's way is his own,
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.
And whether at noontide, at eve, or at morning,
He comes as he chooses, and comes without warning,
And prisons and barriers are but his scorning.
So Love has his way
In spite of the weather;
But why in the present and past, tell me, pray,
Do making of love and the making of hay
Always go together?

Ziteila Cocke.

Reflections.

IT has often been said that the world consists mainly of fools, and one proof of it is that each individual fool is eager to apply the statement to humanity at large.

A MAN'S money is the acknowledgment of how much he has done for somebody else.

A MAN that can tell good advice from bad does not need it.

THE last half of a religious controversy generally consists in concealing the fact that neither party knew what he was talking about.

HE who tries to solve the problem of his own existence will find that it takes just a little longer than a lifetime.

Charles D. Stewart.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

MADONNA AND CHILD, BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

(DETAIL FROM "MADONNA, CHILD, AND ST. JOHN," IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. AUGUST, 1890. No. 4.

THE TREASURES OF THE YOSEMITE.

THE Yosemite Valley, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, is a noble mark for the traveler, whether tourist, botanist, geologist, or lover of wilderness pure and simple. But those who are free may find the journey a long one; not because of the miles, for they are not so many,—only about two hundred and fifty from San Francisco, and passed over by rail and carriage roads in a day or two,—but the way is so beautiful that one is beguiled at every step, and the great golden days and weeks and months go by uncounted. How vividly my own first journey to Yosemite comes to mind, though made more than a score of years ago. I set out afoot from Oakland, on the bay of San Francisco, in April. It was the bloom-time of the year over all the lowlands and ranges of the coast; the landscape was fairly drenched with sunshine, the larks were singing, and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. Slow indeed was my progress through these glorious gardens, the first of the California flora I had seen. Cattle and cultivation were making few scars as yet, and I wandered enchanted in long, wavering curves, aware now and then that Yosemite lay to the eastward, and that, some time, I should find it.

One shining morning, at the head of the Pacheco Pass, a landscape was displayed that after all my wanderings still appears as the most divinely beautiful and sublime I have ever beheld. There at my feet lay the great central plain of California, level as a lake, thirty or forty miles wide, four hundred long, one rich furred bed of golden Compositæ. And along the eastern shore of this lake of gold rose the mighty Sierra, miles in height, in massive, tranquil grandeur, so gloriously colored and so radiant that it seemed not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top, and extending a good way down, was a rich pearl-gray belt of snow; then a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests; and stretching along the base of the range a broad belt of rose-purple, where lay the miners' gold and the open foothill gardens — all the colors smoothly blending, making a wall of light clear as crystal and ineffably fine, yet firm as adamant. Then it seemed to me the Sierra should be called, not the Nevada or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years in the midst of it, rejoicing and wondering, seeing the glorious floods of light that fill it,—the sunbursts of morning among the mountain-peaks, the broad noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow, and the thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of irised spray,—it still seems to me a range of light. But no terrestrial beauty may endure forever. The glory of wildness has already departed from the great central plain. Its bloom is shed, and so in part is the bloom of the mountains. In Yosemite, even under the protection of the Government, all that is perishable is vanishing apace.

The Sierra is about 500 miles long, 70 miles wide, and from 7000 to nearly 15,000 feet high. In general views no mark of man is visible

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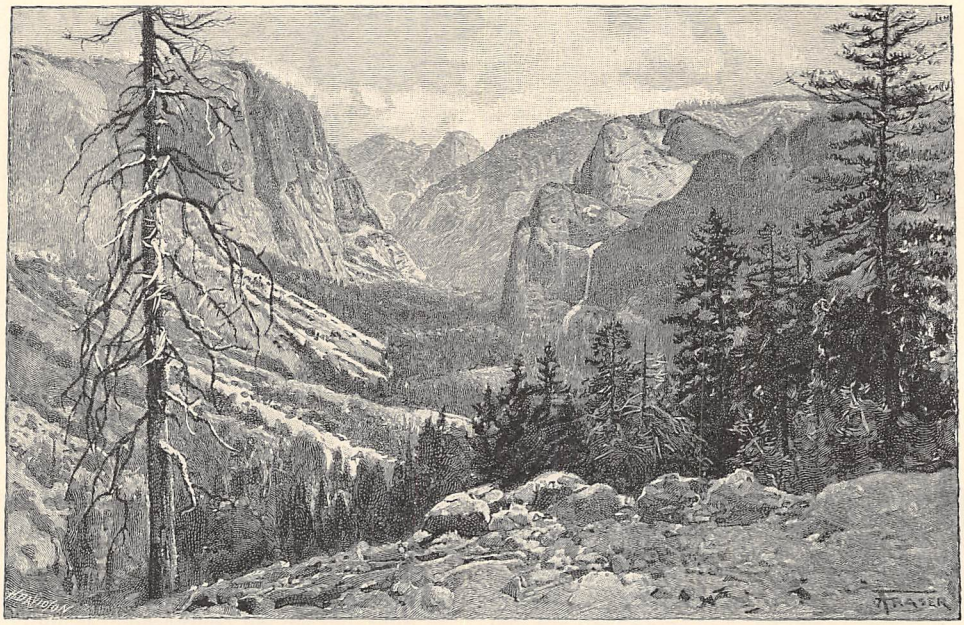
upon it, nor anything to suggest the wonderful depth and grandeur of its sculpture. None of its magnificent forest-crowned ridges seems to rise much above the general level to publish its wealth. No great valley or river is seen, or group of well-marked features of any kind standing out as distinct pictures. Even the summit peaks, marshaled in glorious array so high in the sky, seem comparatively smooth and featureless. Nevertheless the whole range is furrowed with cañons to a depth of from 2000 to 5000 feet, in which once flowed majestic glaciers, and in which now flow and sing the bright Sierra rivers.



VIEW OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM POINT LOOKOUT — EL CAPITAN ON THE LEFT, THE BRIDAL VEIL FALL ON THE RIGHT, THE HALF DOME IN THE DISTANCE.

Though of such stupendous depth, these cañons are not raw, gloomy, jagged-walled gorges, savage and inaccessible. With rough passages here and there, they are mostly smooth, open pathways conducting to the fountains of the summit; mountain streets full of life and light, graded and sculptured by the ancient glaciers, and presenting throughout all their courses a rich variety of novel and attractive scenery — the most attractive that has yet been discovered in the mountain ranges of the world. In many places, especially in the middle region of the western flank, the main cañons widen into spacious valleys or parks of charming beauty, level and flowery and diversified like landscape gardens with meadows and groves and thickets of blooming bushes, while the lofty walls, infinitely varied in form, are fringed with ferns, flowering plants, shrubs of many species, and tall evergreens and oaks which find anchorage on a thousand narrow steps and benches, the whole enlivened and made glorious with rejoicing streams that come dancing and foaming over the sunny brows of the cliffs, and through side cañons in falls of every conceivable form, to join the shining river that flows in tranquil beauty down the middle of each one of them.

The most famous and accessible of these cañon valleys, and also the one that presents their most striking and sublime features on the grandest scale, is the Yosemite, situated on the upper waters of the Merced at an elevation of 4000 feet above the level of the sea. It is about seven miles long, half a mile to a mile wide, and nearly a mile deep, and is carved in the solid granite flank of the range. The walls of the valley are made up of rocks, mountains in size, partly separated from each other by side cañons and gorges; and they are so sheer in front, and so compactly and harmoniously built together on a level floor, that the place, comprehensively seen, looks like some immense hall or temple lighted from above.

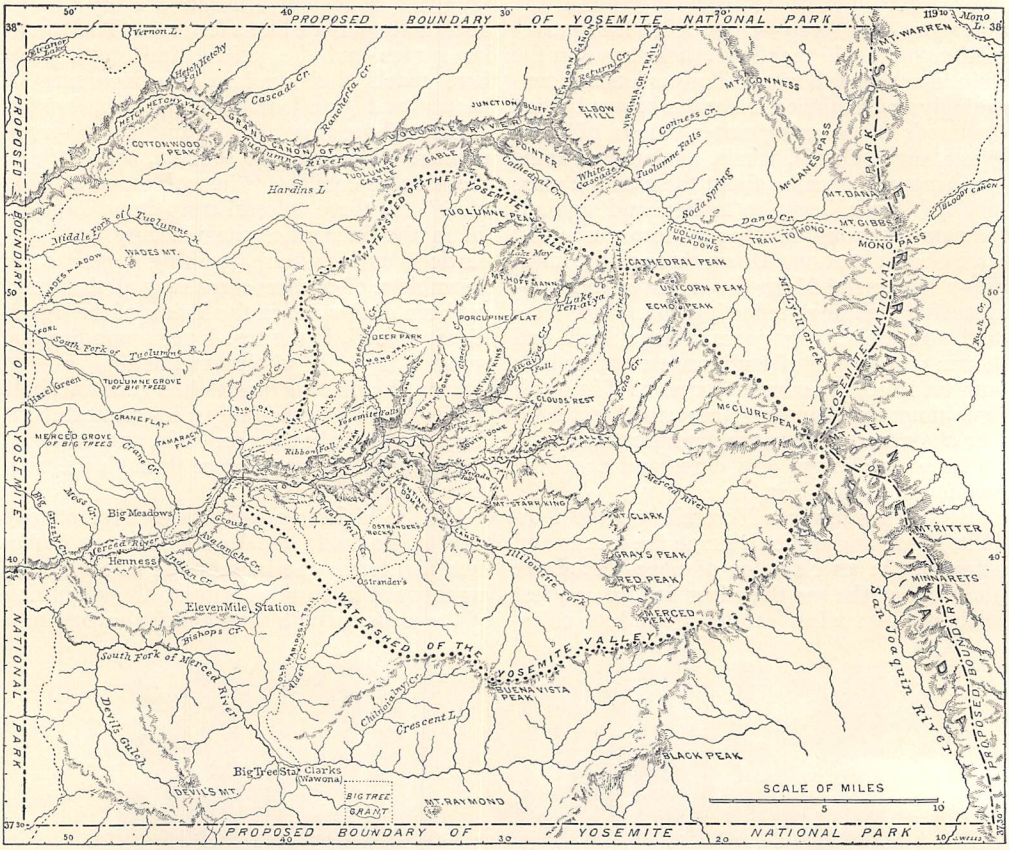
But no temple made with hands can compare with Yosemite. Every rock in its walls seems to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer or nearly so for thousands of feet, advance beyond their companions in thoughtful attitudes, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly conscious, yet heedless of everything going on about them. Awful in stern, immovable majesty, how softly these mountain rocks

are adorned and how fine and reassuring the company they keep — their feet set in groves and gay emerald meadows, their brows in the thin blue sky, a thousand flowers leaning confidingly against their adamantine bosses, bathed in floods of booming water, floods of light, while snow, clouds, winds, avalanches, shine and sing and wreathe about them as the years go by! Birds, bees, butterflies, and myriads of nameless wings stir the air into music and give glad animation. Down through the midst flows the crystal Merced — river of mercy — peacefully gliding, reflecting lilies and trees and the onlooking rocks, things frail and fleeting and types of endurance meeting here and blending in countless forms, as if into this one mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures, whether great or small, to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her.

Sauntering towards Yosemite up the foothills, richer and wilder become the forests and streams. At an elevation of 6000 feet above the level of the sea the silver firs are 200 feet high, with branches whorled around the colossal shafts in regular order, and every branch beautifully pinnate like a fern leaf. The Douglas spruce and the yellow and sugar pines here reach their highest developments of beauty and grandeur, and the rich, brown-barked libocedrus with warm, yellow-green plumes. The majestic sequoia, too, is here, the king of conifers, "the noblest of a noble race." All these colossal trees are as wonderful in the fineness of their beauty and proportions as in stature, growing together, an assemblage of conifers surpassing all that have yet been discovered in the forests of the world. Here, indeed, is the tree-lover's paradise, the woods, dry and wholesome, letting in the light in shimmering masses half sunshine, half shade, the air indescribably spicy and exhilarating, plushy fir boughs for beds, and cascades to sing us asleep as we gaze through the trees to the stars.

On the highest ridges passed over on our way to Yosemite the lovely silver fir (*Abies amabilis*) forms the bulk of the woods, pressing forward in glorious array to the very brink of the walls on both sides and far beyond to a

DOWN GRADE INTO THE VALLEY



height of from 8000 to 9000 feet above the level of the sea. Thus it appears that Yosemite, presenting such stupendous faces of bare granite, is nevertheless embedded in magnificent forests. All the main species of pine, fir, spruce, and libocedrus are also found in the valley itself. But there are no "big trees" (*Sequoia gigantea*) in the valley or about the rim of it. The nearest are about ten miles beyond the boundary wall of the grant, on small tributaries of the Merced and Tuolumne. The sequoia belt extends along the western flank of the range, from the well-known Calaveras Grove on the north to the head of Deer Creek on the south, a distance of about two hundred miles, at an elevation of from about 5000 to 8000 feet above sea level. From the Calaveras to the south fork of King's River the species occurs only in small isolated groves or patches so sparsely distributed along the belt that two of the gaps that occur are nearly forty miles wide, one of them between the Stanislaus and Tuolumne groves, the other between those of the Fresno and King's River. Hence southward, instead of forming small sequestered groups among the other conifers, the big trees sweep majestically across the broad, rugged basins of the Kaweah and Tule in noble forests a distance of nearly seventy miles, with a width of from three to ten miles, the continuity of this portion of the belt being interrupted only by deep cañons.

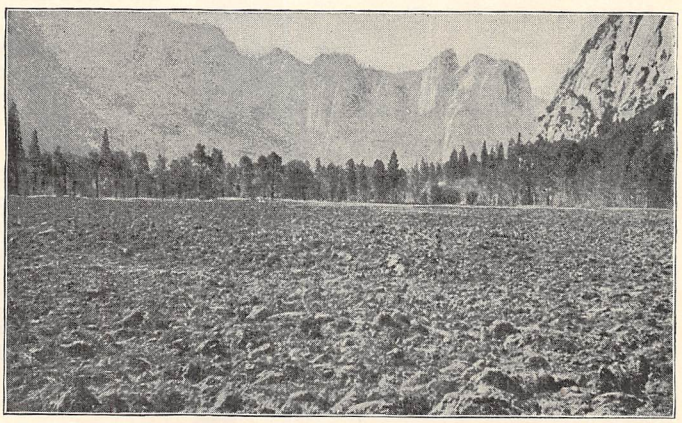
The Fresno, the largest of the northern groves, occupies an area of three or four square miles, and is situated a short distance to the southward of the famous Mariposa Grove. Along the beveled rim of the cañon of the south fork of King's River there is a stately forest of sequoia about six miles long and two miles wide. This is the northernmost assemblage of big trees that may fairly be called a forest. Descending the precipitous divide between King's River and the Kaweah one enters the grand forests that form the main continuous portion of the belt. Advancing southward the trees become more and more irrepressibly exuberant, heaving their massive crowns into the sky from every ridge, and waving onward in graceful compliance with the complicated topography. The finest of the Kaweah portion of the belt is on the broad ridge between Mar-

ble Creek and the middle fork, and extends from the granite headlands overlooking the hot plains back to within a few miles of the cool glacial fountains. The extreme upper limit of the belt is reached between the middle and south forks of the Kaweah, at an elevation of 8400 feet. But the finest block of sequoia in the entire belt is on the north fork of the Tule River. In the northern groups there are comparatively few young trees or saplings. But here for every old, storm-stricken giant there is one or more in all the glory of prime, and for each of these there are many young trees and crowds of eager, hopeful saplings growing heartily everywhere — on moraines, rocky ledges, along watercourses, and in the deep, moist alluvium of meadows, seemingly in hot pursuit of eternal life.

Though the area occupied by the species increases so much from north to south, there is no marked increase in the size of the trees. A height of two hundred and seventy-five feet and a diameter of twenty is perhaps about the average for full-grown trees: specimens twenty-five feet in diameter are not rare, and a good many are nearly three hundred feet high. The largest I have yet met in the course of my explorations is a majestic old monument in the new King's River forest. It is thirty-five feet and eight inches in diameter inside the bark four feet from the ground, and a plank of solid wood the whole width of the tree might be hewn from it without the slightest decay.

Under the most favorable conditions these giants live five or six thousand years, though few of even the larger specimens are more than half as old. The sequoia seems to be entirely exempt from the diseases that afflict and kill other conifers — mildew, dry rot, or any other kind of rot. I never saw a sick sequoia, or one that seemed to be dying of old age. Unless destroyed by man, they live on indefinitely until burned, smashed by lightning, or cast down by the giving way of the ground on which they stand.

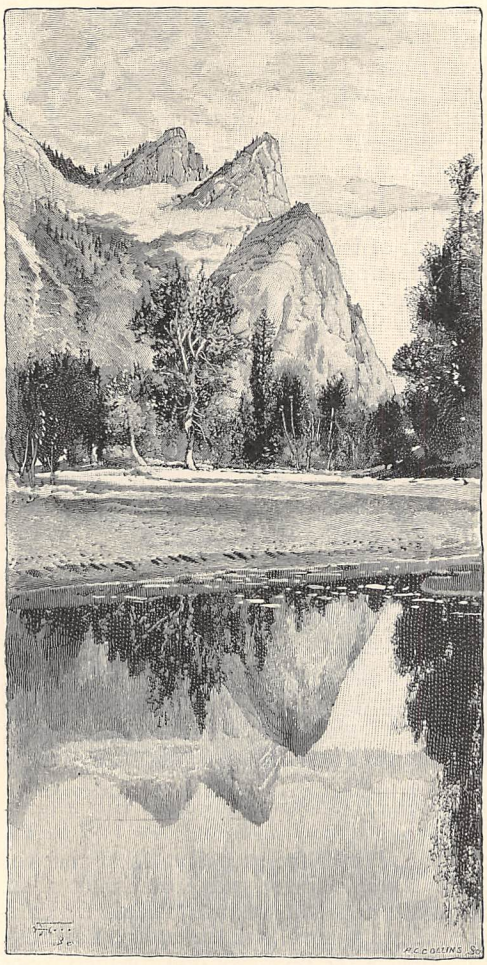
These king trees, all that there are of their kind in the world, are surely worth saving, whether for beauty, science, or bald use. But as yet only the isolated Mariposa Grove has been reserved as a park for public use and pleasure. Were the importance of our forests at all understood by the people in general, even from an economic standpoint their preservation would call forth the most watchful attention of the Government. At present, however, every kind of destruction is moving on with accelerated speed. Fifteen years ago I found five mills located on or near the lower margin of the main sequoia belt, all of which were cutting big-tree lumber. How many more have been built since that time I am unable to say, but most of the Fresno group are doomed to feed the large mills established near them, and a company with ample means is about ready for work on the magnificent forests of King's River. In these mill operations waste far exceeds use. For after the young, manageable trees have been cut, blasted, and sawed, the woods are fired to clear the ground of limbs and refuse, and of course the seedlings and saplings, and many of the unmanageable giants, are destroyed, leaving but little more than black, charred monuments. These mill ravages, however, are small as yet compared with the comprehensive destruction caused by "sheepmen." Incredible numbers of sheep are driven to the mountain pastures every summer, and desolation follows them. Every garden within reach is trampled, the shrubs are stripped of leaves as if devoured by locusts, and the woods are burned to improve the pasturage. The entire belt of forests is thus swept by fire, from one end of the range to the other; and, with the exception of the resinous *Pinus contorta*, the sequoia suffers most of all. Steps are now being taken towards the creation of a national park about the Yosemite, and great is the need, not only for the sake of the adjacent forests, but for the valley itself. For the branching cañons and valleys of the basins of the streams that pour into Yosemite are as closely related to it as are the fingers to the palm of the hand — as the branches, foliage, and flowers of a tree to the trunk. Therefore, very



DESTRUCTIVE WORK IN YOSEMITE VALLEY: THE "LEIDIG MEADOWS" PLOWED UP IN OCTOBER, 1888, TO RAISE HAY. ("PROCESS" REPRODUCTION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

naturally, all the fountain region above Yosemite, with its peaks, cañons, snow fields, glaciers, forests, and streams, should be included in the park to make it an harmonious unit instead of a fragment, great though the fragment be; while to the westward, below the valley, the boundary might be extended with great advantage far enough to comprehend the Fresno, Mariposa, Merced, and Tuolumne groves of big trees, three of which are on roads leading to the valley, while all of them are in the midst of conifers scarcely less interesting than the colossal brown giants themselves.

From the heights on the margin of these glorious forests we at length gain our first general view of the valley—a view that breaks



MIRROR VIEW OF THE THREE BROTHERS.

suddenly upon us in all its glory far and wide and deep; a new revelation in landscape affairs that goes far to make the weakest and meanest spectator rich and significant evermore.

Along the curves and zigzags of the road, all the way down to the bottom, the valley is in sight with ever-changing views, and the eye ranges far up over the green grovy floor between the mighty walls, bits of the river gleaming here and there, while as we draw nearer we begin to hear the song of the waters. Gazing at random, perhaps the first object to gain concentrated attention will be the Bridal Veil, a beautiful waterfall on our right. Its brow, where it first leaps free from the rock, is about nine hundred feet above us; and as it sways and sings in the wind, with gauzy, sun-sifted spray half falling, half floating, it seems infinitely gentle and fine; but the hymn it sings tells the solemn power that is hidden beneath the soft clothing it wears.

On the other side of the valley, opposite the Veil, there is another magnificent fall, called the Ribbon Fall, or Virgin's Tears. The "tears" fall from a height of about 3000 feet, and are most extravagantly copious when the snow is melting, coming hissing and roaring with force enough to drive a mile of mills, suggesting the "weeping skies" of cyclones and hurricanes.

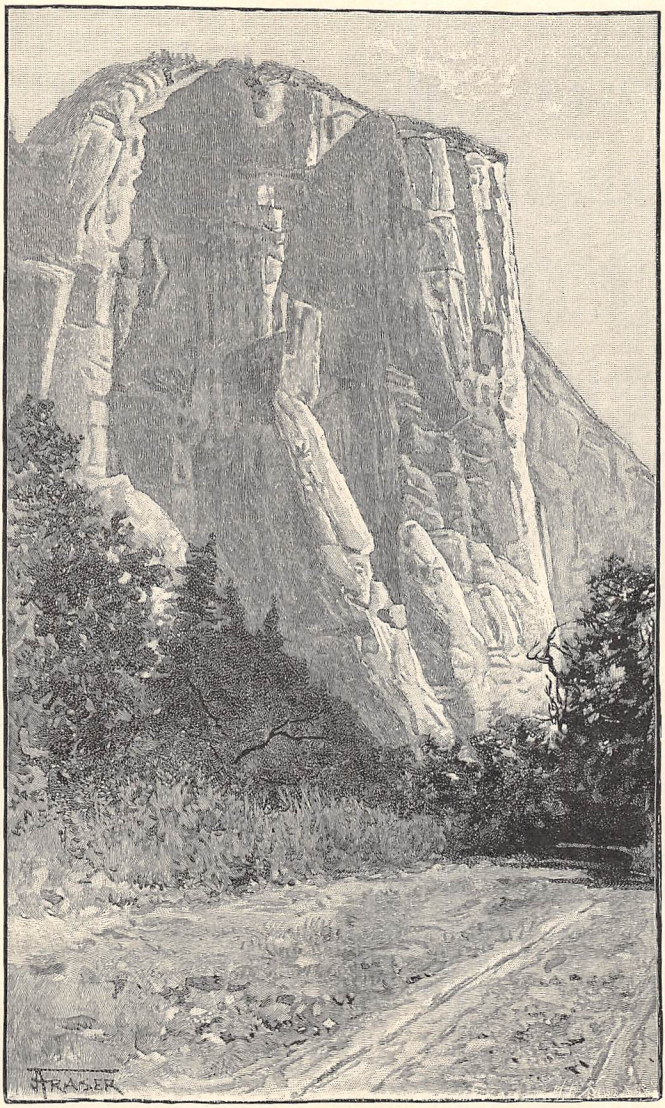
Just beyond this glorious flood the El Capitan rock is seen through the pine groves pressing forward beyond the general line of the wall in most imposing grandeur. It is 3300 feet high, a plain, severely simple, glacier-sculptured face of granite, the end of one of the most compact and enduring of the mountain ridges, standing there in supreme height and breadth, a type of permanence.

Across the valley from here, above the Bridal Veil, are the picturesque Cathedral Rocks, nearly 2700 feet high, making a noble display of fine yet massive sculpture. They are closely related to El Capitan, having been hewn from the same mountain ridge by the Yosemite glacier when the valley was in process of formation.

Beyond El Capitan the next in succession of the most striking features of the north wall are the Three Brothers, an immense mountain mass with three gables fronting the valley one above the other, the topmost nearly 4000 feet high. They were named for three brothers captured here during the Indian war, sons of Tenaya, the old Yosemite chief.

On the south wall opposite the Brothers towers the Sentinel Rock to a height of more than 3000 feet, a telling monument of the icy past.

Sauntering up the valley through meadow and grove, in the company of these majestic rocks, which seem to follow as we advance gazing, admiring, looking for new wonders ahead where all about us is wonderful, the thunder of the Yosemite Fall is heard, and when we arrive in front of the Sentinel it is



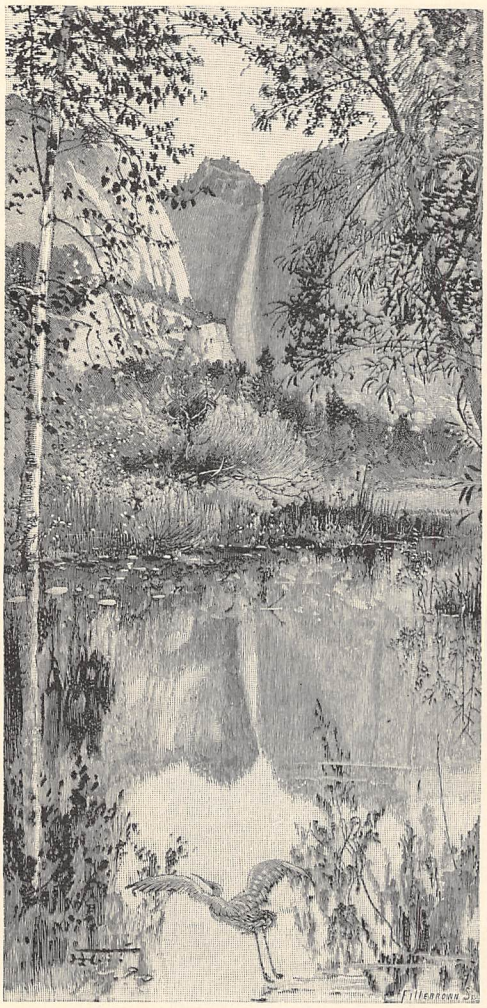
EL CAPITAN.

revealed in all its glory from base to summit, half a mile in height, and seeming to gush direct from the sky. But even this fall, perhaps the most wonderful in the world, cannot at first control our attention, for now the wide upper portion of the valley is displayed to view, with the North Dome, Royal Arches, and Washington Column on our left; Glacier Point Rock, with its magnificent sculpture, on the right; and in the middle Tissiack or Half Dome, the most beautiful and most sublime of all the mountain rocks about the valley. It rises in serene majesty from the fertile level into the sky to a height of 4750 feet.

Here the valley divides into three branches, the Tenaya, Nevada, and Illilouette cañons and valleys, extending back into the fountains of the High Sierra, with scenery every way worthy the relation they bear to Yosemite.

In the south branch, a mile or two from the main valley, is the Illilouette Fall, 600 feet high, one of the most beautiful of all the Yosemite choir, but to most people inaccessible as yet on account of its rough, boulder-choked cañon. Its principal fountains of ice and snow lie in the beautiful and interesting mountains of the Merced group, while its broad, open basin in general is noted for the beauty of its lakes and extensive forests.

Going up the north branch of the valley, we pass between the North Dome and the Half Dome, and in less than an hour come to Mirror Lake, the Dome Cascades, and Tenaya Fall, each interesting in its own way. Beyond



MIRROR VIEW OF YOSEMITE FALLS.

the fall, on the north side of the cañon, is the sublime El Capitan-like rock called Mount Watkins; on the south the vast granite wave of Cloud's Rest, a mile in height; and between them the fine Tenaya Cascade with silvery plumes outspread on smooth, glacier-polished folds of granite, making a vertical descent in all of about 700 feet.

Just beyond the Dome Cascades, on the shoulder of Mount Watkins, there is an old trail once used by the Indians on their way across the range to Mono, but in the cañon above this point there is no trail of any sort. Between Mount Watkins and Cloud's Rest the cañon is accessible only to mountaineers, and it is so dangerous in some places that I hesitate to advise even good climbers anxious to test their nerve and skill to pass through it. Beyond the Cascades no great difficulty will be encountered. A succession of charming lily gardens and meadows occur in filled up lake basins among the rock-waves in the bottom of the cañon, and everywhere the surface of the granite has a smooth-wiped appearance, and in many places, reflecting the sunbeams, shines like glass—phenomena due to glacial action, the cañon having been the channel of one of the main tributaries of the ancient Yosemite glacier.

Ten miles above the valley we come to the beautiful Tenaya Lake, and here the cañon terminates. A mile or two above the lake stands the grand Sierra Cathedral, a building of one stone, hewn from the living rock, with sides, roof, gable, spire, and ornamental pinnacles, fashioned and finished symmetrically like a work of art, and set on a well-graded plateau about 9000 feet high, as if Nature in making so fine a house had also been careful that it should be finely seen. From every direction its peculiar form and graceful beauty of expression never fail to charm. Its height from the floor to the ridge of the roof is about 2500 feet, and among the pinnacles that adorn the front glorious views may be gained of the upper basins of the Merced and Tuolumne.

Passing on each side of the Cathedral we descend into the delightful Tuolumne Valley, from which excursions may be made to Mount Dana, Mono Lake, Mount Lyell, to the many curious peaks that rise above the meadows on the south, and to the Big Tuolumne Cañon with its glorious abundance of rocks and falling, gliding, tossing water. For all these the spacious meadows near the Soda Springs form a delightful center.

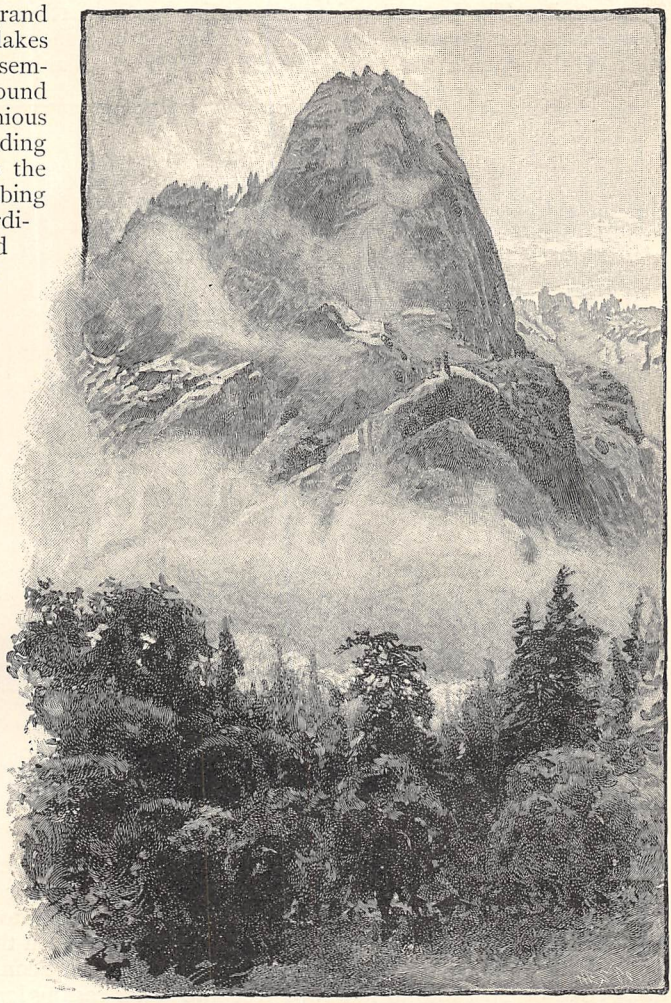
Returning now to Yosemite, and ascending the middle or Nevada branch of the valley, which is occupied by the main Merced River, we come within a few miles to the Vernal and Nevada falls, 400 and 600 feet high, and set in the midst of most novel and sublime rock-work. Above these, tracing the river, we are led into the Little Yosemite, a valley like the great Yosemite in form, sculpture, and vegetation. It is about three miles long, with walls 1500 to 2000 feet high, cascades coming over them, and the river flowing through the meadows and groves of the level bottom in tranquil crystal reaches.

Beyond this there are four other little Yosemites in the main cañon, making a series of five in all, the highest situated a few miles below the base of Mount Lyell, at an elevation of about 7800 feet above the sea. To describe these, with all their wealth of Yosemite furniture, and the wilderness of lofty peaks above them, the home of the avalanche and treasury of the fountain snow, would take us far beyond the bounds of a magazine article. We cannot here consider the formation of these mountain landscapes—how the crystal rocks with

crystal snow were brought to the light, making beauty whose influence is so mysterious on everybody who sees it; the blooming of the clouds; the fall of the snow; the flight of the avalanches; the invisible march of the grinding glaciers; the innumerable forms of the falling streams.

Of the small glacier lakes so characteristic of these upper regions, there are no fewer than sixty-seven in the basin of the main middle branch, besides countless smaller pools, all their waters crisp and living and looking out on beautiful skies. In the basin of the Illilouette there are sixteen, in the Tenaya and its branches thirteen, in the Yosemite Creek basin fourteen, and in the Pohono or Bridal Veil one, making a grand total of a hundred and eleven lakes whose waters come to sing at Yosemite. So glorious is the background of the great valley, so harmonious its relations to its widespreading fountains. On each side also the same harmony prevails. Climbing out of the valley by the subordinate cañons, we find the ground rising from the brink of the walls — on the south side to the fountains of Pohono or Bridal Veil Creek, the basin of which is noted for the extent and beauty of its meadows and its superb forests of silver fir; on the north side through the basin of the Yosemite Creek to the dividing ridge along the Tuolumne Cañon and the fountains of the Hoffman spur.

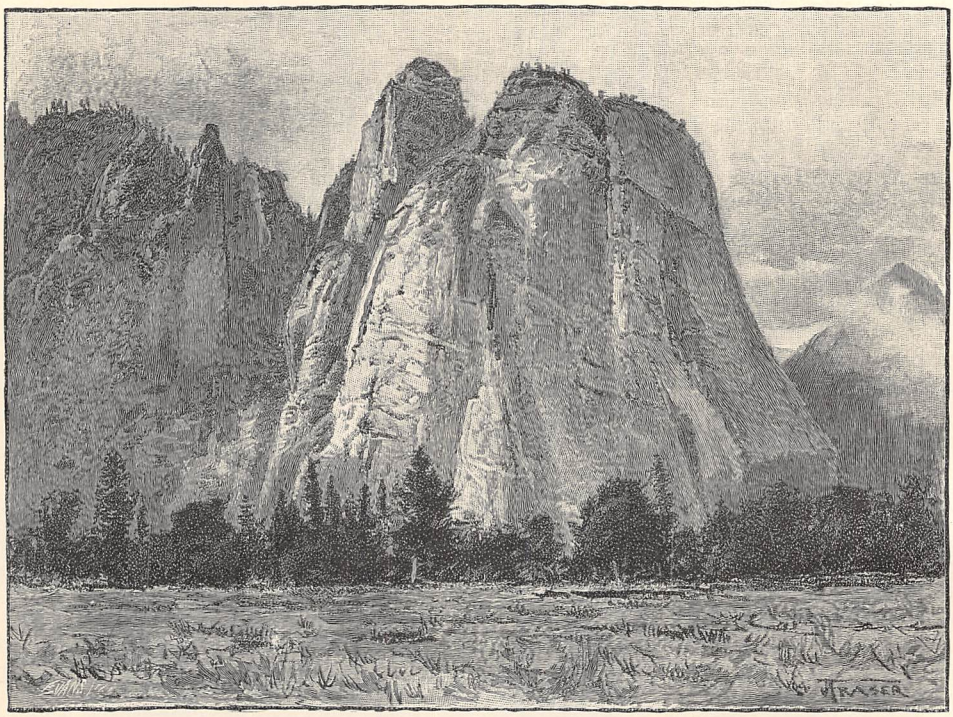
In general views the Yosemite Creek basin seems to be paved with domes and smooth whaleback masses of granite in every stage of development — some showing only their crowns; others rising high and free above the girdling forests, singly or in groups. Others again are developed only on one side, forming bold outstanding bosses usually well fringed with shrubs and trees, and presenting the polished shining surfaces given them by the glacier that brought them into relief. On the upper portion of the basin broad moraine beds have been deposited, and on these fine, thrifty forests are growing. Lakes and meadows and small spongy bogs may be found hiding here and there among the domes, in the woods, or back in the fountain recesses of Mount Hoffman, while a thousand gardens are planted along the banks of the streams. All the wide, fan-shaped upper portion of the basin is covered with a network of small rills that go cheerily on their way to their grand fall in the valley, now flowing on smooth pavements in sheets thin as glass, now diving under willows and laving their red roots, oozing through bogs, making tiny falls and cascades, whirling and dancing, calming again, gliding through bits of smooth glacier meadows with sod of Alpine agrostis mixed with blue and white violets and daisies, breaking, tossing among rough boulders and fallen trees, flowing together until, all united, they go to their fate with stately, tranquil air like a full-grown river. At the crossing of the Mono trail, about two miles above the head of the Yosemite Fall, the stream is nearly forty feet wide, and when the



SENTINEL ROCK.

snow is melting rapidly in the spring it is about four feet deep, with a current of two and a half miles an hour. This is about the volume of water that forms the fall in May and June when there has been much snow the preceding winter; but it varies greatly from month to month. The snow rapidly vanishes from the open portion of the basin, which faces southward, and only a few of the tributaries reach back to perennial snow and ice fountains in the shadowy amphitheaters on the northern slopes of Mount Hoffman. The total descent made by the stream from its highest sources to its confluence with the Merced in the valley is about 6000 feet, while the distance is only about ten miles, an average fall of 600 feet per mile. The last mile of its course lies between the sides of sunken domes and swelling folds of the granite that are clustered and as if leaving a lake, it slips over the polished lip of the pool down another incline and out over the brow of the precipice in a magnificent curve thick sown with rainbow spray.

In tracing the stream for the first time, getting acquainted with the life it lived in the mountains, I was eager to reach the extreme verge to see how it behaves in flowing so far through the air; but after enjoying this view and getting safely away I have never advised any one to follow my steps. The last incline down which the stream journeys so gracefully is so steep and smooth one must slip cautiously forward on hands and feet alongside the rushing water, which so near one's head is very exciting. But to gain a perfect view one must go yet farther, over a curving brow to a slight shelf on the extreme brink. This shelf, formed by the flaking off of a fold of the granite, is



CATHEDRAL ROCKS. (2660 FEET HIGH.)

pressed together like a mass of bossy cumulus clouds. Through this shining way Yosemite Creek goes to its fate, swaying and swirling with easy, graceful gestures and singing the last of its mountain songs before it reaches the dizzy edge of Yosemite to fall 2600 feet into another world, where climate, vegetation, inhabitants, all are different. Emerging from this last cañon the stream glides, in flat, lace-like folds, down a smooth incline into a small pool where it seems to rest and compose itself before taking the grand plunge. Then calmly, about three inches wide, just wide enough for a safe rest for one's heels. To me it seemed nerve-trying to slip to this narrow foothold and poise on the edge of such a precipice so close to the confusing whirl of the waters; and after casting longing glances over the shining brow of the fall and listening to its sublime psalm, I concluded not to attempt to go nearer, but did, nevertheless, against reasonable judgment. Noticing some tufts of artemisia in a cleft of rock, I filled my mouth with the leaves, hoping their bitter taste might help to keep

caution keen and prevent giddiness; then I reached the little ledge, got my heels well set, and worked sidewise twenty or thirty feet to a point close to the outplunging current. Here the view is perfectly free down into the heart of the bright irised throng of comet-like streams into which the whole ponderous volume of the fall separates a little below the brow. So glorious a display of pure wildness, acting at close range while one is cut off from all the world beside, is terribly impressive.

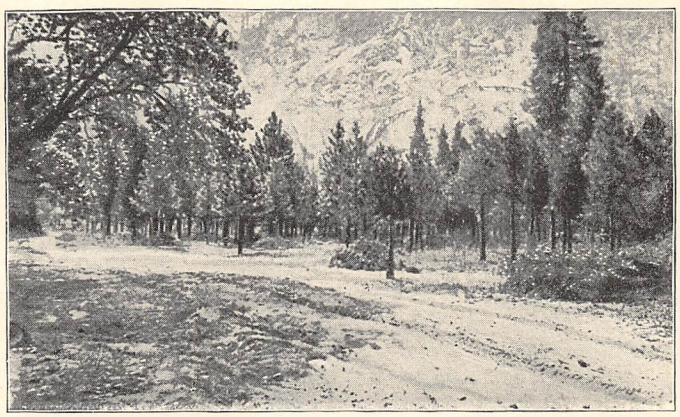
DESTRUCTIVE WORK IN YOSEMITE VALLEY: STUMP FOREST, MOSTLY OF YOUNG PINE, IN "STATE PASTURE," COVERING SOME EIGHT ACRES. CUT IN JUNE, 1887, AND STUMPS LEFT STANDING AND PERFECTLY SOUND. ABOUT 2000 TREES, OR MORE, FELLED IN THIS ONE SPOT. ("PROCESS" REPRODUCTION OF PHOTOGRAPH.)

About forty yards to the eastward of the Yosemite Fall on a fissured portion of the edge of the cliff a less nerve-trying view may be obtained, extending all the way down to the bottom from a point about two hundred feet below the brow of the fall, where the current, striking a narrow ledge, bounds out in the characteristic comet-shaped masses. Seen from here towards noon, in the spring, the rainbow on its brow seems to be broken up and mingled with the rushing comets until all the fall is stained with iris colors, leaving no white water visible. This is the best of the safe views from above, the huge steadfast rocks, the flying waters, and the rainbow light forming one of the most glorious pictures conceivable.

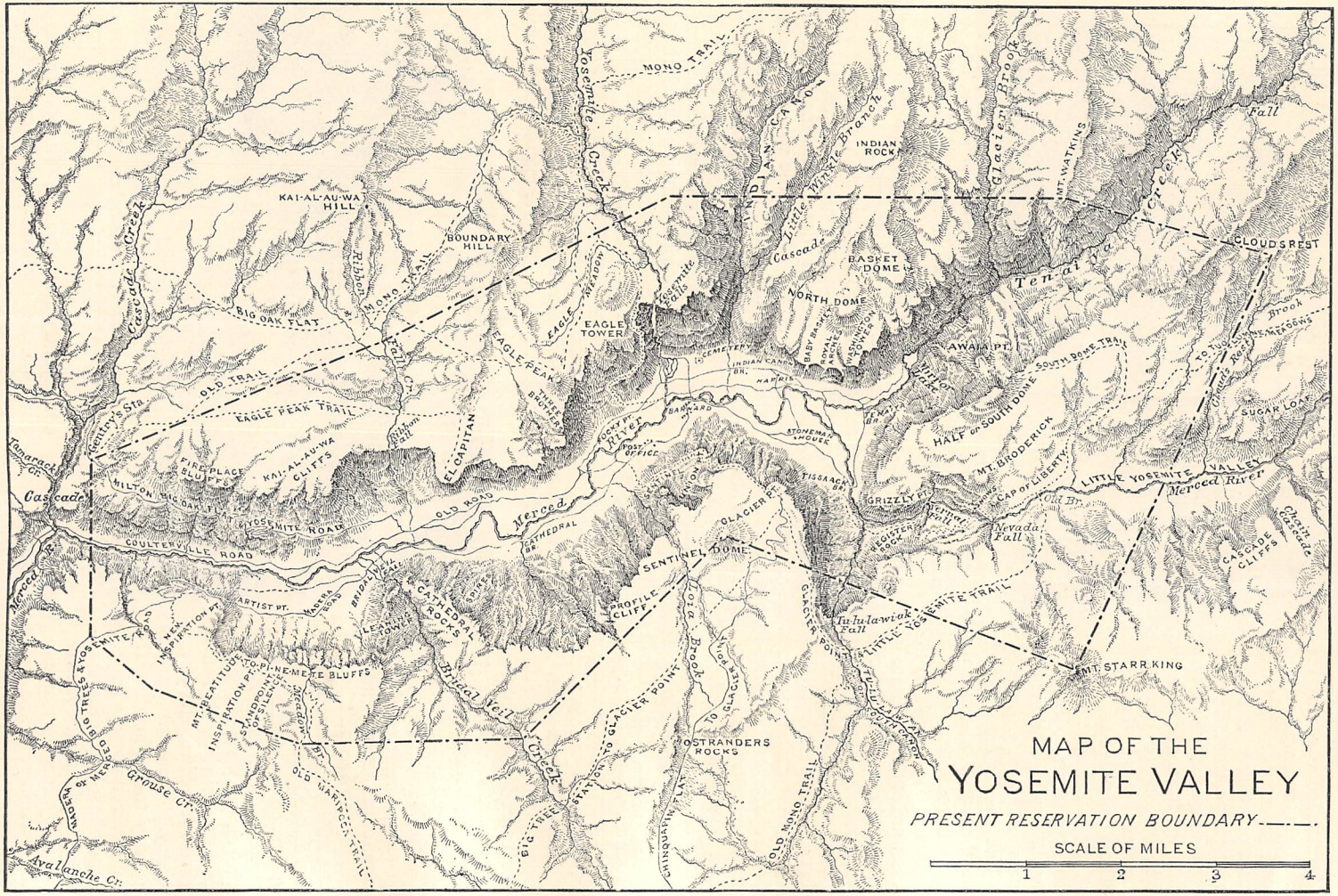
The Yosemite Fall is separated into an upper and a lower fall with a series of falls and cascades between them, but when viewed in front from the bottom of the valley they all appear as one.

The Nevada Fall usually is ranked next to the Yosemite in general interest among the five main falls of the valley. Coming through the Little Yosemite in tranquil reaches, charmingly embowered, the river is first broken into rapids on a moraine boulder bar that crosses the lower end of the valley. Thence it pursues its way to the head of the fall in a very rough channel, cut in the solid granite, dashing on side angles, heaving in heavy, surging masses against bossy knobs, and swirling and swashing in potholes without a moment's rest. Thus, already chafed and dashed to foam, over-folded and twisted, it plunges over the brink of the precipice as if glad to escape into the open air. But before it reaches the bottom it is pulverized yet finer by impinging upon a sloping portion of the cliff about half way down, thus making it the whitest of all the falls of the valley, and altogether one of the most wonderful in the world.

On the north side, close to the head of the fall, a slab of granite projects over the brink, forming a fine point for a view over the throng of streamers and wild plunging thunderbolts; and through the broad drifts of spray we see the river far below gathering its spent waters and rushing on again down the cañon in glad exultation into Emerald Pool, where at length it grows calm and gets rest for what still lies before it. All the features of the view correspond with the waters. The glacier-sculptured walls of the cañon on either hand, with the sublime mass of the Glacier Point Ridge in front, form a huge triangular, pit-like basin,



DESTRUCTIVE WORK IN YOSEMITE VALLEY: SPECIMEN TREE TRIMMING DONE IN 1887–88. MUCH SIMILAR WORK HAS BEEN DONE IN OTHER PARTS OF THE VALLEY. ("PROCESS" REPRODUCTION OF PHOTOGRAPH.)

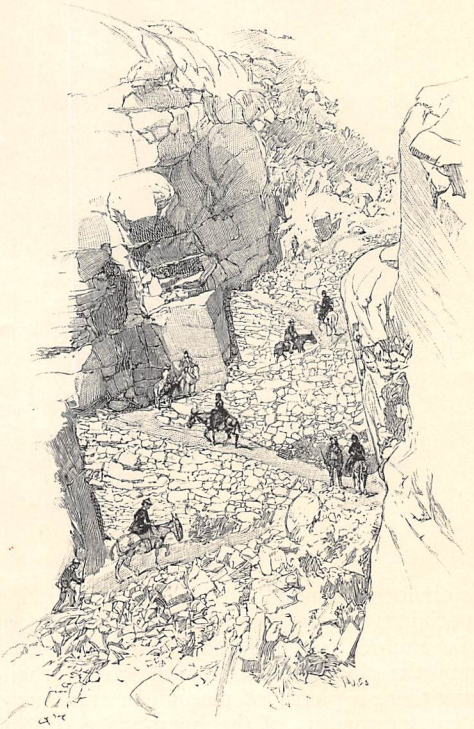

MAP OF THE
YOSEMITE VALLEY
PRESENT RESERVATION BOUNDARY
SCALE OF MILES
1 2 3 4
MONO TRAIL
Yosemite Creek
Cascade Creek
Ribbon Fall
KAI-AL-AU-WA HILL
BOUNDARY HILL
BIG OAK FLAT
INDIAN CANON
Little Yosemite Creek
INDIAN ROCK
Glacier Brook
MT. WATKINS
Nevada Fall
CLOUDS REST
Tenaya Creek
BASKET DOME
NORTH DOME
Tenaya Brook
EAGLE TOWER
Yosemite Falls
AWAI PT.
OLD TRAIL
EAGLE PEAK TRAIL
EAGLE PEAK
EL CAPITAN
Hennessy's Sta.
Tamarack Cr.
Cascade
FIRE PLACE BLUFF
KAI-AL-AU-WA CLIFFS
MILTON
BIG OAK FLAT
YOSEMITE ROAD
COULTERVILLE ROAD
Merced R.
Merced
OLD ROAD
CATHEDRAL BR.
Rocky River
POST OFFICE
BARNARD
STONEMAN HOUSE
TISSAACK
HALF DOME
SOUTH DOME TRAIL
SUGAR LOAF
MT. BRODERICK
LITTLE YOSEMITE VALLEY
Merced River
GRIZZLY PT.
CAP OF LIBERTY
Old Br.
Nevada Fall
CASCADE CLIFFS
SENTINEL DOME
GLACIER PT.
PROFILE CLIFF
Tu-lu-la-wiak Fall
LITTLE YOSEMITE TRAIL
MT. STARR KING
ARTIST PT.
CATHEDRAL ROCKS
BRIDAL VEIL
Bridal Veil Creek
INSPIRATION PT.
MT. BEATITUDE
SENTINEL BLUFFS
BIG TREES & YOSEMITE R.D.
WAWONA & MERCED GROVE
Grouse Cr.
Avalanche Cr.
OLD MARIPOSA TRAIL
GLACIER POINT R.D.
POSTRANDERS ROCKS
BIG TREE STATION TO GLACIER POINT
CHINQUAPIN
OLD MONO TRAIL

which, filled with the roar of the falling river, seems as if it might be the hopper of one of the mills of the gods in which the mountains were being ground to dust.

The Vernal, famous for its rainbows, is a staid, orderly, easy-going fall, proper and exact in every movement, with scarce a hint of the passionate enthusiasm of the Yosemite or the Nevada. Nevertheless it is a favorite with most visitors, doubtless because it is better seen than any other. A good stairway ascends the cliff beside it, and the level plateau at the head enables one to saunter safely along the edge of the stream as it comes from Emerald Pool and to watch its waters, calmly bending over the brow of the precipice, in a sheet 80 feet wide and changing from green to purplish gray and white until dashed on the rough boulder talus below. Thence issuing from beneath the clouds of the out-wafting spray we can see the adventurous stream, still unspent, beating its way down the rugged cañon in gray continuous cascades, dear to the ousel, until it sweeps around the shoulder of the Half Dome on its approach to the head of the main valley.

The Illilouette in general appearance most resembles the Nevada. The volume of water is less than half as great, but it is about the same height (600 feet), and its waters receive the same kind of preliminary tossing in a rocky, irregular channel. Therefore it is a very white and fine-grained fall. When it is in full spring-time bloom it is partly divided by rocks that roughen the lip of the precipice, but this division amounts only to a kind of fluting and grooving of the column, which has a beautiful effect. It is not nearly so grand a fall as the upper Yosemite, or so symmetrical as the Vernal, or so airily graceful and simple as the Bridal Veil, nor does it ever display so tremendous an outgush of snowy magnificence as the Nevada; but in the exquisite fineness and richness of texture of its flowing folds it surpasses them all.

One of the finest things I ever saw in Yosemite or elsewhere I found on the brow of this beautiful fall. It was in the Indian summer, when the leaf colors were ripe and the great cliffs and domes were transfigured in the hazy golden air. I had wandered up the rugged talus-dammed cañon of the Illilouette, admiring the wonderful views to be had there of the great Half Dome and the Liberty Cap, the foliage of the maples, dogwoods, rubus tangles, etc., the late goldenrods and asters, and the extreme purity of the water, which in motionless pools on this stream is almost perfectly invisible. The voice of the fall was now low, and the grand flood had waned to floating gauze and thin-broidered folds of linked and arrowy lace-work. When I reached the fall slant sunbeams were glinting across the head of it, leaving all the rest in shadow; and on the illumined brow a group of yellow spangles were playing, of singular form and beauty, flashing up and dancing in large flame-shaped masses, wavering at times, then steadying, rising and falling in accord with the shifting forms of the water. But the color changed not at all. Nothing in clouds or flowers, on bird-wings or the lips of shells, could rival it in fineness. It was the most divinely beautiful mass of yellow light I ever beheld— one of nature's precious sights that come to us but once in a lifetime.



STAIRWAY ON CLOUD'S REST TRAIL.

For about a mile above Mirror Lake the cañon is level and well planted with fir, spruce, and libocedrus, forming a remarkably fine grove, at the head of which is the Tenaya Fall. Though seldom seen or described, this is, I think, the most picturesque fall in the valley. For a considerable distance above it Tenaya Creek comes rushing down, white and foamy, over a flat pavement inclined at an angle of about eighteen degrees. In time of high water this sheet of bright rapids is nearly seventy feet wide, and is varied in a very striking way by three parallel furrows that extend in the direction of the flow. These furrows, worn by the action of the stream upon cleavage joints, vary in width, are slightly sinuous, and have large boulders firmly wedged in them here and there in narrow places, giving rise, of course,

to a complicated series of wild dashes, doublings, and arching bounds in the swift torrent. Just before it reaches the sheer precipice of the fall the current is divided, the left division making a vertical fall of about eighty feet in a romantic leafy nook, while the other forms a rugged cascade.

Lunar rainbows or spraybows also abound; their colors as distinct as those of the sun, and as obviously banded, though less vivid. Fine specimens may be found any night at the foot of the upper Yosemite Fall, glowing gloriously amid the gloomy shadows of the cañon whenever there is plenty of moonlight and spray, silent interpreters of the heart-peace of Nature in the stormy darkness. Even the secondary bow is at times distinctly visible.

The best point from which to observe them is on Fern Ledge. For some time after moonrise the arc has a span of about five hundred feet, and is set upright; one end planted in the boiling spray at the bottom, the other in the edge of the fall, creeping lower, of course, and becoming less upright as the moon rises higher. This grand arc of color, glowing in mild, shapely beauty in so weird and huge a chamber of night shadows, and amid the rush and roar and tumultuous dashing of this thunder-voiced fall, is one of the most impressive and most cheering of all the blessed evangels of the mountains.

A wild scene, but not a safe one, is made by the moon as it appears through the edge of the Yosemite Fall when one is behind it. Once after enjoying the night-song of the waters, and watching the formation of the colored bow as the moon came round the domes and sent her beams into the wild uproar, I ventured out on the narrow bench that extends back of the fall from Fern Ledge and began to admire the dim-veiled grandeur of the view. I could see the fine gauzy threads of the outer tissue by having the light in front; and wishing to look at the moon through the meshes of some of the denser portions of the fall, I ventured to creep farther behind it while it was gently wind-swayed, without taking sufficient thought about the consequences of its swaying back to its natural position after the wind pressure should be removed. The effect was enchanting. Fine, savage music sounded above, beneath, around me; while the moon, apparently in the very midst of the rushing waters, seemed to be struggling to keep her place, on account of the ever-varying form and density of the water masses through which she was seen, now darkened by a rush of thick-headed comets, now flashing out through openings between them. I was in fairyland between the dark wall and the wild throng of illumined waters, but suffered sudden disenchantment; for, like the witch scene in Alloway Kirk, "in an instant all was dark." Down came a dash of spent comets, thin and harmless-looking in the distance, but desperately solid and stony in striking one's shoulders. It seemed like a mixture of choking spray and gravel. Instinctively dropping on my knees, I laid hold of an angle of the rock, rolled myself together with my face pressed against my breast, and in this attitude submitted as best I could to my thundering baptism. The heavier masses seemed to strike like cobblestones, and

LOOKING UP MERCED RIVER, ON THE WAY TO VERNAL FALLS.

there was a confused noise of many waters about my ears — hissing, gurgling, clashing sounds that were not heard as music. The situation was easily realized. How fast one's thoughts burn at such times! I was weighing the chances of escape. Would the column be swayed a few inches away from the wall, or would it come yet closer? The fall was in flood, and not so lightly would its ponderous mass be swayed. My fate seemed to depend on a breath of the "idle wind." It was moved gently forward, the pounding ceased, and I once more revisited the glimpses of the moon. But fearing I might be caught at a disadvantage in making too hasty a retreat, I moved only a few feet along the bench to where a block of ice lay. Between the ice and the wall I wedged myself, and lay face downwards until the steadiness of the light gave encouragement to get away. Somewhat nerve-shaken, drenched, and benumbed, I made out to build a fire, warmed myself, ran home to avoid taking cold, reached my cabin before daylight, got an hour or two of sleep, and awoke sane and comfortable, better, not worse, for my wild bath in moonlit spray.

Owing to the westerly trend of the valley and its vast depth there is a great difference between the climates of the north and south sides — greater than between many countries far apart; for the south wall is in shadow during the winter months, while the north is bathed in sunshine every clear day. Thus there is mild spring weather on one side of the valley while winter rules the other. Far up the north-side cliffs many a nook may be found closely embraced by sun-beaten rock-bosses in which flowers bloom every month of the year. Even butterflies may be seen in these high winter gardens except when storms are falling and a few days after they have ceased. Near the head of the lower Yosemite Fall in January I found the ant lions lying in wait in their warm sand-cups, rock ferns being unrolled, club mosses covered with fresh growing points, the flowers of the laurel nearly open, and the honeysuckle rosetted with bright young leaves; every plant seemed to be thinking about summer and to be stirred with good vital sunshine. Even on the shadow side of the valley the frost is never very sharp. The lowest temperature I ever observed during four winters was +7°. The first twenty-four days of January had an average temperature at 9 A. M. of 32°, minimum 22°; at 3 P. M. the average was 40° 30′, the minimum 32°.

Throughout the winter months the spray of the upper Yosemite Fall is frozen while falling thinly exposed and is deposited around the base of the fall in the form of a hollow truncated cone, which sometimes reaches a height of five hundred feet or more, into the heart of which the whole volume of the fall descends with a tremendous roar as if pouring down the throat of a crater. In the building of this ice-cone part of the frozen spray falls directly to its place, but a considerable portion is first frozen upon the face of the cliff on both sides of the fall, and attains a thickness of a foot or more during the night. When the sun strikes this ice-coating it is expanded and cracked off in masses weighing from a few pounds to several tons, and is built into the walls of the cone; while in windy, frosty weather, when the fall is swayed from side to side, the cone is well drenched, and the loose ice-masses and dust are all firmly frozen together. The thundering, reverberating reports of the falling ice-masses are like those of heavy cannon. They usually occur at intervals of a few minutes, and are the most strikingly characteristic of the winter sounds of the valley, and constant accompaniments of the best sunshine. While this stormy building is in progress the surface of the cone is smooth and pure white, the whole presenting the appearance of a beautiful crystal hill wreathed with folds of spray which are oftentimes irised. But when it is wasting and breaking up in the spring its surface is strewn with leaves, pine branches, stones, sand, etc., that have been brought over the fall, making it look like a heap of avalanche detritus.

After being engulfed and churned in the stormy interior of the crater the waters of the fall issue from arched openings at the base, seemingly scourged and weary and glad to escape, while belching spray spouted up out of the throat past the descending current is wafted away in irised drifts to the rocks and groves.

Anxious to learn what I could about the structure of this curious ice-hill, I tried to climb it, carrying an ax to cut footsteps. Before I had reached the base of it I was met by a current of spray and wind that made breathing difficult. I pushed on backward, however, and soon gained the slope of the hill, where by creeping close to the surface most of the blast was avoided. Thus I made my way nearly to the summit, halting at times to peer up through the wild whirls of spray, or to listen to the sublime thunder beneath me, the whole hill sounding as if it were a huge, bellowing, exploding drum. I hoped that by waiting until the fall was blown aslant I should be able to climb to the lip of the crater and get a view of the interior; but a suffocating blast, half air, half water, followed by the fall of an enormous mass of ice from the wall, quickly discouraged me. The whole cone was jarred by the blow, and I was afraid its side might fall in. Some fragments of the mass sped past me danger-

ously near; so I beat a hasty retreat, chilled and drenched, and laid myself on a sunny rock in a safe place to dry.

The Bridal Veil, upper Yosemite, and the Tu-ee-u-la-la of Hetch Hetchy (the next cañon to the north), on account of their height and exposure, are greatly influenced by winds. The common summer winds that come up the river cañon from the plains are never very strong, partly on account of the roughness of the way they have to travel. But the north winds of winter do some very wild work, worrying the falls and the forests, and hanging snow banners, a mile long, on the peaks of the summit of the range. One morning I was awakened by the pelting of pine cones on the roof of my cabin, and found, on going out, that the north wind had taken possession of the valley, filling it with a sea-like roar, and, arousing the pines to magnificent action, made them bow like supple willows. The valley had been visited a short time before by a succession of most beautiful snowstorms, and the floor, and the cliffs, and all the region round about were lavishly laden with winter jewelry. Rocks, trees, the sandy flats and the meadows, all were in bloom, and the air was filled with a dust of shining petals. The gale increased all day, and branches and tassels and empty burs of the silver pine covered the snow, while the falls were being twisted and torn and tossed about as if they were mere wisps of floating mist. In the morning the great ponderous column of the upper Yosemite Fall, increased in volume by the melting of the snow during a warm spell, was caught by a tremendous blast, bent upwards, torn to shreds, and driven back over the brow of the cliff whence it came, as if denied admission to the valley. This kind of work would be kept up for ten or fifteen minutes, then a partial lull in the storm would allow the vast torrent to arrange its tattered skirts, and come back again to sing on in its accustomed course. Amid all this rocking and bending and baffling of the waters they were lighted by a steady glare of sunlight, strangely white from spicules of snow crystals. The lower fall, though less exposed, was yet violently swirled and torn and thrashed about in its narrow cañon, and at times appeared as one resplendent mass of iris colors from top to bottom, as if a hundred rainbows had been doubled up into a mass four or five hundred feet in diameter. In the afternoon, while I watched the upper fall from the shelter of a pine tree, it was suddenly arrested in its descent at a point about half way down, and was neither blown upward nor driven aside, but was simply held stationary in mid air, as if gravitation below that point in the path of its descent had ceased to act. The ponderous flood, weighing hundreds of tons, was sustained hovering, hesitating, like a bunch of thistledown, while I counted 190. All this time the ordinary amount of water was coming over the cliff and accumulating in the air, swedging and widening and forming an irregular cone 700 feet high tapering to the top of the wall, the whole standing still, resting on the invisible arm of the north wind. At length, as if commanded to go on again, scores of arrowy comets shot forth from the bottom of the suspended mass as if escaping from separate outlets.

The brow of El Capitan was decked with long streamers of snow-like hair, Cloud's Rest was enveloped in drifting gossamer films, and the Half Dome loomed up in the garish light like some majestic living creature clad in the same gauzy, wind-woven drapery, upward currents meeting overhead sometimes making it smoke like a volcano.

Glorious as are these rocks and waters when jumbled in storm winds, or chanting rejoicing in everyday dress, there is a glory that excelleth, when rare conditions of weather meet to make every valley, hollow, gorge, and cañon sing with flood waters. Only once have I seen Yosemite in full bloom of flood during all the years I have lived there. In 1871 the early winter weather was delightful; the days all sunshine, the nights clear and serene, calling forth fine crops of frost crystals for the withered ferns and grasses, the most luxuriant growths of hoar-frost imaginable. In the afternoon of December 16, when I was sauntering on the meadows, I noticed a massive crimson cloud growing in solitary grandeur above Cathedral Rocks, its form scarcely less striking than its color. It had a picturesque, bulging base like an old sequoia, a smooth, tapering stem, and a bossy, down-curling crown like a mushroom; all its parts colored alike, making one mass of translucent crimson. Wondering what the meaning of that lonely red cloud might be, I was up betimes next morning looking at the weather, but all seemed tranquil as yet. Towards noon gray clouds began to grow which had a close, curly grain like bird's-eye maple, and late at night rain fell, which soon changed to snow; next morning about ten inches lay on the meadows, and it was still falling in a fine, cordial storm.

During the night of the 18th a torrent of rain fell on the snow, but as the temperature was 34°, the snow line was only a few hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and to get out of the rainstorm into the snowstorm one had only to climb a little above the tops of the pines. The streams, therefore, instead of being increased in volume, were diminished by the storm, because the snow sponged up

part of their waters and choked the smaller tributaries. But about midnight the temperature suddenly rose to 42°, carrying the snow line far beyond the valley, over the upper basins perhaps to the summit of the range, and next morning Yosemite was rejoicing in a glorious flood. The warm, copious rain falling on the snow was at first absorbed and held back, and so also was that portion of the snow that the rain melted, and all that was melted by the warm wind, until the whole mass of snow was saturated and became sludgy, and at length slipped and rushed simultaneously from a thousand slopes into the channels in wild extravagance, heaping and swelling flood over flood, and plunging into the valley in one stupendous avalanche.

Awakened by the roar, I looked out and at once recognized the extraordinary character of the storm. The rain was still pouring in torrents, and the wind, blowing a gale, was working in passionate accord with the flood. The section of the north wall visible from my cabin was covered with a network of falls—new visitors that seemed strangely out of place. Eager to get into the midst of the show, I snatched a piece of bread for breakfast and ran out. The mountain waters, suddenly liberated, seemed to be holding a grand jubilee. The two Sentinel cascades rivaled the great falls at ordinary stages, and across the valley by the Three Brothers I caught glimpses of more falls than I could readily count; while the whole valley throbbed and trembled, and was filled with an awful, massive, solemn, sea-like roar. After looking about me bewildered for a few moments I tried to reach the upper meadows, where the valley is widest, that I might be able to see the walls on both sides, and thus gain general views. But the meadows were flooded, forming an almost continuous lake dotted with blue sludgy islands, while innumerable streams roared like lions across my path and were sweeping forward rocks and logs with tremendous energy over ground where tiny gilias had been growing but a short time before. Climbing into the talus slopes, where these savage torrents were broken among earthquake boulders, I succeeded in crossing them, and forced my way up the valley to Hutchings' Bridge, where I crossed the river and waded to the middle of the upper meadow. Here most of the new falls were in sight, probably the most glorious assemblage of waterfalls ever displayed from any one standpoint in the world. On that portion of the south wall between Hutchings' and the Sentinel there were ten falls plunging and booming from a height of nearly 3000 feet, the smallest of which might have been heard miles away. In the neighborhood of Glacier Point there were six; between the Three Brothers and Yosemite Fall, nine; between Yosemite and Royal Arch Falls, ten; from Washington Column to Mount Watkins, ten; on the slopes of Half Dome, facing Mirror Lake, eight; on the shoulder of Half Dome, facing the valley, three—fifty-six new falls occupying the upper end of the valley, besides a countless host of silvery threads gleaming everywhere. In all the valley there must have been upward of a hundred. As if celebrating some great event, falls and cascades came thronging in Yosemite costume from every groove and cañon far and near.

All summer visitors will remember the comet forms of the Yosemite Fall and the laces of the Bridal Veil and Nevada. In the falls of this winter jubilee the lace forms predominated, but there was no lack of thunder-toned comets. The lower portion of one of the Sentinel cascades was composed of two main white shafts, the space between them filled in with chained and beaded gauze of intricate pattern, through the singing threads of which the purplish-gray rock could be dimly seen. The series above Glacier Point was still more complicated in structure, displaying every form that one would imagine water might be dashed and combed and woven into. Those on the north wall between Washington Column and the Royal Arch Fall were so nearly related that they formed an almost continuous sheet, and these again were but slightly separated from those about Indian Cañon. The group about the Three Brothers and El Capitan, owing to the topography and cleavage of the cliffs back of them, were more broken and irregular. The Tissiack cascades were comparatively small, yet sufficient to give that noblest of mountain rocks a glorious voice. In the midst of all this rejoicing the Yosemite Fall was scarce heard until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then I was startled by a sudden thundering crash as if a rock avalanche had come to join the chorus. This was the flood wave of Yosemite Creek, which had just arrived, delayed by the distance it had to travel, and by the choking snows of its widespread fountains. Now, with volume tenfold increased beyond its springtime fullness, it took its place as leader of the glorious choir. No idle, silent water was to be found anywhere; all sang loud or low in divine harmony.

And the winds sang too, playing on every pine, leaf, and rock, surging against the huge brows and domes and outstanding battlements, deflected hither and thither, broken into a thousand cascading currents that whirled in the hollow. And these again, reacting on the clouds, eroded immense cavernous spaces in their gray depths, sweeping forward the resulting detritus in ragged trains like the mo-

raines of glaciers. These cloud movements in turn published the work of the winds, giving them a visible body, and enabling us to trace their wild career. As if endowed with independent motion, some detached cloud would rise hastily upon some errand to the very top of the wall in a single effort, examining the faces of the cliffs, and then perhaps as suddenly descend to sweep imposingly along the meadows, trailing draggled fringes through the pines, fondling their waving spires with infinite gentleness, or gliding behind a grove or a single tree bring it into striking relief, while all bowed and waved in solemn rhythm. Sometimes as they drooped and condensed, or thinned to misty gauze, half the valley would be veiled at once, leaving here and there some lofty headland cut off from all visible connection with the walls, looming alone, dim, spectral, as if belonging to the sky — visitors, like the new falls, come to take part in the festival. Thus for two days and nights in measureless extravagance the storm went on, and mostly without spectators, at least of a terrestrial kind. I saw nobody out — bird, bear, squirrel, or man. Tourists had vanished months before, and the hotel people and laborers were out of sight, careful about getting cold and wet, and satisfied with views from doors and windows. The bears, I suppose, were in their boulder dens in the cañons, the squirrels in their knot-hole nests, the grouse in close fir groves, and the small singers in the chaparral. Strange to say, I did not see even the water-ousel, though he must have greatly enjoyed the storm.

This was the most sublime waterfall flood I ever saw — clouds, winds, rocks, waters, throbbing together as one. And then to contemplate what was going on simultaneously with all this in other mountain temples: the Big Tuolumne Cañon — how the white waters were singing there, and the winds, and how the clouds were marching. In Hetch Hetchy Valley also, and the great King's River Yosemite, and in all the other cañons and valleys of the Sierra from Shasta to the southernmost fountains of the Kern — five hundred miles of flooded waterfalls chanting together. What a psalm was that!

John Muir.

THE MAKING OF THE PEARL.

SO soft, so warm, the water lay,
Its chambers paved with amberous lights,
The sunbeams sliding there forgot
Their home among the skyey heights.

With the rose-tangle's stems they played,
They blushed beneath the purple dulse,
They swung from tide to tide, and gave
All swimming things their joyous pulse.

The little creature at their touch
Felt the fresh force of gathering cells,
And happy seemed this rhythmic life
That swept its currents through his shells.

Happy the swell of bay and bight
Dimpling with kisses of a wind
Blown from the royal cinnamon,
From jasmine and from tamarind.

Happy the shadow of the palms
Seemed to him, wavering o'er his reef,
Happy the rippling scarf of light
Tossed from the long banana leaf.

Firmer he fixed him to his rock,
And wider opened to the tide
That softly rose, and fell, and left
A grain of sand along his side.

A tiny rasping grain of sand
It was, whose never-ceasing prick
Dispelled the charm of summer seas
And pierced him to the very quick.

Ah, what a world of trouble now!
But straight he bent him to the strife,
And poured around that hostile thing
The precious ichor of his life.

A trail of jewels in the gleam
The dolphins dart, above, below,
With sinuous side and silvery flash,
Roll a great eye on him and go.

He saw them only as he felt
Sore scath beneath his mantle lay,
And mending as he could his hurt
He spent himself day after day.

Or halcyons rocking on the wave,
Or sailing birds of Paradise,
Softly their plumes swept upper air,
Idly his ooze received their dyes.

And summer moons might draw the floods
With their white magic, and wide calm
Shed from the wells of midnight blue,—
He knew but never felt their balm.

And storms could stoop and stir the deeps
To blackness, but he heeded not,—
The universe had nothing now
For him but that one fatal spot.

The color of the foam, the light
Of heaven across translucent seas,
Flicker of wings and silver scales,—
He wrapped the pain with things like these.

And as some singer's bitterest woe
Has fed the song we love to hear,
So all the trouble of his life
Was glorified in this one tear.

What mattered then the swarthy shape
That cleft the wave with plunge and whirl
And snatched him into death and doom?
His life was lived in that great pearl.

On some queen's breast it heaves, it falls,
Changing with every breath its hue,
Sunshine and sea and moon are there,
The sorrow of a lifetime, too!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

BOTTICELLI (ALESSANDRO FILIPEPI), 1446–47–1510–15.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

IN the entire range of the Italian Renaissance there is no artist who tries the standards of criticism so severely or evokes such contrary opinions of his merits as Botticelli. His reputation among his contemporaries was very high, and on the death of Filippo Lippi Vasari considered him the best painter in Florence; but in those later times when the merely technical excellences of the art of painting, and especially the quality of surface fidelity, had assumed an exaggerated importance he went out of favor, to regain it fully in the very modern epoch of appreciation of the essential qualities of the early schools of Italy; so that to-day there is among the sincere lovers of Italian art no one of the cinque-centists who is held in such earnest admiration as he.

Sir F. W. Burton says of him (National Gallery Catalogue): "Sandro was a man of singularly inventive genius, and endowed with an ardent and highly poetic temperament, which often betrayed him into an excess of fantasy. But the sense of life which glows through all his productions extenuates the fault of over-vehement action in his figures. If he seldom attained the dignity of his master in pose, and generally fell short of him in majesty and simplicity of drapery, as well as in refinement of color, he nevertheless reached a high degree of excellence in both these last qualities. Where Fra Filippo was all repose, Sandro was all movement. His range of subjects was immense, according to the calls of his patrons and the untamable energy of his own nature. It extended from great scriptural compositions, as in his frescos in the Sistine Chapel, and large altarpieces, treated with great power, through the most touching scenes in the life of the Virgin, to events in classic history, including allegorical and mythological subjects. All these he treated in a form which was the natural outcome of the Renaissance, but with a *verve*, naïveté, and pathos peculiar to himself." That he should be tolerated by a taste that regarded Guido Reni as the type of grace and the Caracci as the revivers of art was not to be expected, or even that he should hold his own when the splendor of the Venetian school had eclipsed that of all contemporary painting so far that Raphael and Michael Angelo would have borrowed some of its glory, for he had not the drawing of the Urbinate, the imagination of the painter of the "Last Judgment," or the least of the attractions of the school of John Bellini. What Sir F. W. Burton says of his color as being less refined than that of Fra Filippo is by implication still too favorable. He has none of the instincts of the colorist; his art is purely intellectual; and if his color ever has any meaning beyond the conventional utility of lending itself to the verisimilitude of the scene, it is mystic, as in the so-called "Spring," [1] which is on the whole the most interesting picture of his that we have. With the suggestion there is in the work of his master, if he had felt the poetry of color he must have far surpassed him; but he shows no sign of recognizing the motive which Fra Filippo introduced into art. But with the serious study of true art which seems to have come

[1] The figures to the extreme right of this composition are painted in a greenish tint, probably to show their visionary character.

to compensate us for the impotence of production of it in our own day, there has come an appreciation of Botticelli probably better than that of his own time. We are on the whole better able to comprehend the eclectic and intellectual tendencies of the painter than even the most appreciative of his contemporaries, because we are free from the prejudices of schools and the bias of the ecclesiastical requirements which have always been a great hindrance to the free development of pure art, preferring as they did consecrated forms and conventional dispositions which were conservative and tranquilizing to the mind of the worshiper to any imaginative or artistic departure from the orthodox type. To the Church a picture was only a reminder of the devotion due, and the means of fixing the attention of the worshiper on the subject of his adoration — any contemplation of the refinements of art and the individuality of the artist would cause distractions that were not favorable to religious concentration. Art began to flourish only as a certain kind of intellectual freedom; what in fact we must recognize as reform made its way in the Christian world. In the most conservative of all ecclesiastical organizations, the Orthodox or Eastern Church, the emancipation of art has not yet taken place; the Byzantine types and formulas are still adhered to, as they were in the Western Church in the time of Cimabue, as sacred enunciations of immutable truth.

This will enable us to understand the character of Botticelli and the relation of his art to that of his contemporaries more fully than the abstract criticism of it. He was not the first innovator, it is true, but he was the first who deliberately and fully accepted art as the instrument of general culture, and as much at the service of the world as of the Church. He was as ready to paint a Venus as a Madonna, to illustrate Boccaccio as the New Testament. When he painted a Holy Family he paid small respect to the conventional disposition of his characters, and he shows the most charming perception of the felicities of maternal tenderness and infantile moods in the inventions of his Madonnas and Holy Families. His profane subjects are equally felicitous in invention and in perception of human nature, and his story-telling is perhaps the most complete of his epoch. It is easy to find in his work a head drawn out of symmetry, but it is not easy to find a figure which does not tell its story perfectly.

His father, Mariano Filipepi, was a well-to-do Florentine citizen [1] who desired to give his son a good education, but the boy seemed so slow at books that he was sent as apprentice to a goldsmith, Botticelli,[2] from whom he got his art name. It is clear that he was not so dull as might be suspected from his reluctance to take the form of education proposed for him, but he was, as we can see by his pictures, of an intense individuality, and must have been refractory to any form of education that did not follow his own groove. That he was an extensive reader is clear from the range of his subjects, and that his critical acumen was subtle is equally clear from his interpretation of them. In Master Botticelli's workshop he probably made the acquaintance of the leading painters of his day in Florence, and the art of the goldsmith was then so intimately related to all the other arts in the main elements of design and invention that the education of the workman differed but little in its beginnings from that of the painter; nor was he the first who from the former found his way to the latter easy. The Pollaiuoli brothers, and their more famous contemporary Verrocchio, were probably often in his master's shop, and the guilds of painters and other art workers were still to a certain extent universities for the specialties in which they were interested. Our modern idea of education as the placing of a broad platform of cognizances on which any profession may be built or any specialty founded had no place in the mind of that day. All education was more or less specialized from the beginning; and the boy who was intended to be an artist was sent to the *bottega* of some master when he was eight or ten years old. If he was stupid he became an assistant and followed the orders of a master in the kind of work for which he was capacitated; if he had any individuality he became ultimately an independent painter, one of the school; and often his work passes for that of the head of it.

Few of Botticelli's works being dated, it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine their sequence. He had, as we can judge from Vasari, already a reputation when his master died, and he was then but twenty-three or twenty-four years old. His first independent commission, so far as we know, was the "Fortitude," one of a series of allegorical pictures for the Merca-

1 Crowe says that he was a tanner.

2 Crowe ("Gazette des Beaux Arts") denies this, saying that documents found prove that there was no such goldsmith in Florence. But documents cannot prove this. They may fail to give proof of the existence of a man, but their absence is purely negative evidence; the proper document may have been lost, or it may never have existed. In the time of Botticelli the records of the guilds were not so authoritative or so rigorously kept, if we may judge from what is after all only negative evidence itself, as in the earlier centuries when the arts had their secrets profoundly guarded. I am not over-credulous of Vasari's statements, but in this case the tradition is not contradicted, and the internal evidence is in accord with him.

tanzia, or tribunal of commerce; the Pollaiuoli executing the others of the series. The "Fortitude" is in the Uffizi. We learn that in 1469 he had already executed several madonnas. Art had become fashionable in Florence as the decoration of the residences of the wealthy nobles and merchants, and the Medici were Sandro's patrons. The classical and literary taste of the artist must have appealed especially to these luxurious citizens of the wealthiest city of Italy; and if we may judge from the revolt of Savonarola against its corruption, art of a purely religious character was not likely to drive out the more entertaining form of which Botticelli was the great master. In 1478 he was commissioned by the Medici to paint the Pazzi, after the revolt and defeat of the latter, on the wall of the council hall. This work has perished. In 1480 he painted to the order of the Vespucci family the fresco of St. Augustine on the wall of the church of the Ognissanti, and in 1481 he was called to Rome to assist in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. Vasari says he was made overseer of the work, which must be taken as proof of his great general capacity at least, for he was not the oldest of the painters engaged on this important task. Signorelli, Perugino, Cosimo Rosselli, and Ghirlandaio were his co-workers, and it is probable that his supervision was mainly in the distribution of the spaces for the frescos. On each of the long walls of the chapel are six pictures — those to the right representing scenes from the life of Moses, and those to the left others from the life of Christ. Above these and between the windows are a series of twenty-eight popes, which, with the second and fifth scenes from the Old Testament, and the second from the New, are by Botticelli. The opposing scenes are Moses in the desert and Christ in the wilderness. Moses is represented in seven different scenes according to the then accepted and universally followed system of making the picture a history in itself. He is shown as killing the Egyptian, fleeing, protecting Jethro's daughters, watering their flocks for them, taking off his shoes on the holy ground, prostrate before the fiery bush, and finally at the head of the Israelites going forth from Egypt. The opposing picture shows in similar divisions the story of the Temptation. It is evident that in work of this kind the elements of composition and general arrangements of the story-telling must give way to the legibility of the entire work, and we can well imagine that Botticelli preferred his easel pictures and his Florentine commissions; and we do not know that much of such work was done by him. In 1482 he was called to decorate a hall of the town-hall of Florence with Ghirlandaio; but it is not probable that he left the work in Rome, where he finished his commission only in 1484, and nothing is now known of his having done it. In 1491 he was commissioned to do the mosaics in the chapel of St. Zenobius in the Duomo of Florence; but they have perished, and there is nothing to prove that he accepted the commission. In this branch of art then we have only the frescos in the Sistine Chapel, which to my feeling are less interesting than the minor works in which Botticelli's individuality had fuller play and his marvelous fancy had more liberty. Of these the "Spring" is the most important. It is one of those allegories which fascinate by the insolvable puzzle they offer to the student. A representation of springtime it is not; but it is not so easy to suggest a probable interpretation. One side of the picture seems to have given the name to the whole. It is certain that it has some meaning in allusion to the seasons, or nature, but I can conceive no interpretation which will explain everything in the picture. The action proceeds from the right (of the spectator), where a female figure robed in characteristic gauzy drapery, revealing the whole form, seems to be fleeing from the embraces of a male figure floating on the air and evidently personating a wind, for he blows on the object of his pursuit while he grasps her under the arms. She turns to look back on her pursuer and presents her face to us in three-fourths view, showing that a stream of flowers is coming from her mouth, and we distinguish various species. Before her advances a fantastically dressed female who is crowned with flowers, has her robes embroidered with them, wears a girdle of roses, has her lap full of them, and is in the act of scattering them before her; while the turf under her feet is dotted with the common flowers of the Tuscan fields.[1] The head of this figure, shown in the engraving by Mr. Cole, is one of the strongest and most masterly in drawing of the artist's work, and evidently had some significance in the allegory. In the center, elevated above the other characters and a little distance beyond, so as to form the crown of the composition, leaving the other figures in two groups, one on either hand, is a fully draped woman in the costume of the epoch, and evidently a portrait, in the

[1] The non-occurrence of the anemone, now one of the most splendid attractions of the flora of Tuscany, in this collection of flowers, which is painted with almost scientific exactitude, is considered as a proof of the late arrival of that flower from the East, and that it did not exist there in the time when this picture was painted. It is certain that if it had been known in the fields of Florence its conspicuousness of form and color would have made it impossible to leave it out of this gorgeous *hortus siccus*.

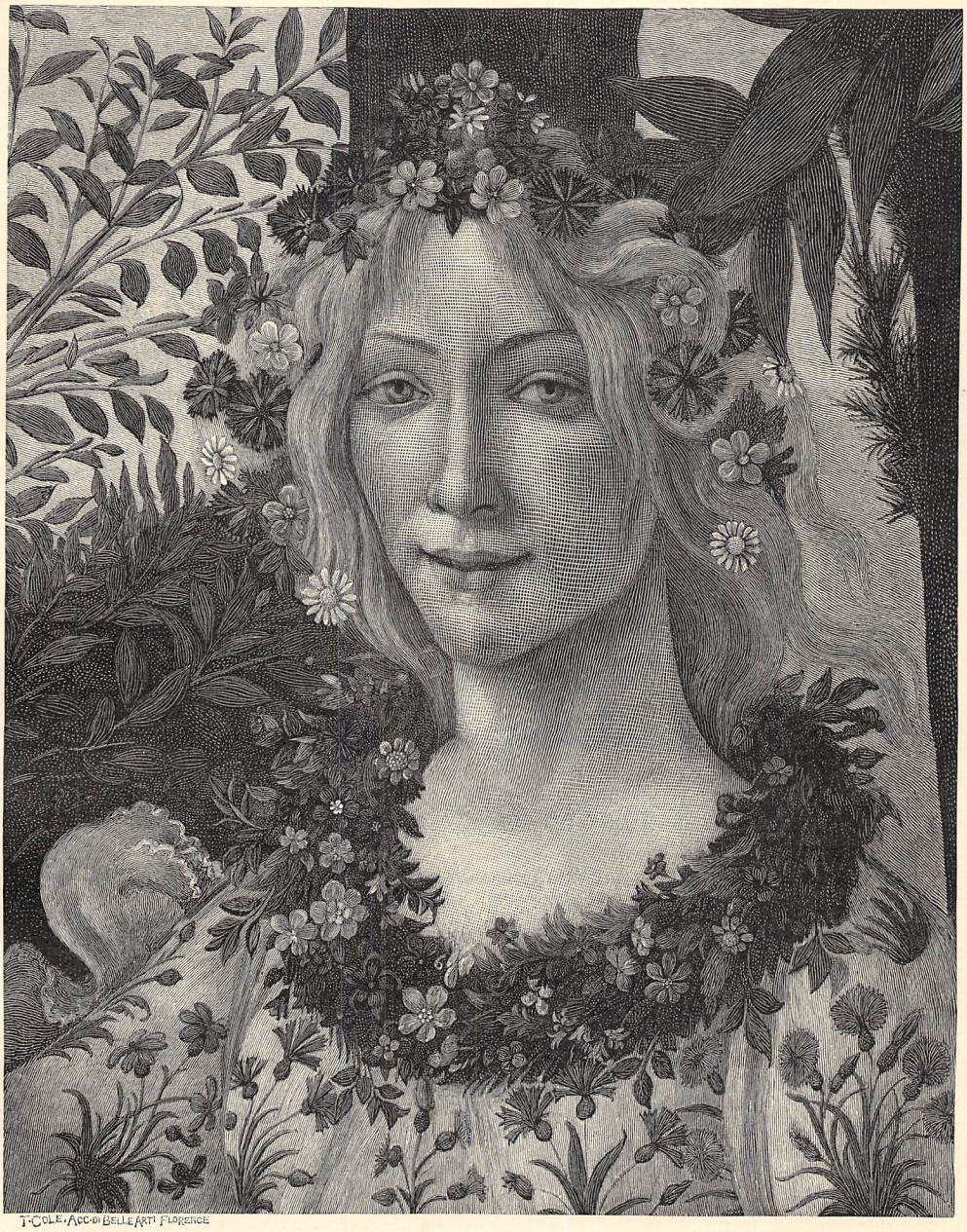
attitude of listening or admiring, as if the other characters were a part of a pageant displayed before her. To the left of her are three dancing women, a group which Mr. Cole has made one of his most successful engravings;[1] it is the group commonly called the "Three Graces." Above the central figure hovers Cupid about to shoot an arrow, with a head of flame, at the dancing figures. At the extreme left (of the spectator) is Mercury holding aloft his wand, about which gathers a cloud. The background is a thicket of trees of various kinds, of which some are loaded with fruit. The composition is almost symmetrically pyramidal without being formal, the central figure rising above the others in defiance of the perspective of which Botticelli was so fond, and above her the Cupid forming the apex.

The interpretation of the allegory must be left to the ingenuity of the student; I can find none which will suffice. The Spring (if one of the figures is intended to personate that season) must be the gauzily-draped female at the right escaping from the wind (? of winter), and the figure next her, covered with flowers, can only be early Summer or Flora, for the roses she is charged with are not spring flowers. The central figure has no attribute which justifies the calling her Venus or Juno, as some have done, and the type of figure is not that which the painter has chosen for the former goddess; the three figures are to be considered as the Graces only because they are three, though they might as properly be considered the type of festivity, which has more to do with the autumn than with the spring; and, finally, what has Mercury to do with the spring rather than with any other season? The trees loaded with fruit are not a possible attribute of the springtime. I believe it is rather a portrait of some one of the circle or belongings of the Medici, for whom the picture was painted, and that this person is represented by the central figure, with allusions of an allegorical nature representing the virtues and beneficences attributed to her or to the family. Mercury indicates commercial prosperity; Cupid, her fascination; the Graces, her personal charms; the spring group, the awakening life and Renaissance of the régime; and the orchard, the prosperity of the realm.

The discovery, a few years ago, of some frescos by Botticelli in the villa Lemmi near Florence, through the cleaning off the whitewash with which the intelligent proprietors of some time gone had preserved them, was a great good fortune for his admirers. The frescos had been mostly destroyed; but the fragments that remained were better preserved, probably, than if they had been visible all their time of existence. The villa had belonged to the Tornabuoni family from 1469 to 1541, and Lucrezia Tornabuoni married Piero de' Medici, son of Cosimo, and became the mother of Lorenzo. In 1486 Lorenzo Tornabuoni, son of Giovanni, through the mediation of Lorenzo married Giovanna, daughter of Maso de' Licca dei Albizzi. These frescos were painted (V. Ch Ephrussi "Gazette des Beaux Arts") to commemorate this wedding, as appears from the portraits and arms contained in them. One represents three ladies led by a fourth to be presented to a taller one, who holds a handkerchief to receive some flowers which one of the visitors is presenting. To the right a child is holding a coin which displays the Albizzi arms, and the tall lady is Giovanna in the very dress, headdress, and necklace in which Niccolo Fiorentino has represented her on a medal, with the Three Graces on the reverse. (Have we not here a clue to the personality in the "Spring"?) The second of the frescos represents the bridegroom Lorenzo Tornabuoni led by a female figure to be presented to the seven arts. He also is recognizable, as in the case of Giovanna, by the medal of Niccolo Fiorentino and the portrait by Ghirlandaio in Sta. Maria Novella. On the reverse of the Lorenzo medal is a Mercury, as on that of Giovanna were the Three Graces. These details seem to me to strengthen the hypothesis that the "Spring" picture is a commemorative one, and dedicated to Giovanna in great probability after her marriage, but if not to her then to some other woman of the connection on a similar occasion. When the portraits which Botticelli painted are made, as they ought to be, the subject of special study and collection, we shall then be able to explain this and some of the social problems of his day.

For among the innovations due to him is that of developing portraiture as a distinct branch of painting. From the time of Fra Filippo, as we have seen, the employment of personal types in place of the orthodox had obtained; but it was only in obedience to the demands of the Church, as a general thing, that the painter worked. The usual consequences of wealth and ostentation followed; and the pleasure of seeing one's self in a holy picture invited the perhaps still greater one of seeing

[1] When Mr. Cole sent me the proof of this block I took it at once to Hébert, the veteran director of the French Academy at Rome. His comments on it were most flattering for the engraver, and he sent for the young engravers of the school to show them what work the Americans were doing in wood-engraving. Being himself an ardent admirer of Botticelli, and having in his early studies copied this picture, he was in a position to pronounce with authority on its fidelity, as by his training to judge of its quality as style. So much with reference to the general question of the merits of American wood-engraving.



HEAD OF "FLORA," FROM THE "ALLEGORY OF THE SEASONS," BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

(IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, FLORENCE.)

the same semblance on one's own walls; and Botticelli, with his contempt of all precedent, was the man to introduce the practice of making portraits for purely secular purposes. The favorite type in his own work has a curious portrait resemblance to that of Fra Filippo, as if all the early studies had been made from the master's model.

In the Sistine fresco of the "Temptation" there is a curious indication of the independence of the painter's way of looking at ecclesiastical themes. The nominal subject of the composition is swamped by the accessory inventions of the painter. In the center — not on the summit of the mountain, but on the tower of a church — are the tempter and Christ, the former pointing out the expanse below. At the extreme left, on an eminence representing the mountain, the two are engaged in discussion; and at the right, on another similar height, the tempter is being repelled and flies, while the angels bring in wine and bread for the Saviour. In the first two scenes the tempter is represented as a friar with the hood on his head and a rosary in his hand, and in the last he flies away with his robes being torn off, his eagle's feet showing, and with all his monstrous physical attributes; but all is in an extreme distance, while the foreground is filled with a representation of the daily sacrifice in front of the temple to which a crowd of people come, some bringing offerings and others looking on, none of whom have anything to do with the Temptation or the legend. The high priest has a miter, which seems to me a suggestion of the tri-regno of the popes. The tri-regno is clear in the subject of the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, where the high priest is incensing the altar, and Moses confounds the arrogant three, all being admirably grouped around the altar in the center, while at the right are the three menacing Moses, and at the left Moses curses them, and the ground opens to receive them. In the background is a Roman triumphal arch in ruin, and at the left are extensive ruins of Roman buildings. In the place of the Imperial inscription on the main entablature of the arch is the following inscription, "NEMO SIBI ASSUMMAT HONOREM NISI VOCATUS ADEOV TANQUAM ARON." The OV of the last word but two is almost illegible and may be other, and the V may be only an accident of the decay of the fresco.

Of Botticelli's notable work is the illustrated Dante now in the Museum of Berlin. He was a devoted student of the poet, which alone is evidence sufficient that he was a great reader, and he had acquired a smattering of Greek, besides the knowledge of Latin necessary to all painters of Scripture subjects, as no version in the vernacular existed. That he was not only a wide reader but an earnest thinker we have more evidence than that of his art. When Savonarola inflamed Florence with his doctrines of reform Botticelli became one of his disciples, and contributed to the iconoclast's bonfires many of his profane subjects, and naturally ceased painting similar pictures. The story that he entirely abandoned painting and was reduced to great misery and want is, however, one of the exaggerations of Vasari, and there is abundant evidence of its falsity. He was, it is true, one of the disciples of the reformer, and adhered to his doctrines and morality till his death; but he appears to the last as the counselor of the Medici in the public works, in conjunction with Ghirlandaio; and as he had a house and vineyard of his own outside the gates of San Frediano and had nephews with whom he lived in Florence, it is most improbable that he was in such poverty as Vasari suggests. Moreover we have a picture by him, dated 1500, in which he shows his fidelity to the doctrines of his master in the faith. It is in the National Gallery of London — a Nativity, known from its long-time possessor, who was likewise its owner at the time when its importance was recognized, as "Fuller Maitland's picture." It is thus described by Sir F. W. Burton in the Catalogue:

> Beneath a thatched penthouse fronting an opening in some white rocks, with a background of distant trees, the Virgin Mother kneels in prayer over the Child, who, reclining against a pack-saddle, looks up towards her, making infantile gestures. St. Joseph is crouched near, as if in sleep. Behind are an ox and an ass feeding from a wicker crib; on the left the three Magi; on the right three shepherds kneel in adoration, attended by angels. Three angels kneel on the thatch of the shed, reading from a book held by the central one. In the rocky foreground three long-robed young men, crowned with myrtle, and three angels, embrace in joy, while demons seek to hide themselves in the crevices of the rocks. High above, the heavens open in a golden glory, and a choir of twelve angels, hand in hand, wheel round in exultant dance, singing, and bearing olive branches and banderoles, with crowns dependent from them. The subject is conceived in a manner highly mystical and symbolical, expressive of the effects of the Advent upon the good and the evil. The color of the robes and the wings of the angels, alternately red, green, and white, are symbolical. Above the picture, on a gray ground, is the following inscription in Greek characters.

This is thus translated by Professor Colvin:

> This picture was painted end of 1500, during the troubles of Italy, by me, Alexander, half the time after the time in which was being accomplished the eleventh chapter of St. John the Evangelist and the second travail of the Apocalypse, and when Satan was loosed on earth for three and a half years. In the end the demon will be chained and trampled under foot as in this picture.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

THE "THREE GRACES," FROM THE "ALLEGORY OF THE SEASONS," BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

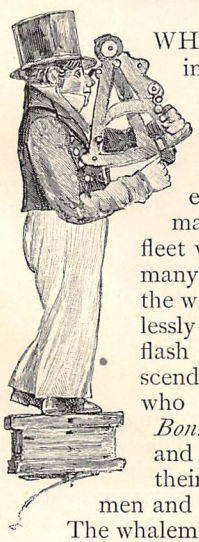
(IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, FLORENCE.)

Of course this refers to the persecution and martyrdom of Savonarola in 1497–98, and the three persons the angels are welcoming are Savonarola, Domenico Buonvicini of Pescia, and Silvestro Maruffi, whose terrestrial mission is designated by little streamers bearing the inscription, "Hominibus bonæ voluntatis." Besides this evidence we know that Botticelli received commissions for madonna pictures to the end of his life, and though they may have been only *bottega* works, executed by his pupils, they would have sufficed to keep him from want. We hear of many pictures painted after 1500. Vasari says that he was crippled and had to walk on crutches in the latter part of his life. This may be a reason why he should have painted little himself, but it is no evidence that he suffered want, and the positive evidence to the contrary is sufficient. His birth is differently stated as in 1446 and 1447, and his death as in 1510 and 1515. He is buried in the tomb of his family at Florence in the church of the Ognissanti.

W. J. Stillman.

STERN OF OLD "LEONIDAS," AT NEW BEDFORD.

THE PERILS AND ROMANCE OF WHALING.[1]



WHENEVER, in any wars in which the United States has been engaged, a sudden increase in its naval force has become necessary, the Government has experienced no difficulty in at once manning the additions to its fleet with native sailors. Indeed many of the seamen who during the war for the Union went fearlessly aloft amid the smoke and flash of naval combat were descendants of the gallant souls who manned the yards of the *Bonhomme Richard*, *Lexington*, and *Constitution*, and were, like their ancestors, American fishermen and whalemen.

The whalemen especially have been the sinews of the American navy. Inured to danger by a calling in which the chances were as desperate as those of battle, they stepped from the whale-boat to the man-of-war simply to face a foe of a different kind. They needed no baptism under fire before they could meet an enemy without flinching, and when they responded to their country's call they grimly applied to each hostile ship the old whaling motto, "Dead whale or stove boat." Such was the spirit of the American whalemen, and it still survives not only among the veterans of the craft but also among their descendants, though the whaling industry itself has dwindled to insignificance.

The Nantucket boy who ties a fork to his mother's darning cotton and then tries to harpoon the cat, yelling, as the latter makes its escape, "Pay out, mother! Pay out! There she sounds through the window!" is certainly worthy of the "boat-steerer" who was his sire. Then, too, we find in the vernacular of the old whaling ports, even among the younger generations, delightful relics of the whalers' idioms. The railroad train "ties up"; a wagon is a "side-wheel craft," and you are requested "to shift to windward" or "leeward" according as the sides need trimming; "Where are you heading for?" is the question invariably asked of you if you are met out walking; you learn

[1] Much of the material for this article was gathered from log-books, old newspapers, and records in the possession of F. C. Sanford of Nantucket, Massachusetts.

AN OLD WHALER.

that your veteran whaleman neighbor of last summer died in the winter "in a flurry"; the farmer "lands" his produce at your "quarter-galleries" (meaning, in this instance, the rear kitchen, but also applied to that modern accessory of feminine attire, the bustle); you are instructed to "douse the glim" on retiring for the night; directed, if you cannot open the post-office door, to try turning the knob to the "westward," and if the door still refuses to yield are informed that probably the postmistress "has battened down the hatches" and gone "gamming." To "gam" means to gossip. The word occurs again and again in the log-books of the old whalers. The uninitiated might suppose it signified merely spinning yarns on the fo'castle. But to the old whaleman it has a far deeper meaning. When the whalemen met on the high seas thousands of miles from home they would lay to, sometimes for hours, captains and crew would exchange visits, letters from and for home be delivered, and the story of the voyages told. That was a "gam." One vessel

often brought to another the first news from home in two years. Meanwhile, however, a year had elapsed since the vessel last from port left her moorings, and at least another year would pass before the homeward-bound crew would sight their native shore. No wonder the young captain, as his home harbor hove in sight, eagerly scanned the crowd upon the wharf through his marine glass until it rested perhaps upon a fair young face full of anxious expectation. Gamming is indeed a relic of one of the most romantic, and perhaps pathetic, phases of the whaler's life. Every vessel that sailed carried messages to relatives and friends thousands of miles away, and every vessel that came to her moorings brought tidings of cheer or sorrow from distant seas. A wife might have the letter which she had written to her husband two years before returned to her, because his vessel had not been spoken —and alas! she had not been spoken by any of the vessels that had returned during the year. Time would only deepen the mystery of her husband's fate, and perhaps the wife would never know whether the ship was cast upon one of the islands of the Pacific and the crew massacred by the savage inhabitants, or split upon a sunken reef and engulfed with all hands; and so she would sit weeping in her lonely chamber while her neighbors made merry over the return of a son, father, lover, or husband, and the streets rang with the songs of happy Jack. Whalemen returning home were liable to find that many changes had taken place during their long voyages. An old whaleman told me that he was obliged to sail on one of his voyages just after his mother's burial, leaving his father bowed down with grief. His vessel was hardly at her moorings three years later before said father slapped him on the back and said, "Alfred, come up to the house an' I 'll introduce you to your mother!"

In many of the old whaling ports one may still hear snatches of "'Round Cape Horn," a song much in vogue in the days when the whaling industry was at its height. Following are a few characteristic stanzas:

I asked a maiden by my side,
Who sighed and looked to me forlorn,
"Where is your heart?" She quick replied,
"'Round Cape Horn."

I said, "I 'll let your fathers know,"
To boys in mischief on the lawn;
They all replied, "Then you must go
'Round Cape Horn."

In fact I asked a little boy
If he could tell where he was born;
He answered, with a mark of joy,
"'Round Cape Horn."

There is no exaggeration in these stanzas. The male population of the old whaling ports was divided into those who were away on a whaling voyage, those who were just returning from one, and those who were preparing to start on one. The youth who had not doubled "the Cape" was considered a nonentity, and had no more chance with the belles of Nantucket, New Bedford, or New London than a non-combatant has with those of a garrison town. Many a bride stepped from her home aboard her husband's whaler for a honeymoon on a three-years' whaling voyage "'round Cape Horn" and then north to the Arctic Ocean; to return perhaps with a toddleskin or two born at sea. For a whaler's wife to have been "'round the Cape" half a dozen times, or even more, was nothing extraordinary. A woman who had no children to keep her at home considered it her duty to share the perils of her husband's calling. One of these at least she could avert. The steward of a whaling vessel was generally some vicious, abandoned fellow who had a pleasant way, if the captain or one of the mates gave him offense, of spicing some dish served at the officers' mess with ground glass or poison. In many other respects the presence of the captain's wife doubtless made life in the cabin and on the quarter-deck more cheerful. I am credibly informed that one vessel, whose captain was usually accompanied by his wife and family, was equipped with a set of croquet which was put up on deck in seasons of calm, though scientific playing could scarcely have taken place on the sloping deck.

As whaling voyages usually lasted several years, and the captain's authority was as absolute as his responsibility was great, the whaling industry with its many perils naturally developed men who seemed born to command — strong, active, and full of strategic resources, and never hesitating to enforce their rights. A better illustration of their proud spirit cannot be given than the encounter in Halifax between Greene, the mate of a Nantucket vessel, and the Duke of Clarence, admiral of the British fleet, and afterwards William IV. The dispute arose over the duke's attentions to a girl, and reached its climax in the Nantucket mate's seizing the future king of England and hurling him downstairs. An eye-witness of the affair was wont in after years to add as a decorative detail that the click of the duke's sword-hilt was heard on every stair. Greene at once went aboard his ship and refused to obey a summons from the admiral, who, it afterwards transpired, had intended to make the plucky Nantucket man an officer in the English navy.

All the strategic resources of a quick, ready mind were often called into play during a

DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

"MANY A BRIDE STEPPED FROM HER HOME ABOARD HER HUSBAND'S WHALER."

whaleman's career, not only in weathering storms and in avoiding destruction of boats and loss of life when attacking whales, but also in escaping massacre from savage islanders and in outwitting pirates. In 1819 the whaleship *Syren*, while on a voyage to the eastward of Cape Horn, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal to all hands but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off one of the Pelew Islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders, who danced about with pain which increased with every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore. Unfortunately in the struggle the mate received an arrow-wound just over one of his eyes, and was obliged to retire from the sea.

The ship *Awashonks* of Falmouth, Prince Coffin, master, touched October 5, 1835, at Ramarik Island, one of the Marshall group. The natives, as was customary, came on board, but not in unusual numbers. About noon, the ship's company being scattered,— three aloft on the lookout for whales, and one watch below,— the natives, who had unnoticed grouped themselves, made a sudden rush for the whaling spades and began a murderous onslaught upon all on deck, killing the captain and the first mate. The third mate escaped by jumping down the fore-hatchway. The natives, being now in possession of the deck, fastened down the hatches and closed the companionway, and the leader took the wheel and headed the ship for the shore. But the men aloft, notwithstanding the horrible butchery they had witnessed, retained sufficient presence of mind to cut the braces, and, the yards swinging freely, the ship lost her steerage-way and slowly drifted towards open water.

Meanwhile those below had worked their way aft to the armory in the cabin, from which they fired with muskets whenever a savage presented a mark. The third mate now ordered a keg of powder up from the run, and a large quantity of its contents was placed on the upper step of the companionway and a train laid to the cabin. Commanding the men to rush on deck the moment of the explosion, regardless of the consequences to him, the mate fired the train. With the crash of timbers were mingled the yells of wounded and mangled savages; and the crew, rushing on deck, swept the terrified islanders overboard. The gallant third mate, Silas Jones, took charge of the ship and brought her home.

A clever ruse was executed at considerable peril in April, 1771, by two Nantucket whaling captains, Isaiah Chadwick and Obed Bunker, whose sloops were lying at anchor in the harbor of Abaco. Observing a ship off the mouth of the harbor signaling for assistance, one of the captains, with a crew composed of men from sloops, went to the stranger's aid. On boarding her the commanding officer welcomed him by presenting a pistol to his head and ordering him to pilot the ship into the harbor. The Nantucket skipper naturally obeyed, but took care to pilot the vessel to an anchorage where a point of land lay between her and the sloops. The whale-boat was then dismissed. The skipper had noticed that all the men on the deck of the ship were armed, while one unarmed man paced the cabin. The Nantucketer, concluding from these circumstances that the ship was in the hands of pirates or mutineers, the man in the cabin being the former captain, straightway devised a plan for recapturing the vessel. An invitation to dine on one of the sloops was extended to the usurping captain. He accepted, and came aboard with the boatswain and the man who had been seen pacing the cabin, whom they introduced as a passenger. At a given signal the usurper was seized and bound, and the actual captain then explained that the crew had mutinied with the intention of becoming pirates. The Nantucketers then promised immunity to the boatswain if he would return to the ship, come back to the sloops with the former mate who was in irons, and aid in recapturing the vessel. They shrewdly intimated that a man-of-war was lying within two hours' sail, from whom they could secure the necessary aid to overpower all resistance, and agreed with him that they would set certain signals when they had obtained help from the war vessel. The boatswain, however, remained away so long that it became evident he had played false. One of the sloops then stood out boldly as if to invoke the aid of the man-of-war. As she approached the ship the mutineers shifted their guns over to the side at which they expected her to pass, and trained them so as to sink her. But the Nantucketer was too clever for them. The sloop suddenly changed her course and swept by on the opposite side before the ship's crew could reshift the guns. Then, standing on her course, she sailed out of sight. She then tacked, and, having set the

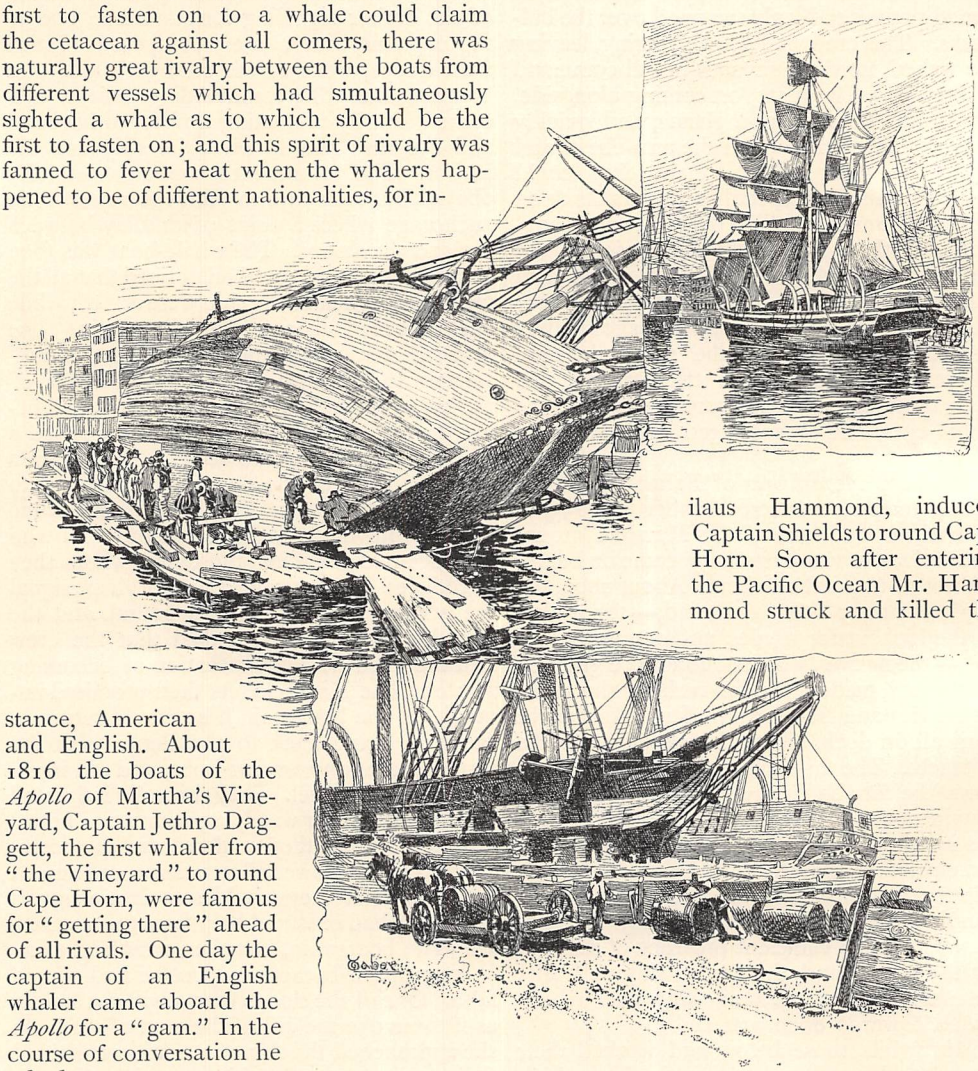
signal agreed on with the boatswain, steered straight for the corsair. When the sloop was sighted from the ship, the crew of the latter, seeing the signal, presumed there was an armed force from the man-of-war aboard the Nantucketer, and precipitately taking to their boats, they fled to the shore, where they were afterwards captured. The whalemen took possession of their prize, released the mate, and sailed the ship to New Providence, where a bounty of $2500 was awarded them.

As the vessel whose boat-steerer was the first to fasten on to a whale could claim the cetacean against all comers, there was naturally great rivalry between the boats from different vessels which had simultaneously sighted a whale as to which should be the first to fasten on; and this spirit of rivalry was fanned to fever heat when the whalers happened to be of different nationalities, for instance, American and English. About 1816 the boats of the *Apollo* of Martha's Vineyard, Captain Jethro Daggett, the first whaler from "the Vineyard" to round Cape Horn, were famous for "getting there" ahead of all rivals. One day the captain of an English whaler came aboard the *Apollo* for a "gam." In the course of conversation he asked:

"Are those the boats that beat everything in these waters?"

"Look at the crew, not the boats!" was Captain Daggett's quick reply.

There has been considerable discussion regarding the ship which struck the first sperm whale in the Pacific Ocean, the honor being claimed for several vessels. It is, however, possible to fix not only upon the first ship but also upon the first person that merits this distinction. Samuel Enderly, a famous London merchant of the last century, having many dealings with the whaling merchants of Nantucket, not infrequently fitted out Nantucket commanders. In 1788 he fitted out James Shields with the ship *Amelia* for the Brazil banks. The *Amelia* arriving on the whaling ground too late in the season, the mate, Archilaus Hammond, induced Captain Shields to round Cape Horn. Soon after entering the Pacific Ocean Mr. Hammond struck and killed the first sperm whale. The *Amelia* was soon filled with oil, and proceeded to Callao, Peru, where she recruited, sailing thence for London, and arriving there in September, 1790.



BITS AROUND NEW BEDFORD.

In June of the same year in which the *Amelia*

"GAMMING."

was fitted out the *Penelope*, of Nantucket, from Dunkirk, was whaling in the Arctic Ocean. Perhaps nothing illustrates better the daring of the American whalemen than the intrepidity with which they pushed their small vessels far into the frozen regions of the North. Over a century ago the *Penelope* reached a point beyond which the best equipped modern Arctic expeditions have been able to penetrate only a little more than one hundred and seventy-five miles. The following entry from the log of the *Penelope* records this remarkable achievement:

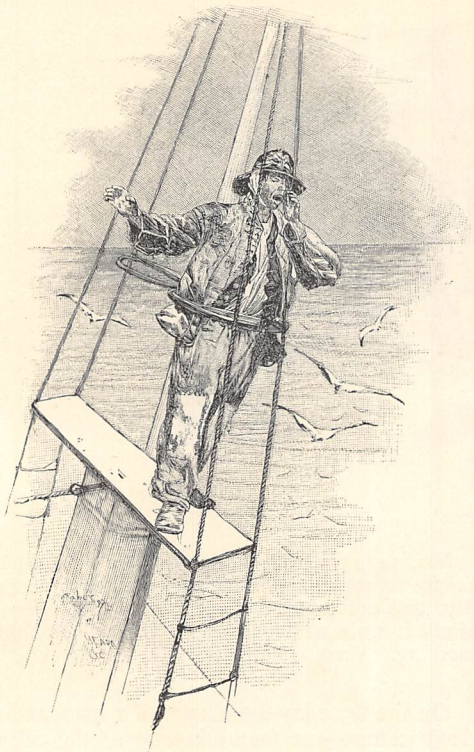
> *Sunday June* 22 day First fresh winds South & a Ruged Sea Plenty of Snow Later Part saw ice to South West of us; Shifted to the Northward but still thick weather; saw a number of ships but no whales. So end this 24 hours. Lat. 79–02.

Perhaps the most thrilling narrative of the perils of Arctic whaling has come down to us from the last century; and while the facts it gives seem beyond the range of the possible, it is so minute in date and detail that to reject it altogether hardly seems justifiable. In August, 1775, runs the story, Captain Warrens, of the whaler *Greenland*, while becalmed among icebergs sighted a vessel with rigging dismantled. She had the appearance of having been a long time deserted. A boat was lowered and pulled for her, and Captain Warrens with part of the crew boarded her. The deck was deserted, but when they descended into the cabin a weird spectacle met their eyes. Seated at the table was the corpse of a man covered with green, damp mold. He held a pen, and before him lay a log-book, this having been the last entry:

> *Nov.* 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief.

On the floor lay the corpse of a man, and a dead woman was found in one of the cabin berths. In the forepart of the vessel dead sailors were discovered, and at the foot of the gangway crouched a boy. No fuel nor provisions were found. The vessel had been frozen in thirteen years. It is difficult to give credence to this tale. But it is current in whaling circles, and old whalemen say they heard it seventy years ago from the veteran whalemen of those days.

Besides the perils of the sea, which in the case of the whalemen — whose cruises often led them into waters never before vexed by the keels of civilized nations and among islands inhabited by savages — were far greater than those which encompassed the ordinary merchantmen, there were the dangers involved in their special vocation. Their huge prey often wrought as great destruction as the hurricane or the ice. Instances are on record where as soon as struck the whale has shown fight, and in turn attacked and splintered the boats about him or smashed them all with one sweep of his tail, crushing and mangling some poor fellow in his jaws. The lurid lithographs depicting scenes of this kind, which were so popular when the whaling industry was at its height, were founded upon well-authenticated instances. A number of these "whaleiana" hang in the "Captains' Room" in the Nantucket custom-house, where the old whaling captains meet to smoke and "gam"; and almost any one of these veterans can give



"THERE SH' BLOWS, BLOWS, BLOWS!"
(RIG ON WHALING SCHOONER.)

the names of the vessels and boat-steerers, and even further details of the tragedies depicted in this art gallery.

The Boston "News Letter" of October 2, 1766, reports a Captain Clark discovering a spermaceti whale near George's Banks. He manned his boat, and gave chase. A son of the captain was forward, ready with the lance. Suddenly the whale came up with its jaws against the bow with such violence that the captain's son was thrown a considerable distance into the air. When he fell, the whale, having turned, caught him in its jaws and made off with him.

The New York "Post Boy" of October 14, 1771, gives the following curious instance. Marshall Jenkins, belonging to a vessel then recently returned to Edgartown, had a singular experience. The boat of which he was one of the crew struck a whale. It turned, bit the boat in two, took Jenkins in its mouth, and went down with him. On rising again it threw him into one part of the boat, and he was rescued with the rest of the crew. Jenkins was a fortnight recovering from his bruises.

In October, 1832, the ship *Hector* of New Bedford raised a whale and lowered for it. The whale at once took the initiative, and struck the mate's boat, staving it badly. The captain's boat then advanced on the whale. The monster turned in an instant, seized the boat in its jaws, held it on end, and shook it to pieces. The mate then offered to lead another attack with a picked crew. But the whale again assumed the offensive, and the order was given to "Stern all!" for life. The cetacean chased the boat for about half a mile, sometimes bringing its jaws together within half a foot of it. At last the mate, who was keenly watching his chance, succeeded, as the whale became somewhat exhausted and turned to spout, in burying his lance in the monster's vitals, killing it almost instantly. On cutting it in two, harpoons belonging to the ship *Barclay* were found; and it was subsequently discovered that the mate of the *Barclay* had been killed by this whale about three months before.

In 1850 Captain Cook, of the bark *Parker Cook* of Provincetown, lowered two boats for a bull sperm whale. The boat-steerer of the first boat got in two irons, but before the boat could be brought head on, the whale broached half way out of water and capsized the craft, the line fouling the boat-steerer's leg and almost severing it from his body. He cut the line and was picked up with the rest of the crew by the other boat, which pulled for the bark, with the whale in pursuit. The whale then attacked the vessel, striking her twice, but was killed before irreparably damaging the bark.

The *Ann Alexander* of New Bedford was sunk by a whale August 20, 1850. The monster had smashed two boats and pursued a third to the ship, at which it then rushed, breaking a large hole through her bottom. All hands were obliged to take to the boats, but fortunately they were rescued before they were brought to the last extremities of starvation. Five months later the whale was taken by the *Rebecca Simms* of New Bedford, two of the *Ann Alexander's* harpoons being found in its carcass.

Less fortunate were the survivors of the whale ship *Essex*, which, like the *Ann Alexander*, was sunk by a whale. The story of her loss and the subsequent sufferings of her crew is one of the darkest tragedies of the ocean, the leading features of which have been preserved in a diary kept by the first mate, Owen Chase, which is in the possession of F. C. Sanford of Nantucket.

The ship *Essex*, Captain George Pollard of Nantucket, sailed August 12, 1819, on a whaling voyage. Nothing of special note occurred until November 16, in latitude 1° 0′ south, longitude 118° west. That afternoon, the boats being in a shoal of whales, the mate's boat was stove in by a whale and returned to the ves-

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

A RACE FOR A WHALE.

sel for repairs; the mate's intention being to nail a piece of canvas over the hole and then to join the other boats at once. Accordingly he turned the boat over upon the quarter, and was in the act of nailing on the canvas when he observed a sperm whale, about eighty-five feet in length, lying about twenty rods off the weather bow. What followed can be best told in the mate's own words:

LANCING A WHALE.

He spouted two or three times and then disappeared. In less than two or three seconds he came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots; the ship was then going with about the same velocity. His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm; but while I stood watching his movements, and observing him but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I involuntarily ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down upon us with full speed, and struck the ship with his head, just forward of the forechains; he gave such an appalling and tremendous jar as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few seconds like a leaf. We looked at each other with perfect amazement, deprived of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside of her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water, apparently stunned with the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute; he then suddenly started off in a direction to leeward. After a few moments' reflection, and recovering, in some measure, from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I of course concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than one minute before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, which scarcely had I despatched before I again discovered the whale, apparently in convulsions, on top of the water, about one hundred rods to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam of the sea that his continual and violent thrashing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him smite his jaws together as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great velocity across the bows of the ship to windward. By this time the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up for lost. I however ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and endeavored to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with the intention of clearing them away and getting all things ready to embark in them if there should be no other resource left; and while my attention was thus engaged for a moment I was aroused with the cry of a man at the hatchway: "Here he is! He is making for us again!" I turned around, and saw him about one hundred rods directly ahead of us, coming down apparently with twice his ordinary speed, and to me, at that moment, it appeared with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The surf flew in all directions about him, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam a rod in width, which he made with the continual violent thrashing of his tail; his head was about half out of water, and in that way he came upon, and again struck, the ship. He struck her to windward, di-

rectly under the cathead, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him.

The mate cut the spare boat adrift, and had no sooner launched her than the ship fell over on her beam ends, full of water. The captain and the second mate had observed that some sudden catastrophe had befallen the ship, and their boats had now come upon the scene of the disaster. The vessel's masts were cut away and she partly righted. Precious use was made of this opportunity to secure provisions, water, and a few nautical instruments, and the gunwales of the boats were built up six inches with light cedar boards. The boats left the ship November 22, latitude 13′ north, longitude 120° west, about 1000 miles from land, and shaped their course south-southeast. The allowance of food was one biscuit and half a pint of water a day per man, and about the 16th of December this was reduced one-half. The day being very hot, relief was sought by bathing in the sea, and barnacles being discovered on the bottom of the boats, these were scraped off and eagerly devoured. December 20 land was seen, and one can readily imagine the feelings with which these half-starved wretches hailed the sight. But their joy was short lived. It was Ducie's Island, barren of everything but small patches of peppergrass and a spring, which was discovered on the 22d, and of which some of the men drank so copiously as to endanger their lives. December 27 the island was abandoned by all but three of the crew, who preferred remaining there rather than to endure sufferings like those they had just passed through. The boats remained together until January 12, 1820, when they were separated by a storm.

Under date of January 14 Chase makes this entry in his journal:

> We were as yet just able to move about in our boats and slowly perform the necessary labors appertaining to her; but we were fast wasting away with the relaxing effects of the water, and we daily almost perished under the torrid rays of a meridian sun; to escape which we would lie down in the bottom of the boat, cover ourselves with the sails, and abandon her to the mercy of the waves. Upon attempting to rise again the blood would rush into the head and an intoxicating blindness come over us, almost to occasion our suddenly falling down again.

By January 20 they were reduced to a still more wretched condition.

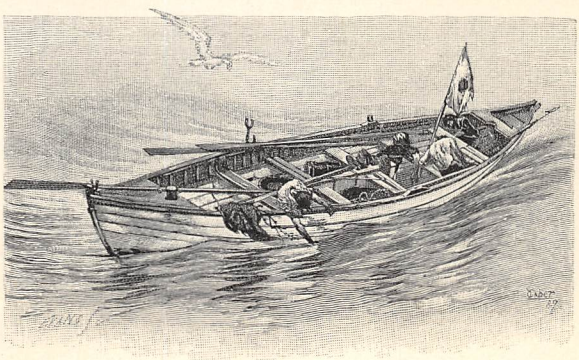
> We were now hardly able to crawl around the boat. Our ounce and a half of bread, which was to serve us all day, was in some cases greedily devoured, as if life was to continue but another moment; and at other times it was hoarded up and eaten crumb by crumb, at regular intervals during the day, as if it was to last us forever.

As if in mockery of their starving condition, Chase dreamed that a rich repast was placed before him, and just as he was about to partake of it he awoke, all the more ravenous for his dream.

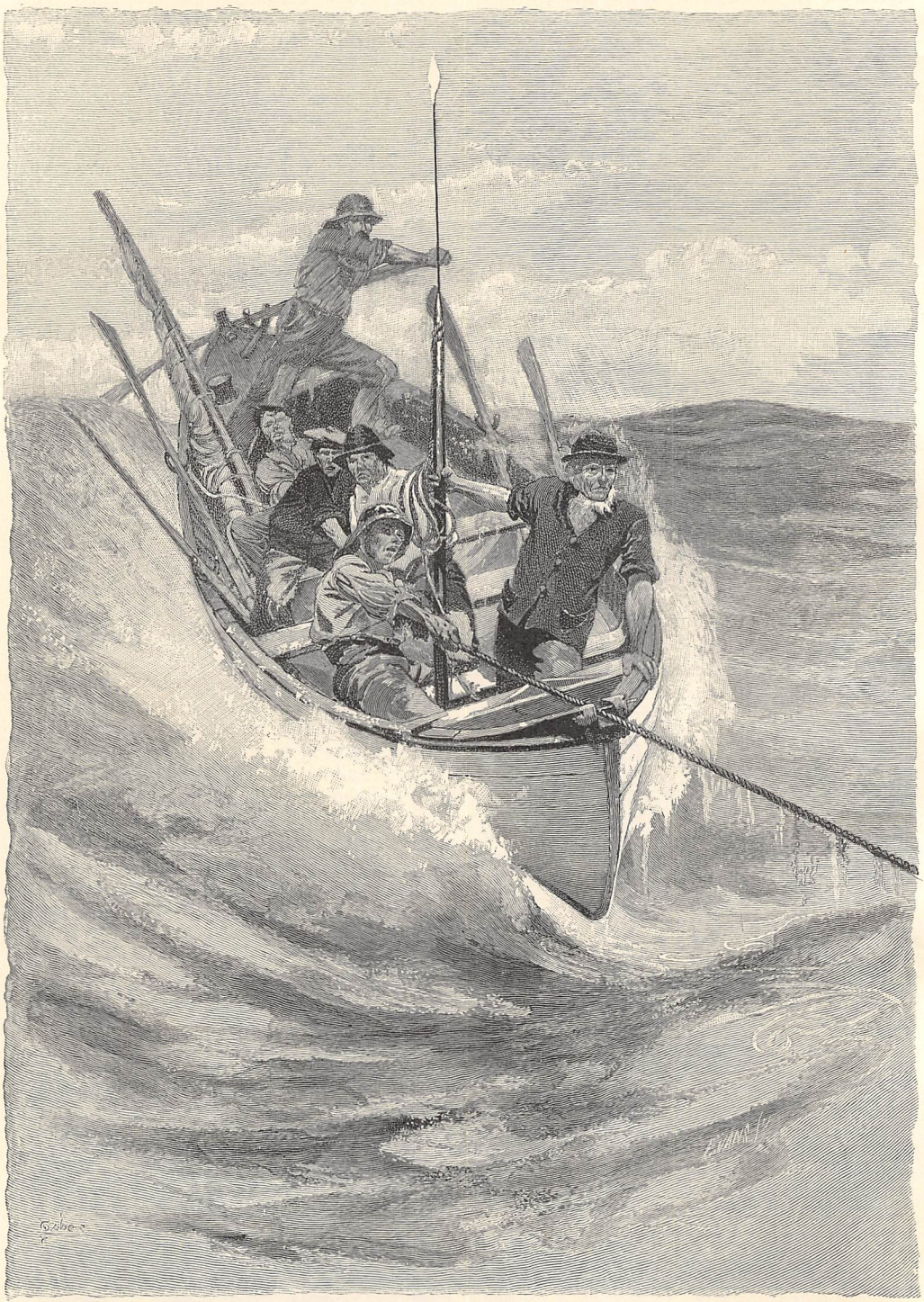
February 8 they sank so low that speech and reason seemed to be impaired. One of the crew, Isaac Cole, went mad outright, hoisted the jib, cried out that he would not give up, that he would live as long as any of them, and then collapsed. At this point of their sufferings Chase suggested that Cole's body should serve as food. His companions, seeing therein the only hope of prolonging their life, agreed. "We separated his limbs from his body," writes Chase, "and cut all the flesh from the bones; after which we opened the body, took out the heart, and then closed it again, sewed it up as decently as we could, and committed it to the sea. We now first commenced to satisfy the immediate cravings of nature from the heart; after which we hung up the remainder, cut in thin strips, about the boat to dry in the sun; we made a fire and roasted some of it, to serve us during the next day."

Thus they sustained life till February 15. They were then down to almost the last morsel of bread. In this extremity, at seven o'clock on the morning of February 18, there was a cry of "Sail ho!" The vessel proved to be the brig *Indian* of London. The men were rescued, carefully tended, and in a few days were considerably recruited. They were picked up in latitude 33° 45′ south, longitude 81° 3′ west, after having been in open boats nearly three months. February 25 they arrived at Valparaiso.

The captain's boat, the two survivors in it raving with hunger and exhaustion, was picked up in latitude 37° south, off the island of St.



A LOST BOAT.



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

FAST TO A WHALE.

Mary, by the whale-ship *Dauphin*, which reached Valparaiso the 17th of March. The second mate's boat became separated from the captain's on the 28th of January. No trace of it was ever found. Before the separation the provisions were exhausted and life was sustained by cannibalism, the flesh of three negroes who had died of exhaustion being divided between the two boats. On the 1st of February, after the mate's boat had been lost sight of, the captain and the three other men with him found themselves once more without a mouthful of food in their boat. They then deliberately drew lots to see who should die and who should be the executioner. It fell upon Owen Coffin to die and upon Charles Ramsdale to slay him. Coffin was a cousin of Captain Pollard, and the latter begged Ramsdale to kill him instead of the doomed man. But Coffin refused to allow the sacrifice. On the 11th of February Barzilla Ray died, leaving Captain Pollard and Ramsdale the only survivors. Of the crew of the mate's boat two survived besides Chase himself. Twenty all told had left the *Essex* in the three boats. The three men who remained on Ducie's Island were rescued by an English vessel. They too had endured terrible suffering, and when rescued were almost too weak to talk. The story of the *Essex's* loss and of the dire necessity to which the survivors were reduced preceded Captain Pollard to Nantucket. Eye-witnesses of the scene on his return say that the cliffs and wharves were lined with spectators and that he walked to his home through an awe-struck, silent crowd. Five months from home on his next voyage, in the *Two Brothers*, he ran her on a reef and she proved a total loss. He then retired from the sea and died in 1870, eighty-one years old. Owen Chase, however, was invariably fortunate on his subsequent voyages.

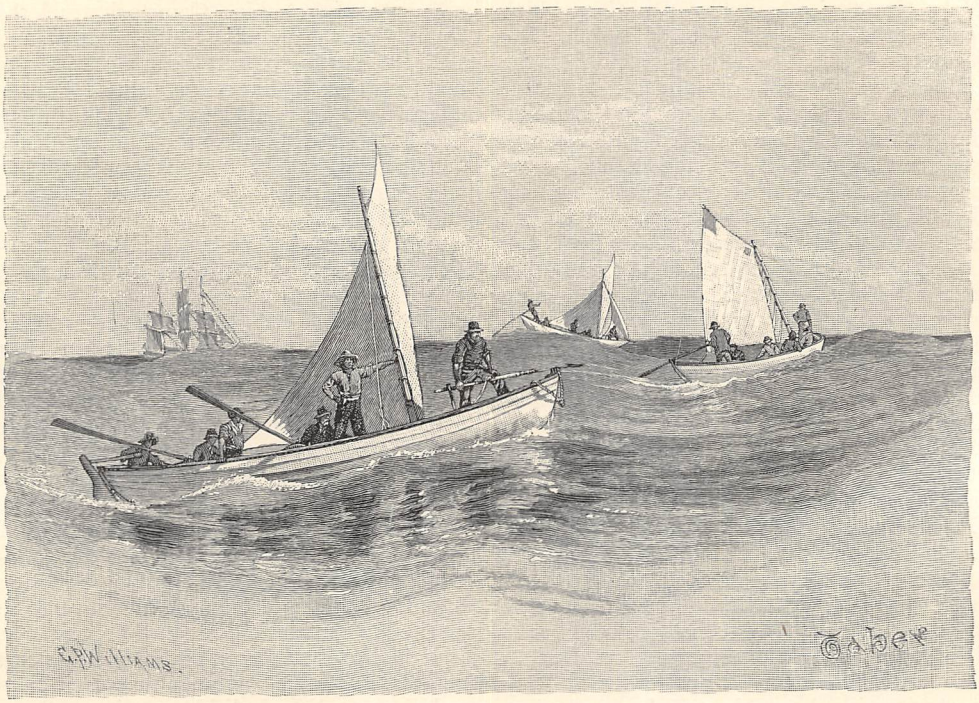
Another tragic chapter in the history of the whaling industry was the mutiny on the *Globe*, Captain Thomas Worth, which cleared from Edgartown, December 15, 1822. She doubled Cape Horn about March 5, 1823, and stood to the northward. Nothing unusual occurred until nearly a year later. What then happened has been described in a journal kept by two of the crew, William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey, a copy of which, believed to be the only one in existence, is in the possession of Mr. Sanford.

Among the *Globe's* boat-steerers was Samuel B. Comstock. The night of January 25, 1824, Comstock had the second watch with the waist-boat's crew. The captain was asleep in a hammock suspended in the cabin because his stateroom was warm. During the watch Comstock and Silas Payne of Sag Harbor, armed respectively with an ax and a boarding-knife, entered the cabin. Comstock struck the captain with the ax, killing him instantly, and called to Payne to kill the mate with the boarding-knife. Payne made a thrust, but the mate awoke and seized Comstock by the throat, at the same time knocking the light out of the boat-steerer's hand. Comstock gasped that he had dropped the ax. Payne picked it up and handed it to the boat-steerer, who struck the mate on the head. The latter fell in the pantry and was there despatched by Comstock, while Humphreys, the negro steward, held the light. Comstock then locked the second and third mates, Lumbert and Fisher, in their staterooms, left a watch in the cabin, and went on deck to get another lamp at the binnacle and to load two muskets to which bayonets were fixed. Against Fisher he had a special grudge, as he had been thrown by the third mate a few days before in a wrestling match, and he first fired through the door in the direction of Fisher's berth. He then broke into the stateroom and made a pass at Lumbert, but, losing his footing, fell. Lumbert seized him, but he managed to free himself. Meanwhile, however, Fisher had wrested the gun from the mutineer; but on Comstock's assurance that their lives would be spared he foolishly gave it up. Comstock no sooner had the weapon in his hand than he ran Lumbert through the body and deliberately shot Fisher. The bodies of the two men were then thrown into the sea, though enough life was left in Lumbert for him to cling to the sheer plank and make efforts at swimming after he lost his hold. Comstock ordered out a boat to finish Lumbert; but no one making a move to obey, he countermanded the order.

Within less than a month every one of the mutineers met a violent death. January 27 Comstock caught the negro steward, William Humphreys, loading a pistol. Questioned regarding his action, he replied that he had overheard two of the crew, Kidder and Smith, plotting to retake the ship. They denying this, a trial was ordered for the next morning. It took place before a jury of two, Comstock acting as judge. The following was his charge:

> It appears that William Humphreys has been accused guilty of a base and treacherous act, in loading a pistol for the purpose of shooting Mr. Payne and myself. Having been tried, the jury will now give in their verdict whether guilty or not guilty. If guilty, he shall be hanged to a studding-sail boom rigged out eight feet upon the foreyard; but if found not guilty, Smith and Kidder shall be hanged upon the aforementioned gallows.

Of course the negro was found guilty. When the gallows was rigged and the noose adjusted Comstock announced that one bell would be the signal for the execution, and told Hum-



SOUNDING.

phreys he had but fourteen seconds longer to live. "Little did I think I was born to come to —" began the unhappy man, when the bell struck and he was swung off.

About February 13 the vessel came to anchor off one of the Malgrave Islands, and there being no harbor, a supply of provisions was conveyed ashore on a raft constructed of spare spars. Comstock then issued the following pronunciamento, which was sealed in black by the mutineers and in blue and white by the others:

> If any one sees a sail and does not report it immediately, he shall be put to death. If any one refuses to fight a ship, he shall be put to death; and the manner of their death shall be this: they shall be bound hand and foot and boiled in the try-pots of boiling oil.

While Comstock pitched camp ashore he left the ship in charge of Payne. On the 16th of February Payne sent word to Comstock to stop making presents to the natives. The boat-steerer, however, not only continued doing so, but even went off with a party of islanders. Payne then came ashore and stationed sentinels around the camp; and the next day, when Comstock appeared, Payne and Oliver shot him, Payne afterwards despatching him with an ax. He was sewed up in canvas and buried; and, what seems perhaps as extraordinary a perversion of religious rites as was ever recorded, a chapter from the Bible was read over the grave, the ceremony ending with the discharge of a musket.

The same day Payne placed the ship in charge of a crew of six. The following morning it was discovered that they had sailed away under cover of night.[1] There now remained on the island Silas Payne, John Oliver, Thomas Lilliston, Rowland Coffin, Columbus Worth, Rowland Jones, Joseph Brown, Cyrus M. Hussey, and William Lay. On the 20th of February, Payne and Oliver, who had been visiting the natives, brought two women back to camp with them. One of them fled the next morning, but Oliver and Lilliston set out and recaptured and flogged her. On the 22d it was discovered that a hatchet and chisel had been stolen. A native who during the day brought back the chisel was put in irons. The next day Payne and the crew went to the village, where they found the hatchet. As they were returning with it the Indians pursued them and attacked them with stones, overtaking and killing Rowland Jones. Payne then halted and began a consultation with one of the chiefs, in the midst of which the savages with sudden whoops fell upon the crew and butchered all but Lay and Hussey, sparing these two for reasons which they were never

[1] They reached Valparaiso, where they reported the mutiny and their escape. The *Globe* was placed in command of a Captain King, who took her to Nantucket.

able to learn. Lilliston and Brown fell within six feet of them, and Worth was speared by an old woman. Lay and Hussey remained on the island until December 29, 1825, when they were rescued by the United States schooner *Dolphin*, Commander Percival.

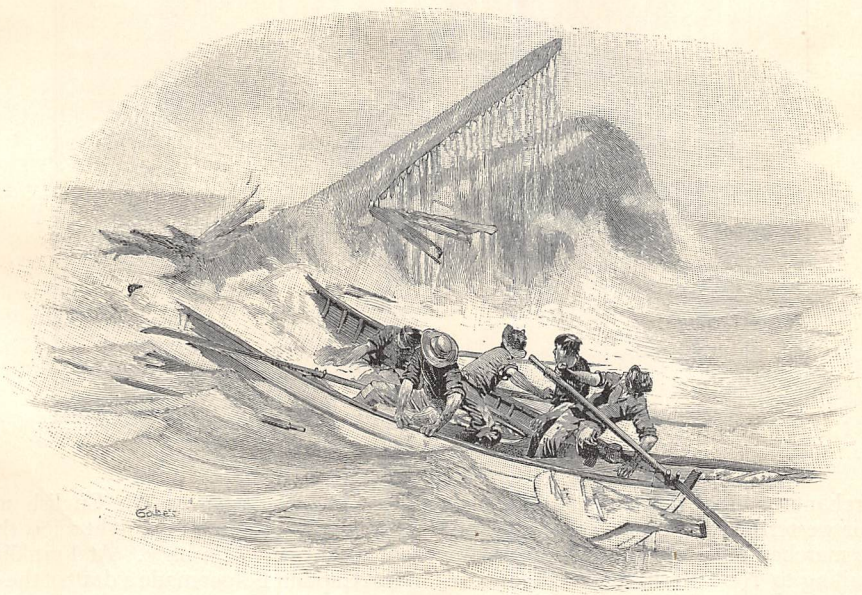
The whaling business was always more or less speculative. The returns from some famous voyages would be considered large even in these days of vast enterprises and corresponding profits. The whalemen of New London claim that *The Pioneer* of their city made the most profitable voyage of any American whaler. She sailed from New London, June 4, 1864, for the Davis Straits and Hudson's Bay fishery. September 18, 1865, she returned with 1391 barrels of whale oil and 22,650 pounds of bone, valued, at the current prices, at $150,060.

Another remarkable voyage was that of the *Envoy* of New Bedford, Captain Walker. In 1847 she had been condemned and sold to be broken up. But her purchaser fitted her up, and, although the underwriters declined to insure her, sent her to sea the following year. The result of the voyage was whale oil and bone to the value of $132,450, the vessel herself being sold at San Francisco for $6000. She was fitted out at an expense of about $8000.

An American whaler was the first vessel to display the Stars and Stripes in an English port. When peace was proclaimed between Great Britain and the United States in 1783 the *Bedford* had just returned to Nantucket from a voyage. She was immediately loaded with oil and despatched to London.

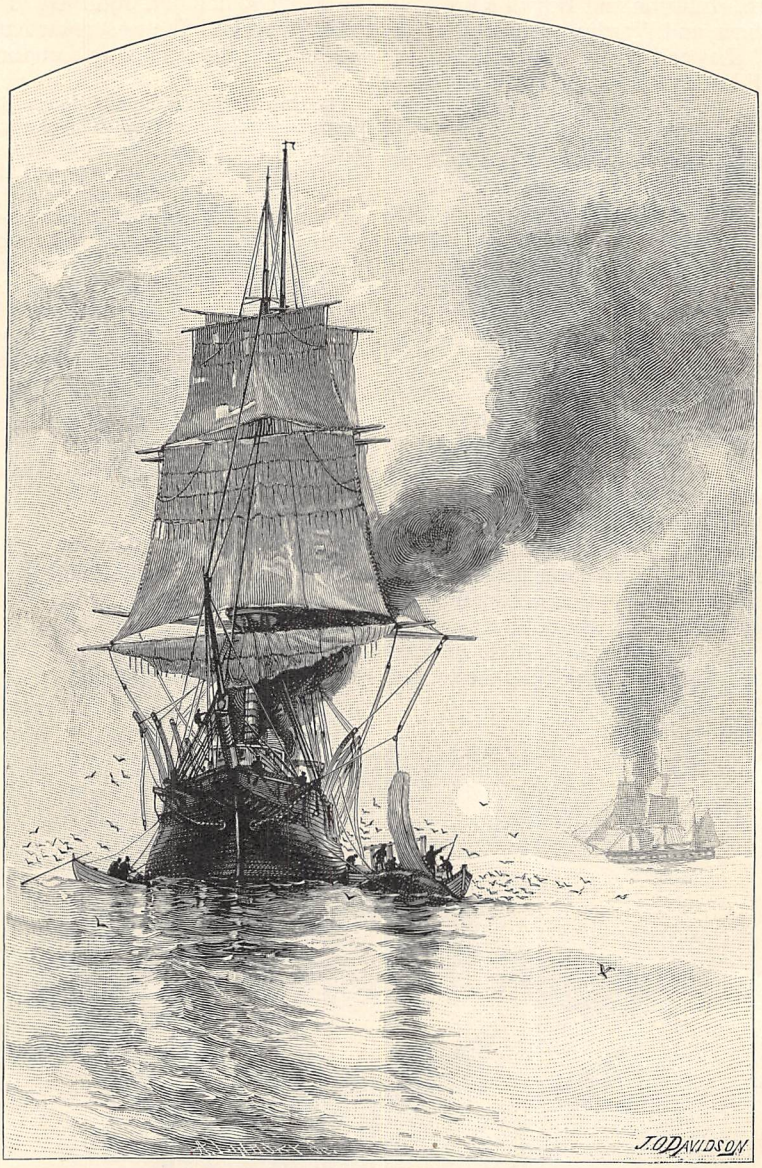
The ship *Bedford*, Captain Mooers, belonging to Massachusetts [says an English magazine of the time], arrived in the Downs the 3d of February, passed Gravesend the 4th, and was reported at the custom-house the 6th inst. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the commissioners of the customs and the lords of council, on account of the many acts of Parliament yet in force against the rebels in America. She is loaded with 467 butts of whale oil, is American built, manned wholly by American seamen, wears the rebel colors, and belongs to the island of Nantucket in Massachusetts. This is the first vessel which displayed the thirteen rebellious stripes of America in any British port. The vessel lies at Horsleydown, a little below the Tower, and is intended immediately to return to New England.

There is a tradition that one of the *Bedford's* crew was a hunchback. An English tar, meeting him, struck him on the hunch and asked coarsely: "Hello, Jack! What have you got there?" "Bunker Hill, and be d——d to you," was the breezy reply.



CUT IN TWO.

Hundreds of islands in the Pacific Ocean were discovered and charted by whalemen. Wilkes and Perry were much indebted to these hardy pioneers, and Maury was in constant communication with them while preparing his work on ocean currents. When Benjamin Franklin was in London he was questioned



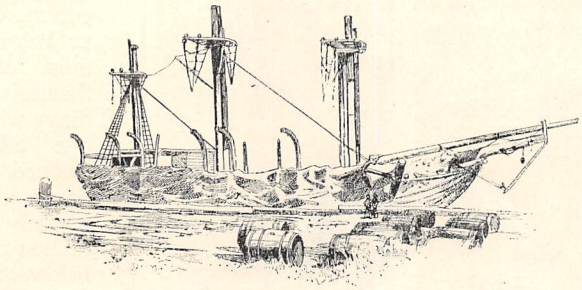
WHALERS TRYING OUT.

by merchants as to the difference in time made on their westerly voyages between the Rhode Island merchantmen and those English captains sailing to New York, the average variation being somewhat like a fortnight in favor of the former. Captain Folger of Nantucket, a relative of Franklin, being then in London, the doctor consulted him. He explained that the Rhode Island captains being nearly all former whalemen, and thoroughly acquainted with the course of the Gulf Stream from having whaled for many years along the edges of it, they had learned the advantage to be gained by avoiding it; whereas the English masters stemmed it, although in a light wind the current would set them back. At Franklin's request Captain Folger made a draft of the course of the Gulf Stream, which is substantially the same as that found on the charts of the present day.

The whaling industry has dwindled to insignificance, and modern appliances for killing the cetacean have robbed it of most of its perilous and romantic features. What has become of the vast fleet of vessels whose keels once vexed the waters of every known sea?

During the California gold fever hundreds of them entered the harbor of San Francisco never to set sail again; a goodly number lie with the famous "stone fleet" at the bottom of Charleston harbor; thirty-four were destroyed by the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah;* and, saddest of all, many lie rotting in rows along the wharves of our old whaling ports. Such is "the end of the song."

Gustav Kobbé.



WORN OUT.

THE EMANCIPATION OF JOSEPH PELOUBET.

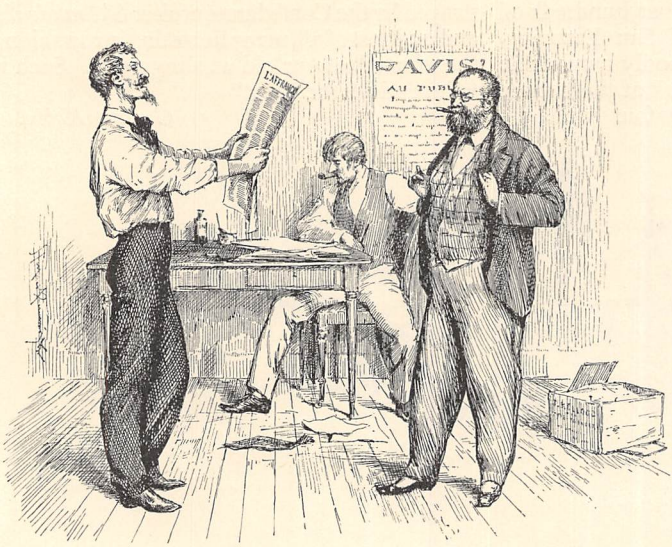
DO not know how far I should go back into Joseph Peloubet's life. It began far back in his ancestral line, before the French Revolution; cropping out only, in body, when Joseph was born and grew up to maturity, about the middle of this century. His was one of those hearts that subsist on love. But he was born with a dense skull-cap over his heart; which was perfectly natural, as there was no one of Joseph's ancestors who had any mind worth speaking of. His grandsire had baked bread in Paris, back in 1790. But he had baked it over the fires of the Revolution as much as over the embers that warmed his ovens. And Joseph's father had baked bread, and gone his way in due time. And Joseph had baked bread; and there was none better baked in Paris. But that was not a half of Joseph Peloubet's existence. The sky stretched over him, and the pavements of Paris were under his feet, and between them was humanity—and that was Peloubet's chief business.

Louis Philippe's reign was a cloud across the Peloubet sky. Why should there be any monarch? Were not the people chief,—the first and the last,—and could not they take care of themselves? So there was a vein of gray in all the bread that Peloubet baked under that Louis Philippe régime, and Peloubet was uneasy. He was more than a stripling then, having grown to be nearly thirty, but unmarried still; the affairs of the world occupied him too deeply for him to take thought of a fireside of his own.

Well, the cloud broke finally. The day of revolution came; 1848 was a glorious year! Louis Philippe went away, and the Republic of France appeared again. Again France was an angel of liberty to the world! Those were great days—with French troops in Italy in the cause of freedom, and France trembling with its spiritual thrill. Then the heart of Peloubet leaped. Then he felt himself fitted to the world.

He was active in the revolution; and when the republic of 1848 was established he went about proud of his citizenship, intensely a member of the state. The sun shone then!

But who ever heard of clear skies continuing? Peloubet no sooner settled down to his baking again (and baking was less of a drudgery in a republic than under a king)—he had hardly settled down and become well confined in his workaday groove, when lo! one fine morning, Louis Napoleon had suddenly turned in one night from President into Emperor, and the Republic of France had disappeared!



"THE CRY OF 'L'AFFRANCHI!' RANG UP TO THEIR EARS."

No one knew how it happened. But in that one night the hair of many a citizen-patriot of France turned gray. There was no help for it. They kicked and struggled a little, until the blood was squeezed out of a few of them in the streets of Paris, and then all was quiet.

Peloubet was up in arms. He was in the streets, hot and rampant. Who had dared to subvert the Republic? He escaped with his life, but barely. He was aghast to see France change so. When, finally, Napoleon ordered a plebiscitum to ascertain whether the French people wished the Empire or not, and when the vote was seven to one in favor of it, then Joseph Peloubet's political heart was broken. France had been unworthy. In a disgust that overspread his love of his country he left France and came to America — to New York.

He had left an empire to come to a republic; in order, not specifically to earn the living which he could earn anywhere, but to live in a republic. But even here there was work for such as Peloubet to do. The existence of slavery in the republic of the United States of America had weighed on Mazzini almost as heavily as the grievances of Italy did. That was the phase that we presented to those European republicans at that time; that of a free state wearing the badge of slavery. We should not be worthy of existence till that was gone. What should Peloubet do, then, upon his arrival, but, associating two or three kindred spirits with himself, start a French newspaper in the interest of the abolition of slavery.

There was a great time when the paper first appeared. Out of a couple of dingy windows on Valentyne street stuck a couple of poles, from one fluttering the Stars and Stripes, and from the other the tricolor of France — fluttering out in the breeze of that bright summer afternoon. The editors, who were all as poor as Peloubet, and had done most of the type-setting themselves, sat behind the dingy windows around their one editorial table and smoked their pipes, their hearts hot and their hands scarcely free from the black of their printing work; while below, on the pavements, the first sheets of the journal were heralded for sale by the small boys of the news world, and the cry of "L'Affranchi!" rang up to their ears.

But, for all these editors said, for all "L'Affranchi" fluttered here and there weekly over the streets of New York and was to be found on the tables of every French restaurant and *boutique* in the city, slavery flourished and continued. The editors received the fellowship hand of their brother abolitionists, and they felt a certain belonging to America. But the world is the world, and America is commercial as well as republican; and the ink and paper of "L'Affranchi" had to be paid for, whether it was in the interests of freedom or not; and the rent had to be settled; and the day came finally when there was no more money in the till, and none in the pockets of the editors. "L'Affranchi" exploded. The sheriff came in and took possession and sold out its equipment for the small balances of debt it owed; and the editors, with hands in their pockets, looked at one another blankly; and the dingy windows were closed and signs of "To Let" put up; and the flags went with the rest of the stuff sold by the sheriff; and you might whistle all night on the pavements under the old shop and no "L'Affranchi" would come back; and the mouths of the newsboys were forever dumb to the cry of "L'Affranchi"; and the world went on just the same.

"L'Affranchi" was dead; and dead the hearts of its disinterested, ardent editors. And this America was a queer country and this world a queer world, where love for your brethren found no chance to speak, and the almighty dollar opened or shut your mouth according as you had or had not that dollar; and the human heart-beat, after all, was fast in the grip of money. How was it any better

than Imperial France? And now the *world* was closed to Peloubet's energy.

Meanwhile Joseph had married. Down in King James street there was an old French bakery, where Pierre and Matilde Sanchet had long baked bread. In those days, when New York was a more homely place, the rumor of the Sanchet bread had spread beyond the neighborhood of King James street. There was none better in the city. Thither, as if good baker were somehow drawn to good baker, Peloubet had drifted in a social way, and was on very good terms with the elder Sanchets and with their daughter Marie. But he was not to those people a baker. He wore the tinsel of editorship, and "L'Affranchi" threw a luster about him. He was indeed a bright fish to be swimming about in those King James street waters, and he caught the eye of Marie with his gay colors. To that small, honest, industrious French world it was something like the visitation of an angel to have the editor of a philanthropic, warm-hearted, broad-minded sheet like "L'Affranchi" come to them, and laugh and talk by their fireside and report the episodes of the editorial world and expound the great doctrine of human brotherhood. Then old Pierre and Matilde would nod their heads in approval, and bend forward listening, and fix their eyes on the speaker in a vain attempt to follow him in his flights of Christian statecraft. But Marie did not so much admire him as she beheld in him the possibility of a more advantageous match than most of the girls of her acquaintance had made. For Marie was ambitious; Joseph could make her a sort of queen in the editorial world. Less simple, under our American education, than her old parents were, under their French training, honest, faithful work was not enough for her; she must shine. It was a notable event, a distinguished little marriage, when Joseph — "L'Affranchi" then fluttering its best — led her to the altar and made her Marie Peloubet.

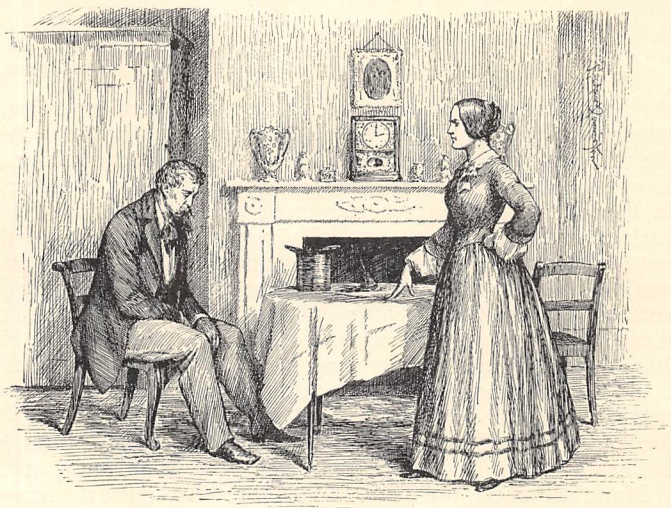
Marie was living in lodgings with her husband when "L'Affranchi" exploded. It was a memorable night when Peloubet, the editor, came home without any paper, without any office, without any money. Marie's eyes flashed; they were dark eyes, not too large. She resented Joseph's failing, resented it against him. He had deceived her in some way. She was to have been an editor's wife, an adjunct of "L'Affranchi," bearing a social dignity, possessing a certain civil weight. Now here was Joseph before her, helpless. The vacuity of his mind was in his face now; his head, his arms, drooping, as if there was nothing any more for him to take hold of, to look at. Empty-handed, occupationless Joseph, an utter failure! Vanished "L'Affranchi"! How little it had been was now apparent. "I am sorry," said Joseph, humbly.

Marie did not reply. In pent-up anger she walked up and down the room, her lips compressed. Once in a while there was a fierce look flung on silent, halting Joseph. There was energy in her movement; she had a keener mind than Joseph. In subjection and respect until this moment, she was now contemptuous and reviling. She saw the wreck, the nothingness ahead of them on the editorial line. The shining in society — she gulped down that disappointment. Before the evening was over, she was the master. "Joseph," said she severely, "this play is over. We go to work now. You bake again."

Joseph groaned in spirit, but said nothing. He was in the hands of any one who was better fitted than he was to come to a money-getting adjustment with the world.

"To-morrow," continued Marie, "we move out of this place."

Joseph groaned again, as he looked around



"YOU BAKE AGAIN."

on all their cozy little arrangements for "light housekeeping"; cheap articles, purchased judiciously for their married start in life; nothing fine; all the fine things of life had been ahead of them; they would start humbly, discreetly. The rickety new clock on the mantelpiece, with its rattling clangor of striking;

"WHY HE WAS NOT KILLED NO ONE KNOWS."

the figured, enameled cloth covering the table where they ate and where Joseph wrote too; the strips of carpet on the floor where feet were most; the rows, very short rows, of crockery in their little cupboard; a tear crept up to each of the honest editor's eyes. Ah! we cannot love our race, even injudiciously and not worldly-wisely, without having natures that come to tears on occasion: if Joseph had loved it otherwise, he would not have softened now. But he did not cry. All the powers on earth could not have made him shed a drop before that wrathful, concentrated wife. The moisture was remanded to the abysses of the Peloubet heart.

Marie still paced the room. "We move tomorrow," she repeated; "and we go—to Monsieur and Madame Sanchet."

The husband comprehended the scheme. Monsieur and Madame Sanchet decrepit, dying before long; Monsieur and Madame Peloubet stepping in and taking the work off their hands now, and afterward the whole, the business; and—a life of baking! Peloubet was in consternation; unless, unless—a hope fluttered across Joseph's heart—unless, some time in the future there would be a loophole, a way out; watching one's chances, perhaps it would come, a release, a change. He brightened up. There would be a secure living now anyway, and hope for the future. He could keep all his thoughts in his mind just the same. The aim could remain, and no fear of hunger by the way. "All right, Marie!" he cried out, his face smiling; and he went and took her hand and would have danced joyously about the room in his exultation, leading her; but she stood fixed in her place, not a trace of light in her features, her lips still compressed, and an unfriendly, unresponsive eye on Joseph. To knock a queen—one imagining herself to become such—off her future throne, and then expect light and love instead of sharp, hard, black eyes and a thunder-cloud of a face, and a heart too—how simple Joseph was!

The little baggage of the defunct editorial household was next day conveyed to No. 40 King James street. Joseph and Marie went along the sidewalk, carrying the more tender of their household effects—Joseph with the

clangorous, rattling clock on his arm. She bore herself to him as to a dog at her heels. It was, "Joseph, do this!" and "Joseph, do that!" He obeyed. His rule and lead were ended. Madame was now the engineer of the machine that was to provide sustenance; that is the first thing, sustenance. Who gets that is chief.

Madame Peloubet had already made the arrangement with her parents. It was a god-send to the old couple to have Marie and her husband with them. "Ah! good morning, Joseph! Good morning, Marie!" That was the greeting, with many infirm noddings of the gray heads, and bright smiles. But Marie was cold even to smiles from them. Joseph would have been bright, but glancing timidly at his wife he fell into the shadow of her fury and was still.

Marie took it upon herself to rule forthwith. She was in command everywhere in the bakery. The old people slid off their pedestals of authority as easily as possible, becoming obscured and commercially inanimate under this influx of energy. Joseph donned his baker's apron. He hustled his pans in and out and around inside of the oven in a sort of somnambulistic state at first, acting from habit. Only after awhile did the blood creep out to his fingers' ends, did he become a conscious agent in keeping the Peloubet *ménage* afloat. But then it was with a hardened heart. His close-cropped, curly hair, his mustache, his imperial, became iron-gray. Streaks of wrinkles ran down his jaws. His brow stiffened; his eye grew less soft; it became keen, piercing, in its look upon the world; silence more and more came to him.

Madame stationed herself behind the counter in the shop. She took charge of everything; managed the business — looked out for the trade, kept the accounts, the key to the till, made the bank deposits herself; Joseph did not even know in whose name the account was kept. She gave him no confidences, only orders. Outside, with her old acquaintances,— women, not men,— she drove the world almost dashingly, with many a laugh.

The old couple of Sanchets, acquiescing comfortably in their enforced abdication, sat together, side by side — the mother Sanchet, pink and clean in her caps, knitting; father Sanchet with his staff between his knees, his hands on its knob, surveying distantly all the stir of the house, his mouth agape, all material problems become complex and difficult to him; watching closer by, perhaps, the dawn that was spreading now to the west of his long life. As long as they lived there was an oasis in Joseph's desert. He was kind to them. It was nothing like his original occupation of freeing the world, indeed; but it was a chance for his heart to grope out. Marie knew nothing about it.

But the old couple died at last. Then there was nothing soft in the Peloubet household; nothing but fierce Marie and the bread and the money.

One day Joseph shoved into the shop-door, before him, a small boy, with waving auburn hair that ought to have been cut, with rosy cheeks, muddy with dried tear rivulets, with brown eyes, and with grimy paws. Joseph halted as he closed the door, and the boy stood abashed. Marie was behind the counter. Joseph took off his hat.

"What now?" demanded Marie, sharply.

"This boy," said he, pointing. "He might do, eh? — carry bread, Marie?"

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Jacques Brisson." Joseph carried it off bravely. He could not have endured, he would have been ashamed, to tell Marie how he came to bring him. Joseph had found him in the depths of misery, sitting on the curb-stone, crying. Somebody had stolen his newspapers. Perhaps there was some history of an uphill battle for life, which the little heart felt but could not tell. This last loss of his newspapers seemed to have worn out the six-year-old spirit. Joseph stood by, considering — Joseph the world-befriender. "Where is your home?" The boy shook his head. No home, no anything but homelessness. The despair of childhood is great. It touched Peloubet; at that moment he cast in his lot with the youngster; only death could have dragged him away from him then. He took the little fellow's hand in his and said: "Come with me. What is your name?"

"Jacques Brisson."

"Come with me, Jacques; I have some work for you."

And Jacques, without a question, followed him, as a starving kitten follows whoever is kind to it in the street. But what should Joseph say to Marie? He knew that she would not tolerate Brisson as an object of charity. Wait! she wanted some one to carry bread. Joseph looked at the lad. Jacques was small. But Joseph was equal to the occasion. When he pushed Jacques inside the door and had spoken, and Marie looked down at the child, Joseph tipped her the wink and said, "He is cheap." That settled it.

"I don't care," she remarked.

Joseph took him to the kitchen and washed him, and took him upstairs the back way, and in the garret rigged a place for him to sleep.

So Joseph got another object into the house in place of the old people, to keep his heart and his hearth warm. But, as for the hearth, the baker usually went of evenings now across

the street to that famous restaurant of Kleindorf's and there read journals of the old world and the new, taking his cognac with his pipe, thinking; his thinking passing into bousing at times. At those times the struggles in Paris would blend with the negro under the overseer's whip, the bakery would mingle with the recollections of "L'Affranchi," a vacillating medley of the past and present would float before Joseph's eye; and perhaps, as he left his haunt, guttural fragments of the "Marseillaise" would straggle from his throat — a half-hearted approach on his part to the vanished past or to a tardy future.

One day Jacques Brisson had the singular ill-luck to be run over and have his leg broken. He was brought into the shop. "Take him to the hospital," directed Marie, curtly: there was no place for Jacques, as a surgical case, under her roof. But nobody stirred. Whose business was it to take him to the hospital? Just then Joseph appeared in the rear of the shop, aroused from his pans and his ovens. He brushed through the crowd to Jacques.

"Take him to the hospital," repeated Marie Peloubet.

Brisson looked appealingly to his master, as if he did not want to go to the hospital. Hospitals and jails, all places of public confinement, had been objects of fear to the young street-liver. Joseph fell again into the frame of mind he was in when he originally picked Jacques off the street.

"*Sacré!*" He lifted the boy in his arms and walked towards the kitchen with him, where the stairs went up to the second story.

"Joseph!" commanded Marie.

But Joseph did not heed; he walked on.

"Joseph!" she called.

He was deaf; knew no such person as Marie for mistress.

She flew past him in a fury and planted herself in the doorway. "No!" she cried, stamping her foot. "Go back!"

Joseph halted and looked at the fire flashing in her eyes. "Marie!" he said, in a kind of pitiful, expostulatory voice.

He hesitated, stood still a moment, and then carried Jacques back, out of the shop door and along the street, with vast sorrow and rebellion in his heart, away to the nearest hospital.

That evening Kleindorf's was crowded. It was sixteen months before that John Brown had been hanged. Peloubet had then execrated the Republic, but acknowledged the force of the law. But the negro question was growing hotter. Then Lincoln was elected. There was indeed mischief brewing. All through it Peloubet saw clearly only one thing: the storm clouds that were approaching one another were charged as positive and negative with ideas only on the question of slavery; slavery was brought to the front; at last, at last, it looked as if Peloubet would have worthy work to do; as if the spirit that started "L'Affranchi" would awake in him again. It did, that evening. That day Fort Sumter had been fired on. The news had come. Kleindorf's was aflame, with the rest of the country. There was hubbub everywhere. Groups surrounded the usually half-vacant tables. Noise and tobacco smoke filled the *salle*. Old Kleindorf himself, excited, his face flushed, his hand tremulous, moved about from one bunch of patrons to another. Gustav, the waiter, was wholly beside himself with multiplicity of orders. Barbara, the scrubbing-woman, was behind the bar, dispensing schnapps and beer.

Joseph's head swam at first. There was so much excitement, so much turmoil, in Kleindorf's — where he had been wont to feed on the past in quiet. By the first group he halted, going to the bar for his cognac, bringing it back and taking it standing. From one group to another he went. Everywhere the same. War! There is great filling and setting down of glasses. On he wanders — it is nothing but excitement. The laid ghost in Joseph slowly stirs — quivering feebly at first, but its joints ever knitting, as it hears more talk; it sits bolt upright; hist! it moves; it is going to rise! Joseph loses himself. As baker, he is nullified, made blank; even Kleindorf's, what is around him, becomes distant; there are strange movements in the air — spirits rushing swiftly; they seem to brush his forehead; they are war spirits — he knows it by the clangor, the speed. Anon, other feathers rustle, softer; Joseph looks; they are spirits of freedom astir — benignant spirits; they smile as he looks. Ah! that night, that bursting of Joseph from his grave!

By degrees the crowd dwindled. Joseph sat at a table by himself, his bottle and his glass beside him. They all went. Kleindorf came, with a brimming last glass in his hand. "*Hoch!*" he cried.

"*Vive la république des États-Unis!*" answered the adopted citizen, rising from his deep study with sudden energy. He walked the floor as if shackles had been taken from his feet. There is a chance of heart and hand working together now, Joseph! No longer the heart asleep while the hand works. He stepped out, and looked across at the windows of the old Sanchet bakery. They were black. Marie was asleep hours ago. The night air was fresh, the street deserted. For a few moments Joseph stood there, his spirit soaring away over the tops of the buildings and roaming — where? Beyond the stars? Who

knows? Suddenly the "Marseillaise" rose on the air in stentorian tones. The stifled spirit of years was shouting. Old Kleindorf, within, flushed again, and his fingers tingled, as he heard that martial song, the stirring human voice. On the song rolled, up and down the street, from the solitary figure paused in mid-roadway; reverberating against the old buildings; its notes calling to arms the dusty ghosts of trade sleeping within.

Whether they woke or not, Marie Peloubet did. Joseph saw the light of a match flickering in the bedroom. He crossed the street, rattled the front door noisily, and went in. He went up the stairs vigorously, tramping as if keeping time, and growling some words of command under his mustache. He halted at the head of the stairs. In a loud voice he brought himself to "Support arms!" and, with arm flung across his breast, he faced accurately to the right, commanded "Forward!" and with military step advanced to his bedroom door. Madame met him at the threshold. A gas jet blazed in the apartment. "Joseph!" she cried, in a voice of stern rebuke. On ordinary occasions Joseph might have replied with a deprecatory wave of the hand, "*Non; pardon, madame; je ne parle pas; je dors.*" But now, as she held the door open, he marched straight past her, with eyes neither to the right nor the left. Arrived at the opposite side of the room, he halted, right about faced, and saluted.

"Marie!" he called, in a tone of command; "*garde à vous!*"

"Joseph, go to bed!"

"Silence!" commanded Joseph, without unbending from his position. "*Garde à vous! Prenez votre arme!*"

"Joseph, you fool!" ejaculated madame, angrily.

"Silence!" roared the drill-master promptly. "*Prenez — votre arme!*"

Madame stood at last in silence.

"So! *Portez — votre arme!*"

The military order fell sharply on madame's ear. But she did not stir. How could she? She had no "arme." But that made no difference to Joseph. His active imagination perhaps represented Marie as going through the manual of arms. As long as she stood there obedient it was enough for his military rigor. On her part perhaps she thought it best to humor him; or perhaps there was a fierceness in Joseph's stern face that made, at last, an impression on her — exerted a mastering force; she was a woman, after all.

"*Presentez — votre arme!*" Joseph went through the motions himself accurately. "*Garde à vous! Portez — votre arme! L'arme — au bras!*" So he went on.

"I am cold," said madame at last.

Stern Joseph. His arms dropped at his side. The tone of his wife's voice, mildly expostulating, came as a strange sound to him — a bell remembered from out our childhood. He stood a minute, seeming to collect himself. Then he stepped forward, his face firm as it ever was. "Pardon!" said he, making a deferential bow. He went to a closet, reached down a shawl, and laid it over his wife's shoulders. "Go to bed, Marie," he said, in a mild tone.

For himself, he immediately left the room and went down to the bakery, fished up a disused soapstone from somewhere, put it on the stove that was growing hot for the early baking, and stood erect and patient — like a guard — till the soapstone was warm. He gravely carried it up and into the room. "Here, Marie."

She was not asleep. The soapstone was a surprise. "Thank you, Joseph," she said.

When he had composed himself for the night, he called, after a few minutes, "Marie!"

"Well?"

He was silent; seemed to be hesitating. "*Non, je dors,*" he finally said.

After a few minutes, again it was: "Marie!" Then he murmured, "*La république; la belle guerre —*"

"Be still!" said she, in a tone of exasperation.

"*Oui,*" said the weary Joseph; "*je dors.*"

The next morning Joseph started from his pillow. He somehow expected to see a musket by his bed and military clothes on his chair. There was nothing of the sort. It was just the same old bedroom. Suddenly he turned to Marie. "Marie," said he, "do you know there is going to be war?"

"I heard that at Julie Dumond's," replied she curtly; "that is nothing."

"*Mon Dieu!*" muttered Joseph.

"It will only raise prices; that is all it will do; we shall make more money."

"*Parbleu!*" muttered Joseph.

"You were drunk last night," she said.

"*Non!*" replied Joseph, defending his high thoughts of the evening before.

"Yes," said Marie; "as drunk as a fool."

Joseph was silent for a few moments. "Yes," he said at last. "Yes, Marie, I was drunk; I am drunk now. I am turned upside down."

Joseph put his hand to his head and leaned on it.

Madame said "Pish!" and whisked downstairs.

Joseph proceeded with his dressing. But every now and then he put his hand to his head and tapped it and muttered something.

Now it was, "Jacques is in the hospital"; again, "This is the Peloubet bakery, 40 King James street." He stopped. "What news this morning, I wonder, about that firing?" As if to answer his question a lad passed under the window, crying the papers. Joseph threw up the sash. "Here, my boy, give me that paper"; and he dropped its price down to him. He sat down, half dressed, and read the news. "Yes," he said aloud, "it has started."

Marie had to call him down, he was so long in dressing. He was quiet at the breakfast table. When his work was done he went up to the hospital to see Brisson.

Very quiet Joseph was, for some days.

At length came the President's call for troops. The light of the war broke out in the North. Regiments were forming in New York. Recruiting booths were opened everywhere. Drums beat through the streets. Uniforms dotted the thoroughfares. Nearly every shop and warehouse proclaimed its loyalty by flinging the Stars and Stripes to the breeze. The Northern heart was fervent.

One day Joseph said to his wife, as he leaned against the counter, "Marie, I think I shall enlist."

She paid no attention to him at first. Joseph's prattle was not of a nature to make money — had nothing to do with business. It was wasted time listening to it.

"I think I shall," said he humbly.

"Don't bother me!" said Marie; "I am busy." She was adding up some accounts.

Joseph took a turn or two up and down the shop, until she seemed to be more at leisure. "I think I shall enlist, Marie," he said again. There was a strain of tenderness in his voice, as if he felt some pain already at leaving his wife, his bakery, his home. Breaking through our habits makes us tender around the torn edges; but perhaps it was more than that with Joseph; perhaps he would have liked to have Marie's love, most of all when he was going away. He paused before her as he spoke, awaiting her answer.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said she; "you will stay here and bake the bread." That dethronement from being an editor's wife had made her very hard and selfish; there was no room for patriotism, even in these exciting times.

Joseph walked back and forth again for a little while. "I think I shall," he repeated, at last. That seemed to be all he could say —"I think I shall."

"You will not stir one step," replied she, looking up from her work again.

"But I must," said Joseph, in a tone milder than his words.

"You heard what I said," was her reply.

Joseph went back into the kitchen and began burnishing his pans.

The next day, after the baking was over and the last delivery of bread was despatched, he went out; and when he came back he walked in with a bundle under his arm and a United States uniform on.

Marie was behind the counter. She looked up as he stopped near her. For an instant there was a flash of anger in her face, and her eyes shot fire. The next, she had fallen with her head on the counter, in a flood of tears, crying as if her heart would break.

Joseph stood aghast. That was beyond his calculation. He dropped his bundle, ran behind the counter and bent down over her. "Don't cry, Marie!" he pleaded. "*Non, non*, don't cry!" But her grief was unappeasable. She did not shake him off, but kept her head bent, sobbing passionately. At last he drew her head to his breast, she suffering him, and held it there tightly, fondling her and patting her cheek. "Good Marie!" he murmured, his own eyes swimming with tears. "*Non, non*, good Marie!" He wiped away her tears and kissed her over and over again; and so she lay for many minutes on his breast, not looking at him, not speaking,—her dim eyes far away,—gasping a sob every now and then.

At last the storm passed off. Somehow or other her hand had fallen upon his, and, insensibly almost, her fingers twined around his and she pressed his hand. Joseph had not known such an act since the editorial household had been broken up. He was appalled at his wife's feeling, at her sudden fall; he was benumbed and speechless. Finally, without moving, she asked, "When are you going, Joseph?"

Joseph groaned.

"When?" she asked, more eagerly.

"To-morrow," said he, huskily.

The tears stole down her cheeks again; she arose, with them still wet on her face, turned and put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Poor dull Joseph knew not what to do. His agony was unspeakable. Marie hugged him tight and kissed him repeatedly, and Joseph saw her face lightening. At last it even smiled, and Joseph's heart revived.

She smiled, and said to him: "Joseph, do you think I am going to be a block in your way? Do you think I am going to make you faint-hearted with my tears?"

He looked at her appealingly. Her mind was deeper and keener than his; he could not understand her. She took one of the gilt buttons of his blouse in her fingers and played with it. "You are a soldier, now, Joseph," she said softly, lifting her eyes to his; "I am proud of you!"

That was too much for Joseph. That Marie should be proud of him again, ever proud of him after that ignominious failure, after these years of contempt; Marie, whom he had taken for his wife, that she should be proud of him — no, no, that revulsion was too great, too sudden. He it was who turned his face away now and wept; and Marie it was who groaned, to think how deep his injury must have been all these years.

"I *am* proud of you," she repeated, when at last he turned his eyes on her again; "and I am going to help you to be a good soldier — a good soldier, Joseph; I am not going to cry." Nevertheless the tears did come into her eyes. But she smiled as she said: "I am going to be a soldier's wife. I shall be," — her voice broke, — "I shall be bright and gay behind you, so perhaps you will fight better whenever you think of me." She turned him squarely towards her, chucked up his chin, and held his shoulders back straight with both her hands. "That is the kind of girl Marie Sanchet is, Joseph!" she cried, beaming on him. "You think I have been mean —" She averted her face as her voice choked, but in a moment recovered herself, trembling in her effort, and resumed firmly: "But I am your wife, Joseph, now — truly your wife. Will you forgive me now? Tell me that, once for all; will you forgive me, and let me be your wife from now on? — let Marie Sanchet be your friend, your best friend, Joseph?"

Joseph could only look at her. "O Marie!" he sighed; "O Marie!" This sudden mutation of affairs was quite beyond his grasp. He only continued to look at her, bewildered.

"Come," said she, seeing his condition — "come, let us attend to our work!" And she led him, with a light step, behind the counter. With a gaiety that even Joseph could see was assumed, she said: ".You must go off comfortable, you know, Joseph; you shall have all the little things to make you comfortable. Papa told me many times about his fighting in Algiers, and what a soldier needed, and how everything should be put up. I have not forgotten; you shall have everything just right, *mon bon* Joseph!"

"About the baking," stammered Joseph.

"*Au diable cela!*" She put her hand over his mouth. "Not one word about that! I will attend to that."

"I was only going to say —" struggled Joseph.

"Say what?" she asked, removing her hand.

"That Jourdan Pichegru might do the baking; he can bake as good as I can."

"Not so good as you, *petit* Joseph; but good enough. I will see him."

"I have seen him," said he.

"Good Joseph, to think of that!"

"He will come."

"*C'est bien.* I don't want to hear anything more about Pichegru; we must attend to your clothes now."

Marie was just as clever a manager, and as quick of eye and finger, at fitting out a man for the wars as she was in conducting a bakery; and the next day there was nothing, despite the baking, that was not just perfect about Joseph's small, neat, army wardrobe. She kept up bravely all that day; a person of gay activity, bustling about with a sweet, cheery voice. Oh! how grateful it was to Peloubet's unaccustomed ear; nothing strident or severe now; her face bright, a joke and a term of endearment on her lips for Joseph. It was not like a day of parting. It was the first day in years that Joseph had been light-hearted. He would have been gloomy and brooding enough if it had not been for Marie's liveliness; but she was incessantly at work keeping him in good spirits; not a minute did she let him lapse. Overnight he had acquired a thorough comprehension of what had happened. He had studied out and disentangled somewhat Marie's nature and the causes of her conduct heretofore and now. He recognized fully the shock to her of yesterday, and understood, in a measure, her change. It all made him very thoughtful, and would have kept him thoughtful if she had not prevented it. Why, from the inside of the Peloubet bakery that day you would have thought that soldiering was the greatest of sport, a matter of unlimited roistering and mirth — Marie trilling and light of foot, and Joseph laughing.

Marie too, ever thoughtful, had prepared a surprise for him. In the course of the forenoon two or three men, among them Jourdan Pichegru, appeared at the door of the shop, with something in between them. "Eh, ha!" said Joseph, ruffling up; what invasion of the Peloubet bakery was this? But Marie rushed to the door. In a trice it was wide open, and there was Jacques on a litter, deposited in the shop. "What now?" demanded Joseph, as if Jacques had been ejected from the hospital in disgrace. Just then he caught Marie's eye; she was looking at Joseph in expectancy to see what he would do. "Ah, Marie!" he cried, as he detected her thoughtfulness. "That is you! My wife!" he muttered, and went up and put his gray mustache to her cheek. Marie flushed. Then she went to the boy, and said, taking his hand, before Joseph and the men, "Jacques, I am your friend; I will take care of you." No one could doubt her.

So it went all day, until Joseph stood at the door, the little glazed bag in his hand that should hold his belongings till he got his knapsack. "Good-by!" said Marie, laughing, and patting his curly head, as blithe as a bird. But Joseph, with his wrinkled jaw, looked sober. "Good-by!" she said again, still laughing —but her lip was quivering. She threw an arm around his neck and clasped his head tight to her breast, and whispered, "Be a good soldier, Joseph," in a voice that was brave despite her tears; then, with her face turned away, she almost pushed him through the door, and latched it behind him; and as he looked back through the glass the last he saw of her she was running, with her face buried in her hands, back, back out of sight, as fast as she could go.

Joseph was a soldier and Marie was a soldier's wife.

The summer came, and went on. Marie was the most patriotic woman in King James street. Joseph was ever in her mind; Joseph and his comrades — all those men fighting in Virginia. She picked lint, tore bandages; there was no more active woman about; and the bakery went on just the same. There came letters from Joseph, eagerly seized and read, firm and enthusiastic letters; and there went letters from her to him, letters that always nerved the soldier and gave him a more patient, poised, enduring heart: they could not have given him a more valorous or martial one than he had already. He was careful, in writing to her, not to show too great pleasure at getting out of his uncongenial occupation of baking; he was afraid it might hurt her feelings after all that was done and gone. But here and there his sense of liberation did crop out in what he wrote; his joy at being in the field, in war. Madame detected his feeling; and every time she read it her heart smote itself for the past few years, and she vowed that Joseph should always be a *man*, as he was now: he *could* be a man; she would let him be one.

The summer went on. The battle of Bull Run was fought. Marie's hands trembled as she scanned the newspapers for the list of casualties. The name of Peloubet did not appear. But there was no letter. She waited a few days, and then she saw "Jos. Peloubet" among a batch of wounded. Almost immediately came a notification that Sergeant Peloubet would be sent home the next day.

Marie was all in a flutter. If ever the bread-making came near suffering, it came near suffering now. Her black eyes became restless. They had not been quite so hostile-looking of late; there was a little more of peace in them, mingled with anxiety.

She was on hand at the wharf with a carriage, nervously waiting. The wounded were brought off the boat. Some came out on stretchers. Some walked off with their arms in slings, or with bandages about their heads. Marie craned her neck from among the expectant throng. She saw them all, the different degrees and varieties of hurt. The pale faces became agonizing to her. One after another they came. Oh, what was Joseph's wound? Was it one of the most horrible? or a simple one, that would leave his face clear and smiling? She became almost rigid as she stood waiting there in suspense. Finally she saw a figure, half hobbling along, half carried by two men. It was Joseph. The head was partly sunken on the chest, as if there was no great strength of neck as well as none of limbs. His eyes went hither and thither. There was a deeper look in them than of one looking for a waiting friend. It was a look of one wondering whether there was a friend — not merely some one in the body, but a friend in heart; whether Marie was still the Marie he had left at the shop door, or whether she might possibly have become again the Marie of the time before that. He had not long to look. She was at his side; and a sturdy smile spread along his lips, under the mustache; mildly only, such as his strength could give. "Joseph!" It was spoken in a low voice. The tone was enough to set his mind at rest. A soft, satisfied look settled on his face; he and Marie were at peace.

Joseph brought home a bullet somewhere in his breast or his shoulder. No one had been able to tell exactly where it was; wherever it was, there it staid, and gave Joseph much trouble. He was thin and pale, with a slight hemorrhage from his throat occasionally, and he moped about on a stick. But who that had Marie Sanchet behind him would not go on getting better? — no matter if he had a bullet in him. She was the gayest young woman about, though not so very young now, either; life was going at the rate of a mile a minute; not going out, but going on. Even Jourdan Pichegru revived to some sort of keenness under her vivacity.

In the morning Joseph was arrayed in a comfortable chair somewhere near the counter, where he could see all the trade that went on. That was a diversion. All day long Marie was energy itself. Everybody who came into the shop seemed to get a kind of electric shock from her. Contact with Marie brought them to life. What a life-giving thing, then, she must have been to Joseph, who was under the constant influence of her stimulus.

But she had something for Joseph beside

energy. In fact, this was Peloubet's honeymoon, arrived some eight or ten years after it was due; strange freaks the moon takes sometimes! However, it got into its orbit again in this case, and Marie was like a bride to her husband. She got the newest and most piquant bonnets in which to go to church with him; and when of a Sunday morning she hung on his arm, he in his regimentals, for the two short blocks they had to go, why, she was fairly blushing in her self-consciousness. It made Joseph feel very strange. He might have expected it when he was married. But to have it come on now! Ah, this love of woman — by woman — which Joseph had never known before! How it warmed his heart! He was so responsive! If Marie loved him, honored him, he was melted, so that the tears became current in him, sometimes, when he was unobserved. Once Marie gave Joseph a grand dinner — yes, in her own house; that was when he was better; and no one would have guessed how many French-speaking people there were in the immediate vicinity of King James street; and Joseph, the redoubtable, iron-visaged Joseph, sat at the head of the table, his tongue unloosed a little; but he would never be the voluble Joseph he was once. Then the neighbors began to think; and to think, that if Marie Sanchet could be so very merry and devoted to Joseph Peloubet now, why, when she was not so for some years preceding, there must have been some little secret tiff between the two.

Meanwhile Peloubet was very uneasy. He had been wounded in a defeat — Bull Run — and it galled him. No sudden victory was perching on the cause of freedom. He wanted to go back. The war was always in his thoughts. He and Kleindorf used to have great talks in the *salle*. Schnapps were not good for Joseph, but a little Rheinwein and a pipe did him no harm. And there they would read the newspapers and discuss the news. Reading in silence, side by side, Kleindorf would look up over his glasses to Joseph, read his paragraph, and begin. Then Joseph, who had very decided notions as to the military service, would deliver himself. Joseph was both general-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac and second sergeant in the —th New York. Kleindorf listened with respect. Then he would return to his reading. Before long Joseph would explode, and there would follow another discussion and another silence. But it made him all the more eager to get back. Finally he went.

Marie hung on him this time as he left her. He was hardly fit to go. He was not robust. She thought, if Joseph will stay home now and live quietly, he will live a long time; if he goes back, I shall never see him. She talked to him that way once or twice. He looked at her seriously. He knew what she meant. He knew that it was, in all likelihood, the truth that she was telling him. But Peloubet was true to himself. The more the cause of freedom expected him to give, the better it pleased him, the nearer he came to heaven on earth. The more surely death seemed to confront him, the higher rose his spirit, and the sturdier and heartier grew his resolution not to swerve; so that he rejoiced, and the "Marseillaise" was on his lips, in fragments, now and then, and he was Joseph Peloubet, habilitated and in his right mind. And once, one evening, when Marie heard a note or two of the song coming from him as he crossed the street, there was such a feeling in the strains, that, for once, he caught her crying. "What are you crying for, Marie?" he inquired, going up and putting his arm round her neck. "Do you feel bad?"

"No, Joseph," she replied, running her hand over his bristly head; "no, I feel good." But her hand clung to Joseph's head; she thought she would not have it many times to bow over her. "I feel good," she repeated, smiling; "but, Joseph — it is so sad, too!"

"What is, Marie?"

"I heard your song; it makes me laugh and cry together." And she ended by crying.

So she clung to him when he left her.

But before Joseph left something very pleasant happened. Word was received that he had been made orderly sergeant of his company. Marie still had the great desire for her husband to shine. She was ambitious for him. War was a world for ambition too, just as peace was; and with all the chances of death, it was still a place for the possible advancement of one in standing and esteem among one's fellows. She would like to see him shine among his fellows in the army. That was a gay, worldly wish alongside of her apprehensions. And Joseph, too, had respect for official recognition of military worth. So the pendulum of the soldier's life swings this way and that — this way to death and sorrow, that way to glory and pride in the profession. At their parting there was a little flush of pleasure in their faces; but it seemed as if their cheeks would never part.

Peloubet went back, and went through the battle of Fredericksburg with enormous credit. He went up the long hill to the stone wall like a lion; almost alone, when, nearly there, the weakened line stopped. Why he was not killed no one knows. But getting as near as that, and seeing everything halting and going backward again, feeling the fruitlessness of going on alone, there he stands still, his eyes glaring madness at the stone wall, and execrating, in the most unbrotherly of French,

the Confederate who stands behind it to stop him. So gallant, in fact, was Peloubet, so utterly unconscious of everything but doing his work on that field when once started up the hill, that — But that comes after.

That effort was Peloubet's last in the army. The original bullet asserted itself. There was death and sorrow ahead; but glory and pride too: the pendulum seemed to sway both ways at once. True, death and sorrow would stop the glory and pride. What! When you have read Joseph's story, go and sit by his grave awhile in stillness and think; read the lines on his headstone and think of his life; and then say whether the glory and pride that animated him are dead too; whether they are not eternal in our earthly atmosphere.

Peloubet came home again, completely shattered, to die. When Marie saw him she saw that he was on his way out of the world. There was no question about it. He was going. She bore herself very bravely. She was brisk and steady voiced in his presence as he lay in bed; there was no sign that she was sensible he was about to leave her. That pleased Joseph too — her reticence and self-command. If he had to die in bed, he wished to die there grimly, impenitent of his martial life. Yet there was gentleness in their communion too. Marie was affectionate, and would squeeze his hard cheeks in her hands and kiss his features; and that was holy oil to Joseph's soul. Oh! it is a mistake to think that these hardy spirits do not long for gentleness from woman.

In the midst of this approach of death something came that pleased them both — a document for Joseph Peloubet from the governor of the State of New York; a commission! Joseph Peloubet was second lieutenant, promoted for gallantry in action! Marie unfolded it first for him and glanced over it, and her lips quivered; then she cried, and then she danced, and then she softly hugged the second lieutenant. "But, Marie, what is it all about?" She told him. And Joseph read it, and read it many times; and there was the governor's signature, and the seal of the State of New York, right there before his eyes; yes, and Joseph was an officer in the volunteer army of the United States!

Oh, how proud Marie was! There was nothing for it but Joseph's new uniform must be bought and brought into the house; just as if he were going to live. The crimson sash — how handsome that was, and the shoulder-straps, and the sword with its belt! Jacques was about to desecrate them at once by putting on the cap and strapping on the belt himself; but Marie caught him in the act and stopped him: those clothes and accoutrements should grace no one but Joseph, should be baptized by contact with no body but his. They hung on the wall of the room where he lay, where Joseph could see them. It pleased him, in a quiet way, as the evidence of his having done something; and a faint smile would creep out on his lips as he saw Marie take a pleasure in them.

Joseph still cherished his intellect in these idle hours, and used to get Marie to read to him. She read to him awhile out of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." But that did not suit him long. Then she got some of Mazzini's "Essays," and they did the Peloubet heart good. "*That* is what *makes* republics!" he would exclaim to her. His spirit never lost its ardor for giving liberty.

That evening, when the dusk was too deep for her to read more, he said, after a pause, "That human brotherhood is a good thing, Marie"; and stretched out his hand and took hers.

She held it a moment and then said: "You are a good man, Joseph. You have had great thoughts, greater than — mine." And she bent down over his hand.

He turned his head and looked at her searchingly through the dusk.

It was a confession. She had never so fully acknowledged herself in fault before. Joseph held her hand a little more tightly. There was no question to him of the past. If any one whom Joseph cared for acknowledged trespass against him his generosity would not permit him to listen to any penitence; no friend had ever done him any wrong great enough to be repented of, to be confessed. So all his previous hours — nay, years — of loneliness were forgotten, absolutely forgotten. It was only Marie, Marie tender, who was here; and, being here, to be loved indefinitely. His lips moved a little, uncontrollably; it was the first time she had ever seen them twitch. His hand gripped hers harder, like a vise. A tear found its way out of each eye and stood on his cheeks — the first she had ever seen roll down his cheeks. "*Non, non*, Marie!" he protested.

She nodded her head, persisting in her utterance.

"*Non*, Marie, *non!* I have not been enough attentive to matters of the *ménage*. You are good, Marie; good!"

Jacques Brisson, with his wavy auburn hair, and his jackets and breeches always too small for him, — he was growing so fast, — was often on Peloubet's mind. One day he called the boy to him. "Jacques," said he, taking his shoulders between his two bony hands, "look at me."

"Yes, sir." It was a stern, iron face that the boy looked at.

"Remember you keep a strong heart!"

"Yes, sir."

"And you remember you are everybody's brother!"

"Yes, sir."

"*Everybody's!*"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you have fighting to do, you do it!"

"Yes, sir."

"And"—lifting his hands from the boy's shoulders and making a little wave in the air—"women: you are gentle with them, Jacques?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember all those things, Jacques?"

to make himself understood. All he could say was, "I remember the day you brought me here."

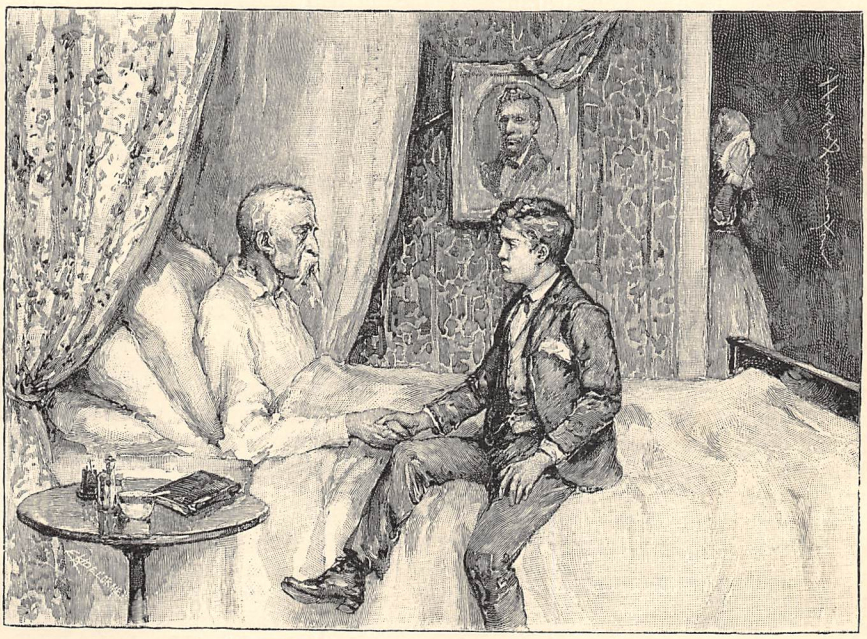
Ah, well, that was one good day to Peloubet's credit; one good staff for him on his long journey.

"That day you were sitting on the curb-stone, eh, Jacques?"

Jacques nodded.

"That was all right. You are better off here. You have been a good boy. Marie is kind to you? Jacques, she will always be kind."

"Yes, sir." Then he stole away to his room and cried by himself.



"REMEMBER YOU ARE EVERYBODY'S BROTHER!"

"Yes, sir."

"Because I am going to leave you, Jacques."

Jacques was silent.

"I sha'n't be here to tell you every day."

The tears began to run down Jacques's cheeks.

"Don't cry, Jacques. I don't like to see you cry," said Peloubet. He had been intent only on making his lesson sink into Brisson's mind.

But Jacques only cried the harder.

"What is the matter?" asked Peloubet, more softly.

The little fellow gave one moan and threw himself on the bed beside the soldier and wept as if his heart would break. Peloubet was still. By and by, when the boy became quiet, he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "I am glad you like me, Jacques."

Then Jacques stood up before him and tried

So all Peloubet's affairs were arranged on this earth. The night came for him to take leave. That evening the papers contained the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. The slaves were free! Marie hastened to the room and told him the news, and then read to him slowly and distinctly. Peloubet smiled at first in placid satisfaction; and then, as the fact fully came to him that at last the one great stain on the republic of the United States was gone, his face suddenly grew strong, his hand waved round his temple, and a "Hurrah! *Vive la république des États-Unis!*" went through the room. The exertion was too much for him. He laid his hand in his wife's; his eyes closed. But the strong look staid on his face and never left it. She sat by him. By midnight Joseph had left her.

John Elliott Curran.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

JOHN BROUGHAM.

AT this time (1865–66) Boucicault's play of "Arrah na Pogue" was in the height of its well-merited success at the Princess's Theater. It is one of the best of the Irish sensational dramas, as they are styled, though to my mind this play deserves a higher title. I had been three or four months on the ocean, and it was a treat to see a play again, particularly so good a one, and one mounted with such excellent taste and acted so admirably. The *O'Grady* played by John Brougham was certainly the best piece of acting I had ever seen at the hands of this comedian. The character is that of a gay, graceful Hibernian gentleman, full of wit, good spirits, and geniality; in short, it was John Brougham. He threw a jaunty air into the part that gave it the flavor of an Irish soldier of the last century. The cunning author had taken the just measure of the actor and fitted him with a character that the artist could scarcely get out of. I have never thought that Brougham was a great actor; that he was a pleasing one and a great favorite with the public there can be no doubt, but he never seemed in earnest. He invariably acted a part as though it were a joke. But his handsome face and winning manner made him hosts of friends, and they liked him too well to pass critical judgment upon his performances. As a writer he made some pleasing additions to the light dramatic literature of his time. "Pocahontas" is certainly the wittiest American burlesque that has been written. His table-talk and after-dinner speeches were ever welcome, and his presence at convivial meetings was much enjoyed. No one was more desired at the festive board than "Genial John." He particularly shone in addressing the audience on "benefit" occasions, or in making an apology to them for some unavoidable accident that had occurred during the performance. He assuredly had much experience in these matters, for during his management of Brougham's Lyceum, afterwards Wallack's, the mishaps were quite frequent. His easy good nature entirely unfitted him for the duties of a theatrical conductor. Discipline and order were not among his virtues; he lacked the forethought, too, that might prevent catastrophe, and the firmness to set things right when they happen to go wrong. If, however, he was deficient in discipline, his ready wit was more than a match for the negligence of his company. And it was once surely put to the test during the performance of "Pocahontas." I think, however, that the matter I shall speak of took place after his theater had fallen into the hands of the elder Wallack. The actress who had been playing the leading part suddenly left the city, having accepted an engagement in Baltimore without giving notice to the management. No word of this proceeding reached the theater till a few minutes before the curtain was to rise on the performance. Of course for some minutes there was a deadlock. No one could suggest the faintest remedy, and Brougham was nonplussed. At last he went in front of the curtain and explained the situation. He confessed he was at his wit's end,—a long distance for him to travel,—and really did not know what to do unless the audience felt disposed to accept the burlesque of "Pocahontas" with the gentle savage omitted. He said that there was an old theatrical anecdote setting forth that on one occasion the character of *Hamlet* had been so wretchedly acted that on its next representation that part had been omitted by particular request. "Now if 'Hamlet' can be acted without the hero, why may not 'Pocahontas' be played without the heroine? You all know that 'Pocahontas' is a much finer play than 'Hamlet'; and if you do not, I do, for I wrote it myself. Will you permit us to make the experiment?" The cries of "Certainly," "Go on!" were so encouraging that Brougham retired amidst applause and the curtain was rung up. The burlesque proceeded admirably until the music was played for the entrance of the absent squaw. The audience wondered what Brougham could possibly do. He was acting the father, *Powhatan*, and was on the stage awaiting the approach of his daughter. He immediately addressed the audience somewhat in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, that is the sweet strain which is supposed to bring *Pocahontas* on the stage; you are aware that she is at present in Baltimore, and the law of the land will not permit a Christian, much less a savage, to be in two places at once. You can yourselves vouch for the alibi; but if she were here she would say—"

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JOHN BROUGHAM AS THE "O'GRADY" IN "ARRAH NA POGUE."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE.)

And here assuming the look and tones of the absentee, Brougham spoke her part first, then assumed his own character, and so kept up the dialogue. The audience were convulsed with laughter at the admirable imitation, and by their applause acknowledged that Brougham had outdone himself through the ready wit with which he had mastered the difficulty.

TOM ROBERTSON.

AMONG the many new friends I made in London none was more delightful to meet than Tom Robertson. During my engagement at the Adelphi he was writing his domestic comedies for the Prince of Wales's Theater, then under the management of that vivacious actress and industrious little manager Marie Wilton.

Robertson's plays were nearly all successful, and deservedly so too, for they contained original characters, bright and witty dialogue, and were entirely free from the French coarseness that had characterized so many of their predecessors. All honor to the memory of Tom Robertson, who was at least among the pio-

neers in working this reformation; and to his successors too, who following in his wake gave to the public musical extravaganzas more humorous and melodious than the Parisian burlesques, without one tinge of their impertinent vulgarity; proving incontestably that wit and harmony in comic opera need not depend for their effects upon sensual music and licentious libretto.

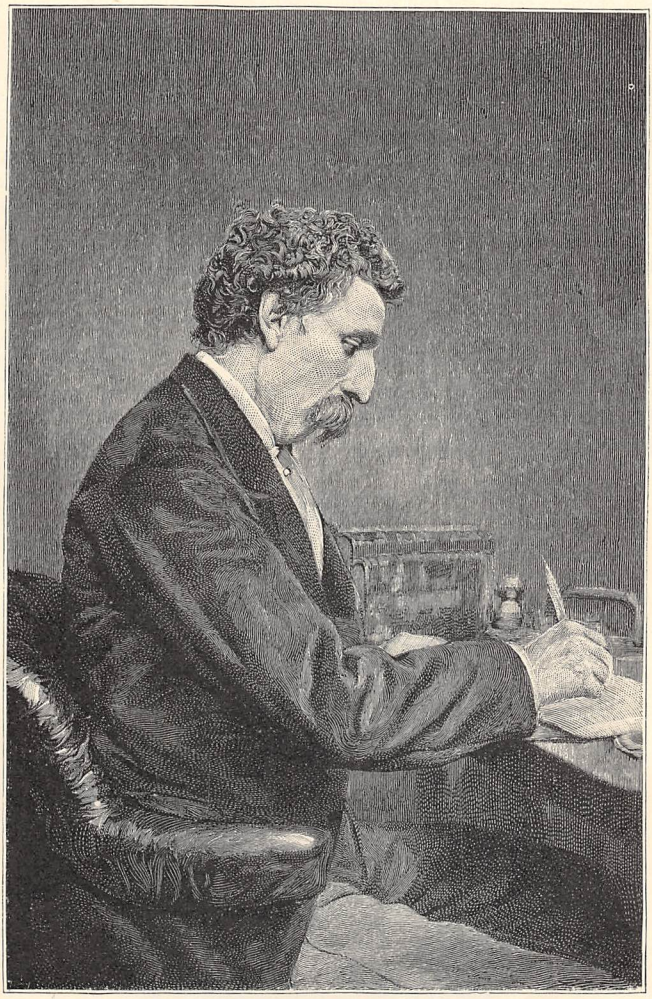
T. W. ROBERTSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & SONS.)

Tom Robertson was of all the men I have ever talked with the most entertaining. His descriptions of people, performances, and incidents that had passed before him during the early portion of his life were exceedingly brilliant. Events that would have been commonplace when described in an ordinary way were so colored and illumined by his vivid imagination that they became intensely interesting.

I lived at No. 5 Hanover street, Hanover Square, and Tom usually dined with me once a week. He was perfectly familiar with dramatic literature and discoursed delightfully upon the plays of the past.

Goldsmith was his favorite author, whom he considered the very finest and purest writer of English comedy that had lived during the last century. And though I did not quite agree with him in this idea, he said much that strengthened his argument, pointing out the ingenious construction of his plots, the unstrained wit of his dialogue, and the natural conduct of his characters.

Robertson came to my dressing-room one night just as I had finished acting and asked me to go with him to Drury Lane to see the last two acts of "Macbeth," which was being played at that house. We arrived at the theater just at the opening of the fourth act, and ensconced ourselves snugly in a private box. It seems that matters had gone wrong during the whole play, and when mishaps do occur in the earlier scenes of a drama, particularly a Shaksperean one, they are apt to continue to the end. We were seated well back in the private box and could enjoy the tragedy without being observed, which as it happened was quite fortunate. The solemn cave scene opened with the three witches at their ghastly work about the caldron. Mr. Phelps, as *Macbeth*, strode upon the stage with the martial stride and dignity that characterized this excellent actor, and the weird sisters summoned their phantom confederates to appear. At last one of the apparitions slowly rose to the surface only to disappear suddenly without giving *Macbeth* warning or receiving any himself; there was a slight crash, but nobody was hurt. Next came the passing by of the six ghostly kings, the first one of whom lost his crown, and in stopping to recover it was run down by the other five monarchs, who came so rapidly upon the heels of their leader that the several



ARTEMUS WARD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & SONS.)

dynasties were all in a heap, creating a spiritual revolution that fairly convulsed the audience.

In the last scene, just as Mr. Phelps had given orders to have his banners hung on the outer wall, that frail edifice gave way before it was besieged, and tumbled the king of Scotland into the middle of the stage, where, with uplifted claymore and in a sitting posture, he presented a sight of harmless indignation that would have revenged *Macduff* for the murder of his entire family.

I have no idea what ever became of the tyrant after this, for Tom and I were compelled to flee from the theater and seek some dark alley in Drury Lane, where we pounded each other in the exuberance of our mirth.

Nothing could exceed the drollery of what we had witnessed except Tom's description of it the next day.

ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD arrived in London just as I was leaving it. He brought me a letter of introduction from my cousin William Warren. I was much impressed by Ward's genial manner. He was not in good health, and I advised him to be careful lest the kindness of London should kill him. I had never seen his entertainment, but I was quite sure from what I had heard of it that he would be successful, and told him so, cautioning him to give only his Sunday evenings to his friends, and on no account, in his delicate state of health, to expose himself after his entertainment to the pernicious effects of a London fog. But he was weak, and yielded to the influence of his many admirers, so his career was brilliant but short. He had that unfortunate desire for the second round of applause

that is so fatal to the health and position of an actor.

See how unfair you gentlemen are who fancy that you are the friends of the actor. You sit quietly among the audience during the whole evening, enjoying an actor's performance and resting yourself at the expense of his labor. When this is over you are thoroughly recuperated and he is weary; yet you ask him now, when he needs the rest that he has given you, to sit up till daylight — for what? To amuse you again.

Artemus Ward died not many months after his London début, attended to the last by Tom Robertson. A strong attachment had sprung up between them, and the devotion of his new-found English friend was touching in the extreme and characteristic of Robertson's noble nature. Just before Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. Ward said, "My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff."

"Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug; "there 's a dear fellow. Do now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

"I would, indeed," said Robertson.

"Then you take it," said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterwards.

At the conclusion of my London engagement I acted in Manchester, playing *Rip Van Winkle* and a new part in "The Parish Clerk," a beautiful little drama written by Dion Boucicault. The piece did not succeed; partly because it weakened after the second act, and partly in consequence of my failing to hit the leading character. I then acted in Liverpool, and at the end of my engagement took a sailing vessel (the *Sunrise*) and embarked for New York. This was considered rather a romantic idea by my friends; but if one has the time, I do not know anything pleasanter than a clipper-ship voyage across the Atlantic in July.

EDWIN ADAMS.

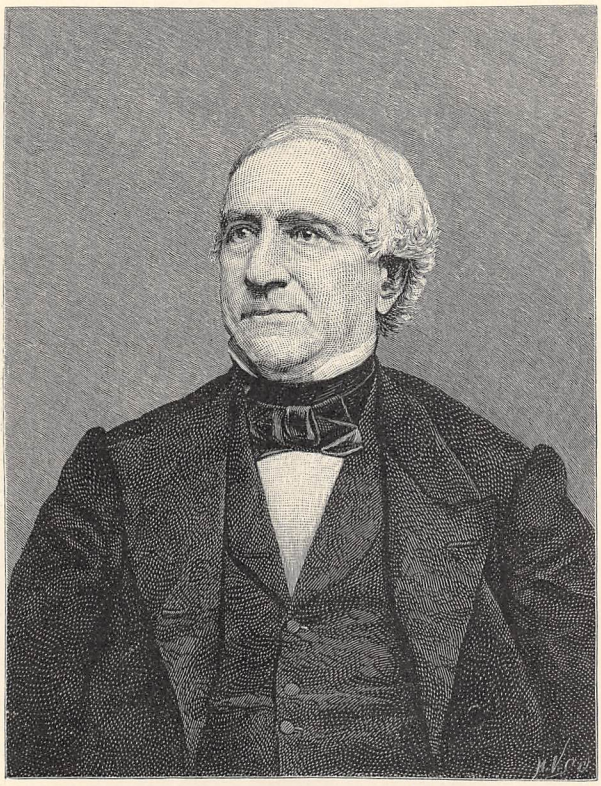
ONE of the first to call on and welcome me on my return to America was Edwin Adams. He had acted under my stage management at Baltimore many years before: he first came to me almost as an apprentice; step by step he rose from the ranks, and before we parted he was playing the heroes of the stage with much promise. During the time I had been in Australia and England he had become, as he expressed it, a "war star." This was the technical term given by the old legitimate stars and actors to satirize those self-lighted luminaries who had flickered during the national strife and who had gone out after the declaration of peace. The claim of Adams, however, to a prominent artistic position was sufficiently strong to retain its hold, and I found him enjoying his well-earned success among other fine actors of the day. The animation of

EDWIN ADAMS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE.)

his face, the grace of his person, and, above all, the melody of his voice, well fitted him for the stage. While he could not be fairly called a great artist, he was something often more highly prized — a born actor, a child of nature if not of art, swayed by warm impulse rather than by premeditation. His *Enoch Arden*, so far as the character is related to the stage, was a creation entirely his own, and one, too, that touched the sympathy of his audience. As a man he was loving and beloved, and his honest hand was ever ready with its charity. I regarded him with something more than friendship; and this was natural, for I had known him when he was a youth, and his likeness to my brother in character, expression, and voice was quite remarkable. Their careers, too, were singularly alike — brilliant, but brief. Those who remember them both will recall the strange resemblance that existed between Charles Burke and Edwin Adams. They never met.

On the 20th of December, 1867, and in the city of Chicago, I was married to my second wife, then Miss Sarah Warren. I fancy now that my reader is somewhat alarmed lest I should pour upon his devoted head a heavy shower of matrimonial intelligence; but he may breathe freely, for I have no intention of committing such an impertinent intrusion. But as reticence upon this subject may be misconstrued, I must crave permission to express my reasons for sparing him the infliction.

If I dwell lightly upon domestic matters, I do so, not from any want of reverence for them, but from a conviction that the details of one's family affairs are tiresome and uninteresting. I shall endeavor, therefore, to subdue any rising desire I may feel to descant upon the wonderful talents of our children, as it is quite possible that we may take more interest in them than the public do. We fond parents are in the habit not only of overrating the intelligence of our offspring, but also of recounting to strangers the wonderful remarks that "so astonish a mother," and in our innocence fancy that those to whom we relate these marvels are as much interested in them as ourselves, when in truth they care little about them, and are generally bored by the recital of such trifles. Repeating this nonsense not only renders us ridiculous, but it is unfair to others, who, out of mere civility, are obliged to look amazed and to appear to be entertained.



GEORGE HOLLAND. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE.)

CHARLES FECHTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY HEATH & BEAN, OF THE LITHOGRAPH BY D'ALMAINE & CO.)

THE COMBINATION SYSTEM.

AFTER finishing an engagement in Chicago, I decided to play in Detroit and other cities throughout Michigan where opera houses had lately been built; but as there were no stock companies attached to these new places, I engaged one for a short season to travel with me. In Detroit I met Mr. Windham, who was acting a play called "The Lancers" there, with a company of his own. These were the first two combinations that I remember: there may have been others before, but not to my knowledge; so if this system is as pernicious as its enemies say that it is, I fear I am responsible for assisting in this new departure which seems to have worked such a revolution in theatrical matters. Whether the present system will be hurtful or beneficial, time alone can tell; I think it will be beneficial. I am tolerably conservative, but when I cling to an old custom it is not for the reason that

it is old, but because I think it is good. Any change that offers an improvement — and there are few that do not — we gladly welcome. This so-called combination system has occupied so much attention lately, and, rightly or wrongly, has given rise to so many professional discussions, that I may be pardoned for desiring a hearing on the subject. I do not lay claim to having been the first to explode this theatrical bombshell; but certainly if any harm comes of it I should bear some of the blame, for I was at least among the pioneers. It is natural, then, that I should desire to defend it; but by so doing I will lay bare both sides of the question, and the reader must judge for himself, as I fancy most readers generally do.

The conservative element within us always arrays itself against any fresh movement, seldom stopping to consider whether the new departure is beneficial or hurtful. I remember when my father had his flint-lock gun altered to the new percussion system that serious-looking, iron-gray old sportsmen shook their wise and melancholy heads, and hinted that they had thought better of him. One ancient Nimrod scratched his perfectly round conventional pate, saying, "What will you do if you get out of caps?" This intelligent question rather nonplussed my father; and the old sports seemed relieved to think that the punishment for his rash step would soon follow the crime, forgetting that as the demand was made for the gun, the supply of caps would follow it up. The breech-loader met with the same prejudice; and ever since Galileo made the world round, discoverers and inventors have been persecuted. It was quite reasonable, therefore, that when the tide of the "combination system" set in condemnation of it should naturally follow. That there are two serious objections to the new departure must be admitted.

First, the necessity for constant travel keeps the actor away from his home and family the greater portion of the year. This is a domestic inconvenience that is to be regretted. The second objectionable feature is, that as in many cases an actor plays only one part in a year, he gets no varied experience in his profession, and is apt to grow careless in his performance by constant repetition. But, apart from this consideration, the system has been an artistic and commercial success beyond all doubt; and the agreeable result — to the public, at least — is so evident that it seems quite unnecessary to argue in favor of it. I will, therefore, only point out a few of its advantages.

The old stock companies had to be limited to a certain number of actors, who were compelled to perform in a multitude of plays — the whole round of the Shaksperean drama, old English comedies, Yankee farces, nautical pieces, and pantomime; and at times the cracked voices of "respectable utility" and second old men "in dismal discord sang." I well remember myself leading the choruses for the Seguin company; where I led them to I have not the slightest idea. It is unreasonable to suppose that any stock company could do full justice to this varied bill of fare, no matter how efficient. The actors were in many instances among the best I ever saw, but they were very often not adapted to the parts for which the manager was compelled to cast them. Under the new régime a Shaksperean company are selected with special reference to the plays for which they are required. Thus an old English comedy may be cast to actors whose early training fits them to the task. For domestic dramas, comic operas, and sensational plays actors are selected whose talents not only suit the particular characters for which they are engaged, but whose temperament and personal appearance harmonize with them. The performers themselves are no better than those who acted under the old form of dramatic government, but on the principle of "selection" a more perfect unity has been evolved. And further, the vast continent of America, with its wonderful and progressive cities thousands of miles apart, seems to have demanded the establishment of this important institution. The inhabitants of these distant places, having fine opera houses, enjoy the advantages of seeing the same plays acted by the same companies as those of the larger cities. If they can afford and appreciate it, then they deserve it, and these entertainments can only be administered by the combination system. The theatrical profession is, and always has been, in a transient state, but it is progressive; it does not retrograde. Actors may not be any greater now than they were a hundred years ago, but the systems by which their talents become distributed are adapted to the growth of the country. What new invention has been cast aside, after once having been fully approved, to return to an old one? I cannot remember any. The old-fashioned tinder-box is only used now as a curiosity. We prefer matches. What midnight student, however poetic, would return to the penny dip after he had once tasted the delights of his first gas jet? We do not ride in a stage-coach in preference to a modern drawing-room car, and when the first balloon express bears us across the continent we shall look down upon the locomotive.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

In Louisville I was introduced to the editor of the "Louisville Journal," George D. Prentice, poet, satirist, journalist, and wit, whose caustic paragraphs and frequent appearance on

the field of honor had made him a man of mark in more than one sense. He had brought many a belligerent editor down at a long shot, though, like *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, he considered "three or four feet between the mouths of the pistols as good as a mile," and had proved on several occasions that the derringer was "mightier than the pen."

When I met Mr. Prentice his fame and health were both declining, and he was just on the eve of resigning his control of the "Journal" into, as he said himself, younger and abler hands. His reception of me was cold and formal; but I had already been warned that it was his way, so of course I was prepared not to take offense, especially as he was still reckoned a good shot. Besides I felt, as I had no business matters to speak of, that my visit was somewhat of an intrusion. Curiosity to see and talk to a remarkable man is not an exceedingly high motive, and I deserved no warmer greeting than I received.

As my friend and myself entered the sanctum Mr. Prentice was seated at his desk. He had an abstracted look, and scarcely moved his position till I was introduced. He then slowly turned his head, and regarded me without an expression on his face that denoted the slightest interest. He looked a picture of careworn loneliness that might awaken the sympathy of any considerate man — a tall, gaunt figure wrapped in a faded calico dressing-gown; thin black hair, streaked with gray, and straggling over a high forehead; black, bushy eyebrows, shading a pair of dull, dreamy eyes, that seemed to have lost their fire. I found afterwards, however, that they could be rekindled at the shortest notice.

After a few frigid civilities, my friend suggested that perhaps Mr. Prentice might enjoy an evening at the theater during the week that I was to act. He replied that he seldom went to the theater, and that acting, unless it were extremely fine, always bored him. This was not a cheering remark, certainly, but it left me in no doubt as to the justice of his reputation as a satirist. With a hopeless endeavor to thaw him out and return good for evil, I ventured to remark that some two weeks since I had dined with General Hancock in Washington, and that the general had, during the evening, highly entertained us by reading some of his (Mr. Prentice's) poetry; to which he replied, "I am glad that you were so easily pleased." This seemed to make matters a little worse; so our common friend, with admirable tact, came to the rescue, and changed the subject by launching into politics. Here the old war-horse was at home; and he brightened up wonderfully, being much more interested in such matters than he could possibly be in me, and taking no pains to conceal it. Before taking our departure Mr. Prentice brought up the subject of the theater, and reluctantly, I think, requested a seat to witness the performance on the following evening. I told him that I would have a private box placed at his service. He said he would prefer this arrangement, so that if he felt wearied during the performance he could withdraw without attracting attention. I was naturally grateful for this consideration, but I could not quite see the compliment of it.

In my brief acquaintance with Mr. Prentice I could scarcely judge of the true quality of his humor, but to me it seemed grim rather than genial. His skill in journalism was exhibited in his epigrammatic style of paragraphing, rather than in a knowledge of political economy. The journalist of a quarter of a century ago was a slow, old-fashioned gentleman, who would look like a curious piece of bric-à-brac in an editorial room of to-day. But Mr. Prentice was a man possessed of rare literary skill, and must have felt the necessity of his abdication very keenly. His sad face told that he plainly recognized that his day of usefulness was over.

He came to see the play, and I fancied that the desolation of *Rip* must have reminded him of his own loneliness, for when the curtain fell upon the last act he came to the door of my dressing-room, and, giving me his hand, thanked me for a pleasant evening. I was on the point of retorting that I was glad he was so easily pleased, but I did not. This kind of resistance is always best, for one seldom regrets one's silence upon any subject.

There are many anecdotes told of Prentice that illustrate his coolness and oddity on the so-called field of honor. S. S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who was sometimes confused with the witty editor of Kentucky, was also an editor, a wit, and, like George D. Prentice, had fought several celebrated duels. Prentiss's duels with Governor Foote were numerous and almost playful. Foote, it seems, was as clumsy with his pistol as Prentiss was expert, and had in consequence won the admiration of the deadly editor by his courage. And at one of these meetings Prentiss remarked to some boys who had climbed into an apple tree to see the battle:

"Take care, little boys. Governor Foote is going to fire directly at me, and that 's a dangerous place you 've chosen."

Prentiss generally exploded his pistol in the air, allowing the governor unmolested freedom to fire away at him. It is positively asserted that after his last duel with the governor he wittily exclaimed, "I will never fight with Foote again; he can't hit a barn."

TOM GLESSING AGAIN.

DURING the season of 1868 and 1869, while I was acting through the Western country, I met my old friend and companion Tom Glessing; we had not seen each other for about eighteen years. He lived in Indianapolis, where by hard work he had managed to buy a lovely little cottage, in which his widow afterwards lived. The house was surrounded by and covered with roses, all of which had been planted by his own hand; among them were many choice varieties for which he had sent to England. He had great knowledge of plants, and for the warmth and growth of his pets had built a little greenhouse close to the kitchen, through which he had cut a hole to let in the heat, and so economize in fuel. He told me that, knowing it was necessary for ventilation that an opening should be made to let the hot air out again, he cut another hole back into the kitchen; and he said he never could tell which way the hot air came in or which way it went out.

Glessing had a most ingenious way of arguing, and would turn a misfortune into a blessing with a few words. It so chanced that the management of the theater at which he painted was seized with a sudden desire to economize, and proposed, among other methods, to reduce Tom's salary. He acceded to the proposition without the slightest demur, and told me of it in the most cheerful way; in fact, one would have supposed, by his manner, that his income had been increased by the reduction. I was about to sympathize with him, but he would only treat the matter in an easy and delightful way, assuring me that he considered himself the gainer by the new arrangement.

He explained that he always fidgeted during his summer vacation, and that while he was enjoying himself at the old farmhouse, down by the seaside, his pleasure was often spoiled by the knowledge that he was sacrificing so much time and money there, when he might have been at work and under salary. "You see then I got $75 a week," said he; "now I only get $50, so it is a clear gain of $25 a week in my favor, at least during the vacation."

As I have before said, the attachment between Tom Glessing and myself was warm and sincere: he would have been as welcome to a share in my worldly goods as he was to a large corner of my heart; and I am quite confident that he felt the same affection for me that I did for him.

When he decided to leave his old home in Indianapolis he determined to take with him as many little remembrances of it as he could conveniently carry, among which was a moss-rosebush that he had sent to England for, and had tended for years in his garden. He asked me to keep it and have it cared for, as he now had no place to shelter it; so it was left with me. From the time he parted with it the plant drooped; this, of course, I considered due to changing it from its old home to a new one, or perhaps from some lack of nutriment to which it had been accustomed. For seven years it languished in my garden, and during all that time never bloomed. Its position was shifted each year, our gardener using all his care and judgment, but it did not thrive.

About this time it was decided that Tom with his family should pay us a visit: this was in April, just seven years since he had left the plant with me. From this time it began to revive, and in June, when he arrived, it was in full bloom, as though to welcome him. Of course this may have been a mere coincidence, but it is an interesting one, and bears out the old superstition that a tree or plant which has been reared by a loving hand will wither and die when its owner passes away. Since Tom's death the rose has languished again, and is now dying away.

There are many causes for such matters without attributing them to supernatural agencies; but to me there is something so pleasant in believing them to be mysterious that I am afraid I often cherish the idea that they are the offspring of a spiritual growth rather than a real one. My friend says, "What good can such things do?" I can only answer, "What harm can they do?"

The calm and happy life of Glessing seemed not only to grow out of a naturally contented nature, but from a love of retirement. I have scarcely ever seen true happiness except in one who was comparatively obscure. An insatiate ambition that craves for notoriety is always in a distressed condition. It feeds on adulation, and starves unless its appetite is continually fed with praise. There is an excitement and a kind of false grandeur about this existence that may delight the idol; but such a position is only reached at the expense of never knowing who are your friends, and a dread of the time that must come when the dream will be dispelled. No man need be envied who is the center of a group by whom he is flattered and petted, for even while such adulation lasts it is not strengthening; it only stimulates. There can be no healthy nourishment in such poor stuff, and gradually the very sight of those who administer it becomes as sickening as the diet itself. They know this, too, and when the time comes for their idol to topple over they wink and nudge each other as he falls.

In strong contrast to Glessing, I will relate a melancholy instance of a fallen man that once came under my notice. We were not only

acquaintances, but friends. He was both genial and hospitable, and entertained with grace and splendor. Upon his walls hung costly pictures, and his cellar was filled with rare wines. At his board one always met interesting people — wits, statesmen, belles, and beaux. If not the most refined, it was at least the gayest house, when his various guests were assembled, that I can remember. He was a man of culture and taste, and one who, I would have supposed, could never have borne the shock of a fallen estate. His extravagance was boundless, and I think that this passion grew out of another — the desire of making a display and posing as an important central figure.

I knew this hollow splendor could not last, and one day told him so. He laughed, "Oh, yes, it is all right." His hope was large, and his nature so buoyant that he felt confident of pulling through. The storm was coming, but he would not see it. At last it burst. The entertainment had been superb; I was the last guest. Just as I was going out — he had been merrier that night than usual — he detained me for a moment, and, taking my hand, said with a cheerful smile: "Well, old chap, you were right; it 's come. This is my last Sunday here; everything will be sold out on Saturday next." I asked if his wife and daughter knew it. "No, not yet; they will in the morning" — with a smile. "Good night." When the door of this dazzling and ill-fated house closed on me I stood in the dark street and wondered what would be the sad fate of this butterfly of a man; and I felt that under the genial and hospitable garb he wore for the world there must be a cold and stony heart, that could be so gay while knowing that in a few hours his wife and child would feel a shock that would break their hearts.

The blow came, the house was sold, and all the pictures and the costly furniture were sacrificed under the hammer of an auctioneer. The women bore it bravely, and set to work in good earnest to retrieve their fallen fortunes. The mother took boarders, the daughter taught music; but the extravagance of a selfish man was too great a drain on their slender earnings, and so they dropped down, down, from bad to worse. What eventually became of the family I never knew, but the man dwindled into a mere hanger-on of society, watching the arrivals at the hotels in the hope of catching some old acquaintance. He is living still, and his attenuated figure may be seen gliding in and out of the different hotels, or lounging in the reading-room, pretending to look over the papers, while the eyes in his gaunt, wan face search eagerly for some familiar friend of whom to ask a loan. Now and then he meets an acquaintance who, for the sake of "auld lang syne," has not the heart to refuse him. Then his face lights up with the old selfish smile, and he will chuckle with delight as he talks of bygone merrymakings, just as though he had enjoyed one yesterday and would have another to-morrow. Hope, eternal hope, has kept him up all through, and will do so to the last. He still thinks that his troubles will soon end; and so they will, poor fellow — in a pauper's grave.

GEORGE HOLLAND. — "THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

GEORGE HOLLAND was distinctly an actor of the old school, invariably introducing even into modern characters its traditions and conventionalities; his effects were broadly given, and his personality was essentially comic. He was quite an old man when I first knew him, and I had serious doubts as to whether our acquaintance in the theater would be an agreeable one; for by the terms of my engagement I was to hold a leading part as the comedian of the company, and he, who had always occupied that station, was placed as second to me. I naturally thought that feeling himself comparatively subordinate, and that I, a younger man, was to outrank him, he would, by his manner at least, resent my intrusion upon his former ground. I was, however, agreeably mistaken; for I found him too generous a man to harbor any jealous feelings, and to my gratification we were friends from our first meeting. It is pleasant also to know that this relationship extended over many years, and up to the day of his death.

The useful career and unblemished character of George Holland will be recalled by all who knew him. He lived, a bright and cheerful spirit, in this world for eighty years, for time could not age his youthful heart. He was the merriest man I ever knew. Practical joking was a passion with him, and though his pranks were numerous, by some good fortune they always ended innocently and with harmless mirth. I remember that on one occasion, when some goldfish had been placed in the ornamental fountain in Union Square, Holland dressed himself in a full sporting suit, and with a fish-basket strapped upon his shoulder, a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and a rod in his hand, he unfolded a camp-stool, and quietly seating himself in front of the fountain began to fish, with such a patient and earnest look in his face that no one could have supposed that it was intended as a practical joke. This strange spectacle soon attracted a curious crowd about the sportsman, who, with a vacant and idiotic smile, sat there quietly awaiting a nibble. A policeman soon forced his way

through the crowd and arrested Holland, who explained with a bewildered look that he was fishing in his own private grounds. The policeman naturally concluded that the intruder was some harmless lunatic, and, patting him kindly on the shoulder, bade him go home to his friends. Holland burst into a flood of tears, and while affectionately embracing the guardian of the law contrived to fasten the fish-hook into the collar of the policeman's coat, who walked slowly and sympathetically away, unconsciously dragging the line and rod after him. The crowd, seeing the joke, roared with laughter as Holland quickly made his way to the nearest omnibus, which he reached before the infuriated policeman could catch him.

Upon the announcement of the death of George Holland, I called at the house of his family, and found them in great grief. The sister of Mrs. Holland informed me that they desired the funeral to take place from the church, as many of Mr. Holland's friends would like to mark their love and respect for him by their attendance, and that the house in which the family lived was too small to receive the large gathering of people that would be likely to assemble. The lady desired me to call upon the pastor of her own church, and request him to officiate at the service. I at once started in quest of the minister, taking one of the sons of Mr. Holland with me. On arriving at the house I explained to the reverend gentleman the nature of my visit, and the arrangements were made for the time and place at which the funeral was to be held. Something, I can scarcely say what, gave me the impression that I had best mention that Mr. Holland was an actor. I did so in a few words, and concluded by presuming that probably this fact would make no difference. I saw, however, by the restrained manner of the minister and an unmistakable change in the expression of his face that it would make, at least to him, a great deal of difference. After some hesitation he said that he would be compelled, if Mr. Holland had been an actor, to decline holding the service at the church.

While his refusal to perform the funeral rites for my old friend would have been a shock under ordinary circumstances, the fact that it was made in the presence of the dead man's son was more painful than I can describe. I turned to look at the youth, and saw that his eyes were filled with tears. He stood as one dazed with a blow just realized; as if he felt the terrible injustice of a reproach upon the kind and loving father who had often kissed him in his sleep, and had taken him on his knee when the boy was old enough to know the meaning of the words, and told him to grow up to be an honest man. I was hurt for my young friend, and indignant with the man — too much so to reply; and I rose to leave the room with a mortification that I cannot remember to have felt before or since. I paused at the door and said:

"Well, sir, in this dilemma is there no other church to which you can direct me, from which my friend can be buried?"

He replied that "there was a little church around the corner" where I might get it done; to which I answered:

"Then, if this be so, God bless 'the little church around the corner';" and so I left the house.

The minister had unwittingly performed an important christening, and his baptismal name of "The Little Church around the Corner" clings to it to this day.

CHARLES FECHTER.

WHILE acting my first engagement at the Boston Theater I met Charles Fechter. By the terms of my agreement it was arranged that I should give five nights' performance and a matinée each week, Fechter playing only on Saturday night. I had not seen him act since my visit to France in 1855, so that I had an opportunity of witnessing his performances here some three or four times. His *Claude Melnotte* and *Don César* were unquestionably the best I had ever seen. The arrangement of his dramatic pictures was graceful and unconventional.

William Warren, Charles Fechter, and I were living at the same house during my engagement in Boston, and usually met at supper after the play. This is not only the witching time of night for an actor, but it affords a golden hour for theatrical chat. Charles Fechter was a most agreeable and entertaining man. He had a rich fund of theatrical anecdotes relating to the French stage and told them with excellent dramatic effect. Frédérick Lemaître was an especial favorite with him, and it struck me from what he said in relation to him that his own style of acting was founded upon that of his idol.

I think Fechter was less greedy of public approbation than he was of the applause of his brother actors; he seemed to delight in portraying scenes from his different characters before them. William Warren and myself made an excellent audience on such occasions, as we not only thought highly of his artistic qualities, but were naturally interested in the great actors of the French stage, of whom we had heard so much and seen comparatively so little. His description of Lemaître in the character of *Belphégor* was wonderfully graphic. I think Warren and I were the only ones

present on the occasion of this illustration. He acted it to the life. We were deeply interested; and he, catching, I suppose, the spirit of our appreciation, became enthusiastic. The art was so fine and the feeling so intense that we seemed to be looking at the scene. The gardens of the château, the fine company supposed to be assembled, were not required to give life to the acting. He addressed the imaginary guests with such force that they seemed to stand before us. As the mountebank, with his starving child clinging to him, weakened from the want of food, with tears choking his utterance, he carried us completely away. And when in a burst of grief he caught his fainting boy in his arms, I think we were both in tears.

In this respect Fechter seems to have somewhat resembled Garrick, who, we are told, was as entertaining off the stage as he was on it. This peculiar faculty has given rise to the rather unjust suspicion that Garrick was not so great an actor as his biographers would make us believe.

There is no doubt that many great actors are unable to become sufficiently enthused to act well off the stage, and there are some very indifferent ones who can entertain privately with considerable effect; but there is no reason why artists may not possess both faculties.

Mr. Fechter was thought to be somewhat erratic both as a manager and in the conduct of his private business; he certainly failed in both England and America in the former character. His directorship at the Lyceum in London and his managerial career in New York and Boston were not successful.

There are two striking instances of Mr. Fechter's benevolence that I think were not made generally public, and which I shall take the liberty of mentioning. He retired from the directorship of the Globe Theater in Boston in consequence of some disagreement with the proprietor. The public, considering him the injured party, tendered him a benefit, which I believe netted him something like five thousand dollars. He accepted the compliment but declined to receive the money, requesting the committee who had been most active in the movement to name five public charities of Boston to which he might give the proceeds. His request was complied with, and he gave the five thousand dollars in accordance with the committee's selection. This was certainly a generous gift, particularly as Mr. Fechter was not a rich man, and as there can be no doubt that at that time the money would have been most useful to him.

Just previous to this occurrence a company of French actors had been playing in Boston with ill success, and had gradually fallen into financial trouble. In their distress Fechter came to the rescue. He was at that time a drawing card, and his name announced for the benefit of his national brother artists drew a crowded house, the proceeds of which relieved them from their embarrassment. Shortly after this a committee of actors from the relieved company called on their generous comrade and presented him with a testimonial of their gratitude and a silver cup upon which was the following inscription:

À Charles Fechter,
les artistes français de New York,
Boston, 16 Avril, 1870.

This same cup was discovered in a pawnbroker's shop in New York several years after Mr. Fechter's death, and was rescued by William Warren from the destruction to which the unrelenting crucible would have condemned it. Warren presented it to me, and I have it still.

Much comment has been made on the usual reception given to an American actor in England, and *vice versâ*. London and New York are naturally selected as the initial points for the appearance of plays and players, and it is reasonable to suppose that in such large communities, containing, as they do, thousands of actors and hundreds of critics, there should be a small band of histrionic and literary assassins, whose natures are embittered by their lifelong failures. But the great public of both hemispheres have no spleen to exercise; they welcome a new entertainment with the heartiest warmth, if it affords them gratification. They have neither the time nor the inclination to persecute strangers. Of course if some element of national pride is wounded there are always enough turbulent spirits to begin a disturbance, as was the case with the Forrest and Macready riots in 1849; but these occurrences are exceptional, and at no time are they approved by public opinion. The spirit of fair play circulates freely in Anglo-Saxon blood on both sides of the Atlantic.

An excellent English actor may visit us, the local features of whose performance are not understood; or an American will perhaps take an indifferent play to London, and the public decline to receive it — not because it is American, but because it is bad. As soon as these weak spots appear the assassination begins, the churlish actors wag their tongues, and splenetic critics draw their pens — points envenomed, too; the slashing begins, and the unfortunate victim returns home in either case under the natural, but erroneous, impression that the country has been up in arms against him.

With these convictions and the agreeable remembrance of my professional success in 1865, I had no apprehensions of failure when

I visited London ten years later. Shortly after our arrival in London I entered into an engagement with Mr. Chatterton to appear at the Princess's Theater in November, and straightway proceeded to France with my family, where we passed the summer.

ONCE MORE IN PARIS.

In Paris we were delightfully situated, having apartments at the Hôtel Mirabeau, which looked out upon a quaint and pretty courtyard, that was filled with plants, birds, flowers, and fountains. Our party consisted of nine. This was altogether too large a family to secure any privacy for ourselves; and it is quite likely that our four children did not secure privacy to any one else. We were therefore delighted to get away from this charming place, and I have no doubt that the remaining guests shared our pleasure. We took a furnished flat in Avenue d'Eylau, where we could study French in sight of the Arc de Triomphe; and for this laudable purpose I engaged a celebrated teacher, Madame Somebody, who would have talked us to death if we could ever have understood what she said.

She was a great character — fat, fair, and fifty, I should say; always dressed in the extremes of tawdry fashion, full of flounces and frills, with a large head decked out in an enormous bonnet and smothered with a flower-garden in full bloom. Under her left arm she hugged three or four big books, and with her right hand she flourished a formidable blue cotton umbrella. She usually came about ten in the morning, entering the room all radiant with smiles and good humor, making an extravagant courtesy, and saluting the assembled family with, "*Bon jour, mes chers amis.*" She would then pause for an instant, with her head on one side, as much as to say, "You see I address you in French always; we must lose no time."

After seating ourselves around a large center-table Madame would adjust her spectacles, and, looking over the top of them, begin to hurl her terrible verbs at our heads. My children, who were well versed in French, received and caught them neatly, but they seldom struck me. She promised to teach us in three months; but I think, from what I remember of her pronunciation of our own language, that we could not have taught her English in as many centuries. However, we had all pledged ourselves to stick to it and master the language at once; none of your reading, and writing, and translating — oh, no! that would n't do for us; it was to be practical, the pure solid mother tongue, with a full Parisian accent. My progress was of so wonderful a character that at the end of the first month, by hard study and close application, I knew less about it than I did when I began. The verbs became denser and denser; so I retired from the academy, and, like an indulgent father, abdicated in favor of my children.

The villages near Paris are most attractive for sketching, being full of glimpses of beautiful scenes: through the trees some old château or French cottage, with those tall poplars so full of character stretching out in the distance or reflected in a stream. In this artistic atmosphere one who is fond of painting feels a mysterious craving for his canvas. I painted pictures all day and dreamed of them all night.

Madame Vert, the lady to whom the property belonged, was a widow. M. Vert, it seems, had bequeathed her the estate just previous to his death on the dog-in-the-manger condition that she would remain single for the rest of her life, it being understood that in the event of her proving false to this one-sided bargain the property was to revert to his family. It is presumable that this liberal-minded gentleman fancied that he would slumber more peacefully in Père La Chaise if he were sure that his widow, after wearing out a long life of single misery, would join him there unaccompanied by another husband.

The man who took the inventory of the furniture confided to me the strange and selfish conditions of the will, and told me, moreover, that Madame Vert was extremely unhappy under its restraint; and, as she was quite young and very beautiful, I have no doubt that he told the truth, particularly as the matter had nothing to do with his business, in which latter department his veracity was more than questionable.

The morning we took possession of the apartments Madame dropped in — by the merest chance, of course. She stood for a moment in the doorway, a lovely picture of insincerity, regarding us (the agent included) with her beautiful shoulders and eyebrows elevated, and in an attitude of sweet but melancholy surprise,—just as if she did n't know all about it,—and then the agent explained it to her just as if he had n't done so the day before. The charming widow was tastefully arrayed in half mourning, that non-committal gray check trimmed with deep purple, a sort of compromise between grief and cheerfulness, cut and fitted in so stylish and graceful a fashion that I wondered whether these becoming weeds were worn out of respect for the lost one, or with a design of capturing the next one — except that the fatal clause in her husband's testament made the latter quite impossible.

Madame regarded us with a sad smile, also

in half mourning, and was so charmed that her old home was to be occupied by my family that we felt much complimented; and when she departed I think we were under the impression that our landlady would have been distressed if any other party had been beforehand with us in securing the place.

I had just been displaying to my family my last picture in the shape of a landscape. I know now, as I did not know then, how vain I was of the miserable work, and call to mind the adroitness of our new landlady in discovering my weakness at a glance. She went into ecstasies over my miserable daub of a picture. This captured me at once, and when she said that the style reminded her of Corot's I would not have rented a house of any other lady in Paris for the world.

She stood in the center of the drawing-room, pointing to the different articles of comfort and beauty that surrounded her, and gave us to understand that all belonged to my family and myself: for her they possessed no further interest; use or destroy them, if we liked, she cared not. In fact, I think she rather preferred the latter treatment, as, when we gave up the place, we were charged double for every scratch or spot that could be found by the innocent agent. The whole house appeared to have been arranged so that it would fall to pieces on the slightest provocation. Expensive bits of bric-à-brac had been so ingeniously poised upon inadequate brackets that the vibration of a passing cab made us tremble together. Dents, scratches, and stains that were quite invisible when the inventory had been taken broke out in the parlor furniture, and soon became contagious. Fire-tongs, that had apparently been on friendly terms when we first came, refused to unite; annoying little bits of inlaid marquetry had fallen out with the old veneering, and defied our ingenuity to match them back again. An arm-chair with a compound fracture in the right leg had let me down in a most inhospitable manner, and when the French cook appeared, displaying some damaged long-handled copper utensils, I felt that the epidemic had reached the kitchen.

The letting of furnished houses in Paris and London should be classed as one of the black arts. There is no necromancy equal to it. The so-called smart American is an imbecile in their crafty hands. "'Will you walk into my parlor?' said a spider to a fly"; and when you are once in the web nothing can extricate you but your check-book. Don't attempt to struggle; you will only entangle yourself the more.

London is worse, if possible, than Paris. During the two years I was in the former city I rented two furnished houses. I told the agent of the first one how I had been treated in Paris. "Ah, yes, yes! those fellows are dreadfully treacherous; but did you have no one to represent you? No! Now see how differently we manage these matters. Here we have a man to take an inventory, with a list of whatever damages have already been sustained; you have your own men to do the same; they perform this work together, so there can be no mistake or fraud." This seemed quite fair. The agent recommends me to a man who will work in my interest, which of course he does not. The end is £50 damages for two months. My next landlord was a private gentleman who was so confiding that he would not dream of taking an inventory; it would imply a suspicion — £75 damages for three months. No appeal except to the law: oh, no! keep clear of that in London; it is worse than house agents.

But while I am telling these tricks of the French and British spiders — which I do in hopes of warning some tourist fly — let me say a word in favor of honest Scotland. I lived with my family for six months at Morningside, near Edinburgh, in a finely furnished old mansion, and the damages were placed at the moderate sum of five pounds.

FRENCH ACTING.

ART is so sacred in Paris that its conventionalities once established no change of government could affect them. Whether the country be imperial, republican, or monarchical, the subsidies of the Grand Opéra and the Théâtre Français remain unaltered. In our own country the amount of subsidy would possibly fluctuate according to the artistic views of the Administration. The leading man might be discharged if it were discovered that he had voted for the unsuccessful candidate.

The admirable acting at the Théâtre Français, though highly finished, is not without conventional faults. The actors often address themselves to the audience, particularly in soliloquy. No matter how great an actor may be, he weakens his effect when he does this. It is foreign to nature, and away "from the purpose of playing." It jars upon an audience; and, be it ever so well done, it looks as if a beautiful piece of mosaic had fallen out of the picture.

I saw "L'Ami Fritz" at the Théâtre Français, and in this play there occurs one of the sweetest scenes in domestic drama. It is between the young village maiden and the Jewish rabbi. They are seated by a spring, and the innocent girl is relating to the old man the story of her love. He leans forward, attentively listening to every word. She, with her low, sweet voice, murmurs forth her bashful confession, and with downcast eyes gracefully moves her hand round and round in the water,

as though she were tracing her story in the pool. When she has finished her head is bowed down, and her tears seem to be mingling with the brook. The rabbi sits regarding her in silent admiration, and then suddenly bursts forth with the exclamation, "She is charming!" In speaking these words the actor, instead of looking intently at the girl, addressed them directly to the audience. The chain was broken as soon as he committed this error. And yet he was one of the finest artists of this the most important theater in France. The same fault occurred several times during the play, but at this particular point it was glaring and offensive.

An intimate friend was at the theater with me, and as he was an admirable art critic, and had been born in Paris, I questioned him after the play on this subject. I mentioned that nowhere in France was the fault more common than at the very theater where one would have least expected to find it; and in fact at the Palais Royal, and at several of the minor theaters, I had not noticed it at all. He agreed with me that it was a glaring defect, and that it was a common occurrence at the Français, but was passed by unnoticed, or rather accepted as one of the conventionalities of the theater.

The next morning we met at breakfast, and he told me that he could hardly sleep all night for thinking of what I had said about stepping outside of the dramatic picture, and that he fancied he had hit upon the reason for this error having crept into the drama of the night before.

It seems that the comedies of Molière are acted only at this house, and in these plays the characters are often required to address the audience directly, like the chorus in the old Greek plays, and also, as in some of the plays of Shakspere, inform the audience of what has taken place between the acts. Therefore, addressing the audience was, under these conditions, a feature of the play, and it became as imperative that an actor should study how to step out of the picture and return to it again gracefully as it was to perfect himself in any other detail of his art. And so the custom sometimes intruded itself into domestic drama from the mere force of habit. Of course this is some excuse, but it does not wholly pardon the offense, and certainly cannot undo the mischief.

At the Théâtre Français we are accustomed to see the most finished acting that is given in Paris. I confess I have been there but seldom, for, though I admit the importance of a scholastic dramatic institution, it does not afford me the pleasure that I get from the less polished but fresher acting of some of the other theaters. Its influence, however, on actors is unquestionably a good one; the discipline of the stage, the refined style of its professors, and the strict adherence to the rules of grammar and methods of pronunciation, keep it aloof and above all other theaters. It acts, too, as a check upon actors at other establishments who would perhaps run riot with their successes, and it enables the managers to point to this legitimate temple as a model. But I enjoyed the little comedies at the Palais Royal, and the productions at the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, beyond all the theatrical entertainments that I saw in Paris.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAINTERS.

In wandering through the art galleries I looked one day upon a domestic picture by Millet that filled me with a sad kind of pleasure. The subject and treatment were simple and masterly — two women sewing upon a shroud; it is a shroud, too, of some one they both loved; for, while they ply their needles with care and earnestness, they seem stunned by a sudden blow — some recent affliction: it would seem as if the two figures were the mother and sister of the lost one. The harmony of color made the little canvas glow with beauty, and the composition was perfect. These qualities are, of course, important, but the indescribable mystery of feeling that filled the picture was its great charm: one could not look at the work without wondering at the deep emotion of the painter while he was lost in this subject. Gentle and tender-hearted Millet, you will never die! When we think that the power and creativeness of this artist were subjected for years to the cold judgment of unsympathetic professors, and by them treated with scorn and refused their rightful place upon the walls of the Salon, it makes us wonder where the law of compensation begins. The pretty painters of the ruling school were shocked at the bold treatment of the peasant painter, and one of them wondered why so good a draftsman did not put more beauty into the faces of his country girls; to which Millet replied, "The beauty of a peasant is in the earnestness with which he does his work." Had such an answer been given to me it would have rung in my ears till the crack of doom.

The French school of landscape painting attracted me very much, and after carefully studying its philosophy I am of the opinion that the greatest landscapes are works of the imagination rather than transcripts of realities. Nature refuses to be imitated, but invariably rewards the artist who has the modesty to suggest her. The painter who attempts to give an exact picture of a natural scene will find him-

self surrounded by insurmountable difficulties. As an example let us suppose that he takes for his subject a certain view with which we are familiar; the sky, water, foreground, trees, and distance may be painted in the exact form, color, and perspective proportions of the original, and yet fail to give one an idea of the spot. What is the reason of this non-resemblance when all the details have been so carefully imitated? What is it that has no existence in the picture, and that so pervades nature? Where are the sweet sounds of the woods? Where is the singing of the birds, the hum of busy insects, and the murmur of the brooks? Where is the movement of the clouds, the graceful bending of the trees, and the perfume of the pines and woodland flowers? He cannot paint these, and so his realistic work is cold and lifeless. But if in modest truth he suggests his work, omitting hard details and impertinent finish, the simple picture will lead us in our imagination to supply the artistic impossibilities of sound and movement.

When I first saw the works of Constable and Corot I did not like them. They seemed to be devoid of subject, and there was an unfinished look about them that gave me the idea of mere sketches carelessly painted. But as I became familiar with these pictures I gradually began to understand what they meant. I then discovered that it was I that was at fault, not the artists, and I felt ashamed to think that I had seen so much and knew so little. Such painters as Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Diaz, Constable, and Rousseau approached nature in a spirit of reverence; they dared not imitate her. That they studied minutely there is no doubt, because it was necessary to be familiar with and imitate all the details of nature, that they might suggest her in their pictures, like the elaborate rehearsal of a part previous to its free and spontaneous performance. But this care belongs to the study, not the picture, just as it does to the rehearsal and not to the performance. And those landscapes are the most pleasing that have form without hardness, strength without blackness, suggestion without vagueness, and delicacy without weakness.

The early works of Turner seem to be more highly esteemed than his later ones, but to me they have nothing like the charm of the pictures painted near the close of his life. They are finished and scholarly, but so carefully painted that they fail to produce an absorbing effect. We should, however, feel grateful for these, as they undoubtedly led the way to the masterly works that followed. I do not mean that all art should be treated in a merely suggestive way, but that I enjoy it best when it is so rendered. For as tastes vary, so should there be different methods to meet each desire. We are generally too dogmatic, and praise only those works that chime with our own fancy, forgetting that all artists are laboring for the public. Each painter exerts his own peculiar style to please his own particular audience. To toil for critics only would leave the workman in a sorry plight.

Censuring a chromo because we do not enjoy it is as narrow and illiberal as it would be to condemn the publication of a poem because we would prefer to read it in the author's handwriting; for it is only another form of publishing the works of great masters, so that those who cannot afford the originals may relish and be educated by the copies. If farmers are too poor to buy pictures, give them cheap and inferior art rather than no art at all, and so let them have their chromos as broadcast as their barley. Besides, to one who is devoid of imagination a pre-Raphaelite work, where each detail is clearly defined, is more agreeable than a suggestive one; therefore he should have it. The discordant scraping of a Chinese orchestra is dreadful to us, but if it falls harmoniously on the ear of a Chinaman it is useless to recommend Beethoven to him. The Christian and the pagan are alike infidels to each other, and it is this very kind of intolerance that begets half of the turmoil in the world. So long as the art diverts and does not degrade we should be lenient, and remember, as Dogberry says, that "All men are not alike, good neighbor."

ENGLISH ACQUAINTANCES.

AFTER leaving Paris I returned to London, where I played a long engagement at the Princess's Theater. Here I renewed an acquaintance with some of my old friends, and made a few new ones. Dinner-giving in London is almost a fine art. I do not mean as to the quality of the viands or the decoration of the table,— these matters are, of course, quite perfect,— but in the nice judgment of the host in the selection of his guests. I have seen a scientist, a statesman, a painter, a composer, an actor, and a divine at the same table — each one a leading light in his profession. Not only is this varied talent selected for its brilliancy, but for the harmony with which it will unite. In the assembling of such an intellectual group the next care is to dispose them at the table. People who have never met before are cunningly placed side by side that they may converse together for the first time; and I have often seen the host and hostess nervously watching the effect of their preconceived arrangements. Sometimes the party at a London dinner will consist chiefly of actors and

dramatic authors. Such guests generally know each other, and as there is no ice to break, the spirit and enjoyment are entered into at once.

I had a memorable lunch at the Star and Garter, that lovely spot on the banks of the silver Thames. Charles Kingsley, Robert Browning, and George Augustus Sala were of the party. Mr. Browning surprised and delighted me. I was surprised because he displayed a faculty I was not prepared for. His mind seemed to be stored with that useful and practical kind of knowledge one would scarcely expect to find in a poet. If any of the company opened a subject, Mr. Browning knew more about it than anybody else. Not that he intruded his information; on the contrary, it was given with so much modesty and good taste that we were only too glad to be enlightened from such a wellspring of learning. One of the guests, whose mind seemed to be stored with misinformation, and who was not so retiring as the great poet, seeing that he himself was falling behind and losing ground, sprang to the front with his adventures in Italy. He endeavored to take us through the picture galleries and describe their wonders; but while descanting upon the great painters of the past, he got the company tangled up in such a labyrinth of mistakes that he had to appeal to the poet to get us out. The latter came cheerfully to the rescue, and in doing this had to set our guide straight in so many matters in which he had gone astray that he retired in confusion and did not appear again upon the conversational platform during the evening.

I was fortunate in being placed next to Mr. Browning, and it was delightful to talk to him, or rather have him talk to me. I asked him how he could manage to go so frequently into company and yet preserve his health and spirits. He told me that he made it a rule to drink only one kind of wine at dinner: if he began with sherry, he kept to it. "And then," said he, "I retire early, and always get a good night's rest. Sleep is the great doctor, young man"—patting me gently on the back. I don't know which I enjoyed most, the pat from the poet or his calling me a young man, for I was verging upon fifty; however, that is a young man in London.

A few days after this I received a letter from Mr. Browning, inviting me to lunch with Lord C——, his lordship's sister, and himself. I replied that I would be glad to accompany him, and the next day we met by appointment and sallied forth to call on Lord C—— and his sister. On the way he gave me an account of his meeting with Longfellow and the pleasant intimacy that had existed between them. I listened with national pride to the encomiums he passed on the writings and character of the American poet. These wise and loving gentlemen had walked arm in arm through the quaint and sacred old haunts of London; and while Mr. Browning recounted their various rambles I thought as they elbowed their way through the streets how many citizens of crowded London had jostled up against them unaware of the wisdom and learning that was possessed by this gentle pair of poets in double harness. He told me that on one occasion they were walking together, and, being overtaken by a summer shower, got into a cab. The rain began to beat down heavily, and Longfellow insisted on handing his umbrella out of the window to the driver. Browning told him that he thought it was very kind and thoughtful of him, but quite unnecessary, as it would be harder to find a dry cabman in London than a wet one.

The quiet simplicity of Lord C—— seemed to extend itself to the entire household. The very butler was devoid of pomposity. The fine old mansion in which this aristocratic family resided was homelike and cheerful. The host and hostess gave Mr. Browning and me an unostentatious welcome.

The clubs of London I know but little of, having visited only the Garrick and the Savage. The pictures at the Garrick attracted me very much; a fine example by David Roberts and a vigorous marine by Stanfield—both scenic artists—hang on the walls, and character portraits of Garrick, Munden, Knight, and a host of theatrical celebrities make the rooms exceedingly interesting.

Many of the actors, authors, and painters of London have, I think unwisely, expended their earnings in building costly residences, where they entertain their guests most sumptuously. They seem blind to the fact that they must, now and forever, toil on that they may keep up this generous hospitality. Of course they naturally console themselves with that old-fashioned and conventional comfort, that should matters go a little wrong they will cut off that expense, and curtail this little elegant bit of extravagance, and so set themselves right again; but it is more difficult to retrench than they seem to realize.

In a great city one would suppose that the absence of details, should one desire to economize, would pass unnoticed; but this is a mistake. London society moves in little cliques, whose eyes are vigilant and notice at once the slightest variation in social entertainments. The flavor of the cigars, the brand of the wines, the appearance of the butler, the ornamental decorations of the table, and above all the cuisine, are rigidly criticized, and the least retrenchment is fatal to one's social reputation.

We seldom stop to consider how hollow and what a sham it is to entertain those whom we do not care for, and who do not care for us. Is this artificial nonsense so much coveted that we are to sacrifice the comforts of our lives to obtain it? What! live in fear and anxiety that we may outdo our neighbor by putting a more costly pair of boot-tops on our coachman? Burden ourselves with a life of toil simply to increase the pomposity of our butler? I am satisfied that domestic melancholy sets in with the butler. He is the melodramatic villain of society. Give me a tidy girl, with a clean calico frock and a neat little white cap — that 's the height of my ambition! Look at her! there she stands with a cheerful smile and a willing hand, ready to administer to your comfort and laugh at your old jokes — aye, though she has heard them fifty times. What a delightful audience! I am satisfied that no butler ever laughs at the same joke twice: I have tried it.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Jefferson.

THE FORGOTTEN MILLIONS.

A STUDY OF THE COMMON AMERICAN MODE OF LIFE.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

IT is the fashion to discuss social questions, and to bring to the discussion many prepossessions and not a little warmth of imagination. The anarchist, socialist, and nationalist, each for his own reasons, have all an interest in magnifying and proclaiming every wrong, evil, and danger which can possibly be attributed to industrial conditions. In every important strike the strikers endeavor to enlist public sympathy by giving vivid descriptions of the injuries against which they protest by quitting work. Newspapers and magazines find it profitable to print minute accounts of the cruelest industrial practices, the most revolting human habitations, and the most depraved modes of life which can anywhere be discovered — in miners' camps, factory villages, or city slums. The evils described are real, though perhaps exaggerated; and the average reader, whose sympathy is moved day after day by some new tale of injustice and distress, gradually loses all sense of the proportion of good to evil in the social organism. He does not observe that, whereas almost all the evils portrayed are developed in unnatural agglomerations of population, three-quarters of the American people do not live in dense settlements, but scattered over great areas, only one-quarter of the population living within groups so large as four thousand persons. It has not been brought home to him that even in such a hideous mass of misery as East London sixty-two per cent. of the population live in comfort and with an upward tendency. He tends to forget the great, comfortable, contented mass of the people in his eager sympathy with some small fraction which is miserable and embittered; and little by little he comes to accept the extreme view that the existing social order is all wrong, although he knows perfectly well that the great majority of people, even in the worst American towns and cities, live comfortably and hopefully, and with as much contentment and gladness as can be expected in people of their rather joyless lineage.

In this fortunate land of ours the antidote for this empoisoned state of mind is the careful study of communities which illustrate the commonest social conditions and the commonest modes of life. By observing with accuracy the commonest social conditions of to-day, we also qualify ourselves as well as possible for imagining the probable social conditions of to-morrow; for it is the common, not the exceptional, conditions of the present which predict and prepare the conditions of the future. At the risk of dwelling upon elementary principles in popular government, and of describing as unknown things familiar to many country-bred Americans, I therefore purpose to delineate with some minuteness the mode of government, mode of life, and general social condition of the people who make up the sparsely settled town of Mount Desert, situated on the island of that name which lies on the east side of the wide Penobscot Bay. I select this remote and poor town simply because I am well acquainted with the habits and conditions of its people; there are doubtless thousands of towns which would answer my general purpose just as well.

The island of Mount Desert is divided into

three townships. The northeastern portion is the town of Eden; the southwestern is Tremont; and the intermediate third is the town of Mount Desert, incorporated in 1789. The town lies upon the sea at both ends and is irregular in shape; but its major axis, which runs about N. W. by W. and S. E. by E., is twelve miles long, and its width perpendicular to this axis varies from 3½ to 5 miles. Its area is therefore about fifty square miles, the greater part of this area being occupied by salt-water inlets, fresh-water ponds, and rocky hills. The population, which in 1880 numbered 1017, probably numbered about 1400 1889, the polls having increased in that interval from 243 to 337. There is but one village proper in the town, namely, Somesville, at the head of Somes Sound; though there are several other small groups of houses, as at Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor, and Pretty Marsh. In general the population is scattered along the shores of the sea and the inlets. The number of houses in the town in the summer of 1889 was about 280, of which about one-tenth were for summer use only. The average number of persons to a house is therefore between five and six. The surnames which are common in the town are chiefly English (Wall, Davis, Grover, Clement, Dodge, Lynam, Bracy, Savage, Kimball, Smallidge, Jordan, Gilpatrick, Roberts, Manchester, Atherton, Richardson, Somes, Wasgatt, Smith, Freeman, Bartlett, and Carter); but a few, such as Murphy, Callahan, and Fenelly, indicate an Irish descent, near or remote. The government is by town-meeting,—an unqualified democracy,—and the officers annually elected are three selectmen, who also serve as assessors and overseers of the poor, a treasurer, a town clerk, a commissioner of roads (not chosen in 1890), and a superintendent of schools. Most of these officials are paid by the day, and their total cost to the town is decidedly modest ($400 to $500 a year). More than half the polls usually attend town-meetings, and take part in State and national elections. A fair number at the March town-meeting is 175; but at the presidential election in 1888, 225 men voted, 140 for Harrison and 85 for Cleveland. The motive of many of the voters who give a day to the annual town-meeting is to keep down the tax levy, and to resist appropriations which benefit part of the town rather than the whole. Since each voter has the keenest appreciation of the fact that he is to pay his share of every appropriation, the tendency of the town-meeting is rather to niggardliness than to extravagance; yet new appropriations, or increases of appropriations, which can be shown to be for the common interest, have a fair chance of success.

In striking contrast to the common relation in cities and large towns between the number of taxpayers and the number of voters is the relation between these two numbers in Mount Desert. The taxpayers in Mount Desert are much more numerous than the polls, because many women, children, and non-residents are taxed. Thus in 1889 the taxpayers numbered 578, of whom 176 were non-residents; but these non-resident taxpayers are mostly people of the same county (Hancock), who formerly lived in the town, or have bought land there on speculation. The number of persons from without the State who had built houses in the town for summer occupation was only sixteen down to the summer of 1889.

The largest tax paid in the town for that year was $152; and the rate being $33 on $1000, this largest tax implied a valuation of $4606.06 for the estate which was assessed highest. The incidence of the whole tax levy, as shown in the following table, is interesting because it exhibits approximately the distribution of property among the townspeople. There are no rich persons in the town; very few who have not acquired some property; and fewer still who are not in condition to bear their share of the public burdens.

263	persons,	or	estates,	paid	each	a tax	between	$0	and $5
105	"	"	"	"	"	"		5	" 10
102	"	"	"	"	"	"		10	" 20
47	"	"	"	"	"	"		20	" 30
29	"	"	"	"	"	"		30	" 40
9	"	"	"	"	"	"		40	" 50
6	"	"	"	"	"	"		50	" 60
5	"	"	"	"	"	"		60	" 70
3	"	"	"	"	"	"		70	" 80
3	"	"	"	"	"	"		80	" 90
2	"	"	"	"	"	"		100	" 110

1 person, or estate, paid between $90 and 100; one paid $127; one $150, and one $152.

The principles on which the taxes are levied are highly instructive—this obscure, poor, and sparsely settled town having long practiced a method of taxation far more conservative than the methods which prevail in the rich and populous New England communities. In the first place the valuation is low and the rate high, the valuation remaining very constant and the rate being determined each year by the amount which the town votes to raise. A low valuation tends to keep the State and county taxes low, although the returns of town valuations are subject to correction by a State Valuation Commission. Secondly, the assessors pay no attention to speculative or fancy values. Thus, although a village lot may have been actually bought at the rate of $500 an acre, it continues to be valued for purposes of taxation at say $30 an acre, as if it were tillage land. If a cottage which cost $2000 is let for the summer for $300, it nevertheless continues to be valued at say $700. Thirdly, no attempt is made to tax things in-

visible and undiscoverable, although the laws of Maine prescribe the taxation of bonds, money at interest, and other forms of personal property which are easily concealed. The items on the assessors' books consist exclusively of things which are under the public eye.

The low valuation for purposes of taxation is on the whole more acceptable to each taxpayer than an accurate or supposed market-price valuation would be; and it is a more stable basis for the annual assessment of the necessary taxes. The annual valuations, whether of real estate or of personal property, are never appealed to as indicating market price or actual value. The items on the assessors' books (which are open to inspection by any citizen) are divisible into real estate, personal property, and polls — land and buildings constituting the real estate; cattle, horses, mules, sheep, swine, pleasure carriages, musical instruments, household furniture above $200 in value, logs, timber, boards, vessels, and stock in trade or employed in arts, constituting the personal property. All these things are visible to every neighbor. No inquisitorial methods are necessary, and no returns of property under oath are asked for. Stock in trade is roughly estimated at low figures, the contents of a well-filled country variety store, for example, being valued at five hundred dollars year after year. For purposes of taxation the land is divided into mowing or tillage, pasture, and unimproved land. From $10 to $30 per acre is the common valuation for tillage land; $4 per acre is the commonest valuation of pasture land; and for unimproved land the range of valuation is from $4 to $20 per acre, according to its capacities. These valuations are still persisted in, although the access of summer visitors since 1880 has given a high speculative value to some shore and village lots.

This method of taxation is perfectly natural under the conditions which have existed in the town since its first settlement in 1760. The things taxed have made up the entire property of the people for generations, and for practical purposes they are still the only forms of property and capital in the town. The interests of the permanent residents explain the wise neglect of the assessors to take account of the altered values of shore and village house-sites. The greater part of the land which has acquired since 1880 a relatively high value, because of the summer immigration, belongs to permanent residents, who hold it tenaciously, and mean to live on a part of it. If this land were assessed for taxation at the prices its owners ask for it, the present owners could not long continue to hold it.

The total valuation has of course risen considerably since the town began to be a summer resort, but it is still very moderate. Indeed, it would no more than make a decent little property for a respectable merchant in New York or Chicago. The increase is mainly due to new buildings, $40,000 of this increase being assessed to permanent residents, and $50,000 to summer residents. The following table shows the steps of the increase:

VALUATION OF THE TOWN OF MOUNT DESERT.

	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884
Real estate of residents	$62,531	60,999	85,393	64,470	68,203
Personal estate of residents	24,228	20,755		24,189	24,610
Real and personal estate of non-residents [1]	8,553	11,413	17,698	19,111	20,911
Total	$95,312	93,167	103,091	107,770	113,724

	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889
Real estate of residents	$72,326	73,884	89,157	98,090	104,453
Personal estate of residents	24,479	24,399	24,809	28,976	30,793
Real and personal estate of non-residents [1]	23,178	24,526	39,575	50,270	58,273
Total	$119,983	122,809	153,541	177,336	193,519

It is noticeable that the personal property assessed to permanent residents did not increase at all between 1880 and 1887. The amount of vessel property diminished in this interval, and until 1887 the increase in other forms of personal property did not more than make good that loss.

A rate of $33 on every $1000 of the total valuation yields in most years, when added to the poll taxes ($3 a poll), the money needed to meet the annual appropriations. What are those appropriations? or, in other words, for what do the voters spend the money which they have themselves contributed? The following table answers this question for the years 1880, 1885, 1889, and 1890, the year 1880 being before the invasion of the town by summer visitors, and the year 1889 being the year of largest appropriations:

APPROPRIATIONS MADE AT THE MARCH TOWN-MEETING.

For	1880		1885
State and county taxes	$1055.60		$833.48
Common schools	733.60		813.60
Roads and bridges	575.00		1400.00
Town charges	600.00		400.00
Poor	1200.00		1100.00
Bridge at Little Harbor Brook	150.00	Repairing Beach Hill Road	100.00
		Bridge at Somesville	100.00
		Land damage on road at Pretty Marsh	30.00
Total	$4314.20	Total	$4777.08

[1] The personal property assessed to non-residents is insignificant in amount.

For	1889		1890
State and county taxes	$789.98		$800.00
Common schools	813.60		813.60
Roads and bridges	2500.00		2000.00
Town charges	1000.00		800.00
Poor	1200.00		1000.00
Road at Northeast Harbor	750.00	Bridge at Northeast Harbor	60.00
Damage on a horse	25.00	Repairing two hills on Southwest Harbor road	300.00
Memorial Day expenses	15.00	Free high school	150.00
Free high school[1]	200.00	To buy school-books	800.00
Total	$7293.58	Total	$6723.60

State and county taxes used to absorb nearly a quarter of the whole tax levy, but of late years have required less than one-eighth.

For common schools the town appropriates just what the Maine statute requires, namely, eighty cents for each inhabitant according to the last census; but this small appropriation is supplemented by a grant from the State of nearly as much more, which is derived from the school fund, the bank tax, and a tax of one mill on every dollar of valuation throughout the State. In addition to the town tax for schools, a separate district tax is occasionally levied for school buildings. For the year ending April 1, 1889, the number of scholars was 406, and the State grant of $712.11 added to the town appropriation of $813.60 made the whole sum available for common schools $1525.71, or $3.76 for each scholar for the year. Since 1886 the town has also appropriated annually from $100 to $200 a year for a high school, the State giving as much as the town raises, but not exceeding $250.

Roads and bridges have been the largest item on the list of appropriations since 1884, and have of late absorbed from one-third to three-sevenths of the entire tax levy. This expenditure has undoubtedly been judicious; for driving is one of the principal pastimes of the summer visitors, and gives profitable employment at that season to the horses and vehicles of the permanent residents. Moreover, the roads and bridges, having necessarily been constructed originally in the cheapest possible manner as regards both laying out and surface, were costly in wear and tear of animals and vehicles, and costly also in annual repairs. Indeed, within the memory of men of middle age communication between the different settlements of the town was mainly by water, and the "stores" were situated near sheltered landings, rather than at cross-roads or corners. Of late years a fair proportion of the annual outlay on the roads has been devoted to permanent improvements, like the construction of adequate culverts and gutters and the reduction of the steepest grades.

The appropriation for the care of the town poor has been the next largest appropriation since 1884; but before that year it was usually the largest of the appropriations, as, for instance, in 1880, when it was more than one-fourth of the whole tax levy. The theory on which the voters act in making this appropriation is that the town is to take care of the incapable, crippled, and aged who are without means of support. No one in the town is to be hungry or cold. If some unusual misfortune overtake a family ordinarily self-supporting — like diphtheria among the children, or the prolonged sickness of the breadwinner — that family is to be helped temporarily by the town. In short, everybody who has a domicile in the town is assured of a bare livelihood at all times, and of aid under special misfortunes. The idea that it is the duty of the town to take care of its poor is firmly planted in the mind of every inhabitant. The town officers will try to prevent an hereditary or constitutional pauper from acquiring a domicile in the town; they will try to establish elsewhere shiftless families that are apt to need aid; but they will relieve every case of destitution which fairly belongs in the town. There is no poor-house; so that persons who cannot support themselves are boarded and lodged in private houses at the expense of the town. Beside this idea of the town's duty towards the unfortunate and incapable is planted in the breast of the rural New Englander another invaluable sentiment, namely, that "to come on the town" is the greatest of misfortunes and humiliations. Few aged people "come on the town." When a man and wife who have brought up a family get past work, they not infrequently, with the consent of the whole family, give a deed of their land and buildings to one of the married sons or daughters in consideration of an assured maintenance during their lives. This arrangement is generally regarded as one creditable to all parties, being in fact a natural substitute for an annuity.

The appropriation for town charges covers the town officers' bills by the day, the discount on taxes, abatements, stationery, and incidentals. On the whole the town is well served at small charge. In the appropriations for 1890 a new item appears, namely, "to buy school-books." The city practice of providing free text-books as well as free tuition for all children has just penetrated to this island town.[2]

An interesting element in the well-being of this rural population is their school system. It has already appeared that the town appropriations for schools are very small, and that

[1] The first appropriation for a high school was made in 1886.

[2] It is interesting to compare the public expenditures of a poor Maine town like Mount Desert with those

even after the addition of the liberal aid given by the State the total sum available per child is not more than one-fifth of the sum ordinarily available in New England cities and towns in which the population is large and dense. The average annual expenditure per child in Massachusetts since 1883 has been about $20. What do the people of Mount Desert, who by annual vote make the minimum provision for schools, get for their money? The number of schoolhouses in the town was ten in 1889, and on the average school is kept in every schoolhouse for two terms of about nine weeks each in a year. The summer schools are usually kept by women, who are paid from $4.50 to $5 a week besides their board and lodging; the winter schools by men, who are paid about $40 a month besides their board and lodging. In addition, the so-called high school is kept three terms of ten weeks each, but in three different districts. Eighteen weeks in the year are all the schooling a Mount Desert boy can get until he is far enough advanced to go to the high school for ten weeks more. Moreover, the two terms in each year are far apart, so that the pupil forgets a good deal between terms. The teachers are in many cases untrained for their work, or very imperfectly trained. In spite of their limited opportunities, however, all the children of the town learn to read, write, and cipher well enough for practical purposes, and better than some children in cities and large towns who have twice the amount of schooling — and that under skillful teachers — but pass the rest of their time under unfavorable conditions in crowded tenements and streets. The favorable result depends, first, on the keenness of the children's desire to learn; and, secondly, on the general home training. In an ordinary Mount Desert household men, women, and children all work with their hands for the common support and satisfaction. The children help the elders in the common family interest as soon as they can rock a cradle, drive a cow, sweep a floor, or bring from the post-office the precious weekly newspaper. Yet the children's labor, unlike factory work, is wholesome for body and mind. They thus acquire at home in the best way habits of application and industry which stand them in good stead during the short weeks of their scanty school terms.

It must be confessed that the town was but ill supplied with churches before the advent of the summer visitor. Before 1881 there was but one church in the town, and that one did not always have a minister, and was practically inaccessible from large parts of the town. The native population, as a rule, felt no need of rites or sacraments; they were seldom christened or baptized, and were generally married by a justice, and buried by some minister imported for the occasion. A careful justice requires the town clerk's certificate of five days' intention of marriage. It has long been the custom to bury the dead near the houses where they had lived; so that on almost every farm one or more small burial lots are to be seen, inclosed with a wooden fence, and containing a few marble headstones, some wild roses, and perhaps a mountain ash or some maples. There were but few church members in the town, such as there were being Baptists, Methodists, or Congregationalists. By the zeal of summer residents and visitors who were devoted to the Episcopal Church two chapels have been built in the town, in which the worship of that church is maintained all the year round; and last summer (1889) a small Union church was also finished by the combined efforts of permanent and summer residents. It was, and still is, the practice of the natives of the town to secure a little preach-

of a comparatively rich Massachusetts town like Concord. For 1888–89 the expenditures of Concord, excluding payments on a new high-school building and payments of principal and interest on the town debt, amounted to $54,135.48. Only 77 per cent. of these expenditures were for the same objects as the expenditures at Mount Desert. The other 23 per cent. were for street lamps, police, sewers, sidewalks, the fire department, the public library, the cemetery and public grounds, none of which luxuries are provided at Mount Desert. The expenditures in the two towns in 1888–89 for the same objects compare as follows:

	Concord expenditures.	*Per cent. of total expenditures.*	*Mt. Desert appropriations.*	*Per cent. of total appropriations.*
State and county tax,	$6,603.59	12.2	$789.98	10.8
Schools, excluding new buildings	14,751.59	27.2	1,013.60	13.9
Roads and bridges	10,881.29	20.	3,275.00	44.9
General expenses	5,023.06	9.8	1,000.00	13.7
Poor	4,209.14	7.8	1,200.00	16.4
	$41,468.67	77.	$7,278.58	99.7

The striking differences are on schools, roads and bridges, and poor. The percentage expenditures on poor and on roads and bridges at Mount Desert are more than double the percentage expenditures for the corresponding objects at Concord. On the other hand, the percentage expenditure on schools is very little larger in Concord than in Mount Desert; for the State aid given to Mount Desert, which is not included in the foregoing table, nearly doubles the appropriation made at town-meeting; whereas the aid which Concord receives from Massachusetts is insignificant, but is included in the table. The percentage of the total valuation of the town appropriated to schools in Concord in 1888–89 was .45 of one per cent.; the percentage of the Mount Desert valuation appropriated to schools in the same year was .52 of one per cent. Concord has only two and a half times the population of Mount Desert, but nearly twenty times the valuation. It is possible, however, that the Concord valuation represents more accurately than that of Mount Desert the actual property of the inhabitants. Concord has not twice as many school children as Mount Desert, but spends on schools seven times the money.

ing by inviting a minister or a theological student who lives in some neighboring town to preach once every other Sunday, or once every month, in one of the schoolhouses, and to accept as payment the proceeds of the collection taken up at the meeting, a guaranty being sometimes given that the collection should amount to a specified sum. The same minister could serve in this way four of the scattered settlements, provided he were strong enough to endure the inevitable exposure and fatigue. One who remembers the Mount Desert preaching procured in this fashion forty years ago describes the regular discourses of his youth as "them worm sermons"; but allusions to the worms which destroy this body, and to the undying worm in hell, are now heard but rarely. Singing by the local talent adds to the interest of these religious meetings, which indeed answer pretty well the common church purpose of bringing people together in search of edification, uplifting, and friendly communion. At Northeast Harbor the Union church, instead of the bare schoolhouse, is now used in precisely this way, it being quite impossible for the few residents to provide a salary for a settled minister. Sunday schools are from time to time carried on in some of the schoolhouses by the efforts of a few public-spirited persons, men and women, who make use of the printed lessons and guides which the various Protestant denominations provide in great abundance. Adults as well as children attend these Sunday schools.

In 1889 there were eleven general, or variety, "stores" in the town, and nine trades were practiced, namely, the trades of the carpenter, painter, paperhanger, milliner, blacksmith, harness-maker, plumber, mason, and undertaker. These are, of course, the trades first needed in small communities. A little lumber is still sawed; in winters when ice fails on the Hudson some ice is cut for shipping, and cord-wood is cut for home use and for shipping; but the only considerable industry in the town is quarrying and cutting granite. The commonest product of the quarries is paving-stones; but stones of large size for building purposes are also produced. The splitting out of paving stones is piece-work, at which a strong and skillful man can earn good wages ($3 to $5 a day); but it is hard work, and it cannot be pursued more than six or seven months out of the year. Almost every young man follows the sea for a time in either fishing or coasting vessels; and almost every householder does a little farming — that is, he makes some hay, raises pease, beans, beets, carrots, and potatoes for his family, and keeps a few hens, a pig, and one or two cows. The proceeds of a lucky season in a mackerel-catcher or "Banker" are sometimes sufficient to build a house for the young fisherman, particularly if only two or three of the rooms are plastered at first. A young man who has laid up money enough to build a small house, and furnish two rooms in it, is in a position to marry and settle down; and a young woman who, with the assistance of her parents, has saved one or two hundred dollars by working in summer hotels or teaching is distinctly a desirable match — first, because she has proved her capacity; and secondly, because she has capital. There is probably not an able-bodied man in the town, leaving out the summer residents, who does not work a great deal with his hands. The doctor is also a farmer; and the minister at Somesville, when there is one, probably raises his own vegetables, takes care of his horse, and saws, splits, and carries in his wood. Almost all the men are rough carpenters and painters, and they are equally at home on a boat, a jigger, or a buckboard. The most substantial citizens work on the roads; tend their live-stock; milk the cows; drive buckboards; cut ice and wood; haul stone, firewood, and lumber; bring sand, gravel, and brick in scows; go a-fishing or tend lobster-pots. Ten years ago many of the women spun the wool of their own sheep into yarn, besides making all the family clothes, taking care of the poultry, making butter, and doing all the household work. The girls work very hard in the summer boarding-houses of the island for eight or ten weeks, but do not, like the Nova Scotia girls, seek domestic service far away from home. From the necessity of the case division of labor is not carried far in the town, and most of the people learn to do many things passably rather than any one thing perfectly.

The diet of the population is sufficiently varied, and is agreeable to them; but it is perhaps somewhat defective in the elements needed to form bone and muscle. This chemical defect may possibly account for the premature decay of young people's teeth, which is noticeable in many cases. The staples of their food are white flour, corn-meal, sugar, butter, lard, stewed fruit (apples, crab-apples, damsons, bog and mountain cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, and prunes), beans, salt pork, salt and fresh fish (cod, haddock, mackerel, alewives, smelts, and frost-fish), clams, lobsters, fresh vegetables and berries in summer, tea and coffee, salt and spices. Fresh meat is too costly for common use, except in midwinter, when large pieces can be bought at wholesale prices and kept frozen. Moreover, the women, as a rule, do not use beef and mutton to advantage, because they do not know how to make the savory stews, broths, and soups which

French and Canadian women prepare from the cheapest pieces of meat. Instead of boiling or stewing a piece of the round of beef, for example, the Mount Desert cooks broil or fry it, cut into thin slices, the product being, of course, dry, tough, and indigestible. Eggs are too useful for barter at the "store" to be eaten freely, and chickens must be sold to extravagant summer residents, or to collectors of poultry for city markets. The diet of the inhabitants of Mount Desert might be greatly improved at very small cost if they would only adopt oatmeal from the Scotch, pea-soup from the Canadians, sausage from the Germans, and the *pot-au-feu* from the French. It should be observed, however, that their present diet is satisfactory to them. They like hot bread made in fifteen minutes by the aid of chemical baking-powders; they are used to cakes, doughnuts, pies, and sweet sauces, and they probably would not like the more nutritious and more nitrogenous diet which their summer visitors affect.

The cost of bringing up a family of five or six children comfortably in the town of Mount Desert does not exceed $250 a year if the house, a garden-patch, and a cow-pasture be already provided from savings of the husband and wife before marriage, and if the family, as a whole, have normal health and strength. Very few heads of families earn more than that sum in a year; for, although a day's wages in summer is commonly $1.75, work is scarce, the winter is long, and few men can get more than five months' employment at these wages in a year. The man and boys of a family can, however, do much for the common support, even when there is no work at wages to be had. They can catch and cure fish, dig clams, trap lobsters, pick the abundant blueberries on the rocky hills in August, and shoot ducks at the seasons of migration. Wild nature still yields to the skillful seeker a considerable quantity of food without price. Dwellers in a city may wonder how it is possible for a family to live so cheaply, but there is no mystery about it. There is no rent to pay; the schools are free; water costs nothing; the garden-patch yields potatoes and other vegetables, and the pasture milk and butter; two kerosene lamps and a lantern supply all the artificial light needed, at a cost not exceeding $2 a year; the family do all their own work without waste; there is but one fire, except on rare occasions, and that single fire is in a stove which delivers all its heat into the house; the wife and daughters knit the family stockings, mittens, and mufflers, mend all the clothes, and for the most part make all their own. The ready-made clothing which the men buy at the stores is very cheap ($10 to $15 a suit), being made of cotton with but a small admixture of wool. The cloth is strong and warm, and looks fairly well when new, but soon fades and wears shabby. For children the old clothes of their elders are cut down, the wear being thus brought on new places. The Hessian country girl wears proudly her grandmother's woolen petticoats, and well she may, for they are just as good and handsome as they were sixty years ago. A Scotch shepherd's all-wool plaid withstands the wind and the rain for a lifetime. The old Swiss porter, who is carrying the mounted traveler's valise over the Gemmi, puts on a thick woolen jacket of a rich brown color when the shower begins with the remark, "The rain won't wet me, sir; this coat has kept me dry for twenty-five years." The American farmer and laborer use no such good materials as these, and therefore they and their children look shabby most of the time; but their clothes are very cheap in first cost, and, like the cotton clothes of the Chinese, they answer the main purposes of all clothing. In a city the best clothes of the family must be often put on, in the country but seldom. Shoes and boots must be bought for the whole household, but these articles are also very cheap in New England, and the coarser sorts are durable in proportion to their price. For protection from rain the Mount Desert man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in bad weather uses, in sailor fashion, not rubber clothing, but suits of oiled cotton cloth, which keep out not only water but wind, last long, and cost little ($2 to $3 a suit). However hard it may be for city people to understand it, the fact remains that $250 a year is a sum adequate to the comfortable and wholesome support of a family of seven or eight persons in the town of Mount Desert, provided that a house, a garden, and a pasture are secured to them.

The people are, as a rule, well satisfied with their surroundings and their mode of life. Why should they not be? They are individually self-supporting and independent; they manage their town affairs, as free citizens should, with frugality and conservatism, feel no external restraints, and, being quite ignorant of the practical working of the national tariff, are conscious of no burdens which are not self-imposed. They are not anxious about the morrow, for their well-being does not depend on any single industry, or on the good feeling or good judgment of any one man or set of men. They all feel sure of a modest livelihood while health and strength last, and the poorest know that in emergencies they can rely on help from the common purse or from sympathetic neighbors. If the father of a family break his leg just when the winter supply of wood should be sawed and split, the men and boys of the neighborhood hold a "chopping-bee" at the house, and in a day the

winter's supply of fuel is prepared and piled ready for use. If the cow of a poor family dies, the friends club together to provide another. Such poverty as exists in the town is the result of disease, bad habits, or shiftlessness. The persons supported by the town in 1888–89 were two orphan children, two insane adults, one boy in the reform school, and one infirm woman. If the wife is lazy, careless, or wasteful, the family cannot thrive. "That woman will throw more good stuff out of the window with a spoon than her husband can roll in at the door in a wheelbarrow," said a town official in describing the causes of the straitened condition of a family which sometimes needed the help of the town. A good proportion of the families of the town are thrifty, kindly, and intelligent, and there is helpfulness and self-respect throughout their households, and therefore comfort and contentment. Of course there are some blackish sheep; and, as in all small communities, there are some quarrels between neighbors who ought to be friends, and some chronic misunderstandings and antagonisms between kindred families which ought to be united. One must not imagine that people who live in the country are *ipso facto* more virtuous and high-minded than people of the same stock who live in the city. Bunyan's man with a muck-rake, who could look no way but downwards, raked to himself, not coupons and rubies, but the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor. In making a bargain with a Mount Desert man one must not expect to find him less skillful and wary than a city Yankee. On the contrary, he may appear more suspicious, because he is less self-confident. The men do not always take their hats off in the house, even in the presence of women, and men, women, and children are habitually reticent and undemonstrative in manner. One who engages a Mount Desert laborer or mechanic to do a piece of work will probably receive the impression that it is the employed who consents to do a favor to the employer. On the other hand, the employer is pretty sure to get a fair day's work done. The butcher, the fish-dealer, and the grocer dispense their goods for a consideration, to be sure, but chiefly, it would appear, to accommodate their neighbors. "Can you let me have some eggs or some halibut to-day?" is a natural mode of opening a negotiation for these commodities. In short, the manners of the people express the independence they feel; and if they have not so much responsiveness and alertness as city people, it is because they have not so much practice in meeting strangers.

But perhaps to people who live crowded together in closely built cities the life of a Mount Desert family seems solitary and dreary. They cannot hear the newsboys' and hucksters' cries, the rattle of vehicles and clatter of hoofs on stone pavements, the buzz and rumble of electric cars, and the screaming of factory whistles. They cannot see the thronged street and the gay shop windows, the electric lights, the grand houses, and the public monuments. They cannot ride in street-cars, parade on Main street or Fifth Avenue, and visit at pleasure the dime museum, the dog, cat, horse, or baby show, or the negro minstrels. These indeed are some of the sights, sounds, and social privileges which are denied to a rural and seaboard population. Still, they have compensations. They hear the loud monotone of the surf on the outer islands, the splash of the waves on the inner beaches, the rushing of the brook, the cawing of crows, the songs of robins and thrushes, and the rustling of the leaves in the breeze. They see the sky, the sea, the woods, the ponds, and the hills in all the varying lights and shadows of winter and summer, evening and morning, sunshine and storm. Then, too, they have many social enjoyments. Town-meeting gives the men a whole day of pleasure: first, the long drive or walk in company to the meeting-place; then the morning session; then the dinner provided by public-spirited women for twenty or twenty-five cents a head, the proceeds to go for some public object, like a plank sidewalk or a fence for the cemetery; then the afternoon session, big with important issues; and then the cheerful return home. Sewing-circles are maintained in the most populous neighborhoods; sometimes two in the same neighborhood, one for the mature matrons and another for the girls. A circle sews, not for the poor, for there are none, but for some public object like an organ for the Sunday meeting, or a library for the Sunday school; and when it holds its sale of the articles it has made it gives a supper-party — admission ten, fifteen, or twenty cents, according to the costliness of the supper. There are hulled-corn suppers, ice-cream suppers, strawberry suppers, and turkey suppers. Then there are dancing-schools and singing-schools, and latterly there have been choir rehearsals in addition. Now and then a traveling showman summons the population to his ten-cent show. Occasionally a combination of native talent gives a recital or a little play. The "lodge" draws the men together, and the women too, for simple entertainments. The necessity of giving and receiving help in household emergencies adds variety to the lives of the women. If the mother of a family is disabled somebody must go and help her, for few families can afford to hire assistance. The neighbors do the work until an aunt, a sister, or a niece can arrive from the mainland or

from some other part of the island. There is no little visiting for pleasure among relations, the visits lasting, not twenty minutes or through a single meal as among hurrying city people, but for several days. Thus a Mount Desert man and wife will go to Bangor in the fall, when the steamboat fares are reduced one-half, and pay a week's visit to some cousins who live in that metropolis; in the next June the Bangor cousins will return the visit. The cost of the exchange of visits is only the steamboat fares; for the two families have just about the same food and mode of life, and what the hosts expend the guests save. The system may be extended even to remote places like Massachusetts. A married aunt in Boston entertains her nephew and his wife for a week in the early spring; the next summer the aunt comes alone to Mount Desert, and spends a fortnight with her nephew. Of course the men get more variety than the women, because they often work in "crews" — as on vessels, on the roads, on new buildings, and in the quarries; and also because they travel more by land and by sea, vote, serve on juries, and act as town and county officers.

The people of Mount Desert are free and at ease, very conservative for the familiar reason "we 're well 'nough 's we air," and very indifferent to the social speculations of nervous residents in cities. The single tax on land strikes them as absurd. The socialists' proposition that the community owes everybody at least a livelihood seems to them an old story. "It has always been so in this town," they truly say. Whether or no cities should make their own gas, as the Nationalists propose, is a matter of profound indifference to them. Kerosene is their reliance. On the question whether Government should manage the telegraphs — the other practical proposal of the Nationalists — they might possibly have an opinion in the negative, because they suffer from the wretched management of their post-offices by the National Government. The postmasters are frequently changed, the routes are badly arranged, and the mails are carried by horses which can hardly drag one foot after another. "The meanest and worst-used horses on our roads are hitched to the United States stage," said an indignant villager last summer. They hear of strikes, lock-outs, and boycotts in remote regions like New York, Pittsburg, and Chicago with much the same sort of pitying interest that the tenement-house horrors, the midsummer slaughter of infants, the great conflagrations, and the multitude of accidents, crimes, and disasters which happen amid a dense population excite in them. "Why will people stay in such places?" "How thankful we ought to be that we don't live in cities," are common expressions among them. It is difficult to transplant Mount Desert people. They prefer their sterile but beautiful island to any other place in the world, and if they leave it for a time they are always desiring and expecting to return to it. Factory operatives, unsatisfied mechanics, and city folks generally — they would say — may find as much fault as they please with the constitution of their own society, and may upset their social pyramid as often as they choose, provided it be clearly understood that the institutions and society of Mount Desert are to be left untouched, since they are already perfectly satisfactory to all concerned.

The manners and customs of the people of the town have thus far been very little affected by the inroad of summer visitors. About a dozen families have learned to take boarders, and have enlarged their houses considerably for this purpose; a few more families have sold portions of their farms, and with the proceeds have built for themselves better houses; and there is more work both for men and women in summer than there used to be. Still the habits of the people are essentially unchanged, and the town is managed precisely as it was before 1881.

Now this sequestered, wholesome, and contented community affords a fair type of the organization of basal American society. Due allowance made for differences of climate, soil, diet, and local usage, this is very much the way in which from thirty to forty millions of the American people live.

Charles W. Eliot.

POEMS BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

UNDER THE BALCONY.

UP, slender vine, your love is mine;
I watch you as you go,
A lyric budding line on line
With blossom-rhymes a-row!
Up, up, until her window-sill,
Like heaven's gate in sight,
Makes all your heart with hope to fill
And bloom with its delight!

And when her eyes' soft twilight lies
Upon you nestled there,—
When all about you is surprise,
And all below, despair;
Then to my Sweet my love repeat;
Yield her one perfect bloom
Which, though it perish at her feet,
May, ghostlike, haunt her room.

But, if her mind and heart be kind,
And grant you gracious rest,
And for this gift a pillow find,
And fold it to her breast —
Up, up! I burn my fate to learn
From her who waits above;
Let but a leaf to earth return —
Her answer and her love!

ATTAINMENT.

FROM the marble of his thought
Are the poet's fancies wrought
Into forms of symmetry,
Into rhyme and melody;
Not by any magic feat
Comes the statue forth complete;
Only patient labor, long,
Can create the perfect song;
Only love that does not tire
Can attain its high desire,—
Love that deems no gift of time
Wasted, so it win the rhyme
One elusive word to start
Life within the lyric's heart.
Still the Parthenon for us —
Jewel of Pentelicus
Fashioned centuries ago —
Shines with undiminished glow;
Still the resurrected bust,
Buried ages in the dust,
Holds to-day its honored place
By the marvel of its grace:
So the poet's song shall shine
For the jewel of one line;—
So his lyric shall endure
Be the carven marble pure.
Toil he must if he would win
Heaven's gate and enter in;
Labor of a lifetime give
That the sculptured verse shall live!

PERPETUITY.

I HEARD a sweet voice singing in the night
A tender love-song written years ago,
To ease a poet's heart of that deep woe
Born of long absence from its dear delight;
And as the music like a bird took flight
Across the shadowed world and vanished so,
I thought of him who wrote it,— did he know
How Time would keep his jewel-lyric bright?
O Poet of to-day, whose heart would sing
Some simple song of love, and sweet words give
To mate the melody that thrills the lute,—
Sing on, nor heed what lips are murmuring
To scorn your art; one perfect song shall live
For love and you long after they are mute!

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

SKETCHING.

NIKKO SAN, August 12.—The enchantment of idleness is no longer to be lived in, of mere enjoyment of what I see. I have now to feel the bitterness of work, of effort of memory and analysis, and to become responsible to myself for what I see, and for the accuracy with which I see it: just as my quieting inhalation of the Buddhist air is disturbed by the intellectual necessity of giving to myself some account of formulas, and, later, unfortunately of rendering to you this same account of my impressions. And yet I feel so delightfully lazy, so much as if I were in a Newport in which all should be new. All this place has become more and more enchanting. I am sure that I shall go with the regret of not having painted whatever I shall leave untried; all so preferable, undoubtedly, to what shall have been done. Everything here exists for a painter's delight, everything composes or makes pleasant arrangements, and the little odds and ends are charming, so that I sometimes feel as if I liked the small things that I have discovered better than the greater which I am forced to recognize.

And then all looks wild and natural, as if undisturbed by man; but no one can tell in a place where nature is so admirable, so admired, and so adored.

I like the old roads between *yashki* walls, broken up with torrents and bridges; and the small shrines and sacred trees, which have no great point but that they are pretty, and so far away — in the infancy of the world. Stones and rocks that are sacred — why and wherefore no one exactly knowing; only that it is so, and has been so for a long, long time.

Three thousand years ago Europe was so, with paganism — the peasant or earth belief — gradually lost to our comprehension except through hearsay. So we are accustomed to write of the sacred grove; and here it is, all about me, as if history were made living. The lovely scenery reminds me continually of what has been associated with it; a civilization which has been born of it, has never separated from nature, has its religion, its art, and its historic associations entangled with all natural manifestations. The great Pan might still be living here, in a state of the world which has sanctified trees and groves, and associated the spirit world with every form of the earthly dwelling-place. I feel as if I were nearer than I can be through books to the old world we try to rebuild by collation of facts and documents.

Could a Greek come back here he would find his "soul-informed rocks," and all that he thought divine or superstitious, even to the very "impressions of Aphrodite." The sacredness that lives here in mountains would seem all natural to him, as would the stories of mountain gods who ages ago met here the advance of the Buddhist priests. For Buddhism has joined with the earthly faith in attaching religious value to solitary places and mountain heights, and many are the stories which link these two beliefs from the early times. As for instance, when Shodo Shonin in his wanderings came here and "opened up" the mountains of Nikko. For this saintly discoverer, dwelling in early youth among sacred caves, and a devout reverer of the native and Buddhist deities, had long dreamed of wondrous things on distant mountains, of celestial or spiritual beings, visible even to the eye, and pursued his search according to holy vows and under celestial guidance.

Where the red lacquer bridge now goes over the Dayagawa, Shodo Shonin first crossed upon the fairy snake bridge, which, like a rainbow spanning the hills, was thrown over for him by a mysterious colossal god of the mountain. Here, a few yards off, he built the shrine in honor of his helper the "great King of the Deep Sand." This was in the year 767 of our era; and in 782, after much previous exploration, he reached the summit of Nantai-san, and met the tutelary gods of Nikko, who promised to watch over the welfare of Japan and the progress of the new religion. These three gods were long worshiped thereafter at the foot of the mountain, on the bank of the lake, named Chiusen-ji by him, along with the Buddhist incarnations whose temple he established there. So that these primordial divinities were looked upon by certain Bud-

dhist eyes as what they named "temporary manifestations" of the great essences known as Amida, Buddha, and Kwan-on.

Last evening, near the back of the rock upon which is the tomb of Iyéyasŭ, I followed some zigzag stone steps that lead up to a little shrine, dark among the trees, in which is the figure of an old man with powerful legs — the master pilgrim Enno-Sho-kaku. Why his shrine was exactly there I have not clearly made out; but certainly, as a mountain spirit, his being here is appropriate. For, born a miraculous child, he loved from infancy the solitariness of woods far up the mountains. The rain never wet him; no living things of the forest were ever hurt by him, even through chance; he lived, as they might, on nuts and berries, clothed in the tree's own dress, of the tendrils of the wistaria. Thus he passed forty years among mountains and waterfalls, under directions received in dreams, to bring the wild places beneath the dominion of Buddha. Two hill spirits served him and provided him with fuel and water. The life of nature became his, and he moved through water or through air as easily as his mind dwelt in the present and the future.

Naturally, too, when he touched the world of men he was maligned and persecuted; but even then, when exiled to an island in the sea, he could fly back at night to revisit his mother, or ascend his beloved mountains, while submitting obediently in the daylight to the presence of his guards. Naturally, too, his evil days came to an end, and he was freed, and finally flitted away towards China, and has never reappeared. With him in the little shrine are his faithful imps, painted red and green, and out of the darkness his wooden image with a long white beard looked absolutely real in the rainy twilight. Enormous iron sandals hung on every side, offerings of pilgrims anxious to obtain legs as sturdy as those of the pilgrim patron. Had I been able to leave my own I should have done so, for never have I felt as weakened and unenergetic as I have become in this idle climate. We could just see the white stone steps of the little road as we came down the steep hill through the wood to the gate of Iyémitsŭ's tomb.

AUGUST 16.— The languor that oppresses me does not disappear, and I live with alternations of exertion that reflect the weather. There has been an immense amount of sunshine and the same amount of rain, compressing into a single day as much as would suffice at home for weeks of summer and winter. Suddenly, from hot blue skies, come down the cloud and the wet. The lovely little hills or mountains opposite our house, round out, all modeled and full, in glossy green, to be painted in another hour with thin washes of gray, thickened with white, as in the single colored designs of the old Limoges enamels. Then their edges grow sharp and thin, and are stamped against further mists, like pale prints of the Japanese designs, making me see those pictures increased to life-size. And I realize how accurate these are, even to the enlarged appearance of the great trees which fringe their tops and edges, as these are seen through the broken, wet veil of moisture. And even here, again, I am puzzled as to whether art has helped nature.

AUGUST 17.— Yesterday I suffered seriously from the heat. I had gone to the little flat tableland that lies to the north behind our house, through which runs a small road, untraveled and grass-grown, connecting somewhere or other with the road of the great temples. I had intended to study there for several reasons; one, among others, because I saw every day, as I looked through my screens, a little typical landscape-picture of Japan. Near by, a small temple shrine all vermilion in the sun, with heavy, black, oppressive roof; then a stretch of flat tableland, overgrown with trees and bushes, from which stood up a single high tree, with peaceful horizontal branches; on each side, conical hills, as if the wings of a stage-scene; far beyond, a tumble of mountains behind the great depression of the river hidden out of sight; and above, and farther yet, the great green slopes that lead to the peak of Nio-ho. It was very hot, and all the clouds seemed far away, the sun very high in the early noon, and no shade. I passed the new priests' houses of the old temple near us, where are billeted, to the inconvenience of the owners, many sailor boys sent all the way from the navy yard of Okotsuka, so that they escape the cholera, as we are doing. They are usually washing their clothes in the torrent that runs under the bridge of three carved stones, which I have to pass to get into the little path, frequented by gadflies, that takes me up to my sketching-ground. Were it not for the amiably obtrusive curiosity of these youngsters in their leisure hours, I should pass through their courtyard into the shady spaces near the little temples and the three-storied pagoda, which the priests' houses adjoin.

I am always courteously saluted by the priests, and one of them, living there in vacation time, I know. He is off duty at the temples of Iyémitsŭ, and I have seen him at the home of our friends. I send you a sketch of his face, which appears to me impressed by sincerity and a certain anxiety, very sympa-

thetic. When I sketch near the pagoda I see him occasionally ringing the hanging-bell or cymbal, with the same step and air of half-unconscious performance of habitual duty that I remember so well in Catholic priests whom I knew as a boy.

Here the memory of Shodo Shonin comes up again, with a confusion of intention in the assembled worship of Buddhist and native divinities. For the "opener of mountains" built the temple here to the same god, with the never-ending name, whom he met on the summit of Nan-tai-san. And the adjoining chapel, dedicated to Kwan-on, means that she was in reality the essential being, behind the temporary manifestation, that assumed the name and appearance of this mountain god, the *genius loci*. And the Latin words bring back the recollection of curious stones in the mossy green shade, to which is attached the meaning of the oldest past; for they are "male" and "female" — emblems and images of earliest worship, empowered to remind and perhaps obscurely to influence.

Seated at last under my umbrella, I could feel the hot moisture rising from the grass beneath me. The heated hills on each side wore a thin interlacing of violet in the green of their pines. The mountains across the river were frosted in the sunlight, with the thinnest veil of a glitter of wet.

Between them great walls of vapor rose from the hidden river, twisting into draperies that slowly crawled up the slopes of the great mountain. Far off, its top was capped with cloud, whose mass descended in a shower over its face and between its peaks, and kept all its nearer side in a trembling violet shadow.

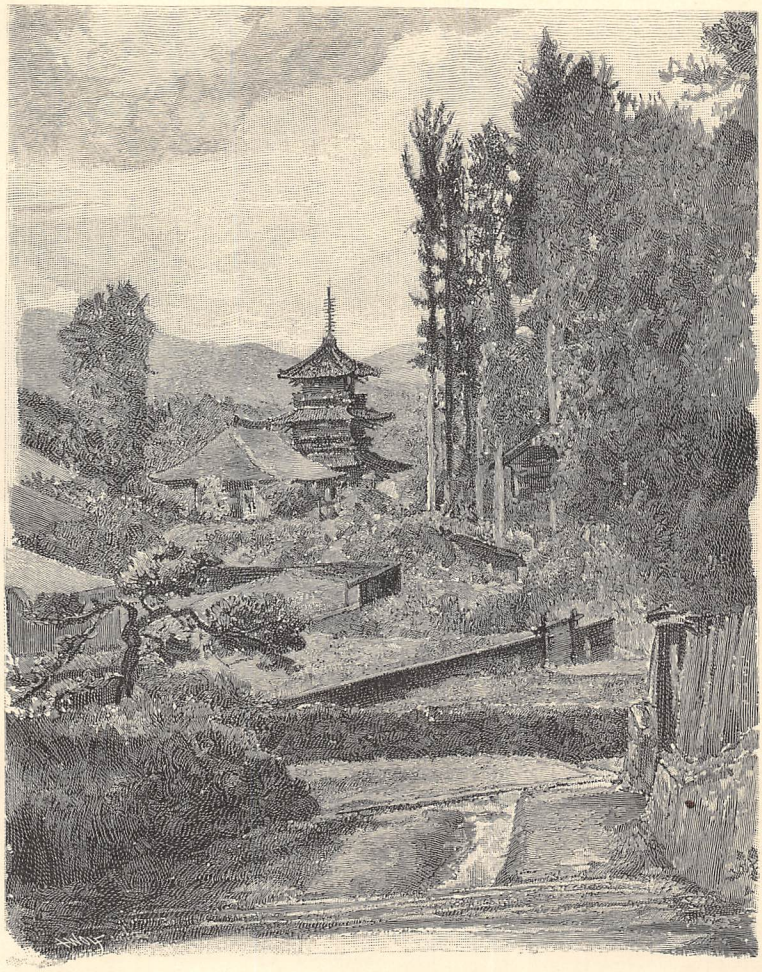
Above the peak the great mass of fog spread to the farthest mountains, letting their highest tops shine through with a pale blue faintness like that of sky. But the great back of the long slope was distinct, and of a vivid green against the background of violet mountains. So solid and close-packed it looked under the high light, that one might forget that this green was not of turf, firm under foot, but was a trackless waste of tall grasses high as a man's head. Farther on against the northern sky the eastern slope was golden and sharp. In the highest sky of fiery blue large cumulus clouds shone above and through the fog, whose ragged edge blew like a great flag towards the south. The little temple blazed in vermilion, one side all lighted up, its black tiled roof hot in the sun. In the shadow of its porch the columns and entablature were white, and pale gold and green.

My attempt to render the light and heat lasted for two or three hours: my damp umbrella seemed penetrated by the light, my skin was scorched and blistered, and a faint dizziness kept warning me to get back to a larger shade. When I yielded, I was only just able to reach my welcome mats, saved from something worse by my very scorching. Since yesterday I have been ill; not sleeping, but dreaming uncomfortably; and visited and comforted, however, by our fair hostess and the doctor.

MURMURS of Buddhistic conversation remain in my mind; vague stories of life in Southern monasteries, of refined ascetic life, of sublimated delicate food, of gentle miraculous powers, known to the favored few that behold them at times; of ascensions and disappearances like those of the pilgrim saint of whom I was telling you yesterday — all of which talk mingles with the vague intent of my painting. For I had proposed to make my studies serve for the picture of the "Ascension"; to use the clouds and the wilderness for my background; and to be, at least for moments, in some relation to what I have to represent; that is to say, in an atmosphere not inimical, as ours is, to what we call the miraculous. Here, at least, I am not forced to consider external nature as separate and opposed, and I can fall into moods of thought, or, if you prefer, of feeling, in which the edges of all things blend, and man and the outside world pass into each other.

AUGUST 17.— And so, often, I like to think of these trees and rocks and streams, as if from them might be evolved some spiritual essence. Has not Çakyamuni said that all (living) beings possess the nature of Buddha, that is to say, the absolute nature. The sun, the moon, the earth, and the innumerable stars contain within themselves the absolute nature. So for the little flowers, the grass, the clouds that rise from the waters, the very drop of water itself; for they are begotten of nature absolute, and all form a part of it, however great, however small. Absolute nature is the essence of all things, and is the same as all things. This absolute nature will be as are the waters of the sea, if we picture it, and its modes will be as the waves, inseparable from the waters. Thus the absolute and all things will be identical, inseparable views of the same existence. This nature will be both essence and force, and appearance and manner. And so, my friends here, of the sect which holds the temple, might teach me that the little plants, the great mountains, and the rushing waters can become Buddhas.

In these pantheistic sympathies I dimly recall that another sect finds three great mysteries in its esoteric view of the world. The



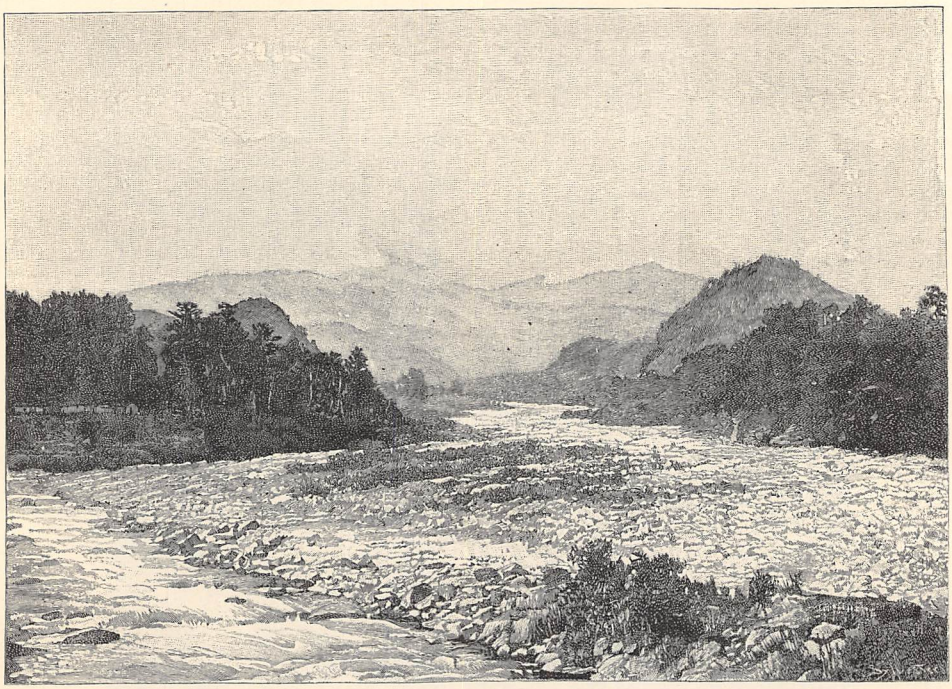
OLD PAGODA NEAR THE PRIESTS' HOUSES.

wind whistling through the trees, the river breaking over its rocks, the movements of man and his voice,—or, indeed, his silence,—are the expression of the great mysteries of body, of word, and of thought. These mysteries are understood of the Buddha, but evolution cultivated by the "true word," or doctrine, will allow man, whose mysteries are like the mysteries of the Buddhas, to become like unto them.

But since the path is open for all to Buddhahood; since these animals that pass me, this landscape about me, can become divine; why, alas, are not men more easily carried to that glorious end? It is because we are living in the present; and as that present must have had a past, since nothing is lost and nothing disappears, so it will have a future; and that future depends on the present and on the past. Changes and transformations are only a "play" of cause and effect, since spirit and matter are one in absolute nature, which in its essence can neither be born nor be dissolved. Actual life is absolutely determined by the influencing action of merit and demerit in past existence, as the future will be determined by present causes, so that it is possible for the soul to pass through the six conditions, of the infernal being, the phantom, the beast, the demon, the human, and the celestial, and, through painful transmigration, to reach the supreme salvation of Nirvana. Then will end the universal metamorphoses, the trials, the expiations, the unceasing whirlwind of life. Illusion will cease, and reality last, in the complete calm of absolute truth.

NIRVANA.

HAVE I told you my story of the word Nirvana, as used by the reporter at Omaha, who managed to interview us? The association of a reporter with any of the four states of Nirvana may seem impossible to you — but this is the way it happened.



BED OF THE DAYAGAWA, NIKKO.

Owing to A——being the brother of the president of the road, we were naturally suspected of business designs when we acknowledged that we were going to Japan, and, in my short-sighted wisdom, I thought that I should put to rout our interviewer by "allowing" that the purpose of our going was to find Nirvana. I had misjudged the mind of the true reporter, and did not expect the retort, "Are you not rather late in the season?" Whether he knew or "builded better," he had certainly pointed out the probable result. I often recur to this episode when, as now, I enjoy, in dreaming action, that Nirvana which is called conditioned; that state of the terrestrial being who understands truth by the extinction of passions, but who is yet indeed very much tied to the body — if I may speak so lightly of what is a contemplation of and absorption in eternal truth, a rest in supreme salvation.

PORTRAIT OF A PRIEST.

Of all the images that I see so often, the one that touches me most — partly, perhaps, because of the Eternal Feminine — is that of the incarnation that is called Kwan-on, when shown absorbed in the meditations of Nirvana.

You have seen her in pictures, seated near some waterfall, and I am continually reminded of her by the beautiful scenes about us, of which the waterfall is the note and the charm. Were it not that I hate sight-seeing, I should have made pilgrimages, like the good Japanese, to all the celebrated ones which are about. Exercise, however, during the day is difficult to me, and I don't like being carried, and the miserable horses of the peasants are awfully slow and very stumbly. We go about in single file, perched on the saddles upon their

humped backs, each horse led by the owner, usually a trousered peasant girl. Lately on our visits to waterfalls we have passed the wide bed of the second river, which makes an island of our mountain — a great mountain river bed, filled with stones and boulders, of a single stone overgrown with weeds and bushes. These gods along the river are all ugly and barbarous,— country gods, as it were, — alien as possible, while the nature about them, though strange, is not so far away from me.

MOUNTAINS IN FOG BEFORE OUR HOUSE.

through which the waters, now very low, divide into rushing torrents; while in the winter this is a tremendous affair, and in flood-times the very boulders are carried away. Far down at Imaichi, some six miles off, is shown one of the long row of stone Buddhas, several hundred in number, which line the right bank of the main river, the Dayagawa, near the deep pool called Kamman-ga-fuchi.

It was there that I drew the biggest of them all, on one of my first days here, a statue of Jizo, with Nan-tai-san half veiled in the distance behind him — a great cedar shading him, and all but the little path and the bridge

Their ugliness was accentuated by a sort of efflorescence, or moss growth, curled and ragged by weather, made of innumerable slips of paper pasted upon them by troops of pilgrims to the holy places, who make a point of thus marking off their visits to each successive sacred object. Fortunately, they are what the Japanese call "wet gods," that is to say, unprotected by roof or temple, and the rains of heaven cleanse them and leave only the black and white of the lichens. They always worried me like a bad dream when I passed them in the evening, on my way home from work, and I can sympathize with the superstition

which makes it impossible to count them. But this is on the Dayagawa, the main confluent which rushes down from Lake Chiuzenji. Our path led through the other river, over causeways and bridges, up to the hills on the other side, and to a high moorland from which the immense southern plain and distant mountains appeared swimming in light. Two faint blue triangles in the air were the peaks of Tsŭkŭba; nearer on the west, the mountains of Nikko were covered with cloud, through which the sunburst poured down upon their bases.

PEASANT GIRLS AND MOUNTAIN HORSES OF NIKKO.

As we rode we passed beneath plantations covered with water, so that their mirror, at the level of the eye, reflected the mountains and clouds and upper sky in a transparent picture, spotted with innumerable tufts of brilliant green. And then we dismounted at a little tea-house, and sat under a rustic arbor, while our feminine grooms, stripping to the waist, wiped and sponged their sweating arm-pits and bosoms, in unconcernedness of sex. Yet, when they noticed my sketching them, as if I did not take their nakedness for granted, sleeves and gowns were rapidly pulled over the uncovered flesh. So true it is that conduct depends upon the kind of attention it calls for. Nor was the universal standard of feminine propriety unrespected by them, when, on our return, my guide, who had, in every possible way that I could imagine, expressed her adherence to the ways of nature, met with the disaster of having her back hair come down; for then, with a shriek, she dropped the rein, and retired, blushing, behind the nearest tree, where, in equal hurry, another girl guide proceeded to console her, and to re-arrange the proper structure of shining black hair and ivory pins.

Then we descended by a narrow path, over which hung tree-camellias, still spotted with their last white blossoms, whose edges were rusted by the heat.

The main fall of Urami-no-Taki drops into a deep basin, edged by rocks, from a hollow in the highest hill, over which hang great trees. On each side lesser cascades rush or tumble over the rocky faces, and under the main column small streams slide down, or drop in thin pillars to join it. There is a path, frequented by pilgrims, which passes behind and underneath the fall, so that we can stand behind and look through it, whence its name. All is wilderness; but a high relief of the protector Fudo, guardian and friend of such places, is carved in the rock behind the falls, and shows through the rumpled edges of the water. All was in shade, except where the sun struck in the emerald hollow above the fall, or where a beam lighted up here and there a patch of the great and small cascades, or the

STATUE OF OYA JIZO.

trees and rocks about them. And here, again, the intense silence, broken by the rush of the waterfall, recalled the pictures of Kwan-on, whose meaning and whose images bring back to me the Buddhistic idea of compassion. The deity, or goddess, seated in abstraction by the falling waters of life, represents, I suppose, more especially an ideal of contemplation, as the original Indian name indicated, I think; but her name to-day is that of the Compassionate One.

Of the divinity's many incarnations one has interested me as typical, and will amuse you. It is when — in the year 696 B. C., though the precise date is not exactly material — this power is born as a girl, daughter to one of the many kings of China. Then follows a legend like that of Saint Barbara. She is in no hurry to follow her princess's duty of getting married, and pleasing her parents thereby. She is satisfied with a virgin life, and makes delays by persuading her father to build palaces for her bridal to come; and when all this has been done, and there is no final escape, she ends by an absolute refusal of marriage. At which, evidently from a long experience of the uselessness of argument with her sex, her father cuts her head off, and I regret to say that she thereupon goes to Hell. I suppose that she goes there, because, however laudable and high her ideal of life might have been, it should have been confined within the views of her country, that is to say, of obedience to parents first and foremost. However, she went there, and put up with it, and that so admirably that the divinity who rules the place was obliged to dismiss her, for her contentment with her lot was spreading as an example to the damned, and threatened the very existence of Hell. Since then her appearances again in this world have been on errands of compassion and of help. Nor is this constant willingness to act on behalf of others, and thereby to leave the realm of absolute peace, incompatible with that continual contemplation of which her pictures or images offer an ideal, enchanting to me.

For, indeed, the fourth Nirvana is that state of truth in which supreme salvation is not distinct from sorrowful transmigration, and for

these blessed beings this is Nirvana; that, possessing the fullness of wisdom, they cannot desire to delay in transmigration, nor do they reënter Nirvana, because they feel the extreme of compassion for other beings.

For, in the Buddhist doctrine, compassion is the first of all virtues, and leads and is the essence of the five cardinal virtues, which are — note the sequence — pity, justice, urbanity, sincerity, *and* wise behavior. To the Buddhist, the pitiless are the ungodly. Hence the teaching of kindliness to all living beings, which is one of the "pure precepts" of the "greater vehicle," and through which all beings can obtain salvation.

For the happiness, which is the aim of Buddhism, is not limited to the individual, but is to be useful, to be of profit, to all mankind — a happiness which can only be moral, but which must act on the body as intimately as the soul is united with it.

These are the aspirations of higher Buddhism — its supreme end, to achieve the happiness of this life and of the future one — of the individual and of humanity, but differently, according to times and circumstances and human powers. In its full ideal here below civil and religious society would be the same; the continual rest of Nirvana becoming finally inseparable from our transmigrations — our passions living together with complete wisdom, and our further existence not demanding, then, another world. And if civilization shall have finally perfected the world of mind and the world of matter, we shall have here below Nirvana, and we shall dwell in it as Buddhas.

John La Farge.

(THEY SAID.)

BECAUSE thy prayer hath never fed
Dark Ate with the food she craves,
Because thou dost not hate (they said),
Nor joy to step on foemen's graves:
Because thou canst not hate, as we,
How poor a creature thou must be,
Thy veins as pale as ours are red!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because by thee no snare was spread
To baffle Love — if Love should stray,
Because thou dost not watch (they said)
To strictly compass Love each way:
Because thou dost not watch, as we,
Nor jealous Care hast lodged with thee,
To strew with thorns a restless bed —
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because thy feet were not misled
To jocund ground, yet all infirm,
Because thou art not fond (they said),
Nor dost exact thine heyday term:
Because thou art not fond, as we,
How dull a creature thou must be,
Thy pulse how slow — yet shrewd thy head!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because thou hast not roved to wed
With those to Love averse or strange,
Because thou hast not roved (they said),
Nor ever studied artful change:
Because thou hast not roved, as we,
Love paid no ransom rich for thee,
Nor, seeking thee, unwearied sped.
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Ay, so! because thou thought'st to tread
Love's ways, and all his bidding do,
Because thou hast not tired (they said),
Nor ever wert to Love untrue:
Because thou hast not tired, as we,
How tedious must thy service be;
Love with thy zeal is surfeited!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because thou hast not wanton shed
On every hand thy heritage,
Because thou art not flush (they said),
But hast regard to meager Age:
Because thou art not flush, as we,
How strait thy cautious soul must be,
How well thy thrift stands thee in stead!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

And therefore, look thou not for bread —
For wine and bread from Love's deep store,
Because thou hast no need (they said);
But us he 'll feast for evermore!
Because thou hast no need, as we,
Sit in his purlieus, thou, and see
How with Love's bounty we are fed.
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Edith M. Thomas.

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

V.

"IT 'S *really* kind of you to give us a quiet evening now," said Mrs. Emory, with the pretty emphasis peculiar to some women of New York. "In Lent I might have hoped for it, but *now* —"

"In Lent there 'll be nothing left of me to come," said Lily. "Of course I shall dine with you with pleasure. It is kindness to myself."

When the occasion arrived upon which Lily was to perform this double act of beneficence it found her one of a small party in a house modest in size, but full of the belongings of culture just beginning to assert itself in the acquisition of minor works of art. The first floor of the pleasant little home was given up to a narrow passage-way, where on opening the front door the maid-servant had to remain caged behind it to allow the entrance of the guest; a drawing-room which was library and picture-gallery as well, with a chimney-place revised for burning wood on andirons, and a faint odor of tobacco smoke mingling with that of some violets in Venice glasses; and a dining-room in the rear, where the sun at breakfast-time made atonement for the again enforced compression of the maid when circling a table where eight might chance to sit.

When they were first going to housekeeping, and his wife was out of town, Fred Emory had visited an intelligence office with the hope of securing an attendant physically adapted to the needs of his new home. After an ordeal in selection over which he had chosen to draw a veil, he came back exhausted, but doggedly determined to look no more. That day appeared in his premises a female grenadier, who, taking the family in charge, had remained with them ever since. The mammoth, confessing coyly to the name of Dottie, resigned herself to Martha, and was more intimately known to the habitués of the house as "The Misfit." When increasing prosperity and the demands of fashion entailed upon the Emorys consideration of a butler the idea was dismissed, as until Martha should die or marry the milkman there was no hope of emancipation from her thrall.

On the second floor of the Emory abode were the quarters occupied by wife and husband and a couple of pattern cherubs, in a nursery as bright as sunshine, chintz, and tidiness could make it. The Emory babes, accustomed to the companionship of their elders,

"ON THE SHADY SIDE OF THE AVENUE BEFORE TWELVE O'CLOCK MERIDIAN."

"I HAVE NO IDEA OF BETRAYING THE SECRETS OF MY CRAFT."

were self-possessed, but happily unspoiled. When sent for to come below they received and bestowed greetings with rational understanding of their relation to society, resorting thereafter to the friends in whom the child's unerring instinct told them sympathy was waiting; or else, perching side by side like sparrows on a telegraph wire, they loved to look over certain bound volumes of "Punch," the boy spelling out to the girl the legends his father had explained to him. It never occurred to people to think Hal and Gladys in the way.

Houses however small, and maid-servants however disproportioned; violets in Venice glass, good cigars, books, bronzes, etchings, hickory-wood for burning on esthetic andirons; a dinner-table like an island of snow set with bright glass and silver, and growing ferns under a widespreading shade of crimson silk that lets fall a radiance of light on table only; a pretty wife and two picturesque children able to indulge in nestling on downy sofas—all this does not come for the whistling in New York to a man who has begun life after graduating from college without a much larger capital than the traditional penny in his pocket. Fred Emory had worked long and hard at his profession—law—before he ventured to think of marriage. He was past thirty when he took Grace Chauncey for his wife. Grace, whose people had been of the gentry in New York who had received and entertained General Washington after his inauguration there as President, had a small income of her own, and was, besides, wonderfully clever in managing and shaping matters of household comfort. Affairs had prospered with the two; they had health and competence, and were but recently returned from the inevitable summer of European travel. About their home hung a literary and artistic atmosphere decidedly pleasant to an outsider. Emory, who was what is called a man's man, had not altered all the habits of his bachelor life in marrying at thirty-three.

Around him continued to gather artists, authors, editors, who were accustomed to mount upstairs to the den on the third floor where Fred's old worn furniture from his quarters in the University Building had been transferred, feeling assured of Mrs. Emory's liberality of view in the matter of evening clothes, and of the satisfactory resolution, early attained by Emory's kids, to sleep through anything.

Grace was an advanced musician, frequenting the concerts of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies *en virtuoso* rather than *en amateur*, and sternly refusing invitations to the opera to sit in the boxes of her chattering friends when there were Wagner metaphysics to be enjoyed by following the score from a modest place in the parquet. She was also fond of painting, and had recently taken up etching as a pastime, alternated with the claims of an excessive correspondence. She was president of a musical society where artists and amateurs united, secretary of a Woman's Essay Club, member of a society for Promoting Higher Education for Women, manager of an Infants' Hospital, and of the board of a league to entertain shop-girls in a hall leased for the purpose. In addition to the notes written, minutes kept, and reports drawn up in this connection, Mrs. Emory had contributed to one of the leading magazines some articles upon the Nibelungen Trilogy from the standpoint of a Wagner devotee. She received her friends on Monday afternoons and managed to go a good deal into society. To those inclined to look askance at these proceedings it was therefore a distinct discouragement when prosperity kept hand in hand with Grace's household. Her children, Fred's evident contentment with his lot in life, the sheen of her door-knob and bell-pull, the good fit of her jackets, and the renown of her roly-poly puddings, were unanswerable facts to the discontented commentators upon what John Stuart Mill calls the "interrupted sentence" of a busy woman's life.

As a matter of course, the Emorys always had cards for the first view of any great picture, or collection of pictures, porcelains, or bric-à-brac to be launched before the metropolitan public, and were made welcome in studios least accessible to casual sight-seekers. In their sixteen by twenty drawing-room might be met, on easy footing, certain lions who had positively declined to roar in arenas more extended. From their little cabinet piano were evoked strains of enchanting melody by fingers elsewhere only to be bought by high-piled shekels.

For Grace great singers had sung the folk-songs of their native land; to advance the good fellowship of an evening at the Emorys a player world renowned had volunteered a delicious bit of off-hand recitation, and an author of uncompromising hostility towards personal exhibition had read aloud his latest poem in manuscript. Framed upon their walls were autograph squibs, caricatures, sketches, and here and there a finished study, by master hands. The tone of the whole house was easy, bright, and unaffected. Sometimes, to complete the caviare essence of Bohemia in her dish, Grace consented to let Fred have one of his old bachelor suppers, consisting of marrow-bones on toast or Welsh rarebits and bottled beer. These symposia were less frequent as the wave of conventionality overwhelming New York made itself felt in this independent household. Who could attend a Floyd-Curtis banquet, for example, and come back to sit down with a band of conspirators in morning coats around a chafing-dish at 1 A. M.?

Lily, who had first met Grace Emory at a class where young women went to sit on camp-chairs and lend ear to chamber-music rhapsodically rendered by four young German instrumentalists, conceived for her an instant liking. Grace, when rallied by her husband for running with all the other sheep in town in search of a sensation, answered that she could not pretend to resist such a study in Titian's coloring, and that the girl's sweetness of disposition had finished by conquering her. The two coalesced into a friendship that was the more important to Lily because of the escape it offered into fresh atmosphere. She did not realize her need in this respect, perhaps, until she had heard a French comedian read aloud for Mrs. Emory's friends over a cup of tea at five o'clock Daudet's exquisite story of "La Chèvre de M. Séguin," in the "Lettres de mon Moulin." She, like poor little Blanquette, was fed and sheltered in a paddock where grass grew green and brightest waters ran. But away over yonder, somewhere on the indefinite blue, were mountains, and on the mountain-tops was freedom — no matter what M. Séguin said, it was freedom Blanquette craved.

More than a year had elapsed since the incidents described as passing at Tupelo, and in that time much had taken place. The success of the carefully adjusted début of Miss Curtis into New York society had been immediate. There were now few desirable awnings under which Mrs. Floyd-Curtis might not walk. From the luxurious morning-room where that lady gave daily audience to her secretary she had even the satisfaction of dictating who should walk under her awning and enter within the penetralia of her choicer parties. "This business of pleasing all one's friends," she remarked to the secretary, a young

person liberally paid to address envelopes and to say oh! and ah! "is really becoming a problem in this town."

She resolved upon the advanced move of dividing her hospitality as follows: First, a "tea at four o'clock," for all the world, including the family clergyman and lawyer, friends of bygone days, discarded stepping-stones, cousins who live in Harlem, and distinguished old residents of the Second Avenue who have delicate throats and are rarely seen out after dark. Next, an evening party, with early hours, classical music, plenty of terrapin, and the phonograph.

"This will cover all the 'heavies' who don't dance," she observed to little Miss Perkins. "They would n't be satisfied with an afternoon affair; they expect champagne, you know. Bank presidents and big railroad men and that kind of thing hate tea."

"So true," murmured little Miss Perkins, who lived in a flat on the Seventh Avenue and helped to support her mother by the present occupation, for which she had renounced that of reader to invalids.

To herd in the rest of Mrs. Curtis's acquaintance there was to be, thirdly, a "small and early"; in reality a large and late cotillon. To this she purposed bidding only the list of names published so often in the newspapers that a devout reader of society columns ought to be able to recite them backwards, as the devil says his prayers. For it were to be reserved the jungle of hot-house greenery upon the stairs, the roses scattered as if by the hand of June, the favors brought from Paris, two orchestras, a banquet on golden dishes, and the Only — the Ineffable — to lead the german. For the renown of this affair she was willing to suffer the penalty of having all the skeletons in her family closet dragged before the public by the press and by old friends omitted from her list, as well as discussed behind fans in every corner of her resplendent rooms by the partakers of her bounty.

Add to such undertakings the dinners that fashion ordains to be recurrent at short intervals throughout the season; dinners to insure the success of which required such nicety of forethought, such tact, such diplomatic planning! It really makes one ache in sympathy with the cares of a lady of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's high place.

"There, that 's settled, thank goodness!" she would exclaim when laying down a completed list. "And if anybody does n't like it, let them lump it, I say. But when Lent comes, if there are any other women to be 'done,' I 'll just give a 'consolation' lunch, and have it over."

Following these tactics, and by the powerful aid of her now bosom friend, Mrs. Bertie Clay, there were few obstacles to the successful achievement of her aim. I have no sort of doubt, though, that the fortnight's visit from the Countess of Melrose before going to the West convinced New Yorkers of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's real merit. If there had been any lingering hesitancy on this question, the arrival of the young earl and the business-like way in which he proceeded to attach himself to the Floyd-Curtis train would have removed it. He was seen with them everywhere, even walking with Lily on the shady side of the Avenue before twelve o'clock meridian — and we all know what that means when the attendant third is a golden collie dog.

So much disappointment to democratic eyes has resulted from the external appearance of noble Englishmen upon their travels in the States, that that of Lord Melrose might have been regarded as a triumphant vindication of his order. He was manly, vigorous, and distinguished; nor did he wear at entertainments a shabby suit of mustard-colored tweeds. He bore himself with sufficient consideration towards his fellow-beings of less exalted rank, showed no tendency to sprawl or yawn at dinner parties, and carried an umbrella that might have been folded by Monty Brabazon. He was not brilliant. Conversation with him, after passing the middle ground of sport and horses, was apt to languish. He was a lukewarm politician, a poor historian of England's glorious past, and was puzzled, not to say bored, by the challenge of enthusiastic Americans about the relations of his own family to public matters as written in the books. It is one of the keenest of backsets to a republican aglow with interest in the picturesque side of an exalted ancestry to find how cheap its modern representatives account their centuries of tradition. To stir their souls into responsiveness requires no draft upon history more remote than the tour in the States and the dollars thus acquired by some "Polly" or "Violet" of the London music-halls. To share in these tastes, and in many others which are the outgrowth of the age we live in, Lord Melrose found many sympathizers in New York. He was a delight to that crop of golden youths who may be seen any afternoon in the Fifth Avenue, with trousers turned up, well-fitted body-coats with large buttonholes of white flowers, and high hats, striding along as if sprinting for a prize, and swinging their sticks with diligence — enough like the original article to be scarcely distinguishable from it at close approach. All of his hours except those devoted to Miss Lily Curtis were claimed by rapturous admirers. He was barely allowed to sleep at his hotel.

It was a foregone conclusion that Lily would end her first season by announcing her engagement to the earl. The old ladies in the club windows and the old ladies at the tea-parties had promptly settled this. The whole affair was regarded as an uncommon windfall of those Floyd-Curtises. The idea of the family making objections on the score of old scandals, with which London had now done, was not even advanced. Nobody with eyes in his head could see anything but appropriateness in the success which was a "walk-over" for Melrose. Lily's beauty, Lily's fortune, his title, his present condition of moral whitewash — a perfect balance; so much better than those things are in general. And then, that his mother should have succumbed with such complacence! That she had gone home to rub up the family jewels and to prepare to present her American daughter-in-law in London! Lily would have three country houses and one in town. Some reporter had been sent to visit the best of these future dwellings, and had cabled a description of its glories to New York. How many of the girls who read that glowing article at breakfast but would have given their heads for Lily's luck!

The only obstacle to Lily's luck was — Lily! She liked Lord Melrose, her brain was a little touched by the excitement of the situation, and when he duly asked her to be his wife and the owner of the four houses her money was to put into habitable shape, she was very near to saying "yes."

What she said did not transpire. Guessers had it that Melrose had flunked on coming to the point, and when he sailed away had left the Floyd-Curtises as inconsolable as Calypso at the departure of Ulysses. Soon after it appeared that Mrs. Floyd-Curtis had taken a house in London for the season, and that she and her daughter were to go over in April with Mrs. Bertie Clay, which threw conjectures again into confusion.

With this move began Mrs. Clay's first visible requital for services rendered the Floyd-Curtis family. London was the Mecca of her hopes. Having tasted London, all else was dust and ashes. Her native city appeared a place of crudities, of uncertain values, of wearisome unrest, by comparison. As guest she would be virtually mistress of the Floyd-Curtis mansion in Mayfair. The idea presented possibilities that had for practical purposes no boundary. She was quite prepared to join with the aristocrats who might accept their hospitalities in making sport, afterwards, of "these innocent Americans who come over here to entertain." Contrasted with last year, her condition was immensely altered for the better. When Mrs. Floyd-Curtis first met her the artless Barbara had been, figuratively speaking, holding her little hand over the leak in the bottom of her boat. And now — well, no one could say that Mrs. Floyd-Curtis did not pay well for what she got.

At the close of the three months in London, during which Lord Melrose had been reported to be as much with the Curtis family as before, the beauty and her train returned to America, giving Newport, Bar Harbor, and Lenox, successive glimpses at her charms and toilets, and settling down for a second winter in New York, repeating the routine of the first. Early in December the earl was again seen at the clubs and in attendance on Miss Floyd-Curtis. Still, no congratulations had been asked. What meant this mystery?

Not to commit the cruelty of keeping a reader in suspense, I may say that Lily had put her suitor upon a year's probation, and that the earl, being supplied with plenty of incidental diversion, and in no hurry to change his estate, had submitted in a matter-of-fact fashion which left her mind at ease. Melrose had been shooting at grizzlies in the West, and after a cruise in a friend's yacht among the Bahamas was fishing for tarpon in Florida, whence it was settled he should return to New York to receive his fair one's ultimatum. Having no sort of doubt of the result, he had made up his mind that Lent would be as good a time as any to enter into pre-matrimonial bonds.

No sooner had Lily come into her friend's drawing-room than Mrs. Emory observed upon her face a look of more than usual animation. For at this epoch of a beauty's career it is common to see the consciousness of perpetual observation from the public harden the mobility of youthful lines and chill the manner into mere languid receptiveness of tribute. Lily was no longer the tricksome wood-nymph of our earlier chapters, but a breathing picture of conventionalized young womanhood — a type of the perfected artificiality of a society that has no parallel in forcing growths.

To-night her eyes deepened to velvet softness, her cheek regained its vivid bloom. The children, whom she picked up alternately, caressing them with entire indifference to the rare roses at her breast, hugged her with strangling arms. To Hal and Gladys she was the fairy princess of every nursery tale.

"See, you have brought us a waft of the sweet South," said Mrs. Emory as her guests, including, with Lily, but a few men of their nearest friends, sat down to table. She pointed to a silver dish in the center, containing oranges, bedded in gray moss, and half covered with sprays of yellow jasmine and fresh orange blossoms. "What luxury to breathe it in such weather, with the hail dashing against

our window-panes! You were very generous to part with these."

"They were sent by — they came to me from Florida to-day," the girl said, blushing rather uncomfortably. "I remembered your fancy for orange blossoms, in which I do not share."

"Is n't that heresy in a young lady?" began her host, and was checked by a message by matrimonial telegraph across the table. Grace, who had received the box in its express wrappings, much as it had first come to Lily, had a surmise of her own upon the subject of the donor.

"There 's a twin sister of the orange blossom we never see here," Lily's neighbor on the right remarked. "It is too fragile to bear transportation. It is like the flower of a dream. I mean the Cherokee rose. I shall never forget my first impression of its radiance, under a blazing blue sky of March in an orange grove near Enterprise. Above me was a huge spherical mass of polished foliage at the summit of a high, smooth trunk, and on one side of it oranges and blossoms, gold and cream-white; on the other, a bridal veil, a cascade of Cherokee roses, cream-white and gold — wide-open, flaring petals of exquisite grain and tint, and the hearts pure gold!"

"Dante Rossetti would have made a picture of it first, and written a poem about it after," Mrs. Emory said. "There is so much in Florida to be yet sung and painted. I have been always waiting for inspiration to deal with the subject of the Ocklawaha River. That interminable, sinuous, green water-way beneath the cypresses; all around, far as the eye can penetrate those lonely woods, a swamp filled with noisome and pestilential creatures. Above, particularly at night, when the pine-knots are lighted in the braziers of the boat, the wondrous tracery of boughs and parasitic vines and nesting birds against the sky; the cry of those unearthly loons; the alligators and moccasin snakes in loving conclave on every projecting log along the bank at either side; the songs of the negro waiters from the rear deck after nightfall; above all, the sense one has when on this long day's voyage, and before emerging into the broad sweep of the St. John's River, that it will never, never end. It was to me like a page from the 'Inferno.'"

"You should set it to music," mischievously suggested her husband. "And with a good deal left to the imagination of the audience, it might be a success. You will of course use brass abundantly for weird effects. I can imagine the flop of the alligators, but I confess it floors me to think how you 'll bring in the moccasins. However, in your school these little difficulties do not count for much."

"I won't even rebuke you, after that glorious performance of 'Tristan and Isolde' last night," answered his wife, placidly. "Our 'school' held an immense audience spellbound, even the worst of the talking boxes. At the end of the first and second acts the singers and the conductor were recalled time after time with tumultuous applause. Just wait till you read the notices, and perhaps you 'll credit me."

"I will read them," answered Fred, heroically. "I will read anything in print, except descriptions of scenery and stories in dialect. But don't ask me to sit out one of your music dramas. Life is too short for it, unless perchance the directors are merciful and work in a ballet."

Lily felt thankful that the talk, set afloat by her unlucky orange blossoms, had drifted away from Florida. Since the night before, when at the opera a mere accidental turning of the head had brought to her the unexpected sight of the man she so obstinately preferred to other men, her mind had been soaring on golden pinions into a region of hope renewed. What exactly was to come — how it was to come — she dared not formulate into probabilities. He had been gazing at her, how long she knew not, when their eyes had met, and his look had conveyed every assurance a woman could exact. In that glamour and glitter of latter-day magnificence their two souls had touched and blended as naturally and simply as if alone in the first trysting-place for lovers upon earth. All day she had moved about, listening, expecting something that had not come. But it would, it would! She had faith in him, he had not changed any more than she; her long ordeal was over; together they might move mountains from their path.

So, with answering gaiety, she threw herself into the pleasure of the passing hour. Talk ranged from art to literature, touched lightly upon philosophy, and "brushed with extremest flounce the circle of the sciences." Grace and Lily, often more content to listen, contributed intermittently to the conversation, at no time strained to keep up to a conventional standard. Philip Strange, the architect, whom they accused of being the pessimist of Emory's clique, had, at the conclusion of one of his characteristic jeremiads about the decadence of society in the hands of plutocrats, drawn a glowing picture of a socialist riot in the Fifth Avenue of the future, with the mob from the slums marching through picture-galleries and feeding on truffles from the tables of the great.

"After that," cried Grace, "I shall be afraid to offer you one of my rissoles. I am guiltily conscious that they contain truffles chopped by my own hands. But it was a very little box, Mr. Strange; one of the half-size provided

for the deserving poor. I cribbed the idea of these from a swell luncheon the other day, and between us Cookey and I evolved the present specimens."

"Don't be alarmed, Strange," remarked Emory, with a bit upon his fork. "See, I will lead the way. I 've been the subject of so many experiments in cookery I 've become quite brave and reckless."

"All the same, I tell you," pursued Strange, devouring his rissole in three mouthfuls, "what I say is true. The imbecility of marking class lines and expecting people to live within them in a place like this is patent. Those that have got the upper hand are mere blind beetles; they fancy they can keep up this parade of exclusiveness, this tremendous display of luxury within two or three avenues of a huge, restless, craving, increasing, plotting mass of tenement-house people who sit in their shirt sleeves after working hours and read in the penny papers about whole houses decorated with orchids of fabulous price, and a fortune expended on some trumpery little jug. Some day they will tire of such reading, and will swarm out of their human honeycombs — these workers who are not content to live on the smells from a rich man's saucepan — and then — "

"Please stop there," said his hostess. "Keep the rest of it for the den upstairs. You are putting us in the same frame of mind with the two professors of —— University, who were sipping their after-dinner coffee. 'After all, Smith,' said Professor Jones, 'what would life be without coffee?' 'True,' said Smith, 'but then what is life *with* coffee?'"

"It appears to me I saw Strange's name in the list of guests at the Crœsus's musicale," remarked Carlton. "And if I 'm not mistaken, he 's to build the new palace at Newport for that lucky dog Robinson, who married Miss Golding, the California millionheiress."

"This laborer is worthy of his hire," said Strange, composedly. "But just let me say two words more, Mrs. Emory. I want to touch on an aspect of the social question that concerns you and me and the other people representing moderate means and — not to put too fine a point upon it — liberal culture in New York. If we lived in London, we 'd just sit still and eat and drink among ourselves, with indifferent acquiescence to the limit prescribed by destiny. But here — perish the thought! — we are as good and as worthy to be exalted as any Van Shuter that ever built himself a lordly pleasure house —"

"Or paid Strange to build it for him," put in Carlton.

"We associate ourselves with the diversions of such people, and come home inclined to think all minor forms of entertainment impossible. We are paralyzed by their facility of accomplishing results for which we strain. Except in a few houses — I bow to a shining example, Mrs. Emory — the old, easy interchange of hospitalities has vanished. We hire men but a little advanced beyond Thackeray's 'green-grocers in disguise' to impersonate the retainers our millionaires display to line their halls and stairways. We dare not set one wineglass less at table than we have seen on theirs. We offer to our guests entrées of the same ridiculous elaboration —"

"Thanks for my poor rissoles," said Grace.

"They are delicious, and I am longing for another," answered Strange. His need was at once supplied, with a sympathetic grin, by the Misfit, who had not yet attained the art of conventionalizing, while on duty, her broad countenance to a proper lack of interest in the company's affairs. "Well, you all know what I mean. Everybody must see it. It 's the old fable of the earthen pot and the iron pot drifting down the stream together."

"I know," said Grace. "Half the pleasant homes of my acquaintance are spoiled by that very thing. The hostess breaking her heart over a mistaken sauce, or wondering if she can get the cost of this week's florist's bill out of next week's market money, while the guests sit around the table trying to repress the natural exuberance of their spirits, because the Van Shuter dinners are known to be so deadly dull."

"My complaint is against the girls," said Emory. "It 's bad enough to see the women aiming for the 'repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere,' but when it comes to the nice, frank, outspoken girls one knew in their salad days in the families of one's friends settling down into wax figures fit for the Eden Musée —"

"You have nothing to do with the girls," said his wife. "Keep in your proper place, and your sensitive spirit will not receive such shocks. Lily, dear, you will see that I live in a nest of image-breakers. They respect no *convenances*, no authorities. They despise 'society.' But I 've always observed that they accept all their invitations."

"Me too!" piped up Dick Huntley, who lived in the Benedick, with his violoncello and a pair of dachshunds. "I 'm waiting to put in my little oar. The question is, you know, as things are going on now, how are any of us fellows ever going to marry?"

"Don't," said Strange, lugubriously.

"I 'm not," answered Dicky. "I 'm thirty years old, and I 've got all I can do to keep my rooms and pay my washerwoman. Unless I ask some girl to help me out with the washerwoman, and buy her own beefsteaks and frills and things."

"Take her to Hoboken," advised Carlton. "Lodgings are cheap and salubrious in that sequestered spot, tripe is said to be wholesome diet, and ferry-boats are frequent to New York."

"Don't be deluded," said Grace. "That suburban sort of bliss won't suit any girl trained as ours are now. 'All for love, or the world well lost,' is out of vogue. Take her away to the backwoods, or else leave her in New York. I often lie awake at night thinking how poor Hal will manage. Gladys, now, I shall make it my business to bring up to be independent of any need to marry. She shall learn stenography — "

A burst of laughter interrupted her.

"Why not? I am quite in earnest," she went on. "Oh! I feel so sorry for the multitude of girls in our class who have nothing to do with their lives after twenty-five. They flutter their brief hour in society, and if they fail to marry as they or their friends expect, they 're so deplorably *de trop*. Some of them hold on like grim death to rosebud privileges. The clever ones know when to fall back on dinners and charities, or collecting missals, or musical instruments, or patronizing dog shows and afternoon teas. Those who have country places sometimes go in for amateur farming, and sell eggs and butter stamped with the family crest. But it 's all fitful and vexatious to the spirit. And when there 's no money it 's simply dreadful. Everybody knows there are too many women in the world. The idea of educating them to believe that marry they must, or be laid upon the shelf, and that marry they can't, unless every detail 's in keeping with modern style! It 's very well for you men to gibe, but just wait till you come to try it for yourselves."

"This from you, Mrs. Emory!" said Carlton. "You, who are our last hope and stronghold of belief in marriage for love's sake. If you fail us, Dicky and I will die unwed. We will trust no maiden to lay her fairy hand in ours, and go to the confines of the earth in following our fortunes — unless, indeed, it be one of the comfortable, chicken-raising spinsters who is weary of her single blessedness. Miss Floyd-Curtis, now, has n't given her testimony. Perhaps she may dispel the gloom that is gathering on our spirits."

"I have no idea of betraying the secrets of my craft," Lily said. While they chatted, her fancy had played with one theme as a fountain holds up a ball in its crystal column. "Besides, you have taken the ground from beneath my feet. But I can't help thinking there are a few true women left."

"Do you mean some who 'd be willing to buy their bonnets as we do our hats, when the other one wears out?" asked Dick Huntley, eagerly. "Because, by Jove! I saw a milliner's bill once, and I saw the bonnet, and I give you my word, it frightened me, their relative size was so wildly disproportioned; and I staid a bachelor."

"By the way," said Carlton, when the game was served, "I dined at the Maryland Club last week, and we 'd the breast of a canvasback duck apiece, perfectly cooked and served,— a lesson to our New York caterers,— with a bottle of old Madeira mellowed in the garret of a Baltimore *gourmet*. There were six men only, and we ate the duck course in solemn silence, all except the man the dinner was given to, an Englishman, who did his best to be polite, but could n't finish his. He was a fellow you know and like, Emory — Jencks, of Illyria University."

"He told me of his failure to meet expectations," said Emory. "That 's likely to be the only one set down against his name. Tell me, Carlton,— I have n't had time to read it,— about Jencks's book. Does it promise well?"

"Rather!" said the journalist, emphatically. "Why, it 's immense. We gave it a two-column review in our Sunday issue a fortnight ago. That was the first of any length. The others are all coming along with notices, and there 's not one but what praises it, as he deserves. You know that kind of specialist work wakes up the public slowly. He 's a little dogmatic, perhaps, but as clear and sound as a bell, and the style is masterly. Of course, though, you can't expect for it a popular craze."

"Jencks does n't care a rap for popularity," Emory replied. "I 'd a talk with him this afternoon at Brett's, his publisher's, and begged him to come home to dinner with me, but — "

"Mr. Jencks in town! *Ernest* Jencks?" queried Mrs. Emory, in staccato. "Why, I had no idea — "

"He came over from Baltimore for a day or two only, to see Brett about his book, and would have been glad to look in on us but that his train for the West leaves at nine o'clock," Fred went on, talking down his wife, as the best of husbands will.

"Nine o'clock! It is almost that now," cried Grace. "Oh, what a pity! There 's nobody I 'd rather have seen than Ernest Jencks."

"I back that man for a sure success," said Carlton. "He 's made his mark already at Illyria, but I doubt if they hold on to him. Ten years hence he will belong to our country; no narrower limit will contain him. I only wish his Alma Mater would send us out a few more of his sort."

"There are none to spare," said Emory. "Young England needs them as much as

young America. Putting his brains out of the question, Jencks is a pure type of Froude's Britons, 'a sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body, and fierce in spirit.' One thing may be depended on. Whatever he sets out to do, it will be done."

"May I give you the salted almonds? Have you met this Professor Jencks?" asked the young man at Lily's right.

"Yes," the girl said faintly, as the clock rang out nine cruel silver strokes.

And, turning his stubborn back upon New York, the professor was at that moment punishing himself for a passing indulgence of the eye, by what Arnold of Rugby calls "the silent pleasure so dear to every Englishman, of enduring, resisting, and struggling with something, and not giving way."

VI.

On the day following the Emorys' little dinner Lily, in her plainest walking-dress, came into her mother's morning-room. This apartment, so recently decorated as to be yet fragrant with shellac, was designed to repeat the boudoir of a French king's favorite, with walls of sea-green tint and Vernis Martin polish, and panels with nymphs disporting under gilded wreaths. Amid the studied confusion of its chairs, screens, tables, new buhl and old brocade, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis did not supply the completing note of harmony. Luxurious ease was not written upon her countenance. She was in truth under the disadvantage of what, in her bourgeois days, was called being "in a stew." Her face was flushed, her temper uncertain. She had dismissed her secretary, and now sat before a litter of notes and cards and letters. Among the latter was a semi-official communication, detailing certain incidents of her son's career at Eton not inspiriting to a parent. There was also a "statement" from her firm of "artistic decorators," exasperatingly in excess of the sum agreed upon in suavest oral intercourse — one of those bills that blister before and after they are paid. The butler had just retired, after elaborating the history of a feud between himself and the *chef* that threatened to depopulate the house of servants. Mrs. Peter van Shuter had sent out cards for a very especial dinner which omitted her most recent friend. Last, not least, upon the table, staring at her with odious legibility of print, lay a newspaper with a paragraph announcing the evident collapse of the Floyd-Curtis scheme to secure Lord Melrose for the beauty, to which were added speculations as to the genuineness of Lily's bloom, with a sketch of her maternal grandfather.

Altogether, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was so overcome as to allow herself the whispered phrase that she was "clean beat out." It was one of those crises in which people owning private cars go to Mexico, or Puget Sound, or St. Augustine. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, bound to the stake by the approaching return of Lily's suitor, could not even indulge herself in resorting to enlistment in the noble army of "N. P's" (or nervous prostrates) who are content with Lakewood.

"Well, child, why are n't you in your habit?" she asked sharply. "You need exercise. You look pale, and there are rings around your eyes. Thompson says you send her away at night, and there 's no telling when you go to bed. I insist upon your riding every day you have the chance. Anybody with half an eye can see that your looks are going off. As if I had n't enough of troubles to my share!"

Lily was indeed pale, and until her mother had quite finished speaking she stood listless.

"I was going to beg for a day off, mamma," she said. "A morning for my very own."

"Nonsense, child! What would you do with it? Some eccentric scheme of Mrs. Emory's, no doubt. I 'm not at all certain about this friendship with the Emorys."

"I think you may feel easy, mother," Lily said, with a half smile. "You know the Van Shuters invite them to dinner at least once a year."

"Really? Well, one should never forget that Grace Emory was a Chauncey. It 's her husband you can't be sure of, whether he is ridiculing you or not. Lily, before you go, I 'm feeling very down to-day — everything goes wrong. I know I said I would n't ask you questions till the time is up. But consider, dear; he is coming back on Saturday; so much depends on it — you can't mean to fail me now."

The mother spoke with feverish excitement. The girl reared her head with the pride of the partridge keeping watch over her brood. The rich blood surged into her cheek in a fashion to give the lie to the defamers of her bloom.

"Mamma, mamma, you promised!"

"May I come in?" And accustomed to the freedom of the house, Mrs. Bertie Clay, without announcement, appeared in the space made by the footman in withdrawing a portière.

"How awfully lucky I am to find both of you!" she said, gliding forward to bestow upon each of her friends a handshake with her elbow on the level of the ear. "Lily, dear, that costume suits you down to the ground. How I envy women who can be *chic* in what a nursemaid can afford to wear."

The little lady dropped into an easy chair,

letting her muff and a long serpentine boa of blue fox fall away upon the floor.

"Really, dear, your room is perfect. There can be nothing like it in New York."

"Reporters have been already asking to write it up for the Sunday papers. Lily —"

"Then I may go, mamma?" interrupted the young lady, who for some reason did not respond as cordially as of old to the newcomer's overtures of friendship. "Good-bye; I shall have Joseph and the brougham, and I shall not be at home for lunch."

"Where now?" asked Mrs. Clay, looking after her curiously as Lily disappeared.

"Oh, my dear, I 'm that upset this morning that I did n't even ask. Some class, or school, or meeting, with Mrs. Emory, of course. Girls are all fads nowadays. As for me, what with one thing or another, I am that put about I feel ready to fly."

"I don't wonder, you poor thing," cooed Mrs. Clay. "I see you have a copy of that wretched article. Two marked copies came to me with my breakfast. You observe how contemptibly they mix my name with the affair. Of course it is all over town by this time."

This thought was too much for Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, down whose ruddy cheeks rolled two very genuine tears.

"I tried to get to you as early as I could," went on the sympathizer. "I know you take these things so hard. And there 's another matter I wanted to talk about in confidence."

"Nothing bad, I hope," ejaculated poor Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, forlornly. She was beginning to have experience in the privileges of intimate friendship with Mrs. Bertie Clay.

"Not bad, of course, but just a little queer. Promise that you won't breathe a word of it to Lily. Well, it was at the opera, night before last, when I took your place in chaperoning her. I 'd observed that during the early part of the evening she had never seemed so bored and spiritless. She let the men come and go, without the least effort to retain them. In the *entr'acte*, when both she and I were talking to our visitors, I noticed her eyes roaming absently over the people in the parquet. Suddenly a most extraordinary change came over her. Her face positively lighted up, she leaned forward and smiled, and then as suddenly drew back and tried to recover her self-possession. It was all over in a minute. She did not know, but quick as thought I had my glass up, and was looking in the same direction.

"And you saw —"

"Bah! he was big enough and *bête* enough. Standing up in a row of men back of the stalls, and staring with all his eyes at our box," said Mrs. Clay, contemptuously, "I saw that everlasting Jencks."

"She has not seen him for a year. She *can't* care for him. It 's ridiculous!" exclaimed the mother.

"The only part I thought inexplicable was that, with so much encouragement, the man should have turned his back and walked out of the door. I did not catch another glimpse of him that evening, nor did she, I am sure, for I saw she was on the watch."

"She could not have met him last night, at the — it would be just like his impudence to go turning up at the — they 're so odd in having people of that kind — no, for she told me all the men that dined at Mrs. Emory's," pursued the anxious mother.

"And she 's moping now, don't you see?" suggested Barbara. "Depend on it, she 's not laid eyes on him. Oh, trust me; I know girls."

"I 'm the most unfortunate woman in the world," cried out Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, fresh tears coming into her eyes. "My nervous system won't be worth a row of pins if this goes on much longer."

"It is deplorable for you," sighed Barbara. "Few people have your high-strung sensibility. Now, dear, brace yourself; take your luncheon, and let us go for a good drive in the Park. Remember that in a few days your ordeal will be ended."

"Yes, but how? Melrose will be here on Saturday, but who knows how that obstinate girl will treat him? She 's just as likely to fly off the handle after all. Why, yesterday there arrived from him a most beautifully packed box of oranges in their own leaves and blossoms, and a layer of moss and yellow jasmines over it. What did she do but glance at it, put his card in the fire, and send the whole thing on to some one else. She has no sentiment. She 's like a stone to Melrose, and see how beautifully he 's behaved! So gentlemanlike — so patient."

"Yes, he is very patient," Barbara allowed, bending over to examine a photograph of Lord Melrose set in a frame of Rhine stones, in which attitude she could not be observed to smile. The whole thing was beginning to be a farce to her. It had long since overtasked her slender stock of sympathy. She thought Melrose a fool, and had told him so, for submitting to Lily's whims. She was worn out with the woes of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis on the subject, and had caricatured them more than once among her own congenial followers. Between herself and Lily, who had been unpleasantly enlightened as to pretty Barbara's ways by several occurrences during their stay in London, a tacit war had set in.

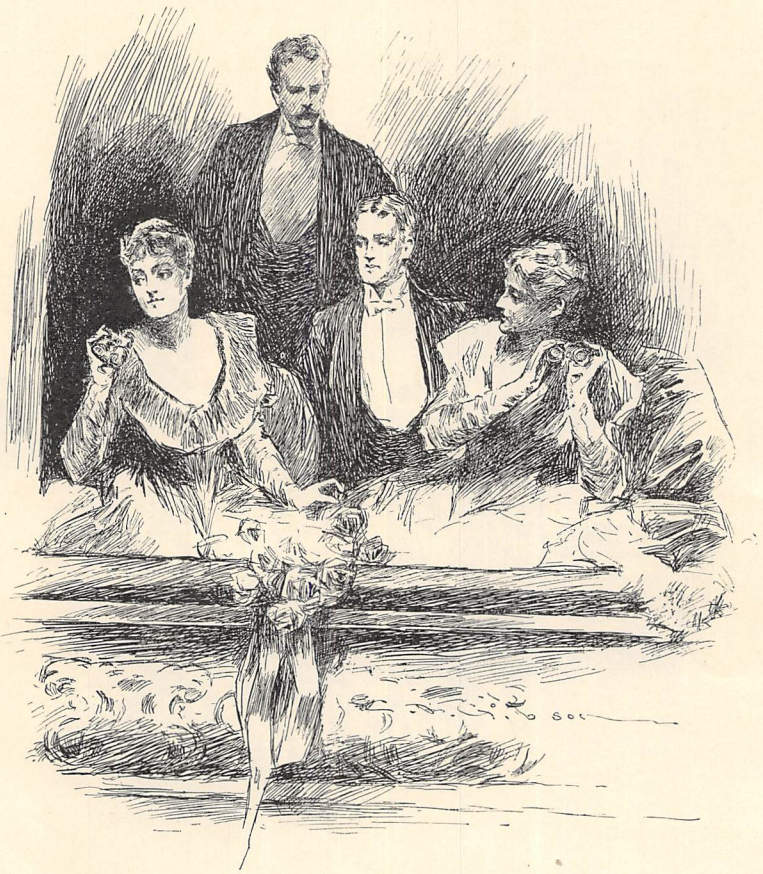
"Lily *is* headstrong," she admitted, knowing

"YES, HE IS VERY PATIENT."

too well that a more active expression of disapproval would bring the frowns of her patroness upon herself; and then by judicious flatteries and gossip she contrived to stem the swelling tide of the poor woman's sorrow until their lunch was served.

After this repast, where, under the chilling supervision of the first, second, and third men, the ladies picked at some birds and trifled with aspic jellies, the carriage was announced. It was an open carriage, of course; for since Mrs. Peter van Shuter's return from London, with an asthma that required daily exercise in her landau with the top thrown back, no self-respecting woman of New York could have been induced, no matter how nipping cold the wintry weather, to exhibit herself in the Park behind the glasses of a closed vehicle. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis suffered horribly from neuralgia in the head, but then every one could see she knew how they do the thing in England.

The address given by Lily to her coachman on entering the brougham was neither that of Mrs. Emory nor of any of her accustomed places of resort. She had, in fact, resolved upon a bold and unprecedented stroke. She was going to call upon a gentleman and make him give her luncheon. The number and street contributed to Joseph's listening ear were those of the down-town store of Mr. Eliphalet F. Curtis. She enjoyed the long jolting drive along Broadway, and even the perilous delight of finding her trim little carriage caught now and again, like a nut in the crackers, between some huge beer-wagon, drawn by three Normandy draft-horses abreast, and a line of blocked street cars, with vehicles to the right, left, everywhere, stationary and continually increasing in number, while passengers protested and drivers swore. To cross from one side of the jammed thoroughfare to the other necessitated feats of agility that would have done credit to a harlequin. Bolder pedestrians would dodge under the heads of horses or across the platforms of the cars. Timid ones, and women with shopping



"I HAD MY GLASS UP, AND WAS LOOKING IN THE SAME DIRECTION."

bags and parcels, contented themselves by craning heads from either sidewalk and asking questions, imperfectly supplied with answers from the blue-coated policeman who vainly strove to straighten out this puzzle of the streets. To the nationalities that go to swell such a crowd of every day in lower Broadway all Europe and parts of the East contribute, and the types are interestingly varied; but plain truth exacts the statement that over them all the voice and presence dominant in petty authority is that of Erin.

(To be concluded.)

A PROVENÇAL PILGRIMAGE.—II.

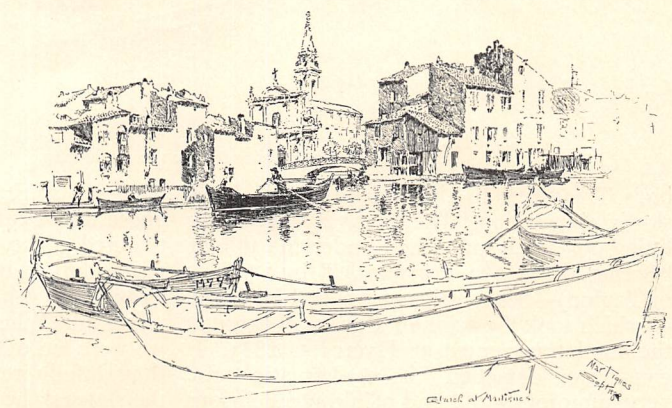
MUCH of that portion of the Camargue which lies nearest Arles has been reclaimed of late, and the road, for ten miles or so, passes between cultivated fields across which leafy avenues like those of Saint-Remy lead to groups of substantial farm-buildings. Village there is none on all the plain, save the hamlet about the Marys' church, and imperceptibly, as you proceed, the aspect of the land becomes more desolate, all signs of cultivation cease, the shade trees vanish from the roadside, giving place to an almost continuous hedge of rustling tamarisk, dust-powdered on all its feathery leaves and spikes of pale pink blossom. And now large reedy pools of turquoise-blue water begin to appear; black cattle graze along their margins; a half-dozen wild horses go scudding like so many cloud shadows across the middle distance; groups of gigantic stone pines loom up afar, recalling Ostia and Ravenna; and our driver shows us along the southern horizon a silvery streak, crossed by one dim perpendicular line—the Marys' tower beside the Midland Sea.

Within the dark church, what coolness and what peace! It is absolutely bare of ornament.

ON THE GRAND CANAL, MARTIGUES.

The vast nave and crazy wooden galleries are filled with seats, empty now for the most part. On the choir-steps are arranged cushions and mattresses for the sick who will be brought there on the morrow for cure, and ranks of candles burn bright about the entrance to the crypt, whence comes a sound of sweet, shrill girlish voices chanting the Marys' litany. No other office is proceeding, but single worshipers, ever one with some private plaint or quest, steal in, set up a candle, kneel awhile, and then depart. There is a well-curb in the middle of the central aisle. All pause to take a draught there, for the water is sweet, the perennial spring which supplies it having gushed out spontaneously among the briny grasses to quench the Marys' thirst when they first landed. A sorrowful-looking old crone, accompanied by an awe-struck lad, is industriously scraping away with a penknife at a bit of white limestone rock which projects from the dark masonry in one of the side aisles and has been deeply grooved by similar operations carried on for fifteen hundred years. On this white rock the Marys stepped ashore, and the powder of it mixed with water is excellent, so a vender of blessed candles told us, for all affections of the eyes. The modern disciples of the faith-cure should come to the Marys' church, whence the prayers of the poor have ascended unwaveringly for so many years, and study its most authentic operation.

One of the more commodious of the white village huts had mounted a sign inviting man and beast to entertainment, and thither we, too, went in faith, and ordered a noonday meal. We were received with effusion by a couple of women, a mother and daughter, or rather a mother and grandmother, of whom the younger spoke very fair French. But when we asked the elder whether the eggs of which she purposed to make our omelette were fresh, she drew herself up and replied with some dignity, "Aviem li pouli." At least this is what it sounded like, and its meaning was unquestion-



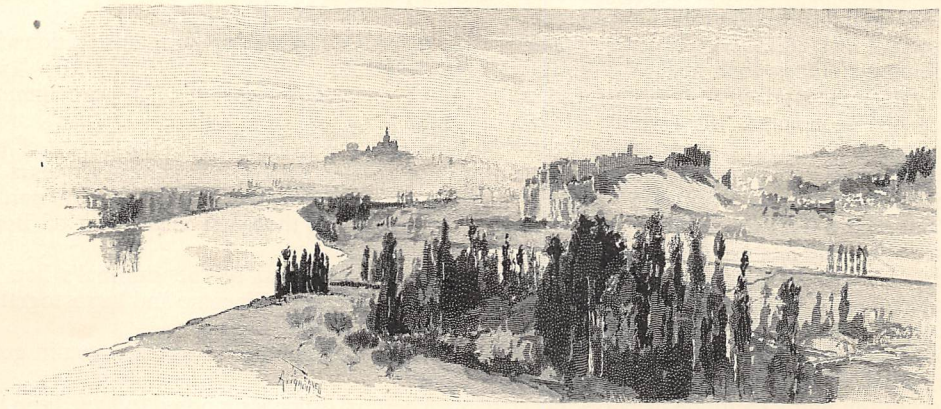
CHURCH AT MARTIGUES.

able, although only the middle term of her syllogism was expressed. "We have hens" (therefore of course our eggs are fresh) — in other words, "we lay our own." I do not know what the *félibre* will say to my spelling, nor do I know what the *félibres* can do to me if I take occasion in this place to confess the heresy which I came to hold about their beautiful modern Provençal when I had listened more or less to the country folk. I cannot help thinking that it is after all only a dialect like another, made up partly of survivals and partly of excrescences, like the Dorsetshire dialect of William Barnes, or the elementary gutturals of the Northern farmer. A little phonetic exaggeration goes a long way in reducing such a speech to writing. But the regularities of declension, the assonant and rhyming terminations, the whole symmetrical fabric of the grammar, I suspect to be the work of these enthusiasts themselves, or rather of the great imaginative constructive philologist whose word they all obey, and who has given the appropriately romantic name of "The Félibre's Treasure" to the lexicon which he is slowly elaborating. There is a very interesting little book lately published under the title of "Scènes de la Vie Provençale," by a *félibre* of Toulon,—Sénès, otherwise called La Sinse, —which took the prize for Provençal prose at the floral tournament at Hyères in 1885. It consists of detached bits in dramatic form, very humorously put and of a quite delicious vulgarity. And it presents the same sort of difficulties to the reader as does the diction of Uncle Remus, but hardly more. I am far from meaning to say that the *félibres* are not acting in perfectly good faith when they meet in council and fix the form of a tense or a gender, or emphasize some analogy with the language of the troubadours. The late William Barnes is well known to have believed that Dorset was the true primitive English, and to have died lamenting that the language of Shakspere had been diverted from its original channel.

But to return to our lunch at "Li Santen." We were respectfully conducted through the café to the *salon* of the establishment, a room six feet by nine, with a clean table in the center and a rather imposing dresser. There was no window, but a glass door with a red curtain, opening into a high-walled poultry yard, where stood a range of huge oil-jars, exactly like those which one sees half buried in the sand in the disinterred shops of Ostia; where waved the branches of an untrammeled vine; where lived a somewhat noisy population, consisting of one baby, four large curly dogs, a cat of great spirit, two hens, and a vicious old goose tied by the legs. They all, except the tethered goose, paid us frequent and friendly visits during our meal, which consisted of Provençal fish-chowder and the omelette aforesaid. When the repast was concluded we were led out by way of the stable, where, thoughtfully removed beyond the reach of the horses' heels, stood, of all modern incongruities — a billiard-table! After that low-

FAÇADE OF CHURCH, SAINT-GILLES.

ering sight we were ready to return to Arles. We felt a little injured, too, in that during our whole fifty miles' drive forth and back over the Camargue we saw neither mirage nor flamingo; but even with these trifling exceptions the day was one of singularly fresh and fascinating experience.



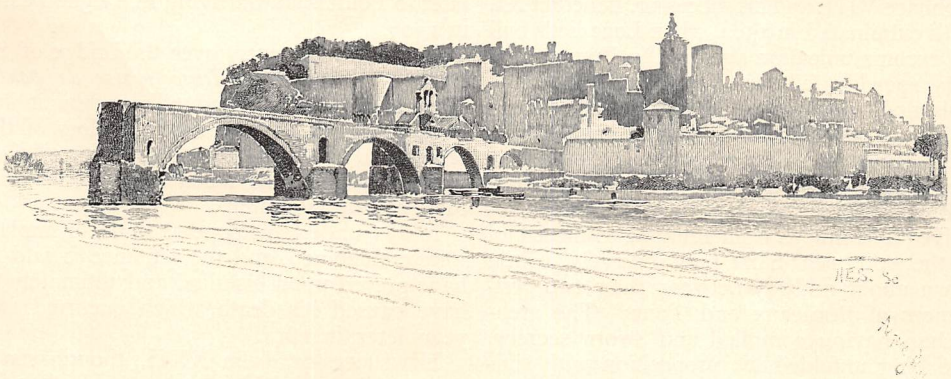
AVIGNON AND THE VALLEY OF THE RHÔNE.

We went out the next morning, a short distance by train, in quite another direction over the Camargue, and gave one wondering look at the beautiful west front and venerable crypt of the abbey church of Saint-Gilles, sacked and almost destroyed by the Huguenots in 1622, and at the Maison Romaine, where Clement IV. was born, and which is maintained as an historical monument.

Eastward of Arles there are few existing relics of the old Provençal days. At Salon still stands a part of the château which Nostradamus describes as "one of the most beautiful, magnificent, and habitable dwellings in Provence." At Six Fours are three churches superposed after the manner of San Clemente, the lowest of extreme antiquity. But the excellently preserved roadway of Roman paving, which led to the hilltop, and went by the name of the *camin roumiou di Santo Madaleno*,—St. Magdalen's Roman way,—as well as the ruins of the same period which crowned the eminence, have disappeared under one of the great fortifications lately erected to protect the harbor of Toulon.

At Marseilles, which all the world knows for a flagrantly modern town, albeit it was an old and flourishing colony when it warred with Carthage, we reluctantly turned our faces northward, our first destination being Avignon. We entered that beautiful city at midnight by the white light of the full May moon. "Poet, take thy lute," we said to the shade of Petrarch as we passed the gates.

Turning into the well-remembered courtyard of the picturesque Hôtel de l'Europe, we marveled if this was indeed the place which we had seen once before under leaden skies and in biting winter weather. The basin of the mossy fountain had been fringed with icicles then, and through the bare boughs of the big plane tree in the middle of the courtyard whistled a cruel northeast wind. Now the water trickled softly among luxuriant ferns and fell with tinkling music, and the whole place was rustling with leafage and spicy with the scent of roses full blown. Across that courtyard Laura might

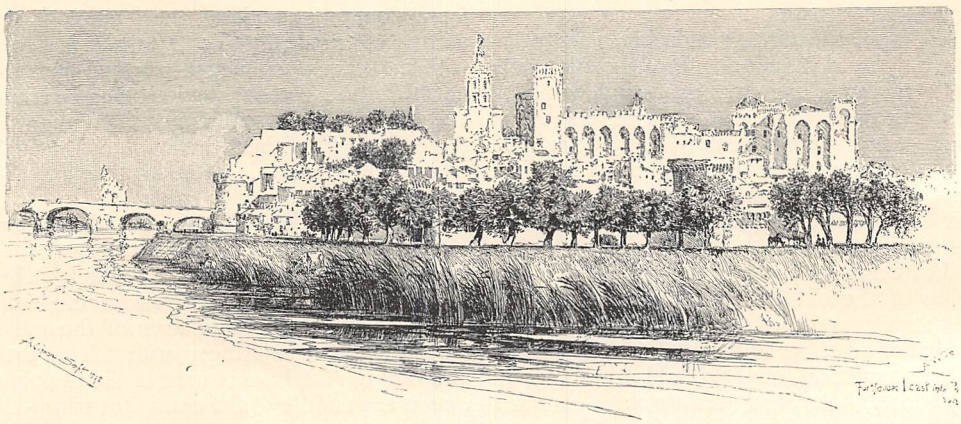


BRIDGE AT AVIGNON.

have come to meet us, wearing the crimson gown that Petrarch loved so well.

The Middle Ages have it all their own way at Avignon, blotting out the remoter past and dwarfing the modern times, even as that Titanic Palace of the Popes dominates the town and reduces all the rest of its architecture to shapeless insignificance. It is used as a barrack now, and one look at the barren interior will suffice the modern pilgrim; but externally it cannot be spoiled. In majesty and air of permanence it almost rivals Mont Ventoux; and yet it served the use to which its builders destined it for barely a hundred years.

The whole story of the papal rule at Avignon reads more like romance than history. Affairs were indeed come to a bad pass both in France and in Italy when the fourteenth century reached its close. Between the days of St. Louis and those of his grandson Philippe IV., surnamed le Bel, a great change had taken place in the mutual attitude of pope and king. Philippe was no submissive son of the Church,



AVIGNON.

but denied entirely the temporal and to a large extent the spiritual authority of the popes. He waged a bitter strife of words and deeds with Boniface VIII. and his successor, Benedict XI. This culminated in 1304, when Benedict's bull of excommunication against the French king was speedily followed by his own death — poisoned, rumor said, by Philippe's agents.

The cardinals met in conclave at Perugia, and seemed in no hurry to agree upon a new head of the Church. Then one Bertrand de Got, a Frenchman and Archbishop of Bordeaux, received a summons from Philippe to meet him in the wood near Saint Jean d'Angély, a little town about midway between their two residences of Bordeaux and Tours. The archbishop having complied and sworn secrecy, the king unfolded his proposition with simplicity and precision.

"I will make you pope by my influence if you will promise me six favors in return."

"Command, and I obey," replied the archbishop, kneeling.

The king raised him to his feet, kissed him, and proceeded.

"The six special favors are:

"*First.* My own complete reconciliation with the Church.

"*Second.* The removal of my excommunication.

"*Third.* Resignation to the crown of the tithes of the French clergy for five years, to pay the debts incurred in the Flemish war.

"*Fourth.* A thorough vilification of Boniface VIII.

"*Fifth.* Bestowal of the cardinal's hat on the two Colonnas, Giacomo and Piero, together with their forfeited estates.

"*Sixth.* Something I will tell you in good time."

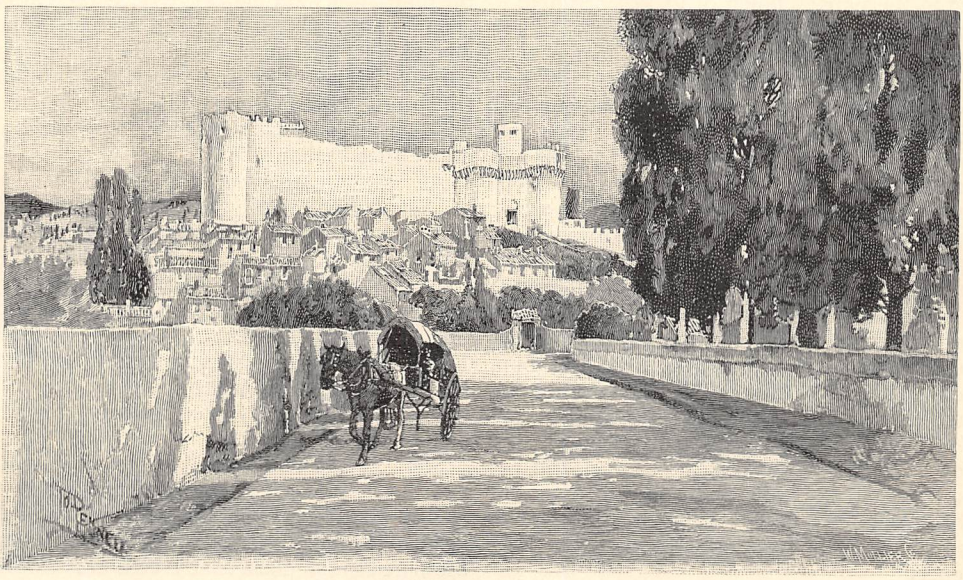
The final favor is supposed to have been the removal of the papal see to Avignon. At all events, on November 14, 1305, the archbishop was crowned at Lyons, and in that city he spent the winter, going thence to Bordeaux, later to Poitiers, and arriving in Avignon early in 1309.

He made his entry over the bridge of St. Benezet, "*cette orgueilleuse masse de pont*," Nostradamus calls it, and tells us how it was begun in 1177, and was long the glory of the region. In his day, 1613, three of its original nineteen arches had fallen in; in ours only three are still standing.

It was under this pope that the Templars were condemned, and the sentence is said to have preyed upon his mind and ultimately to have caused his death, which occurred two years later, in 1614.

His successor, John XXII., though sixty-two at the time of his election, held office for

eighteen years. It was he who began the papal palace as we now see it, building the north façade and the Tour St. Jean, now detached, but then connected by a rampart wall to the main building. He rode about to inspect the progress of his works on a white mule, having solemnly promised Niccolò Orsini, at the time of his election, that he would never mount a *horse* again until he entered the walls of Rome.



VILLENEUVE-LES-AVIGNON.

The architect whom John had employed (Pietro Obreri) was retained by his successor, Benedict XII., to whom the southern part of the great pile is due. It was the only visible result of his eight years of rule, for his attempts to settle the disputes of Edward III. of England and the sons of Philippe le Bel, and to reform the religious orders, were alike unsuccessful. With the advent, in 1342, of Clement VI. all efforts in the latter direction were at once suspended. "Clement VI. was only fifty," says a biographer, "when he received the tiara. He had the tastes of a gentleman, and his contemporaries, for the most part, considered it perfectly natural that he should embellish his own and his friends' lives. No court was more polished and joyous than his." Certain rigorists blamed him for selling the benefices in his gift to the highest bidder, and mentioned the habits of his predecessors. "None of my predecessors knew how to be pope," he returned scornfully. Clement's is the western façade of the palace, that which follows the line of the modern avenue, and is the one best known to the passing visitor.

Contemporary with the accession of Clement VI. had been the beginning of the forty years' troublous reign of Jeanne I., Queen of Naples and Sicily and sovereign of Provence. She lost the confidence of the majority of her subjects very early in her reign. History did but repeat itself in the case of Mary Stuart — one night Jeanne's husband was murdered, and the next day, so to speak, she married the instigator of the crime. Forced to flee from Italy, where disastrous wars had brought her to bankruptcy, she took ship for Provence, only to be met on landing by a band of hostile barons, under the leadership of the then Lord of Baux, and by them imprisoned in a *château fort*, whence she was released only on giving her solemn promise never to part with Provence. There were rumors abroad that she intended to replenish her empty treasury at the expense of her French inheritance; and these rumors found their partial fulfilment in 1348, when she sold to Clement Avignon and its dependencies, which were held on easier tenure than any of her other possessions. The price agreed on was eighty thousand golden florins of Florentine standard. Some writers have maintained that this money was never paid, and others that Jeanne had no power to sell; but be this as it may, Avignon remained a papal possession until the French Revolution, though the papal seat had been restored to Rome before Jeanne, a gray-haired woman of fifty-five, was put to death by her rival's orders.

After Clement, in 1352 came Innocent VI., of whom St. Bridget of Sweden declared, in her fifth revelation, that he was "of better brass than any of his predecessors"—a compliment which has a dubious sound in our ears,

though she meant it for the high praise which indeed he deserved. For ten years he did his best to reform the abuses of the Church and to establish peace in Europe, with no great result in either direction. He laid his hand to the palace also, fortifying it and building the great inner chapel.

He was followed by Urban V., whose policy resembled Innocent's, and who by the time of his death, in 1370, had succeeded in restoring to the papacy much of its lost prestige.

Gregory XI. assumed the tiara on the last day of 1370. He was nephew of Clement VI., and had been educated in the inner circles of the papal court. He thoroughly understood his position, and perceived that the time had fully come for a return to Rome. But his timid and luxurious disposition recoiled from the difficulties and dangers of the change, and the majority of the French cardinals by whom he was encompassed begged him to remain, as also did the charming high-born women who made the papal court their home — Cécile des Baux, Miramonde de Mauléon, Estephanette de Romanin, Enémonde de Bourbon, and a score of others. The very day of departure was more than once determined, yet Gregory, alleging as a pretext his desire to make peace between France and England, still lingered on in the stately pile of which an old chronicler says that "in sober truth [*valde solenne*] it is of wonderful beauty as a residence."

Suddenly the court was electrified by the arrival of an ambassador from the rebellious and excommunicated Florentines — a fragile woman, her slight natural strength pitifully reduced by fast and vigil, a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. She was only a dyer's daughter of Siena, but she had gained a marvelous ascendancy over the mind of all Italy, and had now crossed the Alps in the depth of winter to plead the cause of the Florentines, and to urge upon the pope, with all the impassioned eloquence of which she was capable, his return to Rome. To accomplish this return had been her dearest and most sacred desire, a mission to which she believed herself divinely accredited. She pleaded in person with pope and cardinals; she preached to them in sumptuous chapels,— no sermons of mystical doctrine, but simple, vigorous expositions of their present duty,— and Gregory listened as one whose heart is moved. The court became alarmed, and speedily resolved itself into two parties. A small number, and chief among them the pope's sister, the Duchesse de Valentinois, supported Catherine, while the great majority exerted themselves to the uttermost to thwart her purpose; but still undaunted, though week after week slipped by, the maid of Siena persevered, and it became evident to all that her power over the mind of the pope increased steadily, if slowly. Her partisans, too, were multiplying, though there were still many who derided her extraordinary claims, and even went so far as to declare that her long ecstasies were but acting, her visions mere inventions. One of the beauties of the court, Elys de Beaufort-Turenne, took her own means of testing Catherine's integrity. Stealing up behind her one day, as the enthusiast knelt in rapt devotion in the papal chapel, she ran a pin deep into the sole of her foot. But Catherine never stirred, and for the future Mlle. Elys owned with a sigh that "there really was something supernatural about that Italian."

At last the cause was won, and on the 13th of September, 1376, the papal cortége left Avignon for Rome, which it reached early in the new year.

Avignon's days of splendor were over. For fifty years more it was indeed the residence of the antipopes Clement VII. and Benedict XIII. The latter of these resigned his office in 1424; the papal schism was at an end; the popes were firmly fixed in Rome, and the palace was left desolate.

Some part of the incalculable treasure which had been amassed there was transferred to Rome, but much remained perforce, and perhaps as simple a means as any of illustrating the papal magnificence at Avignon is to give a list of the chief painters who were summoned from Italy to adorn the palace walls — Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Giovanni da Milano,— some exquisite bits of whose work remain in the Ognissanti at Florence,— Stefano da Firenze, Spinello Aretino, and Simone Memmi.

The last did much work in the Avignon cathedral too, and in one of his frescos Petrarch figured as St. George and Laura as the Virgin. This, perhaps the most precious of his works, has perished utterly, but sundry bits attributed to him are still shown in various parts of the palace, all sadly discolored by time, and yet more ruthlessly mutilated by the hand of man.

Of the town and its history little of interest remains to tell. In 1600 the papal legate who made his residence at Avignon organized a most gorgeous reception to Marie de Médicis, who passed through the city on her way to Paris as the bride of Henry IV. The statue of "*le brave Crillon*" stands in the square by the palace, and its air of sturdy bonhomie reminds one irresistibly of the best of the many anecdotes which illustrate the frank relations prevailing between himself and the gallant king of Navarre. Once, in Henry's bohemian days, the arrears of Crillon's pay had mounted to a

point which transcended even his patience. "*Sire*," said Crillon briefly, "*argent ou congé.*" "*Crillon*," replied Henry, "*ni l'un ni l'autre!*"

Crillon was buried in the cathedral, as were two of the Avignonese popes; the monuments of two more are in the Avignon museum, and one, more beautiful than any of these, in the chapel of the hospital at Villeneuve. The ruinous little town, on its ashen hillside, fostered by the French kings as a menace to Avignon during the papal occupation, but since then utterly neglected, is, however, worth a visit, not merely for the sake of the papal monument aforesaid, but for the view of Avignon from its castle-hill. The stately circuit of the walls looks perfect hence, and there looms the vast palace, topped with dome and spire and ringed with gardens whose rich verdure overflows their low boundary and trickles down over the gray bastions in many a wayward stream. All that is unsightly on a nearer view is veiled, all that is incongruous merges in the majesty of the general impression. The Glacière and its ghastly associations are forgotten, and a vision rises before us like a fresco of Memmi or Orcagna, of Trecento figures rising tier above tier,— popes and cardinals, kings and princes, and dames of high degree,— while Cola di Rienzi and Catherine of Siena, lingering a little apart, compare their unfulfilled ideals, and Petrarch kneels in the foreground and lays his laurel crown at the feet of Laura de Sade.

It had been on the invitation of Clement V., who offered, in 1313, an asylum to all political refugees, that Pietro Petrarca, the father of Francesco the poet, repaired with his wife and infant son to Avignon. On the midsummer night when the boy was born at Arezzo (July 19, 1304) his father and Dante Alighieri had both been engaged in an unsuccessful attempt of the Bianchi to reënter Florence. Both had now shaken from their feet the dust of an ungrateful country; but the Tuscan exiles found themselves too poor to live in the French papal capital, and took up their residence at Carpentras. Thence, at the age of ten, the little Francesco was taken to see that fountain of Vaucluse which impressed his boyish imagination so deeply, and was destined to be so intimately associated with his brilliant after-life. Means were found to send the boy to the University of Bologna, and here he first met Giacomo Colonna, the future bishop of Lombez. With Giacomo he returned when their studies were completed to Avignon, where that sumptuous old pontiff John XXII. was now holding his magnificent court.

With the cordial reception of Petrarch at the papal court may be said fairly to have begun the most conspicuous, dazzling, varied, and victorious career — even though sad in the end and unsatisfying — ever accomplished by any mere man of letters since the history of letters began. Adopted, as it were, into the Colonna family by grand old Stefano, the father of his friend Giacomo, he had intimate relations before he died with every reigning house and almost every royal personage of his time — the Emperor Charles IV., King John of France, Robert of Naples and his too famous daughter Joanna, Azzo, Prince of Parma, Andrea Dandolo in Venice, the Estensi in Ferrari, and the Visconti in Milan. Yet so profoundly was he enamoured of the ideal, so incessantly preoccupied with its visions, that he came and went among these great ones of the earth with a curious dignity and detachment,— "*quadam prærogativa animi liberi*,"— and he shared all the earlier aspirations and long gloried in the brotherly affection of Cola di Rienzi. He proved in his own person all the nobler of the passions that have most swayed mankind, love, friendship, patriotism, and gave to every one a new poignancy of melodious expression. He was twenty-two years old when he first saw Laura de Sade, on the 6th of April, 1327, in the Church of Ste. Claire at Avignon, long since destroyed. He was but forty-four when he heard at Verona that she had passed away from earth on the exact anniversary of that indelible day and hour. The year 1348 was full of crowded catastrophe for the poet and the world. The great earthquake in January was followed by that most awful and widespread visitation of the plague which numbered Laura de Sade among its victims. Then, in June of the same year, came the death of Cardinal Colonna, and the presentiment of the aged Stefano was fulfilled. He had survived all his children.

> Rotta èl' alta Colonna, e 'l verde Laura
> Che facean ombra al mio stanco pensiero,[1]

wrote Petrarch from the now oppressive solitude of the home which he had made for himself at Vaucluse.

> O nostra vita ch' è si bella in vista,
> Come perd' agevolmente in un' mattina
> Quel che in molt' anni à gran pena s' acquista![2]

The decline of the poet's illustrious day had indeed begun, though he lived to complete exactly his threescore years and ten. Ever more and more wistful and unquiet, he passed to and fro between Italy and his lodge at

[1] Broken is the lofty column and the verdant laurel
Which offered their shadow to my weary thought.

[2] Oh this life of ours, so fair in prospect,
How easily it may lose in a single morning
The hardly won treasure of many years!

Vaucluse — his "Cisalpine and Transalpine Parnassus," as he has called them in the season of his pride. Like the bird which he apostrophized in one of his most exquisite sonnets, he went mourning for the time gone by, "seeing night and winter at his side, and day and the months of joy behind his back."

At the same time he turned with a certain fixed resolution to larger interests, graver studies, holier consolations, than before. He wrote his book "De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ," and the woes of dismembered Italy wrung from him that piercing cry, "*Io vo gridando pace, pace, pace,*" which Falkland echoed over the woes of England when, as Clarendon tells us, "he did often and sadly ingeminate 'peace, peace, peace.'"

The papal court was not yet restored to Rome when, at last, in 1374, Petrarch was laid to sleep in his pillared tomb at Arquà. "May his soul, weary with earthly lands, find rest in the heavenly city," pleads the inscription carven there.

Of course we made our pilgrimage to Vaucluse, but, alas! only to experience the severest revulsion of feeling which our journey had in store for us. Must I tell it? I will, if only by way of sparing to other pious pilgrims the shock which we received. The approach to the consecrated glen by way of the villages of L'Ile-sur-Sorgues and Vaucluse is pretty. All along the little river immense mossy water-wheels trickle silver in the shade of overhanging boughs. But not only is the path up the riverside from the village lined with vulgar cafés, and infested with obstinate little venders of impossible souvenirs, but at the very entrance of the glen what did we behold? The words that rang in our memory were these:

Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia,
Ma 'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino
Tra l' erba verde e 'l bel monte vicino
Onde si scende poetando: e poggia
Levan di terra al ciel' nostr' intelletto:
E' l rossignol che dolcimente all' ombra
Tutte le notte si lamenta e piange.[1]

The sight which met our eyes was a huge paper-mill, full of roaring machinery, and surrounded by reeking sacks of infectious rags! The deep, funnel-shaped basin above, into which the water rushes through a curious cleft in the walls of rock, and which is said still to overflow in the time of the spring floods, was nearly dry; the moss upon the surrounding rocks was blackened, and crackled under our feet.

As we took our disenchanted way down the valley we were overtaken by a dear, dumpy little *bourgeoise* in widow's weeds, with a big basket of roses on her arm. She asked if we had visited the Fountain of Vaucluse, and when we had assented somewhat dryly she cried out against the desecration of the place as a *true horror*, and assured us that it had been stoutly resisted by all the worthier inhabitants of Vaucluse. She herself was the present owner of Petrarch's garden; at least her house had replaced an old one with his arms upon it, and the adjoining garden was unchanged. At the time of the grand centenary — the five-hundredth anniversary of Petrarch's death — in 1874 her husband had been *maire;* they had entertained persons of the most distinguished. There had then been talk of a fitting monument upon the riverside; but, alas! *la politique s'y était mêlée*, certain radicals and blasphemers had got possession of a part of the valley. They held their land at an outrageous price, and, failing to receive it, they had erected that *shame*, that *horror;* and the good lady was fain to wipe her eyes. Her sainted husband also had owned a bit of land in the valley — had we remarked that the entrance to one of the *cafés* was inscribed "*Agape des Bocages Rustiques*"? (We had indeed!) They had invented that poetic and appropriate name, she and her good husband. They had thought that, since the monument was not to be, they might at least do their possible to provide for the rest and refreshment of the strangers who would still come to visit Vaucluse. But for herself, so sickening had the spot become to her, that, living in Avignon with her daughter, she only visited it now twice or thrice a year to collect her revenues, and on the present occasion, indeed, to superintend the installation of marble tables at the "*Agape.*" And she wept again quite freely. Would we have a rose from Petrarch's garden? Had she dreamed of encountering souls as sympathetic as ours she would have brought a laurel leaf.

Before we left London a friend whose modern sympathies are as keen as his ancient lore is accurate and profound had said to me with a slight accent of admonition, "You will not be so absorbed by those fourteenth-century lovers at Avignon as to neglect the graves of two of our own day: I mean John Stuart Mill and his wife, who to my mind deserve immortality quite as well as the others."

An austere pair indeed they seem beside those gracious figures of the earlier time whose ghostly footsteps we had striven to retrace, but

[1] No palaces are here, nor theater, nor portico,
But in their stead a fir, a beech, a pine.
Between, the greensward and the fair mountain, close at hand,
Which we climb singing; and hills
That raise the thought from earth to heaven;
And the nightingale, that sweetly, in the darkness,
Throughout the nights utters her lament and weeps.

we found their grave without difficulty in the modern cemetery of Avignon. They lie under the same sarcophagus-like monument, the upper surface of which is completely covered by the engraving in small black letters of that elaborate tribute by Mill to the marvelous moral and mental ascendancy of his wife with which most of us are familiar. The magnanimity and humility of his own genius are more touching than the grandiose figure which he so strenuously tries to evoke. The little inclosure is richly shaded and beautifully kept. The narrow flower-border about the monument was blazing with blossom.

That Sunday when we visited the grave of the Mills was to be our last day at Avignon, and we grudged the passage of its golden hours. We sat long during the forenoon, in the glowing and yet not overpowering heat, on the high terrace of the old papal gardens, which are now a public promenade, trying to impress upon the memory in unfading lines and hues one of the stateliest and most suggestive landscapes in the world. I have asked myself sometimes, while crossing the pallid plains or skirting the distorted hills, whether Provence, after all, was really beautiful,—intrinsically, naturally beautiful,—like Italy, or only supremely interesting. "You must forget Italy if you would enjoy Provence," another friend had said to me. "Take the landscape for what it is, and you will find it charming."

And there, under the aromatic pine trees facing the magnificent crest of Mont Ventoux, now faint in the mist of noon with the shimmer of the olive on all the lower hills, the Rhône sweeping in majestic curves along the broad valley, and the tinkle of the tambourines in many a bowery arbor coming up faintly from below, his prophecy was abundantly fulfilled. The beauty of Provence is one that you must learn to appreciate: it has a subtle and fluctuating charm, like that of many a most attractive human face; but it is there, for those who will seek it, in almost infinite measure.

Harriet W. Preston.

MARIAN DRURIE.

MARIAN DRURIE, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the sea!
Acadie dreams of your coming home
All year through, and her heart gets free,—

Free on the trail of the wind to travel,
Search and course with the roving tide,
All year long where their hands unravel
Blossom and berry the marshes hide.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the surge!
April over the Norland now
Walks in the quiet from verge to verge.

Burying, brimming, the building billows
Fret the long dikes with uneasy foam.
Drenched with bright weather, the idling willows
Kiss you a hand from the Norland home.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the sun!
Blomidon waits for your coming home,
All day long where the white winds run.

All spring through they falter and follow,
Wander, and beckon the roving tide,
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the rain!
April over the Norland now
Bugles for rapture, and rouses pain,—

Halts before the forsaken dwelling,
Where in the twilight, too spent to roam,
One whom the fingers of death are quelling
Cries you a cheer from the Norland home.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes filled with you!
Grand Pré dreams of your coming home,—
Dreams, while the rainbirds all night through,

Far in the uplands calling to win you,
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide;
And never the burning heart within you
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide.

Bliss Carman.

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

THE SALONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IMAGINE a society composed of a leisure class with more or less intellectual tastes: men eminent in science and letters, men less eminent, whose success depended largely upon their social gifts, and clever women supremely versed in the art of pleasing, who were the intelligent complements of these men; add a universal talent for conversation, a genius for the amenities of social life, habits of daily intercourse, and manners formed upon an ideal of generosity, amiability, loyalty, and urbanity; consider, also, the fact that the journals and the magazines, which are so conspicuous a feature of modern life, were practically unknown; that the salons were centers in which the affairs of the world were discussed, its passing events noted — and their power may be to some extent comprehended.

The reason, too, why it is idle to dream of reproducing them to-day on American soil will be readily seen. The forms may be repeated, but the vitalizing spirit is not here. Our feverish civilization has no time for it. We have no leisure class that finds its occupation in this pleasant daily converse. We sit in our libraries and scan the news of the world, instead of gathering it in the drawing-rooms of our friends. Perhaps we read and think more, but we talk less; and conversation is a relaxation rather than an art. The ability to think aloud, easily and gracefully, is not eminently an Anglo-Saxon gift, though there are many individual exceptions to this limitation. Our social life is largely a form, a whirl, a commercial relation, a display, a duty, the result of external accretion, not of internal growth. It is not in any sense a unity, nor an expression of the best intellectual life, which seeks other channels. Men are immersed in business or politics, and prefer this easy, less exacting atmosphere of the club. The woman who aspires to hold a salon is confronted at the outset by this formidable rival. She is a queen without a kingdom, presiding over a fluctuating circle without homogeneity, and composed largely of women, which is in itself fatal to the true *esprit de société*. It is true we have our literary coteries, but they are apt to savor too much of the library; we take them too seriously, and bring into them too strong a flavor of personality. We find in them, as a rule, little trace of the spontaneity, the variety, the wit, the originality, the urbanity, the polish, that distinguished the French literary salons of the last century. These belonged to the age and the race — a race of which Mme. de Graffigny wittily said that it "escaped from the hands of Nature when there had entered into its composition only air and fire." In their own native atmosphere they exist no longer as recognized institutions. This perfected flower of a past civilization has faded and fallen, as have all others. The salon in its widest sense, and in some modified form, may always constitute a feature of French life, but the type has changed, and its old glory has forever departed. In a foreign air, even in its best days, it could only have been an exotic, flourishing feebly, and lacking both color and fragrance. As a copy of past models it is still less likely to be a living force. Society, like government, takes its spirit and its vitality from its own soil.

A history of the French salons would include a history of the entire period of which they were so prominent a factor. They give us glimpses of every phase of society, from the diversions of the old *noblesse*, with their sprinkling of literature and philosophy, to the familiar life of the men of letters, who cast about their intimate coteries the halo of their own genius. But it was not the luxurious salon of the Duchesse du Maine, with its whirl of festivities and passion for cleverness; nor that of the Princesse de Conti, with its brilliant and courtly, but more or less intellectual, atmosphere; nor that of the clever and critical Maréchale de Luxembourg, so elegant, so witty, so noted in its day — which left the most permanent traces and the widest fame. It was those presided over by women of lesser rank and more catholic sympathies, of whom Voltaire aptly said that "the decline of their beauty revealed the dawn

of their intellect"; women who had the talent, tact, and address to gather about them a circle of distinguished men, who have crowned them with a luminous ray from their own immortality. The names of Mme. de Lambert, Mme. de Tencin, Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. du Deffand, Mlle. de Lespinasse, Mme. Necker, and others of lesser note, call up visions of a society which the world is not likely to see repeated. They are closely interwoven with the best intellectual life of the century. Their salons had every one a distinctive tone, according to the rank, taste, or character of the hostess; but they were all rallying points for the most famous men and women of the time. Here was found the fine critical sense that put its stamp upon a new poem or a new play. Here ministers were created and deposed, authors and artists were brought into vogue, and vacant chairs in the Académie Française were filled. Here the new philosophy was nursed. Here sat the arbiters of manners, the makers of social success. To these high tribunals came at last every aspirant for fame.

It has been a labor of love with many distinguished Frenchmen to recall the lives and memories of the women who did so much to make their society illustrious. They have gathered facts that lay buried in dusty chronicles and faded letters, retouched with sympathetic insight many features which time was beginning to dim, and offered the incense of a rare appreciation. One naturally hesitates to enter a field which has been gleaned so carefully and with such brilliant results by Sainte-Beuve, De Goncourt, and many others of note; but a few brief sketches may serve to illustrate more clearly a phase in the life of the last century which is always fresh with human interest, from whatever standpoint we may regard it.

The life of the eighteenth century, with its restlessness, its love of amusements, its ferment of activities, and its essential frivolity, finds a more fitting representative in the Duchesse du Maine, granddaughter of the Great Condé, and wife of the favorite son of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan. Of all the unique figures in this masquerading age she was perhaps the most striking, the most pervading. It was by no means the aim of this ambitious princess to take her place in the world as queen of a salon. Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon belonged to the royal race, and this was by far the most vivid fact in her life. She was but a few steps from the throne, and political intrigues played the most conspicuous part in her singular career. But while she waited for the supreme power to which she aspired, and later when the feverish dream of her life was ended, she must be amused, and her diversions must have an intellectual and imaginative flavor. "She wished to know all, to embrace all," wrote Mme. du Deffand; "she placed herself upon all thrones, one after the other. Without being good, she was not bad. She would not do ill without necessity, for the pleasure of doing it."

Born in 1676, she lived through the first half of the next century, of which her little court at Sceaux was one of the most notable features. Scarcely above the stature of a child of ten years, slightly deformed, with a fair face lighted by fine eyes; classically though superficially educated; gifted in conversation, witty, brilliant, adoring talent, but cherishing all the prejudices of the old *noblesse* — she represented in a superlative degree the passion for cleverness which so molded and colored the social life of the time. Wits, artists, literary men, and *savants* were alike welcome at Sceaux if they amused her and entertained her guests. "One lived there by *esprit*, and *esprit* is my God," said Mme. du Deffand, who was among its brightest ornaments.

In character the Duchesse was capricious and passionate. Her will brooked no opposition. When forced to leave the Tuileries after the collapse of her little bubble of political power, she deliberately broke every article of value in her apartments, consigning mirrors, vases, statues, porcelains alike to a common ruin, that no one else might enjoy them after her. "You will waken some morning to find yourself in the Académie Française, and the Duc d'Orléans regent," she said to her amiable husband, who showed her a song he had translated. His tranquil temperament and *dilettante* tastes did not please this fiery scion of a powerful family, and it is said he was even made to feel the pygmy force of her small hands. Her brief imprisonment after the failure of the second Fronde gave the death-blow to her hopes, but did not quench her irrepressible ardor. If she could not reign in one way, she would in another. Her little court became her kingdom, and no sovereign ever reigned more imperiously. "I am fond of company," she said, "for I listen to no one, and every one listens to me." It was an incessant thirst for power, a perpetual need of the sweet incense of flattery, that was at the bottom of this "passion for a multitude." "She believed in herself," writes Mlle. de Launay, afterward Baronne de Staal, "as she believed in God or Descartes, without examination and without discussion."

This lady's maid, who loved mathematics and anatomy, was familiar with Malebranche and Descartes, and left some literary reputation as a writer of gossipy memoirs, was a prominent figure in the lively court at Sceaux for more than forty years, and has given us

some vivid pictures of her capricious mistress. A young girl of clear intellect and good education, but without rank, friends, or fortune, she was forced to accept this humiliating position with the Duchesse du Maine, who had been attracted by her talents. She was brought into notice through a letter to Fontenelle, which was thought witty enough to be copied and circulated. If she had taken this cool dissector of human motives as a model, she certainly did credit to his teaching. Her curiously analytical mind is aptly illustrated by her novel method of measuring her lover's passion. He was in the habit of accompanying her home from the house of a friend. When he began to cross the square, instead of going round it, she concluded that his love had diminished in the exact proportion of two sides of a square to the diagonal. Promoted to the position of a companion, she devoted herself to the interests of her restless mistress, read to her, talked with her, wrote plays for her, and was the animating spirit of the famous "White Nights." While the Duchesse was in exile she shared her disgrace, refused to betray her, and was sent to the Bastille for her loyalty. She resigned herself to her imprisonment with admirable philosophy, amused herself in the study of Latin, in watching the gambols of a cat and kitten, and in carrying on a safe and sentimental flirtation with the fascinating Duc de Richelieu, who occupied an adjoining cell and passed the hours in singing with her popular airs from "Iphigénie." "Sentimental" is hardly a fitting word to apply to the coquetries of this remarkably clear and calculating young woman. She returned with her patroness to Sceaux, found many admirers, but married finally with an eye to her best worldly interests, and, it appears, in the main happily — at least, not unhappily. The shade of difference implies much. She had a keen, penetrating intellect which nothing escaped, and as it had the peculiar clearness in which people and events are reflected, as in a mirror, her observations are of great value.

Through her we learn that it was the habit of the guests to assemble at eight, listen to music or plays, improvise verses for airs in vogue, relate racy anecdotes, or amuse themselves with proverbs. "Write verses for me," said the insatiable Duchesse when ill; "I feel that verses only can give me relief." The quality does not seem to have been essential, provided they were sufficiently flattering. Sainte-Aulaire wrote madrigals for her. Malézieu, the learned and versatile preceptor of the Duc du Maine, read Sophocles and Euripides. Mme. du Maine herself acted the rôles of *Athalie* and *Iphigénie* with the famous Baron. They played at science, contemplated the heavens through a telescope and the earth through a microscope. In their eager search for novelty they improvised *fêtes* that rivaled in magnificence the Arabian Nights, posed as gods and goddesses, or, affecting simplicity, assumed rustic and pastoral characters, even to their small economies and romantic platitudes. Mythology, the chivalry of the Middle Ages, costumes, illuminations, scenic effects, the triumphs of the artists, the wit of the *bel esprit* — all that ingenuity could devise, or money could buy, was brought into service. It was an endless carnival, inspired by imagination, animated by genius, and combining everything that could charm the taste or intoxicate the senses.

But this fantastic princess who carried on a sentimental correspondence with the blind La Motte, and posed as the tender shepherdess of the adoring but octogenarian Sainte-Aulaire, had no really democratic notions. There was no question in her mind of the divine right of kings or of princesses. She welcomed Voltaire because he flattered her vanity and amused her guests, but she was far enough from the theories which were slowly fanning the sparks of the Revolution. Her rather imperious patronage of literary and scientific men set a fashion which all her world tried to follow. It added doubtless to the prestige of those who were insidiously preparing the destruction of the very foundations on which this luxurious and pleasure-loving society rested. But, after all, the bond between this restless, frivolous, heartless coterie and the genuine men of letters was very slight. There was no seriousness, no earnestness, no sincerity, no solid foundation. It is true we have occasional glimpses of Voltaire. Once he sought an asylum here for two months after one of his numerous indiscretions, writing tales during the day, which he read to the Duchesse at night. Again he came with his "divine Émilie," the learned Marquise du Châtelet, who upset the household with her eccentric ways. But Voltaire was a courtier, and, in spite of his frequent revolts against patronage, was not at all averse to the incense of the salons and the favors of the great. It was another round in the ladder that led him towards glory.

The literary men, however, who figured most conspicuously in the intimate circle of the Duchesse du Maine were not of the first order. Malézieu was learned, a member of two Academies, faintly eulogized by Fontenelle, warmly so by Voltaire, and not at all by Mlle. de Launay; but twenty-five years devoted to humoring the caprices and flattering the tastes of a vain and exacting patroness were not likely to develop his highest possibilities. There is a point where the stimulating atmosphere of the salon begins to enervate. His

clever assistant, the Abbé Genest, poet, Academician, and *bel esprit*, was a sort of Voiture, witty, and universally available. He tried to put Descartes into verse, which suggests the quality of his poetry. Sainte-Aulaire was an Academician who began to write verses at sixty. Scholarly and amusing, he frequented this society, more or less, for forty years, but his poems are sufficiently light, if one may judge from a few samples, and his genius doubtless caught more reflections in the salon than in a larger world. The cleverest women in France were found here, but the dominant spirit was the Princesse herself. It was amusement she wanted, and even men of talent were valued far less for what they were intrinsically than for what they could contribute to her vanity or to her diversion. "She is a predestined soul," wrote Voltaire. "She will love comedy to the last moment, and when she is ill I counsel you to administer some beautiful poem, in the place of extreme unction. One dies as one has lived."

Mme. du Maine represented the conservative side of French society, in spite of the fact that her abounding mental vitality often broke through the stiff boundaries of old traditions. It was not because she did not still respect them, but she had the defiant attitude of a princess whose will is an unwritten law superior to all traditions. The tone of her salon was in the main *dilettante*, as is apt to be the case with any circle that plumes itself first upon something quite apart from intellectual distinction. It reflected the spirit of an old aristocracy, with its pride, its exclusiveness, its worship of forms, but faintly tinged with the new thought that was rapidly but unconsciously encroaching upon time-honored institutions. Beyond the clever pastimes of a brilliant coterie, it had no marked literary influence. This ferment of intellectual life was one of the signs of the times, but it led to no more definite and tangible results than the turning of a madrigal or the sparkle of an epigram.

It was not in the restless searchings of an old society for new sensations, new diversions, nor in the fleeting expressions of individual taste or caprice, which were often little more than the play of small vanities, that the most potent forces in the political as well as in the intellectual life of France were found. It was in the coteries which attracted the best representatives of modern thought, that took the world on a more serious side, and mingled more or less of earnestness even in their amusements. While the Duchesse du Maine was playing her little comedy which began and ended in herself, another woman, of far different type, and without rank or riches, was scheming for her friends and nursing the germs of the philosophic party in one of the most notable salons of the first half of the century. Mme. de Tencin is not an interesting figure to contemplate from a moral standpoint. "She was born with the most fascinating qualities and the most abominable defects that God ever gave to one of his creatures," said Mme. du Deffand, who was far from being able to pose, herself, as a model of virtue or decorum. But sin has its degrees, and the woman who errs within the limits of conventionality considers herself entitled to sit in judgment upon her sister who wanders outside of the fold. Measured even by the complaisant standards of her own time, there can be but one verdict upon the character of Mme. de Tencin, though it is to be hoped that the scandal-loving chroniclers have painted her more darkly than she deserved. But whatever her faults may have been, her talent and her influence were unquestioned. A "nun unhooded," she posed in turn as a saint, an *intrigante*, and a *femme d'esprit*, with marked success in every one of these rôles. But it was not a comedy she was playing for the amusement of the hour. Beneath the velvet softness of her manner there was a definite aim, an inflexible purpose. With the tact and facility of a Frenchwoman, she had a strong, active intellect, boundless ambition, indomitable energy, and the subtlety of an Italian.

An incident of her early life, related by Mme. du Deffand, furnishes a key to her complex character, and reveals one secret of her influence. Born of a poor and proud family in Grenoble, in 1681, Claudine Alexandrine Guérin de Tencin was destined from childhood for the cloister. Her strong aversion to the life of a nun was unavailing, and she was sent to the convent of the Augustines at Montfleury. This prison does not seem to have been a very austere one, and the discipline was far from rigid. She was so devout that the archbishop prophesied a new light for the Church, and she easily persuaded him of the necessity of occupying the minds of the young *religieuses* by suitable diversions. Though not yet sixteen, this pretty, attractive, vivacious young girl was fertile in resources, and won her way so far into the good graces of her superiors as to be permitted to organize reunions, and to have little comedies played which called together the provincial society. She transformed the convent, but her secret resolution was unchanged. She took the final vows under the compulsion of her inflexible father, then continued her rôle of devotee to admirable purpose. By the zeal of her piety, the severity of her penance, and the ardor of her prayers, she gained the full sympathy of

her ascetic young confessor, to whom she confided her feeling of unfitness for a religious life, and her earnest desire to be freed from the vows which sat so uneasily upon her sensitive conscience. He exhorted her to steadfastness, but finally she wrote him a letter in which she confessed her hopeless struggle against a consuming passion, and urged the necessity of immediate release. The conclusion was obvious. The Abbé Fleuret was horrified by the conviction that this pretty young nun was in love with himself, and used his influence to secure her transference to a secular order at Neuville, where, as *chanoinesse*, she had many privileges and few restrictions. Here she became at once a favorite, as before, charming by her modest devotion and amusing by her brilliant wit. Artfully and by degrees she convinced those in authority of the need of a representative in Paris. This office she was chosen to fill. Playing her pious part to the last, protesting with tears her pain at leaving a life she loved and her unfitness for so great an honor, she set out upon her easy mission. There are many tales of a scandalous life behind all this sanctity and humility, but her new position gave her consideration, influence, and a good revenue. Years had passed; her aim was accomplished. "Young, beautiful, clever, with an adorable talent," she fascinated the regent, and was his favorite for a few days. But her ambition got the better of her prudence. She ventured upon political ground, and he saw her no more. With his minister Dubois she was more successful, and through her notorious relations with him enriched her brother, securing also his appointment as cardinal. The intrigues of this unscrupulous trio form an important episode in the history of the period. Her devotion to her friends was her single redeeming trait, and she hesitated at nothing to advance the interest of her brother, over whose house she gracefully presided.

Her clear, incisive intellect and conversational charm would have assured the success of any woman at a time when these things counted for so much. "At thirty-six," wrote Mme. du Deffand, "she was beautiful and fresh as a woman of twenty; her eyes sparkled, her lips had a smile at the same time sweet and perfidious; she wished to be good, and gave herself great trouble to seem so, without succeeding." Indolent and languid, with flashes of witty vivacity, insinuating and facile, unconscious of herself, interested in every one with whom she talked, she combined the tact, the finesse, the subtle penetration of a woman with the grasp, the comprehensiveness, and the knowledge of political machinery which are traditionally accorded to a man. "If she wanted to poison you, she would use the mildest poison," said the Abbé Trublet. Dubois served her purpose admirably well. When he died, within a few months of the regent, she wept, as she said, "that fools might believe she regretted him."

Prominent among her friends were Bolingbroke and Fontenelle. "It is not a heart which you have there, but a second brain," she said to the latter, laying her hand on the spot usually occupied by that organ. She had enlisted what stood in the place of it, however, and he interested himself so far as to procure her final release from her vows through Benedict XIV., who, as Cardinal Lambertini, had frequented her salon, and who sent her his portrait as a souvenir after his election to the papacy.

Through her intimacy with the Duc de Richelieu, Mme. de Tencin made herself felt even in the secret councils of Louis XV. Her practical mind comprehended, more clearly than many of the statesmen did, the forces at work and the weakness that coped with them. "Unless God visibly interferes," she said, "it is physically impossible that the state should not fall in pieces." It was her influence that inspired Mme. de Châteauroux with the idea of sending her royal lover to revive the spirits of the army in Flanders. "It is not, between ourselves, that he is in a state to command a company of grenadiers," she wrote to her brother, "but his presence will avail much. The troops will do their duty better, and the generals will not dare to fail them so openly. . . . A king, whatever he may be, is for the soldiers and people what the ark of the covenant was for the Hebrews; his presence alone promises success."

But she failed in her ultimate ambition to elevate her brother to the ministry, and her intrigues were so much feared that Cardinal Fleury sent her away from Paris for a short time. Her disappointments, which it is not the purpose to trace here, left her one of the disaffected party, and on her return her drawing-room became a rallying-point for the radical thinkers of France.

Such was the woman who courted, flattered, petted, and patronized the literary and scientific men of Paris, called them her menagerie animals, put them into a sort of uniform, gave them two suppers a week, and sent them two ells of velvet for small-clothes at New Year's. Of her salon Marmontel, one of the many whom she aided by her counsel and her influence, gives us an interesting glimpse. He had been invited to read one of his tragedies, and it was his first introduction.

> I saw assembled there [he writes] Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Mairan, Marivaux, the young Helvétius, Astruc, and others, all men of science or

ANNE-LOUISE-BÉNÉDICTE DE BOURBON, DUCHESSE DU MAINE.

letters, and, in the midst of them, a woman of brilliant intellect and profound judgment, who, with her kind and simple exterior, had rather the appearance of the housekeeper than the mistress. This was Mme. de Tencin. . . . I soon perceived that the guests came there prepared to play their parts, and that their wish to shine did not leave the conversation always free to follow its easy and natural course. Every one tried to seize quickly and on the wing the moment to bring in his word, his story, his anecdote, his maxim, or to add his dash of light and sparkling wit; and in order to do this opportunely it was often rather far-fetched. In Marivaux the impatience to display his finesse and sagacity was quite apparent. Montesquieu, with more calmness, waited for the ball to come to him, but he waited. Mairan watched his opportunity. Astruc did not deign to wait. Fontenelle alone let it come to him without seeking it, and he used the attention given him so discreetly that his witty sayings and his clever stories never occupied more than a moment. Alert and reserved Helvétius listened and gathered material for the future.

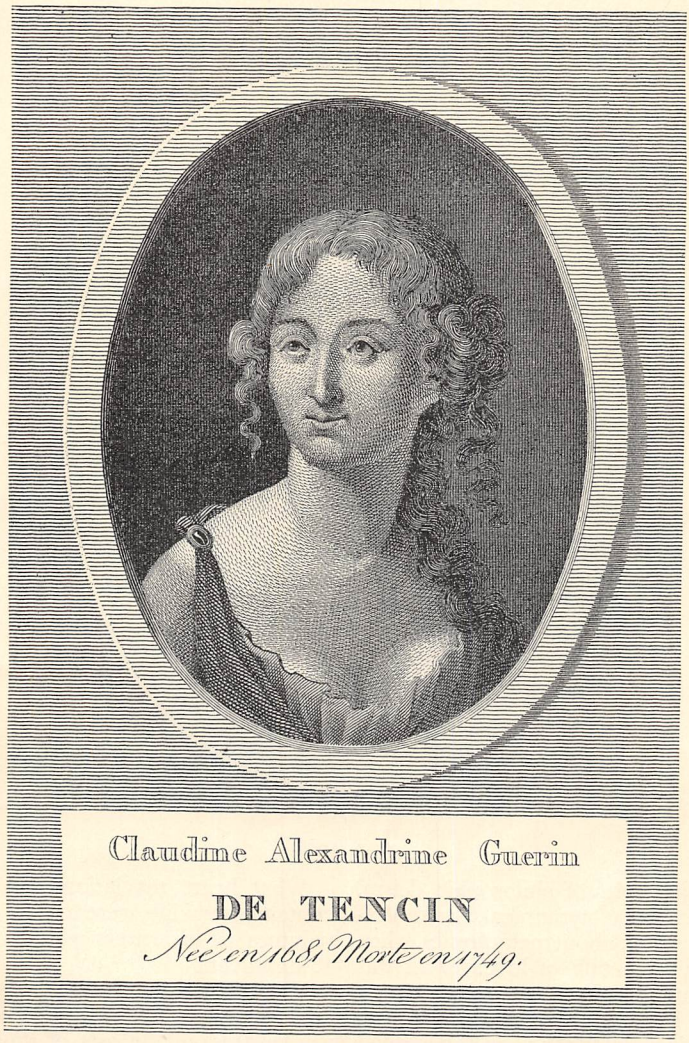
This was one of the most purely intellectual coteries of the century. Mme. de Tencin loved literature and philosophy for their own sake, and received men of letters at their intrinsic value. She encouraged, too, the freedom of thought and expression at that time so rare and so dangerous. It was her influence that gave its first impulse to the success of Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," of which she personally bought and distributed many copies. If she talked well, she knew also how to listen well, to attract by her sympathy, to aid by

THE DUCHESSE DU MAINE AT THE TUILERIES. (SEE PAGE 597.)

her generosity, to inspire by her intelligence, to charm by her versatility.

Another figure flits in and out of this salon, whose fine qualities of soul shine so brightly in this morally stifling atmosphere that one forgets her errors in a mastering impulse of love and pity. There is no more pathetic history in this arid and heartless age than that of Mlle. Aissé, the beautiful Circassian, with the "lustrous, dark, Oriental eyes," who was brought from Constantinople in infancy by the French envoy, and left as a precious heritage to Mme. de Ferriol, the intriguing sister of Mme. de Tencin, and her worthy counterpart in the faults that darkened their common womanhood, if not in talent. This delicate young girl, surrounded by worldly and profligate friends, and drawn in spite of herself into the errors of her time, redeemed her character by her romantic heroism, her unselfish devotion, and her final revolt against what seemed to be an inexorable fate. The struggle between her self-forgetful love for the knightly Chevalier d'Aydie and her sensitive conscience, her refusal to cloud his future by a portionless marriage, and her firmness in severing an unholy tie, knowing that the sacrifice would cost her life, as it did, form an episode as rare as it was tragical. But her exquisite personality, her rich gifts of mind and soul, her fine intelligence, her passionate love, almost consecrated by her pious but fatal renunciation, call up one of the loveliest visions of the century — a vision that lingers in the memory like a medieval poem.

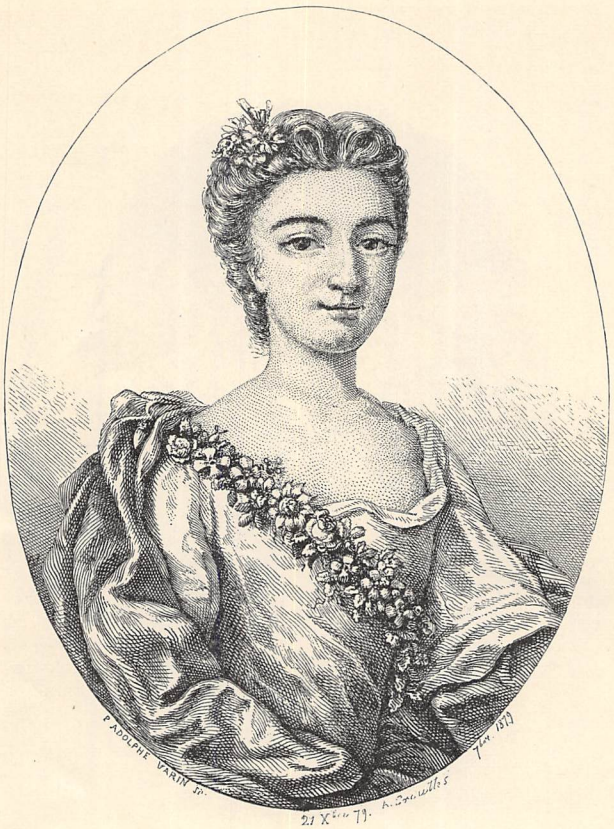
Mme. de Tencin amused her later years by writing sentimental tales, which were found among her papers after her death. These were classed with the romances of Mme. de La Fayette. Talking of the latter, La Harpe said, "Only another woman succeeded, a century later, in painting with equal power the struggles of love and virtue." It is one of the curious inconsistencies of her character, that her creations contained an element which her life seems wholly to have lacked. Behind all her faults of conduct there was clearly an ideal of purity and goodness. Her stories are marked by a vividness and ardor of passion that are not found in the insipid and colorless romances of the preceding age. But her pictures of love and intrigue and crime are touched with the religious enthusiasm of the cloister, the poetry of devotion, the heroism of self-sacrifice. Perhaps the dark and mysterious facts of her own history shaped themselves in her imagination. Did the tragedy of La Fresnaye, the despairing lover who blew his brains out at her feet leaving the shadow of a crime hanging over her, with haunting memories of the Bastille, recall the innocence of her own early convent days? Did she remember some long-buried



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

love, and the child left to perish upon the steps of St. Jean le Rond, but grown up to be her secret pride in the person of the great mathematician and philosopher D'Alembert? Or was this simply the myth of a gossiping age, born of the incidents of an idle tale, to live forever on the pages of history? What was the subtile link between this worldly woman and the eternal passion, the tender self-sacrifice of Adelaide, the loyal heroine who breathes out her solitary and devoted soul on the ashes of La Trappe, unknown to her faithful and monastic lover until the last sigh? The fate of Adelaide has become a legend. It has furnished a theme for the poet and the artist, an inspiration for the divine strains of Beethoven, another leaf in the annals of pure and heroic love. But the woman who conceived it toyed with the human heart as with a beautiful flower, to be tossed aside when its first fragrance was gone. She apparently knew neither the virtue, nor the honor, nor the purity, nor the truth, of which she had so exquisite a perception in the realm of the imagination.

But it was not as a literary woman that she held her position and won her fame. Her gifts were eminently those of her age and race, and it may be of interest to compare her with a woman of larger talent of a purely intellectual order, who belonged, more or less, to the world of the salons, without aspiring to leadership, and who, though much younger, died in the same year. Mme. du Châtelet was essentially a woman of letters. She loved the exact sciences, expounded Leibnitz, translated Newton, gave valuable aid to Voltaire in introducing English thought into France, and was one of the first women among the nobility



MLLE. AISSÉ.

to accept the principles of philosophic deism. "I confess that she is tyrannical," said Voltaire: "one must talk about metaphysics, when the temptation is to talk of love. Ovid was formerly my master; it is now the turn of Locke." She has been vividly but by no means pleasantly painted for us in the familiar letters of Mme. de Graffigny, in the rather malicious sketches of her cousin the Marquise de Créqui, and in the still more strongly outlined portrait of Mme. du Deffand, as a veritable *bas bleu*, learned, pedantic, eccentric, and without grace or beauty. But she counted for much with Voltaire, and her chief title to fame to-day lies in his long and devoted friendship. He found his "sublime and respectable Émilie" "beautiful" and "divine," the incarnation of all the virtues, though a trifle ill-tempered. One cannot believe that so clear-sighted a man, even though a poet, could live for twenty years under the spell of a pure illusion. "I have lost half of my being," he wrote when she died — "a soul for which mine was made." Again he says to Marmontel: "Come and share my sorrow. I have lost my illustrious friend. I am in despair. I am inconsolable."

What heart revelations, what pictures of contemporary life, were lost in the eight large volumes of his letters which were destroyed at her death!

While Mme. de Tencin studied men and affairs, Mme. du Châtelet studied books. One was mistress of the arts of diplomacy, gentle but intriguing, ambitious, always courting society and shunning solitude. The other was violent and imperious, hated finesse, and preferred burying herself among the "choice pictures, costly hangings, and rare books" of her library at Cirey. Here she plunged into abstractions during the day, and devoted her evenings to reading poetry or dramas, singing, acting in little comedies,— for which she had a gift,— chatting with Voltaire, or amusing the small coterie which often assembled there. Her real life was an intimate one. "I confess that in love and friendship lies all my happiness," said this astronomer, metaphysician, and mathematician, who wrote against revelation and went to mass with her lover. Her salon in the Hôtel Lambert had only a limited vogue. If the thinking was high, the living was too plain.

The influence of Mme. de Tencin was felt,

MME. DU CHÂTELET.

not only in the social and intellectual, but in the political, life of the century. The traditions of her salon lingered in those which followed, modified by the changes which time and personal taste always bring. These women were alike defiant of morality, though their errors were, in a measure, condoned by the world in which they lived, on account of their position and their talents. Mme. du Châtelet was far more learned, but she lacked the tact and charm which give wide personal ascendancy. Her influence was largely individual, and her books have been forgotten. But Mme. de Tencin represents the social genius, the intelligence, the *esprit*, and the worst vices of the eighteenth century, on which she has left such conspicuous traces.

"She knew my tastes and always offered me those dishes I preferred," said Fontenelle when she died, in 1749. "It is an irreparable loss." Perhaps his hundred years should excuse his not going to her funeral for fear of catching cold.

Amelia Gere Mason.

A SONG OF GROWTH.

IN the heart of a man
Is a thought upfurled:
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush,
But in the hush.

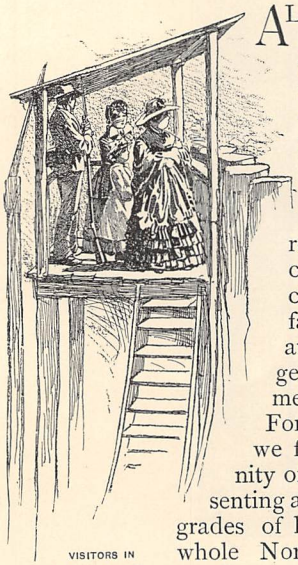
From the cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But, beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod,
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God,—
At the Fountain of Life
No cry—no strife!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

A YANKEE IN ANDERSONVILLE.[1]

(CONCLUSION.)



VISITORS IN A GUARD HOUSE.

ALL classes and grades of society were represented within our prison — a few negro soldiers, that were captured at New Berne; New York Bowery roughs, the worst class of all; mechanics, clerks, farmers; gamblers and light-fingered gentry; back-woodsmen and hunters. For several months we formed a community of ourselves, representing as well the different grades of humanity as the whole North, only upon a smaller scale and in a very wretched manner. Here were displayed the finest sentiment and feeling that ever actuated the human heart. The passions were but slightly cloaked, and were exhibited in the form of the highest virtue attained by man, and all down the grade to the lowest vice. Until about the 1st of August there was absolutely no check to rascality of any kind, except our own individual physical strength; the authorities outside concerned themselves but little in regard to what was going on within the stockade so long as trouble was not made for them.

I saw a very sharp dodge played upon the unsuspecting by one of the numerous sharpers. The sharper had a friend, or brother shark. Working their way into a crowd where some little excitement had called the prisoners together, the one would have a pocketbook in a side pocket partly in sight; the other would crowd up behind, and, with all the pretense of being very sly, take the pocketbook. At first he would examine the contents of the wallet secretly, yet making sure that several others did really see him; and finding only one copper cent, he would affect to become so disgusted as to change his mind completely from being a pickpocket to playing the rôle of friend and adviser to the one whose pocket he had picked, as well as to make some fun for the crowd at his expense. After pocketing the one cent from the pocketbook, and shaking it well to assure the crowd that nothing more was in it, he would approach the apparent stranger and replace the pocketbook. Then tapping him on the shoulder, he would remark, "Stranger, don't you carry your pocketbook rather carelessly in such a crowd as this?"

"No," the pal would say; "there is nothing in it worth stealing. It contains only one cent."

"But are you sure, stranger, that it contains a cent?"

"Yes, for I placed it there but a short time ago."

In this manner they would discuss the pocketbook until the crowd became interested, when the one who had pocketed the penny would offer to bet any amount that there was no penny in the pocketbook at all. The other would exhibit a watch, and offer to put it against anything of equal value that there was a cent in the pocketbook. It would soon turn out that the one who took the penny had nothing to bet with; but the crowd, thinking there was a sure chance to obtain a watch, would offer their bets. Finally the highest bet would be accepted by the owner of the pocketbook, who would open it, and take penny number two from under the lining of one of its compartments; then he would pocket the bets and move off to another part of the stockade to play the same game again, while the one who played the pickpocket was nowhere to be found.

There was a class of skulkers and gamblers brought into Andersonville from both the Eastern and Western armies, captured in the rear by the rebel raiders. Those from the Western army were brought into the prison with their ill-gotten gains upon their persons. Another class included a thousand or more of Sherman's veterans who were captured while on their way home on furlough, each with his many dollars of bounty.

As the "greenbacks" thus increased within our prison, villainy advanced with rapid strides. An organized band of over two hundred members, selected from the most unprincipled and healthier prisoners, bound together by oaths, and armed with short, heavy clubs, overran the prison-pen. They committed their depredations every night, and became a terror to us all. They finally grew so bold as to knock down and rob men during the day. They robbed me of a pair of shoes one night, taking them from under my head, where they were

[1] For the first paper see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE of last month.

THE HOMES OF ANDERSONVILLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

placed as a pillow, and I never got even a glimpse of the thief. I went without shoes for four months.

The gang were known as the "Raiders." They had everything their own way for nearly three months, when it was discovered that several of our number had been murdered by them. This knowledge stirred us up a good deal, and we soon sent out a petition to the authorities praying for some interference in our behalf. They granted our request at once, and sent in twenty or thirty of their best men, armed with revolvers, to assist us in hunting out the desperadoes.

In the course of three hours some two hundred of these raiders were pointed out by the different prisoners, who could easily do so as soon as all fear of the consequences was removed. They were placed under a special guard, and marched outside that they might receive a fair trial. In fact, the captured raiders were taken outside at their own request, as the multitude of prisoners were so excited and enraged that they could expect but little mercy at our hands.

Wirz informed our leading men within the prison that he dared not proceed against these men, either by court martial or by any civil law that could be had in that vicinity; but that he would allow us to organize a court, judge, and jury, and try our prisoners, as he called them, by a court of our own; and that he would render all the assistance in his power in guarding the prisoners for us, and in furnishing proper facilities for executing the sentences that the court might impose.

This court was quickly organized. The judge to preside was selected by ballot, and the jury was drawn from a panel of a thousand. The prisoners had the privilege of pleading their own case, or of employing any one within the stockade to plead for them. Two attorneys were selected, from a number of that profession among us, to proceed against the prisoners. The trial continued six or eight days. It was conducted as fairly and honorably as was possible under the circumstances; and forty or fifty of the two hundred arrested were convicted of crime of some nature, and sentenced to punishment by the "cat-o'-nine-tails," to be "bucked and gagged," to restore property where possible, or otherwise punished, as the nature of the case seemed to require. Six of the number were clearly found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung within the stockade upon two days' notice.[1] Wirz furnished the material for a scaffold, and guarded the six unfortunate ones until the appointed day, then delivered them over to us for execution without further assistance on his part.

[1] The murderers were given the privilege of rejecting jurors, and they exercised that privilege till they were tired of it, and allowed a jury to go on.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PEN, LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM THE SOUTHWEST CORNER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Of the two hundred men who were thus tried there were probably a few entirely innocent of any crime, while nothing could be absolutely proved against one hundred and twenty of them; yet as their trial ended, and they were set at liberty within the stockade, they were obliged to run the Indian "gauntlet"—a thousand or more emaciated human beings standing ready to administer a blow, a kick, or at least a curse and muttered execration, to those who in a measure had added to our sufferings, even though no act could be proved against them by the court.

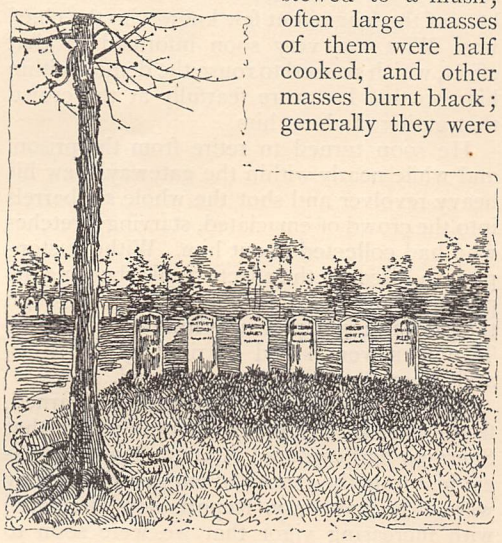
Two days later a scaffold was hastily erected near the south gateway, within the stockade. The six condemned prisoners were delivered by Wirz to a posse of our own number, and amidst a breathless silence which pervaded the thirty thousand who watched the ceremony five of the number were quietly swung into eternity. The sixth man, who weighed nearly two hundred pounds, broke his rope and escaped into the crowd, and was only captured after a long chase and after being knocked senseless with one of the executioner's clubs; then he was brought back to the scaffold, and made to join his five companions.

As the prisoners were brought to the scaffold they acted as though they hardly expected an execution, but supposed it a farce to frighten them, or that they would be rescued by their comrades. These executions effectually put a stop to plunder and murdering. In order to induce twelve men to take the responsibility of executing these six murderers they were promised by Wirz to be paroled and sent within the Union lines. This promise I think Wirz kept, because I never saw them afterwards.

A league had been formed by the better class of prisoners, several days before the executions, for the purpose of protecting our lives and scant property; and it was by the aid of this league, headed by a character known as "Big Pete," that these raiders were brought to justice. This league, or "police," as they were called, was ever after kept up, and constituted itself into a complete government for the stockade within the dead-line. "Big Pete," always its chief, exercised absolute authority to punish all offenders against the public peace. After the executions above mentioned, he was judge, jury, chief of police, and often he executed his own sentences. He settled all

disputes between individuals, applied the "cat" freely in punishment of petty thieving, bucked and gagged for graver offenses, appointed the night and day patrol within the prison limits from men of his own selection, and was generally a terror to the evil-doer but respected and a blessing to the great mass of prisoners. "Big Pete" had a kind heart, and there was many a poor fellow who could speak of the acts of kindness received at his hands.

During the last part of our stay nearly all of the rations issued consisted of "cow peas" stewed to a mush; often large masses of them were half cooked, and other masses burnt black; generally they were



GRAVES OF THE SIX RAIDERS HUNG JULY 11, 1864. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

issued without salt. These rations were brought in large dry-goods boxes drawn into the pen by four-mule teams. Each team was driven by a negro who always rode upon the nigh wheel-mule, and each wagon received a guard of four to six men as it entered the stockade. The guard evidently sought the opportunity thus to enter the stockade for the sake of a chance to trade, in a small way, with the prisoners, generally for the brass buttons off our coats, needles, jack-knives, knickknacks, and very slyly for greenbacks.

When the guard were thus occupied by anything but their business, some of the more enterprising of our number would crawl under the dry-goods boxes, as they were emptied and loaded back upon the wagon, and ride safely out of the stockade. The fact that the guard left the teams at the stockade, and that the teams had to go nearly half a mile to reach the cook-house, away from the immediate neighborhood of all the guards, gave those who rode out an excellent chance to come from under the boxes at their leisure.

There were also about two hundred of our men paroled out of the prison-pen who were acting as cooks, waiters for the Confederate officers, etc., so that the enterprising prisoner, as he emerged from his hiding-place, could stroll around during the day and with a little shrewdness not be distinguished from the paroled men. This trick was played very freely for several days, until too many men began to be missed at roll-call, and several were finally caught in the act. Many escapes were also made through the tunnels, and by straggling from the squads sent out after wood. Over one hundred men went out one night through a single tunnel, but within ten days they were all brought back, killed or badly torn by the hounds — a pack of eight or ten bloodhounds being kept by one or two experienced negro-hunters in the vicinity of the prison. No doubt a very few did finally make their escape good to the Union lines, but I have never been able to learn of one well-authenticated case from Andersonville.

There was one tunnel which was the innocent cause of much fear and alarm to our guard. I knew nothing about the tunnel being under way till the following accident betrayed it not only to ourselves, but also to the guard.

Sometime in August one of those sudden and terrible thunder-storms so common in hot countries occurred, and it so swelled the small brook running through the stockade that its outlet, hewn between a few of the timbers set in the bed of the brook, would not allow the immense volume of water to pass; consequently the stockade acted as a dam, so that the water rose within an hour nearly to the top of the timbers, completely flooding the four acres of swamp. Some fifty yards along this part of the stockade, each side of the brook, the soil was more sandy than the common red clay of the remainder of the prison, and the tunnel in question was in this vicinity. The water soon found it, and undermined the stockade, so that in a few moments a large breach was made, and with a rush the flood immediately passed through.

This frightened the guards so that they jumped from their posts and left the stockade, to collect about their two batteries. Within five minutes several shots from the cannon were fired over the prison, and warning shouted to us that if there were any signs of a crowd collecting anywhere within the prison they would pour into that crowd grape and canister. It was at first supposed by both prisoners and guards that the stockade had been purposely undermined.

At the time of the flood which caused the break in the stockade the lightning, which was almost incessant, seemed to strike in several places within the stockade, at one spot

killing several of our number. It struck, or seemed to strike, at one place about fifty yards from my own shelter and just within the dead-line. I noticed that several were prostrated by the stroke, and I immediately walked over to the spot, with many others, to see what damage was done. I found an ugly-looking rent in the ground, out of which was flowing a clear, copious stream of water between the dead-line and the stockade, perhaps three feet within the dead-line, on the east side of the inclosure and fifty or sixty yards above the spot where the brook entered.

The general belief among all the prisoners in that vicinity was that the spring was opened by the lightning, and the fact that it was so opened was not questioned till years afterwards. It looked as though the electric fluid had found vent at this place from the overcharged earth. Be that as it may, this spring gave us pure, sweet water, and in sufficient quantity, from this time out so long as the place was occupied as a prison; and I have been told that it was still a living spring twenty years afterwards. The prison authorities fixed a wooden trough to conduct the water over the dead-line within our reach — about the only act I ever knew them to perform spontaneously that had the slightest leaning towards mitigating our wretched condition.

We knew that a league was just being formed, termed the "Union League," composed of the ablest men, mentally and physically, within the prison, but it had not become sufficiently organized for work, or even to take advantage of the breach after it occurred. But the incident opened our eyes to the possibilities with such a league in working order and properly officered, so we exerted ourselves to perfect it; but it was not long before the authorities seemed to have become aware that such a league was forming or had already formed, and strict orders were circulated within the prison forbidding the prisoners to collect in any crowd, under penalty of being fired into from the batteries, except under the orders of the prison authorities for the purpose of roll-call. Further to check this league formation they sent in spies, disguised as prisoners, with the new batches that were brought in. These spies were so shrewd as to become members of the league, and, with the information they gave, completely broke it up.

The question has often been asked of Andersonville prisoners, "Did the commander of the prison, Captain Henry Wirz, ever really murder a prisoner?" Yes, and under my own personal observation. On one occasion he rode into the stockade accompanied by two or three attendants also on horseback; the object of his visit was to demand that the chief of the Union League be delivered up to him. Of the crowd that collected about him not one in fifty knew that such a league existed, and of the actual members of the league but few knew who the chief was. Wirz was very soon informed to that effect, which seemed to rouse the demon within him, so that he swore fearfully at the crowd that gathered about him.

He soon turned to retire from the prison, and while nearly within the gateway drew his heavy revolver and shot the whole six barrels into the crowd of emaciated, starving wretches who had collected about him. Without stopping to discover the effects of his shooting, he put spurs to his horse, sprang out through the gate, and galloped away from the stockade. Two men were killed outright by his shots, and several others were wounded.

Soon after the 1st of September we learned, from some of the prisoners brought in, that Sherman had captured Atlanta;[1] and it was evident from the actions of our guard that they were growing uneasy. Reports were circulated with increasing vigor that we were soon to be exchanged by way of Savannah. Many believed it; others did not. Sometime after the middle of September, one day everything was bustle and confusion, as one detachment after another was marched outside the stockade, and again loaded into box-cars, — as always, sixty in a car, — and each car provided with rations that we were informed were all we should get for three days. The rations were of the old style, simply coarse corn-bread, and I could easily have disposed of my own in one day without satisfying my hunger or injuring my digestion.

My detachment was one of the first, if not the first, to leave the stockade, and occupied, with several others, the first train that left for Savannah. The anxiety to be the first to leave

1 In his memoirs, "Advance and Retreat," General John B. Hood says, with reference to the fall of Atlanta, "The presence of thirty-four thousand Federal prisoners at Andersonville rendered it absolutely incumbent to place the army between Sherman and that point in order to prevent the Federal commander from turning loose this large body, ready to wreak its ill-will upon our people."

On July 27, before the fall of Atlanta, General John H. Winder issued the following order to the officers at Andersonville: "The officers on duty and in charge of the battery of Florida Artillery at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy have approached within seven miles of this post, open fire upon the stockade with grape-shot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense. It is better that the last Federal be exterminated than be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens, as they will do if allowed to make their escape from prison."

was displayed in many ways, as it was the general impression that those who did leave were to be exchanged. I did not share this anxiety, perhaps because I chanced to belong to one of the first detachments taken out, but I think more because I did not believe we were going to be exchanged. It was quite apparent to Dick Williams and myself, as we discussed the question in all its bearings, that Sherman was getting too near our sylvan retreat to make it at all pleasant for the authorities that held us, and that they, fearing for their ability to hold us there any longer, determined to remove us to safer quarters.

We left the stockade, however, very willingly, knowing that no worse place could be in store for us. Many were foolish enough to leave behind what few possessions they had, such as tattered blankets, shelter poles, cooking tins, etc.; but the good sense of the level-headed ones among us prevented this suicidal business to any great extent, and with the majority my mess of three took with us all we possessed.

I crept out of that filthy sore spot on God's earth for the first time in four months, with but little ambition to speculate upon where next, but with the determination to make a desperate attempt to escape from my guard whenever the slightest opportunity offered. I left behind me the greater number of all my immediate acquaintances, more than half of them among the thirteen thousand dead in the cemetery I never saw. Thirteen thousand dead in a period of a little over four months!

About every third man who entered Andersonville was dead in four months. As many more were rendered physical wrecks forever after. There were a few over forty thousand different men who entered Andersonville. Not quite one-third of that number were alive twenty years after.

Our train moved towards Macon, and after leaving there kept the road towards Savannah. Only one of the slide doors to each box-car was allowed to remain open to give us air, and within that were posted two sentinels. It was but natural that every prisoner within the car should desire to obtain a place near the open door. Of course the most persistent and enterprising obtained the places that could only be occupied by four or five at most. Sometime, while about midway between Macon and Savannah, I succeeded in grasping the long-sought and persistently worked-for place at the open door; and the sentinels had so relaxed their discipline as to allow about four of us at a time to sit upon the edge or floor of the car with our feet dangling out. This was the situation I had been striving for during the last hundred miles of our travel, and so completely had my attention been occupied with that idea that I had noticed but little of the country through which we were traveling.

About nine o'clock in the evening we came to a stop at a place where the train passed within the station, which was dimly lighted. On another track stood a regular passenger train, well filled with passengers, and among them better-dressed people than I had seen for four months.

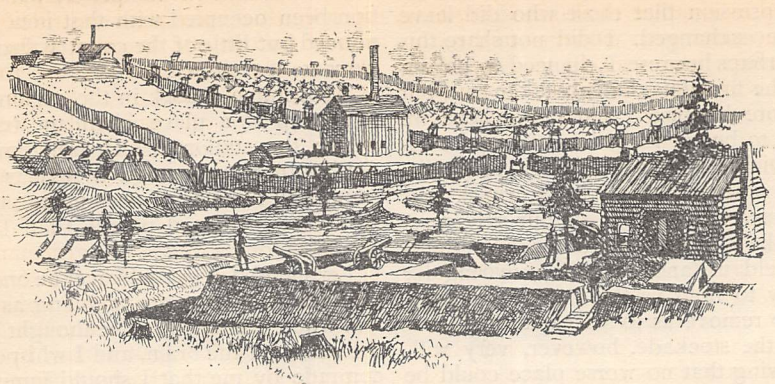
I wondered if I should ever be one of a civilized community again, traveling as I pleased and where I pleased? The thought quickened the action of the brain, and I whispered to the comrade by me that I should jump from the train as soon as it had left the depot and before it had got fully under way; that leaving the lighted depot and moving out into the dark night would blind the sentinels for a time, so that we could not be seen. I urged him to jump with me, but he could not be induced to take the risk.

When the train reached a distance of two or three hundred yards from the station I simply slid down from the car and out into the black night—so black and dark that not the shape of an object could be seen. I landed in some bushes which only scratched me and tore my clothes, adding a trifle to their already tattered condition; while the sentinel standing in the car door fired his musket out into the blackness, and a number of the guard upon the top of the train followed his example. The moment I struck I crawled up alongside the track, which brought me under the projecting sides of the cars as they sped on, and there I lay like a log till the train was half a mile away.

I first tried to recall my school-boy knowledge of the geography of the State of Georgia, and that part of it that might appertain to a spot on the Macon and Savannah Railroad about sixty miles from Savannah. Meantime I kept walking mechanically in the direction my train had gone, and soon found myself upon trestle-work in a swamp. The night was dark, though starlight, and there seemed no alternative but to keep along upon the trestle.

I walked through the long night till I could barely drag one leg after the other, frequently stopping to rest in the damp air of the swamp. The only sounds I heard were the occasional hooting of an owl and the frequent splashing of alligators. I was getting very lonesome, and even tired of my freedom. It seemed a swamp without end, with only alligators and owls for companionship. Doré must have seen some such place, else he could never have drawn his illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

At the first signs of morning I reached higher land where the railroad left the trestle.



VIEW FROM WIRZ'S HEADQUARTERS OF THE STOCKADE AT ANDERSONVILLE.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

Leaving the track, I started off through a scattering growth of bushes, seeking an opportunity for a bath and for water to drink. While in the act of bathing, only a few minutes before the sun rose, two men came suddenly upon me, each armed with a double-barreled gun, and informed me that they were out quail-hunting. It is possible they were on the watch for me, as I learned later that my train made a stop about half a mile from where I left the swamp, which gave the guard an opportunity to inform the natives that there were stragglers about.

They questioned me pretty sharply, and I must have made some very uncertain replies, for our consultation ended in their taking me in charge. They conducted me to a building, in the midst of a little settlement, that seemed to be used as a carpenter's shop. They gave me all I wanted to eat,— fried egg-plant, hominy, and pork,— and a bed of shavings which was royal. I did not feel very bad over my recapture, so after eating my fill I fell asleep, and was only awakened by my captors about three o'clock in the afternoon in order to place me aboard the next train-load of prisoners, which they flagged for my special benefit. They very kindly gave me a parting ration of pork and hominy. I found several of my Andersonville acquaintances in the car upon which I was placed, and shared with them my generous allowance of pork and hominy. My full stomach and night's experience had roused my spirits wonderfully.

I reached Savannah only one day behind my proper train. Sometime in the night we were marched a short distance into an inclosure of high brick walls, which I soon learned was the jail yard of Savannah. Here I found the car-load of prisoners from which I had escaped, and regained my privileges and share of our mess of three.

At daylight the next morning the jail yard was eagerly explored, and among other things I discovered a small patch where there had been some Irish potatoes, evidently gathered several days before; but in carefully scratching over the loose sandy soil with sticks, in common with hundreds of other prisoners, I obtained six or seven small potatoes as large as walnuts, which were eagerly devoured raw. They relished better than anything I had eaten for four months, probably because I had begun to feel the creeping on of scurvy.

We remained in the Savannah jail yard four days. Personally I had enough to eat while there. The fifth day we again took box-cars for another jaunt at the expense of the Confederacy. The old story of "exchange" was told by our guard; and this time we moved towards the north, which made the story so plausible that none of us made any attempt to escape, though several good opportunities offered.

We reached Charleston sometime during the afternoon, and were unloaded from the train within that part of the city which had been shattered and partly burnt by the shells from the Union batteries upon Morris Island. We had heard much from the Confederate authorities of the cruelties practiced upon the pet city of the South by these batteries, and more particularly by the single Union gun called the "Swamp Angel." We were also told that the whole city was so incensed by the ruin and suffering imposed upon them by the blockade, as well as by the shattering of their beautiful city, that we were in danger of being mobbed unless strongly guarded and protected. We were thus made suspicious and timid about our reception, and our astonishment was great when we found the treatment exactly the opposite of what we had been led to expect. Instead of being obliged to protect their prisoners from a mob, our guards were obliged to use all their faculties to prevent the inhabitants from giving us an ovation. They

crowded upon us, particularly the women, and slyly passed us eatables of all kinds, clothing, and in some cases even money — of the Confederate stamp, however. In fact, we found very much real sympathy displayed for us in every possible manner. Those who were the most forward in showing us kindness were generally of the working classes, and of Irish or German nationality, whose sympathies were never very strongly with the South.

We were marched outside the city to an open park, called the Washington park or race-course, by the side of the Ashley River. Here they corralled us to the number of seven or eight thousand. A plow was drawn around our camp, turning a single furrow, which constituted the dead-line. It was as near a circle as the plowman could make it. Fifteen feet outside this circle the sentinels paced, each one having a beat of thirty feet. Our camp was without form or comeliness, each prisoner being at liberty to occupy whatever space he chose within the circular dead-line. Its location was fine, even picturesque, and with tents for shelter and sufficient rations would have been all that could be desired. Wood enough was furnished for fuel to cook with, and the rations were the best ever issued to us while in the Confederacy. We labored under great disadvantages from lack of cooking utensils or vessels for holding water, and not being upon the immediate bank of the river, we were obliged to dig wells or holes in the ground for water. This was not difficult, as it was only necessary to dig three feet to find water, though it was a little brackish. From the number of holes dug it seemed as though every other prisoner had a well of his own; and these wells added to the uncertainty of moving about in the night. It was an hourly occurrence night and day for some hapless prisoner to step into one of them, though with but little harm. Usually fires were kept burning in the camp, which rendered it fairly lighted during the night. Our treatment gave us no particular cause for complaint, and for the first ten days I bore it philosophically; then an uneasy feeling took possession of me. I soon succeeded in interesting George A. Ray, Dennis Short, and James B. Snow in an attempt to escape, provided I should succeed in the plan we had been discussing. Frank K. Bonney, the comrade that I should have preferred to all others, being the most fertile in resource and wide awake for any undertaking, was too much out of health to take part in our schemes except to advise. He and James Snow occupied the same shelter of blankets with myself, located as near the dead-line furrow as was allowed by the guard.

I had observed that after midnight the sentinels would frequently get sleepy, and instead of following their rigid instructions, that all should pace in one direction at the same time, they would occasionally come together, set down their muskets, and chat for a while.

One-half of all our number were without shelter of any kind and slept in the open air, so that the sentinels were accustomed to see the prisoners sprawled upon the ground in all manner of positions. This fact saved me from attracting any particular attention as I thus lay for several nights, so near the dead-line that my hand could reach it. As I watched, our plan seemed to grow very simple — to make a quick dash by the guard, out into the dark. I was willing to lead, as it was much safer, to my mind, to be the first to cross the line than to be the second; and the very night following our agreement, just before midnight, when the sentinel whose beat I was watching shuffled by me half asleep, with his musket held in the most unhandy position possible for quick use, I dashed across his beat as fleet and still as a fox, and out two hundred yards, where I lay flat in some tall, rush-like grass to watch and wait for the coming of my comrades.

My dash across the line aroused the sentinel somewhat, also the two adjoining sentries, but not sufficiently to make them realize what had taken place. I remained in the edge of the darkness, whence I could view the sentinels and my comrades, yet entirely out of their vision, watching every movement made, expecting every moment to see one of them start to join me. After waiting nearly an hour, it was evident they had given up the attempt.

My disappointment was so great that I seriously thought of trying to return to the camp, but upon rising to my feet the sense of freedom was too strong to permit my voluntary return. Upon turning my back to the camp the night was not so dark but that I could see the objects about, and within thirty minutes I was in a patch of sweet potatoes, where I dug with my fingers and ate till tired. The most feasible plan of escape that seemed to offer was to work down to the lowest point of the city nearest the Union batteries, and trust to circumstances for a small boat, or even a large plank, and to Providence for a favorable tide to float me down the harbor. Stowing away sweet potatoes about my clothes, I started to execute the brilliant idea.

About three o'clock in the morning I reached a shed-like structure, near the lower part of the city, where two old negroes were evaporating sea-water from large vats made of sheet iron — a very slow process of obtaining salt. The negroes made me welcome, and said I would be safe there for an hour. At their

suggestion, I boiled my sweet potatoes in one of the vats.

I learned that my plan of floating with the tide out to the Union batteries was a very dangerous one, though it was tried every dark night when the tide was favorable by some of the black men, many of whom were successful in reaching the Union lines, but many were shot or recaptured by the pickets constantly patrolling the whole harbor.

My enthusiasm was a little dampened, but I concluded to take the risk the next night provided I could secrete myself during the day just dawning. A large pile of lumber upon one of the wharves appeared to be the best hiding-place, and I easily crawled well into the pile. Sleep must have overtaken me almost immediately, but my dreams were brought to a sudden termination by a large gang of negroes, under the direction of two white overseers, who were overhauling the pile of lumber and loading it upon drays. I was taken out and questioned by the overseers as to the nature of my business in that vicinity. Hailing one of the mounted patrol, they delivered me to his care, and he marched me to the provost marshal at the city jail; thence I was returned to the prisoners' camp about two o'clock in the afternoon.

The officers of the guard questioned me sharply as to the means of my escape, and more particularly as to the identical beat that I crossed. On my refusing to tell they threatened to place me in the stocks, and even to use the lash upon my back. But underneath all their bluster I could detect a lurking respect for my boldness, and for my sense of honor in not implicating any who might have aided me.

The next two days were spent, with the assistance of Frank Bonney, Dennis Short, and George Ray, in mapping out a plan for reaching the Union lines after leaving the prison camp, which we fully decided to do on the first favorable night. My easy run past the guard had so emboldened my comrades that I was confident one or more of them would accompany me next time. We finally settled upon the plan of traveling nights across the State of South Carolina, making our objective point the mountains of East Tennessee.

The third night after my recapture I ran the guard in the same manner as before, only without attracting the slightest attention from the sentinel, and I have no doubt he was quite asleep, though standing upon his feet and leaning on his musket. George Ray followed within five minutes, also without attracting any attention, and in a few minutes more Dennis Short followed, but without the same success. A few days before the camp had been contracted a little, so that many of the holes dug for wells were left outside the dead-line, and even outside the sentinel's path.

When just passing the sentinel's beat Dennis stepped into one of these holes, which caused him to measure his full length upon the ground, making a noise like the falling of a heavy log. Instantly he sprang to his feet and kept on, though a little wild with fright from his mishap. The noise aroused the sentinel whose beat we had crossed, and also several of his nearest comrades, and they quickly fired their muskets, though at what I never could guess, as the shots were aimed in any direction but at us. This aroused the relief guard, who came running to the scene of action. It required several minutes of persistent effort to attract Dennis's attention to us. He was a good deal excited, and I finally crept out towards him and drew him farther away from the light.

When the camp had quieted down we took a road leading, as we supposed, across the narrow peninsula that joins Charleston to the mainland. After following this road for over a mile we brought up on the bank of the Ashley River. Well knowing the hounds would be after us as soon as our absence was discovered, we waded and swam down the river a mile to the camp left at the race-course, and emerged from the river two or three hundred yards below it, and then went straight for the only road leading out of Charleston over the peninsula.

We were all barefooted. The picket-post, by the side of an earthwork thrown across the peninsula from river to river, was safely passed about three o'clock in the morning, and we felt comparatively free. We pushed rapidly on for about four miles, the greater part of the distance being through a swamp which obliged us to keep to the road till day began to lighten; then, leaving the road, we struck away from it through the woods, in spots through a tangled undergrowth of palmetto and kindred shrubs, to the rear of a large plantation a mile away. Here we slept soundly till the sun was nearly down.

I awoke very hungry, and sore and stiff in every joint. Keeping well screened from observation behind the brush, and in the full-grown corn which reached to the edge of the wood, I succeeded in getting near enough to the quarters to attract the attention of an old white-headed black man who seemed very busy about nothing in particular. He did not seem to take that interest in us which I supposed he would when told who we were, but I learned later that he was much more interested than his manner showed. He promised to do what he could, and cautioned me that we must not stir from our hiding-place till he, or some one whom he would

send, could find an opportunity to come out to it. Our waiting was very patient during the first hour, but very impatient the second. We began seriously to doubt his ever coming. Not having any means of knowing the time, we were quite sure it was near midnight when a slight cough indicated the presence of some one, and without further signal the old black man stepped noiselessly in among us, followed in a moment or two by another somewhat younger man. He produced a boiled chicken, and his comrade several large corn-pones. As we were eating, the old man "allowed," "You 'ns war hungry, sure!" We learned that it was not quite ten o'clock; that we were only about seven miles from Charleston; that the whole county was constantly patrolled by men too old to do service in the army, and that with our limited knowledge of the county the only way for us to travel was upon the county roads, always keeping a sharp ear for the patrol, and not allowing ourselves to be seen by a white man. He said we need not be afraid to make our wants known to the old men among the blacks, and they would help us to the extent of their ability. With a hearty "God bless you!" we started on, rested and enthusiastic.

Our tramp was not molested during the whole night. Towards morning a deer crossed the road, so near as to be distinctly visible, which was the only live thing seen. As it began to grow light we again took to the woods, away from the traveled road, selecting a resting-place half a mile from three negro cabins seen in the edge of the woods, which seemed to be inhabited, as smoke was issuing from the chimneys.

We had tramped without resting for five hours. Sleep overtook us speedily, but about noon I was awakened either by the hot sun shining full upon me or by the sound of chopping near by. A short and whispered consultation decided us that it was necessary to investigate; so, creeping cautiously through the brush, I soon came in sight of a middle-aged colored man, stripped to the waist, and splitting rails. After assuring myself that he was alone, I hailed him.

He answered immediately, in a low tone, informing me that he had known of our presence all the morning; that his only object in being in that particular place splitting rails was to watch for us and give warning in case of danger; that I must go right back to the other two and keep quiet till he came for us after dark. He did all this talking without once looking up from his work, as though talking to himself.

After dark the black led us into one of the three log-built cabins. They were short of corn-meal with which to make the universal corn-pone. To supply the deficiency the negro's child, a girl about fifteen years old, took a peck of corn in a bag upon her head and traveled through the woods three miles: with the aid of two other girls she ground the corn in a hand-mill. She returned alone with the meal within two hours, and said she was glad to do it for "Uncle Lincum's men." It was soon baked for us, and, with plenty of boiled eggs, made us happy again.

During the three hours' conversation with our host and a neighbor that he had invited in we got and gave much information. As we were about starting again upon our tramp our host said that the colored folks wanted to get just a sight of "Uncle Lincum's soldiers," and, sure enough, they were all waiting for us outside the cabin, to the number of twelve or fifteen. We shook hands with them all, men women, and children, resuming our tramp about eleven o'clock. We still kept the main traveled road, which led in the direction of Columbia.

Not much worth noting occurred during this and the two following nights and days. The country seemed to be sparsely settled, though it might have appeared different by daylight. Towards morning of the sixth night of our tramp we dodged back into the woods as usual, half a mile or so from the road, found a comfortable camping-place, and immediately dropped asleep. We were awakened, however, very soon, by the sound of chopping so near our hiding-place as to discover the chopper to us as soon as our eyes could be fairly rubbed open. He was a mulatto, not over twenty years of age, stripped to the waist, and cutting wood for the Charleston market, as it proved. In less than an hour we reckoned him one of us. He had quickly decided to go with us and seek his freedom at the North by acting as our pilot.

Our misfortunes began with his acquaintance, although through no particular fault of his. About noon I killed two large snakes called the "pilot-snake," from the fact that they are generally found in the vicinity of rattlesnakes. The mulatto said that my killing them was a bad omen; it would be followed by meeting my deadly enemy next. As night approached we decided to cross the Congaree River on a small flatboat that the mulatto knew where to find; keep well round and away from the city of Columbia; then take a general northwest direction, which had been our direction thus far, and we calculated that seven more nights of travel would take us to the Tennessee line.

The mulatto returned to us about an hour after dark with a large bag well filled with ham, meal, and sweet potatoes, which he proposed to take across the river and on a mile or two to a secluded place where there were

friends of his who would cook the food for us. Just before dark we were made uncomfortable by a cold rain, which decided us to start about nine o'clock.

At the cross-roads near which we found ourselves was a settlement of perhaps eight or ten houses, only one of which was lighted. From that the light streamed through an open door directly across the road which we must pass. As we moved across this streaming ray of light it made us all fearfully conscious that we could be plainly seen if by chance any one was looking that way, and this uncomfortable feeling could not be shaken off. The sequel proved that this ray of light was the trap set for us or for any straggling darkies or Confederate soldiers. It was in one sense a picket-post well guarded, as we learned afterwards was the case at every important cross-roads in the Confederacy.

Before we had gone a mile we were conscious of the barking of dogs in the road behind. The mulatto said our game was up, and that he would be killed if caught with us. I assured him that we would stand by him and not see him punished because he happened to be caught with us. I advised him, if caught, to plead that he was going to see his sweetheart with the rations in his bag,—which was, in fact, the place we were making for to get our cooking done,—and had just happened to fall in with us a mile back. The above was all planned in three minutes, for in that time the dogs, seven or eight of them, all leashed together, and accompanied by eight horsemen, were upon us. We quickly dodged into the thick brush by the side of the road, while four of the horsemen stopped, and the remaining four rode on fifty yards beyond and halted.

Immediately the one who seemed to have charge of the horsemen and dogs called to us to come out into the road and give an account of ourselves. The mulatto was afraid of his life, and we advised him to improve the opportunity to run, thereby obtaining a good chance to get clear of the whole business while we engaged the attention of the dogs. Our parley lasted for a half-hour or more, after which we encountered the dogs and beat them off with our walking-sticks. From swearing and cursing the men changed to entreaty, and begged us to let the dogs alone and come out and we should be treated like gentlemen. We knew that we must, sooner or later; and when they had succeeded in securing their dogs, and we were satisfied the mulatto had got a fair start, we three dilapidated-looking specimens of humanity stepped out into the road. The leader inquired for the fourth man, and I immediately knew we had been seen and counted while passing the lighted doorway at the cross-roads. I replied that he was a negro we had fallen in with a half-hour before, but that we did not know where he was going or where he came from. This answer seemed to satisfy them partly; nevertheless a man was sent into the brush, with two of the dogs, to pick up his track and find him. The mulatto instead of making the shortest track for his master's place very foolishly ran in the opposite direction and was caught upon the bank of the river, and within an hour was brought to join the rest of our party.

Our captors gave us comfortable quarters, and we were soon on very good terms with them. The mulatto was brought in shortly before midnight, and, without any waste of words, was stripped to the waist and securely lashed to the trunk of a tree, with his arms about the tree and so elevated as barely to allow his toes to touch the ground. Then his master was sent for and the mulatto sharply questioned. His master had not missed him, which was in his favor, and he told substantially the same story agreed upon before our capture, and stuck well to it. They did not make out much of a case against him, but concluded to whip him on general principles; yet on my intercession he was let off and sent home. One fact, perhaps, had as much to do in saving the mulatto's skin as my defense: he had not quite got beyond the two-mile limit from his master's place within which he had the liberty, in common with all the negroes, to roam.

The next morning a mule-team drew us to the nearest railroad station, seven or eight miles distant, where we were placed on board one of the regular passenger trains. Our captors, upon parting with us, cordially wished us well and a final and safe return to our homes, and expressed the honest wish that our next attempt to reach the Union lines might be more successful. We were placed in charge of a guard that I was told traveled with all the trains within the Confederacy. The Confederacy was truly under martial law throughout its length and breadth.

Our journey to Charleston was unimportant. We reached the city about dark, and soon learned that the whole prison camp had been broken up and our comrades taken to Florence, in the same State. We were taken to the city jail for safe-keeping. The provost-marshal, in whose charge we were placed, made some effort to see if we could not be exchanged and sent to the Union lines at Morris Island, but without success; so we were placed in a large room on the third floor, already occupied by fourteen Confederates "absent without leave."

I devoted the first hour to making a critical survey of the premises, and discovered that there

was but one window to the room, and that not barred; that it overlooked the jail yard, on the opposite side of which was the building in which the "Charleston Courier" was printed; that the presses were going all night (the windows to the press-room being thrown wide open); that the jail yard was wholly unguarded, so far as appearances went; that an iron trellis was built up to the top of the second-floor window for a grapevine and under the window to our room; that the only sentinel or watch discoverable was the one in the hallway at the head of the stairs outside our room.

I communicated the result of my inspection to my comrades and the disconsolate rebels, urging upon them the feasibility of escape that night. Dennis was ready to assist in the execution of any plan offered. George complained of being sick and too tired to keep his eyes open. A number of the Confederates "allowed" they would follow if we succeeded in what they considered a desperate undertaking. I was anxious to get one or two of the Confederates to join, because they lived in the northwestern part of the State and were used to a hunter's life.

Borrowing a jack-knife from one of the rebels, I cut away the sash of our window overlooking the trellis and the jail yard,— the racket from the presses drowning all the noise I could make, — and succeeded in a few minutes in removing four lights. Dennis assisted me, but George slept soundly through it all, and not one of the Confederates would bear a hand. Without losing any time in reflections or further urging my room-mates, I crawled through the window, feet foremost; hanging from the window-sill with my hands I easily reached the top bars of the trellis with my feet. With my hands on the top bars of the trellis I dropped down through to the ground. Being in the shadow of the jail I could not see the ground, and it seemed like a fall of twenty feet, though it was probably not more than six. I crouched upon the ground for a moment or two to assure myself that the slight noise made had not attracted attention, then shot like an arrow across the yard and around the corner of the "Courier" building, in the shadow of which I was comparatively safe from observation.

From there I could see the form of Dennis crawling through. He scrambled down more like a frightened cat than with the well-trained nerves of an athlete.

We patiently waited half an hour for the others to follow, but they never came. We ended-up an old plank, taken from a pile by the side of the "Courier" building, against the twelve-foot brick wall, and in less time than it takes to tell it were once more free upon one of the back streets of Charleston.

It was somewhat after midnight, and we sought the road that had led us out before; but this time we were not so fortunate. As we attempted to pass through the opening left in the earthworks for the road we were seen by a sentinel, and in answer to the ominous click of the lock to his musket we surrendered.

During the morning one of the guard marched us back to the provost-marshal's office at the jail, which we reached about ten o'clock. After the provost-marshal had done his regular routine of swearing we were handcuffed and bound together with ball and chain. I told the provost-marshal that some day we should be able to tell our children of our confinement in the Charleston jail; of our being shackled together because we had removed four lights of glass from one of the jail windows. I told him how we had escaped from the "Washington race-course," and of our run through the country. Finally, at his own instance, he removed the irons on our word of honor not to attempt another escape so long as we were in his charge. We were well fed, had the liberty of the office, corridors, and jail yard, but our first parole was of short duration, for in three hours we were placed on a regular passenger train to follow our comrades to Florence.

Our arrival there was sometime during the night. We were turned loose into the stockade like two lost sheep returned to the flock. This was about the 1st of November. My health was good, but the weather was growing quite cold, and my clothing, for many weeks very scanty, was now in tatters. It was made up of the dilapidated crown of the army regulation hat, without brim, a thin fatigue blouse, which also did duty as a shirt, without buttons, but tied together with strings, and an apology for trousers, so frayed at the bottoms as to reach only half way from the knees to the ankles; I had no shoes or stockings. And as our rations were not sufficient by half, and included no meat, the winter prospect was rather discouraging. My own physical condition on entering the stockade at Florence was superior to that of nine-tenths of my comrades, which was in a great measure due to my frequent escapes.

LIFE IN THE FLORENCE PEN.

THE stockade at Florence was so similar to the one at Andersonville that it needs but little description. It inclosed about eight acres, upon the two slopes of a valley through which ran a large stream of water of six times the volume of the one at Andersonville. This stream was bordered upon both sides by a swamp comprising about two acres, which in wet weather was almost impassable. At such times it was necessary to wade above the knees in the black

swamp muck in order to reach the stream to procure water. Much of the time during the winter the frost was an inch deep and ice formed over the stream, but never, I think, sufficiently thick to bear one's weight. The ice rendered the wading very disagreeable; besides, few possessed dishes or cups that would hold over a pint or quart.

During the winter hundreds of starved, half-naked, emaciated prisoners stood at the edge of the swamp, with their trousers tucked up to their hips, or, in many instances, without any at all, soliciting the job of filling the cups of those in want of water, for a quid of tobacco, a mouthful of food, or a stick of wood.

Very soon after my arrival within the stockade I clubbed my all together with James B. Snow and Frank K. Bonney, who had preceded me but a few days. Aside from what we had upon our backs — and Snow and Bonney were no better clothed than I — we mustered a dilapidated army blanket; a regulation overcoat worn very thin and rotten; three haversacks; one canteen; two tins used for plates, made by splitting a canteen; one tin cup that held a quart; one pail, holding about two quarts, roughly made from old tin that had once done service upon the roof of a baggage car; one case knife; one iron spoon; an apology for a jack-knife; and one tobacco pipe.

The nights were growing very cold, and we had already experienced a cold storm of several days' duration without any shelter. Many had burrowed into the ground from the hillside, covering their burrow with a blanket; but we decided that our shelter must be on the top of the ground if we wished to live.

It required one full week to finish the shelter, which, except the roof, was built of mud from the swamp. This swamp muck had considerable clay mixed through it, and when baked dry in the sun it would retain its form very well, and even withstand much wetting before it would break down. We brought this mud from the swamp in our hands, about one hundred yards, to the site selected for our building, mixing it to the proper consistency at the swamp, so that it was ready to add to the walls as soon as brought.

It was necessary to build slowly, that one layer of mud might dry to a certain extent before another was added. The molding was all done with the hands, and the mud pressed as compactly as possible. We built the walls about ten inches thick and three feet high to the eaves, while the gable ends brought the ridge five feet from the ground. Its size had to be such that the woolen blanket would cover it as a roof. This gave us a hut about six feet long and four feet wide inside. One end, facing the south, was about half taken up with a mud chimney built about seven feet high, leaving the remainder for an entrance. The chimney furnished us with a fireplace about twenty inches square. Snow, Bonney, and myself occupied this mud hut for two months. It sheltered us from the cold, but eternal vigilance was necessary to keep it even comparatively dry during stormy weather.

About the time it was finished I managed to get out one day on the regular detail sent for wood, and I brought back the overcoat stuffed full of pine needles, which were spread upon the ground for bedding. When the weather was very cold, the overcoat was used to close the opening left by the side of the chimney. It was a snug, comfortable nest in dry weather, even without a fire; though much of the time we managed to obtain wood so that a fire of splinters could be kept going during the long, cold evenings.

The rations throughout were delivered to us raw. For the first two weeks about one-half our number obtained from one to two ounces of fresh beef on every alternate day, the other half taking it the other day; but this was soon stopped, and during all the winter months no meat was issued. The rations for three-fourths of the time were about eight ounces of corn-meal for each man per day. Occasionally about half the quantity of flour, "cow peas," or rice would be substituted. The ration of "cow peas" was always very acceptable in exchange for the meal, being a fair substitute for it in sustaining qualities, but the flour and the rice were not so satisfactory, a ration of either containing much less nutriment than the corn-meal or the "cow peas."

There were days when our scant rations failed to appear at all, through some flimsy excuse, and once none were delivered for three days. The occasion of this failure was Lieutenant Barrett's difficulty in counting us.

This Lieutenant Barrett was an ignorant man, supposed to be a renegade Yankee, whose occupation was that of a "negro driver" before the war. I was told by Adjutant Cheatham that these Yankees, who usually came South to make money, were very apt to become negro traders.

Every Sunday a thorough count was made of our numbers by driving every man who could hobble to one side of the creek, then counting them as they returned over a foot-bridge so narrow that but one man could cross at a time.

We were obliged to take all our movable possessions along with us; for if left behind, some of our needy ones would return before the owners and transfer them. Some poor scamp of a prisoner did appropriate a good share of our pine-needle bedding before we returned from one of our weekly pilgrimages. One Sunday

Barrett could not make his count agree with the reported number of prisoners. He declared the count must tally, or the missing ones be accounted for, before we would receive any more rations, and he kept us moving backward and forward across the creek for three days before he was able to discover his own mistake, or consent to issue the regular rations. When the ration did come it was for only one day. No back rations were ever made up to us.[1]

This period of three days without rations caused the most acute sufferings, broke down more men mentally and physically, and in all my prison life of ten months was the climax of cruelty to which we were subjected. I had been three days without food after the battle of Chancellorsville, but the deprivation followed immediately upon plenty. In Florence the three days' loss of food followed immediately upon a starvation diet of months. Several hundred deaths were the immediate result.

Our numbers within the stockade at Florence varied from five to nine thousand. Whatever record may have been kept by the prison authorities never came to light. One-third of this number, or about three thousand, died during the four months that this place was used as a prison.

Details were made from the ablest of the prisoners, about one hundred and fifty in all, to cut and bring wood from the heavily wooded swamp in the immediate vicinity of the stockade. I belonged to this detail for about two weeks. It was divided into about fifty choppers and one hundred carriers. We were marched out every morning, except when it was very stormy, about nine o'clock, and paroled each day. This parole amounted to taking an oath to keep within half a mile of the stockade and not to commit any act, by word or deed, against the Confederacy, and was considered binding for twenty-four hours, but we were usually returned to the prison each day about four o'clock.

Each squad of eight men was required to bring out of the swamp one cord of wood during the day. Other squads took it within the stockade, while still others were required to cut a definite amount each day. Being one of a squad to carry the wood out of the swamp after it was cut, I remember that part of the work very well. Some of the squads were sharp enough to have their full complement made up of able men, and the result was that their task of bringing out a cord would very frequently be accomplished in two hours, while for others it made a serious day's work. We received for our labor an extra ration, which was usually a more generous one than those issued within the stockade; besides, I always carried in an extra stick of wood, begged a little tobacco of some Confederate, gathered some scattering "cow peas" left in an adjoining field, with an occasional stray ear of corn, and also plenty of pine-needles for bedding, thus keeping my messmates in better condition than the average. After about two weeks of wood carrying I contracted a severe cold, and was too ill to keep upon the detail, but managed to have my comrade Snow take my place, so that during the gloomiest, dreariest month of all, December, my mess managed to obtain about two-thirds of a proper supply of food and wood to cook it with.

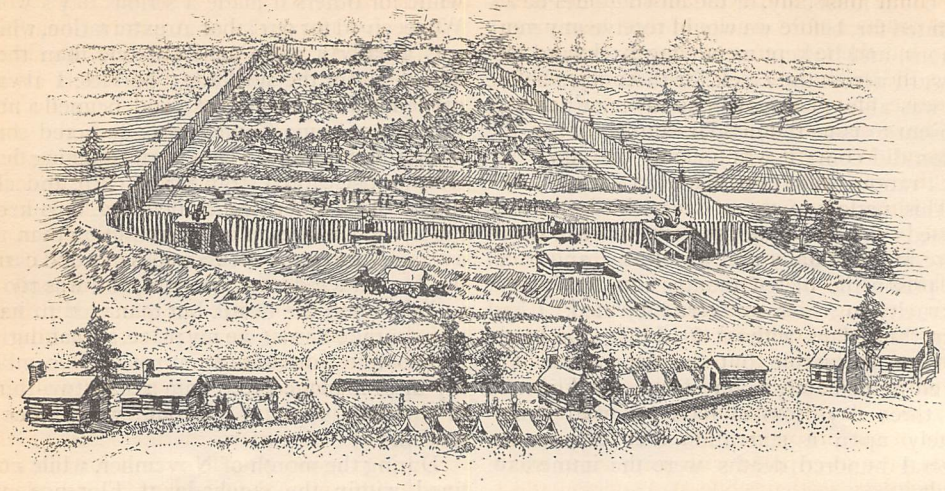
During the month of November, while confined within the stockade at Florence, the presidential election occurred at the North; and although it was spoken of and lightly discussed by some of my prison comrades, yet no great amount of interest was taken in it till we discovered that it was the absorbing topic of the authorities outside, and for days was the only thing that seemed to interest our guard. To a man, their anxiety seemed to center in a desire for the election of George B. McClellan. I believe that underneath their hatred of the Yankee there was love for the Union and that they thought the election of McClellan would open a way for their honorable return to the Union without an "unconditional surrender"; also that Lincoln's election meant a prosecution of the war to the bitter end.

A vast majority of the prisoners were lovers of McClellan, but they also felt that it would be unwise to change leaders. Perhaps we had unconsciously adopted the sentiment, as given by one of our dying comrades in the last words he uttered, that "to love those things the rebels hated, and hate what they loved, would assure any man a safe entrance to heaven."

When election morning dawned great preparations were made by the prison authorities to take a test vote of the prison. Knowing we represented all parts of the great North, they thought our vote would be a fair index of that cast at the North, and in fact it was.

A bag was procured, and presided over by some of our own number, and also supervised by some of the prison authorities. Beans were used for ballots, and we were instructed that a black bean would count for Lincoln and a white bean for McClellan. The intense desire for the election of McClellan was displayed by the prison authorities in their offer of an extra ration to the whole prison if a majority

[1] In his testimony before the congressional committee, Thomas A. Pillsbury of the 16th Connecticut stated that the rations were withheld for three days because Lieutenant Barrett was not able to find out who of the prisoners were digging a certain tunnel. "The man who dug the tunnel," he said, "went out and told him, and then we received our rations."—EDITOR.



THE PRISON PEN AT FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA. (FROM A SKETCH MADE DECEMBER 8, 1864, BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

of white beans were found in the bag, so that every incentive was held out to vote for McClellan; besides, we knew that our vote would have no influence upon the real election.

The result was a great disappointment to our captors. About five thousand five hundred men voted, being marched to the polls in squads of a hundred. Four thousand votes were cast for Lincoln, and one thousand five hundred for McClellan. There was some flanking and repeating, but the above was a fair indication of the prisoners' choice.

The general conditions within the stockade were much the same as those at Andersonville. We retained the same "chief of police," as he was termed, that did such efficient service at Andersonville in suppressing the "raiders." "Big Pete" was the only name we knew him by, a big-hearted, generous fellow, but rough upon those disposed to make our lot any worse than necessary by petty thieving or abuse of any kind. All disputes were referred to him; and the fact that he was thoroughly respected, and even loved by the great mass of prisoners, was sufficient proof of the fairness and justice of his decisions. He was a godsend to us.

Tunneling was indulged in but very little; personally I did not know of an instance. A deep, wide ditch was dug outside the stockade, and the soil from it, thrown against the stockade, was heaped high enough to form a walk for the sentinels and to allow their heads and shoulders to reach above the timbers.

This ditch effectually checked tunneling, and the few escapes that were made from Florence were accomplished by members of the working squads while outside on parole. Under the rules of civilized warfare enlisted men, or all that part of the army below the rank of the lowest commissioned officer, which is a second lieutenant, are not considered competent to give a parole; and if an enlisted man is paroled it is at the risk of the captor. But an officer who breaks his parole and is recaptured may be put to death.

But those prisoners who did break their parole and were recaptured were usually punished in some manner during the first months of our prison life, by "bucking and gagging," stocks, ball and chain, or were tied up by the thumbs, till the authorities at Washington began to take notice of this treatment and retaliated or threatened to retaliate, which put a stop to it.

My comrade George Ray, who was left behind in the jail at Charleston when Dennis Short and I crawled through the window, escaped by breaking his parole, and succeeded this time in reaching the Union lines, but he had a rough experience, as he has since related to me.

It was sometime in January that General J. H. Winder dropped dead upon the platform of the Florence depot.

This Winder had full charge and control of all prisoners of war. The lack of provisions, shelter, medicines, and all was believed to be the direct result of orders from him. There is no evidence that he acted under the orders or advice, or even sought the advice, of any authority higher than his own, nor was he ever made to answer for his treatment of prisoners of war till he was suddenly called to judgment. The hundreds of complaints of Winder's inhumanity that were made on all sides to the Confederate authorities at Richmond

were simply referred to Winder without comment or advice from them. Wirz and Barrett were his willing tools, and even added to Winder's cruel orders a little cruelty of their own invention; but the fact remains that to Winder belongs the disgrace of Belle Isle, Andersonville, Florence, and Salisbury, with all their horrors.

I have several times spoken of Frank K. Bonney. We were schoolmates for a time before the war, and comrades of the same company when taken prisoners, and his home was about two miles from my own in Massachusetts. He had an uncle, an elder brother of his father, who had settled at Camden, S. C., when a young man, and there married a Lee, a near relative of General R. E. Lee. Some two years before the war Frank's elder sister visited her uncle at Camden, and remained there.

Frank's health was precarious during the whole of our prison life. Much of the time his hands were so crippled with sores as to make him helpless, so that while at Andersonville I wrote one letter for him to his sister, and still another while at Charleston, but he received no reply. We doubted whether the authorities allowed the letters to reach their destination. At Florence Frank became almost helpless from scurvy, and at his request I again wrote to his sister, informing her of his condition, in hopes that she might succeed in reaching and helping him before it should be too late. To make sure, if possible, that the message should reach her, I resolved to place the letter in the hands of Cheatham, the adjutant of the post at Florence, who did all that lay in his power to ameliorate our condition, even going so far as to receive a reprimand from Winder; so that he was something of a favorite with the prisoners. When I asked him to forward the letter the astonished look he gave me made me hesitate. "Do you know Miss Bonney?" he inquired in his sharp, quick way. "Yes," I answered; "her family and mine are near neighbors in Massachusetts." "Go get your traps, and come right out of here!" he said. "But," said I, "her brother is my chum, and I wrote the letter for him because he is so crippled that he cannot write." "Miss Bonney's brother in here? Go bring him out; I want to see him!" was the imperative order.

I went back to Frank, who cleared up the mystery by saying that Adjutant Cheatham was from Camden, and probably knew his sister.

Prospects began to brighten just before total darkness was about to shut in. Frank was unable to travel to the gate, seventy-five yards away, without assistance, and I had reached my lowest condition, weighing only ninety-six pounds as tested by the commissary scales a day or two later, but we were not long in finding the adjutant at the gate, waiting for us. He immediately took us to his own quarters, and questioned us closely in order to prove our identity.

It soon transpired that Adjutant Cheatham was intimately acquainted with Frank's sister; that she had received the two letters previously sent, the one from Andersonville and the other from Charleston; that she had charged him to look for us as soon as she had heard of the arrival of prisoners at Florence; that she had made repeated efforts for our release from Andersonville, and was about to succeed when we were moved away; that she had visited Charleston in search of us, only to arrive a few days after the camp had been broken up, and was now anxiously waiting to discover our whereabouts.

We were immediately given good quarters, being attached to the "burial squad,"—as it was against all orders to have any of the prisoners paroled outside except for the purpose of performing definite work,—with plenty to eat and some few articles of clothing, which we learned was a part of the supply sent from the North for the prisoners' use; and the adjutant informed us that Miss Bonney would visit us as soon as we were presentable.

No doubt we were hideous-looking objects. Frank's weight was about the same as my own, and he was covered with sores from head to foot. Both were black from the grime and smoke of the camp, with hair uncut for a whole year; but baked sweet potatoes and bacon very soon began to make a change for the better, and a small piece of soap that I obtained one day by chance made a change in our complexion. My own health and strength came back very rapidly, but Frank's never fully returned.

Miss Bonney visited us a few days after our exit from the stockade, bringing Frank a complete suit of homespun with cap and shoes, and for myself some underclothing and a pair of shoes. For the shoes she paid $80, and in like proportion for the other clothing. She made every effort to take Frank to Camden with her, but Adjutant Cheatham could not obtain official consent; so he was made comfortable at Florence, while I, in a few days, was able to do my share of duty with the men who buried the Union dead.

Nine men, all paroled prisoners, composed this "burial squad." It was our duty to receive the dead as they were delivered from the stockade each day, bury them, mark the graves, and keep a register of each name, company, and regiment, with a number, corresponding to the number against the name in the register, placed at the head of each. The only articles furnished by the prison authorities to assist in giving this last sad rite to the long-

suffering dead were a two-mule team with a negro driver, shovels, and an ax.

We made every effort to give decent burial, but there were between twenty and thirty to be placed away each day, and only nine men, not one of whom was able to do more than half an able-bodied man's work, to perform this duty.

The headboards, upon which were cut the numbers that corresponded with the register, we split from pine logs. This work was performed conscientiously, so that at any future day a body could be reclaimed with the certainty that it was what the headboard with its number represented it to be.

All this time it was evident that the Confederacy was fast falling to pieces, and our deliverance not far distant. The tone of the prison authorities began to change, particularly to those of us who were enjoying the outside parole. The guard began to fraternize with us, showing a disposition to be neighborly. One of them made the burial squad a present of a very fine ham, such a ham as they at the South only know how to cure, and a bushel of sweet potatoes. They began to lounge into our little log-hut and chat with us during the evening, and play cribbage, chess, and checkers. We were invited into their camp. The last two or three weeks of our stay at Florence we could go and come pretty much as we pleased after our day's duties were done. At last we were told that they could hold us no longer, and that we would be placed on board the cars as fast as they could be obtained and run into the Union lines at Wilmington. Adjutant Cheatham requested all the paroled men to remain to help off the last train-load, which would consist of the sick and totally disabled.

I watched for my comrades as the prisoners filed out of the stockade. I took Snow, McCullom, and Short by the hand as they emerged from this gate to Hades, and assured them that they were really bound for God's country this time. The last load left the fourth day after. We worked till near midnight in loading the box-cars with their half-living, half-dead human freight, the remnants and dregs of the Florence prison. Seven died on the way to the train, and more than twenty while en route between Florence and Wilmington. We placed aboard the train nearly a hundred cases of small-pox, and two hundred cases in the last stages of scurvy — whose condition I dare not describe. The excitement and efforts to revive the almost dying kept my nerves and muscles strung till the last man was on board; then I felt faint and deathly sick, and could not ride inside the cars with the loathsome sick and dying. I climbed to the top of the train, and rode for the first fifty miles in a cold northeast rain storm, until so thoroughly wet and chilled that I shook from head to foot like a man with ague. Then I crawled along to the engine and over the tender into the cab, where I found four of my comrades, who had preceded me to get warm, and we rode here the remaining distance to Wilmington. We supplied the tender and fire with wood, and, in short, pretty much ran the train as we pleased. Soon after daylight of March 1, 1865, I saw the first free Union soldier in ten long months, in the form of a foraging cavalryman. Our whole train-load cheered him with all the noise we could make, and waved some kind of a rag. I never saw a more astonished soldier. Evidently he did not comprehend the situation. About noon we reached the Union lines, upon the opposite side of the river from Wilmington, where we were met by ambulances, surgeons, and everything possible to make us comfortable, and there we saw the glorious God-given flag, the Stars and Stripes of a free people!

I could not eat during the three days we spent at Wilmington, but did drink a little coffee, that we had longed for so much.

We were taken from Wilmington on a small steamer over the bar, and transferred to the ocean steamer *Livingston*, that was waiting in the offing. I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and when I woke again it was to find myself in the Jarvis General Hospital, at Baltimore, with three weeks of lost time to be accounted for. The surgeon told me that I had been delirious during that time; that I was now on the fair road to recovery, and must remain quiet several days longer.

In response to my importunate appeals, I was promised a furlough as soon as I should be able to walk to the office. This I attempted every day till the fourth day I succeeded, but it took me to the end of my rope. The surgeon tried to persuade me to remain a few days longer; but I was bent on going home; I claimed his promise, and the furlough was written. A hackman took me in his arms to his vehicle, and from that aboard the train in the Baltimore depot. The journey to Boston I do not remember. Somehow I got there, and another hackman carried me to my uncle's house and placed me upon the lounge in his sitting-room. The next morning I was carried to the cars and rode out home, twenty miles, and was borne into my father's house.

MILFORD, MASS.

T. H. Mann, M. D.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XVII.

PARTING. (Continued.)

"INDEED, sir," replied Nathaniel, "I have heard of strange cruelties practiced in the Plymouth Colony, and against your own persuasion."

"We shall not trouble the Plymouth Colony, and we shall do well and be happy. The men who have gathered around George Fox are the picked men from all creeds; the men who desire God before all other things, and who abhor the selfish bargaining with priestcraft for a priceless heaven. And in this matter I am led by best wisdom, for one night, as I pondered in my heart the right way, my hand turned the leaves of my Bible, and I heard the Voice say, 'Read,' and the Book was open at Ezekiel the thirty-fourth chapter, and on these words my eyes fell:

"'And they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.

"'And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.

"'And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them.'

"And I know, Nathaniel, that these words shall come to pass; whether I live, or whether I die, the promise is sure. God shall give unto his people a great inheritance in the land to which they will assuredly go. I call thee to witness my words, for the promise is true."

Nathaniel heard with a sinking heart, and when they were joined by Hannah Mettelane and Olivia he was determined to know how far this contemplated change would affect the future of Olivia and himself. She sat by her father's side, and Hannah Mettelane sat near them with a piece of sewing in her hand. Nathaniel stood by the open casement, so that he commanded, as it were, the situation.

"Roger," he said, speaking with a suddenness that gave to his voice a tone of disapproval or displeasure—"Roger, what say you to my marriage with Olivia before you leave England?"

"Thou hast propounded to me a very hard question, Nathaniel; but 't is one that must be speedily answered. For I have sold Sandys, and, if God so prosper me, I shall leave England in the first days of September."

"But you cannot intend to take Olivia into the wilderness."

"Canst thou truthfully make her thy wife? What home wilt thou take her to? Art thy father and mother ready to welcome her as their daughter? As for myself, I put my claims behind thine. I am going to a strange country. For God's sake, or man's sake, I am ready to be offered up in service of any kind."

"Roger, I know that Nathaniel Kelder is in a hard strait; his affairs cannot be hurried. Let Olivia stay with me."

"Nay, sister Hannah, I will not sanction that. There are two roads of duty, straight and plain, set before her. She is to be a daughter to me, she is to share my trials and comfort my sorrows; or else she is to be the wife of a good man, and the mother of children."

"Between two ways, brother, there is often a middle way. Let Olivia take it."

"No, no, Hannah! That middle way, neither this thing nor that thing, was the sin for which the Laodicean church was cursed. The work of moderation has the wages of moderation. My child shall have none of them. If she feel it to be her duty to marry Nathaniel, let me bless her in it and go on my own way. If for any reason this duty is not clear and evident, then she cannot desert the first duty of her life. She must be my daughter, or she must be Nathaniel's wife. Wouldst thou have her sneak out of a hard duty and hide herself in the covert of Mettelane until she can reach her desire? If the fruit she wants is not ripe, wouldst thou have her to sit down under the tree and idly wait for it, or wouldst thou say, 'Do thy manifest and manifold duties, and in full time the fruit will ripen and sweeten, and thou mayst lawfully and truly have it'?"

"Olivia! Olivia!" Nathaniel went to her side and took her hands. "Speak for me, Dear Heart. Only you can know; only you can pity."

She lifted her face. It was white and sad. "Thou dost not suffer alone, Nathaniel. But father has put my duty evidently before me — this way or that way, and no easy middle way. I must go with my father, for thou art not free to marry me. I have seen Lady Kelder, and I know that her heart is set against me. But some day that happens which has been long waited for, and until then —"

"To-night we will have no decision. There must be ways and means to bring to pass my desire. I ask for a few hours, father,— for you have given me so much right to use the name, — a few hours in which to try and bate something of my ill fortune."

"If thou beg me by that name, Nathaniel, I can by no means hinder thee."

He staid for no longer parley: he forgot even the slight courtesies of leave-taking,— little ceremonies always respected and enjoyed,— and in less than ten minutes they heard his horse's hoofs beating the rocky road to Kendal. He changed his horse there, and then hurried on, and on, past Leavens and Arnside, and so into the lonely region of Silverdale.

Never had the indifference of Nature to the woes of humanity seemed to him so cruel. In the soft moonlight the wide landscape lay in an ineffable pause, as if the trees and fields were dreaming; while the steadfast hills, like a vast staircase, went up and up to the clear skies. But his soul could not mount; she trailed her lagging pinions too near earth. Seaward there was a pulsating, tremendous vitality that oppressed him, and the black hull of a fishing-boat, tossing and wavering like a shadow amid uncertain gloom and solemn water, was the very emblem of his own shadowed and anxious life.

He had not taken the sea into his calculations; indeed he had forgotten the tide until he came to Kelder Neck and found the little isthmus impassable. His horse was then too weary to swim, so he awakened a farmer living near, and sought shelter until daylight.

Early in the forenoon he reached Kelderby. His mother heard his quick step on the flagged halls, and called him with a pleasant recognition. She was in the still-room with Jael, who was making poppy-water for a weak stomach. The long deal tables, polished with oatmeal until they glistened like ivory, were covered with bowls and bottles and platters holding their special cordials, sweet waters, mouth pastilles, odoriferant balls, balsams, and electuaries; with specifics for swooning of the head, weakness of the heart, decay of the spirit, and the coming on of colds.

"Well, Nathaniel, you have outrun your promise. I looked not for you so early. Have you had a love quarrel? Is there any new matter on hand?"

"Roger Prideaux has sold Sandys, and is going to America."

"'T is his own choice, and we will speak of happier things; it being necessary to mingle an electuary when one is in a good spirit. Jael, give me the honey and the rue, and then see if there be a fresh trout to brown for your young master."

"I have eaten as I wish to, mother, and I want instant speech with my father."

"He is in the rose walk, and he hath a pain in the head, and so is in poor condition for vexations — if you will so far consider his infirmities."

Nathaniel glanced inquiringly at the slightly offended lady. She was measuring honey and rue with an attention which appeared to dismiss all other things, and the large linen apron which covered her dress, and her pinned-back hood-strings, gave her that stern look of preoccupation which he understood was to be respected. So he lifted his hat to her and went into the garden.

The baron was walking slowly in the rose alley. He was thinking of heavenly things, and his face had the rapture and peace of his thoughts. Nathaniel's greeting was therefore a slight jar, and he came back from the Delectable Mountains to Kelderby with an effort that left a wistful, far-off look in his eyes.

"Father!"

"Well, my son, I am here; though I confess when I was not here I was in a better place."

"Father, the pressure of my conditions must excuse my impatience, for I am in a great strait, and I look to you for help in the matter."

As he was speaking, Lady Kelder came forward. She had removed her apron, and was smoothing the folds of her silk dress as she approached. But she caught the sense of Nathaniel's words, and promptly answered them.

"Blessed be God! we are now used to trouble, Nathaniel, specially such as comes by the Quakers' road; and I 'll warrant you have found the 'great strait' there, or nowhere."

"Mother, 't is no longer a time for charges and recharges. I entreat you to give me help instead of words. Roger Prideaux goes to America in two months, and if I marry not his daughter he will take her with him."

"You will take your father and me to heaven by exercising our patience, Nathaniel. The Prideaux again! I would they were gone to America, both of them, a year ago."

Then Nathaniel turned to his father, and,

holding out his hands with supplicating palms, said, "Sir, I love Mistress Prideaux. I must marry her, or I marry not at all. We have been comrades in arms, we have been friends in council, we have been father and son, and I have truly been obedient and faithful to you all my life. I can but love as my soul loves. Give me such consideration as you are able to in my trouble."

"What do you desire, Nathaniel?"

"I desire to marry Olivia Prideaux ere her father leaves England. If I do not, then I must dread for her the ocean, and the pirates that infest the ocean; and if she 'scape these, you know well what brutal entreaties, what imprisonment and martyrdom, everywhere wait for those of her faith."

"The very treatment they deserve, Nathaniel."

"Dear mother—"

"Nay, then, if I be 'dear,' let me speak my heart to you. Can you believe that I have the grace to hear a sermon every day in the week about the Prideaux? I tell you if there were none of the name in the world 't would be no loss to me. If you had been St. Paul, you had taken the Prideaux for a text. Your father and I are very weary of all concerning them. 'T is a great freedom you take, sir; and I bred you better, had not Mistress Prideaux spoiled you."

She stood erect and quiet, with her arms folded across her breast, a very noble-looking woman, with the fire of what she believed to be a just indignation sparkling in her wide-open eyes.

The baron looked at her, and then into the troubled face of his son. It was full of entreaty and suffering, and he found it hard to restrain the sympathy it asked. But he knew that concessions affecting the happiness or misery of domestic life must not be lightly made.

"Suppose you marry Mistress Prideaux, what then, Nathaniel?"

"Is not Kelderby large enough to shelter my wife, father?"

"Ask your mother, Nathaniel: she was not against the De Burgs coming to it, if their necessities had driven them so far. Also, I think surely that the girl you love is a good girl, and very fair, and like to have both hands full, for Mistress Mettelane is rich, and very loving to her niece."

"What is all this to you and me, Baron? If Mistress Prideaux got all that Mistress Mettelane and her generation are worth, I should like her none the better. And were Kelderby one hundred times as large, 't would be too small to shelter Mistress Prideaux and all her virtues. I am told 't is a point of good breeding to disguise handsomely, but I am no dissembler, and I have already told Nathaniel as much as I now repeat."

"Then, Nathaniel," said the baron, "there is no more to be said or done."

"You are Baron of Kelderby, father, and I am your heir."

"Nathaniel, all the right I have in Kelderby I gave to Mistress Joan Singleton when she took me for her husband." He stepped forward, lifted his wife's hand, and touched the thread-like band of gold upon its third finger. "If your mother is willing to share her home with Mistress Prideaux, I am also most willing. If she is not, 't is indeed far beyond my inclination to make her less than Lady of Kelderby."

While he spoke he drew Lady Kelder within his embrace. Their white heads touched each other, and there was a momentary understanding swift as thought, penetrating as light. For love, purified by age, has a majestic tenderness and faithfulness, and Nathaniel in his own anxiety could not but respond to his father's loyalty and consideration.

But his heart was too full to speak. He stood for a moment before them with his head bared, and then hastily retraced the walk where the roses laughed and nodded in the sunshine, and made such riot of sweet scent that he ever afterwards felt the smell of roses when trouble or disappointment was to face.

Roger had had no hesitation in allowing Nathaniel to make another effort to conquer his mother's prejudice, and he was not anxious as to the result. He *knew* that Olivia was going with him, having such knowledge by a source as much beyond explanation as it was beyond doubt. And as the days and weeks wore rapidly away—oh! so rapidly to Nathaniel—Olivia also became a sharer in her father's hopes and feelings. For no one can habitually breathe the atmosphere impregnated with a great enthusiasm and not catch fire from it. And persecution had turned Roger into an apostle. All the energy he had once thrown into the making of gold he now flung, with an almost fanatical abandon, into the cause of the persecuted Quakers. Fines, imprisonments, floggings, drove him not from the truth, but closer to it; and so strong were his appeals that Fox called him "a great hammer on men's consciences." Even Cromwell had felt its weight, for Roger had not hesitated to remind him that "two thousand English men and women were in prison for Christ's sake; that their tears had been as water spilt upon a rock; and that by his indifference to their sufferings he had blown the fire of their persecution."

Olivia could not remain insensible to such zeal and fervor. Truly as she loved Nathaniel,

she loved the fair ideals of spiritual life better. His eager, passionate, sorrowful wooing touched only the outer sanctuary of her life; for she had a soul that had never quite lost its memory of the skies; whose homing instinct was so strong that when the cares and loves of earthly life cast her out of hand for a few moments its flight was instantly heavenward.

Life at Mettelane farm was very pleasant to the girl, but there was ever before her inward sight a far grander scene: a new exodus; God's people coming out of their prison-houses by hundreds and thousands, and going with one heart to make homes in the untrodden forest. And in the green tabernacles of ancient trees she anticipated for herself communion with God in those hidden exaltations whose blessedness is rather surmised than conceived.

The *Good Intent*, which was to carry Roger and his small colony, was to sail from Plymouth on the 5th of September, or earlier, and towards the close of August Olivia was in London with her father. She had left the green mountains of the North Country far behind, and was facing with a calm and steadfast soul the wide, separating ocean and the solitudes of the unknown world. Nathaniel was also in London; for, though his hopes were growing more impossible every hour, he had that desire which renders will indefatigable and love everlasting — which is the earnest of possession, the aërial road infallibly leading to its object. Duty might delay, years might sunder, but such love as his would not be prevented. In these hours of parting he foresaw the hour of meeting; and in his heart, emptied of all present joy, hope found the more room for a vigorous and insistent growth.

Their last week in England was spent at the Blue Boar Inn; a sad, thoughtful, anxious week, to which the events of the time lent a still more somber coloring. The Protector's health was growing constantly worse, and the government rested upon it. Men stood talking in the streets, or in their shops, about subjects nothing related to their trades; the rumor of wars and changes tingled in every ear; and London had that waiting aspect which touches communities as well as individuals. Strange portents and signs filled men's hearts with a fearful "looking forward"; the great bells of churches had been tolled by invisible hands, and gliding ghosts from the waste dominions of the dead had been seen in the desolated galleries of Whitehall.

The night before they were to leave London for Plymouth, Olivia and Nathaniel were sitting at the open casement looking down into King street. Roger was busy writing at a table in the middle of the low, darkish room. No one was speaking, for Nathaniel could not say what he wished to. He sat with wide, tearful eyes, holding Olivia's hand. Roger was also silent, but he was very restless, and gave Nathaniel the idea of a man watching for some one. Just at dark the door opened and George Fox entered.

He came in with a blessing on his lips, and laid a large folded parchment before Roger. The action had a movement of triumph in it, and Roger's face brightened as he took Fox's hand and said in a glad voice:

"George, this is a great thing. I feared thou hadst failed, for the favor is a large one indeed."

"And I think it is the last loving-kindness Oliver will ever show us. God remember him in all his afflictions!"

"Is he then so very ill?"

"He is nigh unto the grave. I went to Whitehall about thy matter ten days ago, and found John Owen there with Oliver, and we had some talk together of the Inward Light, which John Owen totally disallowed."

"What said Cromwell?"

"He grieved me much, for he spoke not reverently, and sat upon the table swaying his booted legs, while he made jokes little like him, or like the matter in hand. 'T was a mirth beside the real man, and I knew not what to think of it, and so came away greatly grieved."

"I have heard that from childhood he hath been possessed at intervals by this mocking spirit, and that when it leaves him he is ever in the depths of despair and gloom."

"Yesterday he sent for me, and he spoke like himself, and promised me the parchments this morning; and so to Hampton Court I went for them."

"Well, then?"

"The Secretary Thurloe put them into my hand after some waiting; but as I stood in the path of the Park this afternoon I saw Oliver in his coach, a weary, sorrow-laden man indeed; and as I gazed I was awestruck, for I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man; and I cried out, 'Farewell to thee, Oliver!' and he stayed his coach and spoke to me of thy affairs, and said he would put in order the business relating to the Friends imprisoned for conscience' sake; and so with a mournful face he passed onward. But I judge him to be but a dead man."

"He hath had many warnings lately to put his house in order and render up his stewardship. The landlady of this inn hath a strange story of a man who met him near by; indeed 't was just here." And Roger led Fox to the window and pointed out a cobbler's shop. "Thee seest that dark door by the side of it. Oliver was coming down this street at the noon

hour, and there was a great crowd, and he was locked in by it just at that door. And as he waited the door opened, and out of it came a man, gigantic in form, and covered with mail that shone so that no mortal eyes could look steadily at him. Only many saw a sword lifted up, which seemed to strike Cromwell, and heard a 'call,' an unfathomable voice far off, yet near, in some distant world, yet close at hand, cry, 'Hark, Cromwell! Cromwell, come hither; thou art wanted.' And those at hand heard Cromwell ask, 'Who art thou?' and after a short space he said, 'It is well'; and the crowd dispersed, and he went onward with a white, solemn face, and 't is said he spoke to none for two days afterwards."

"I have heard often, George, that when Oliver was but a lad a man of wondrous size and clad in shining mail parted the curtains of his bed at midnight and told him, not that he should be king, but that he should be the greatest man in England."

"Among the hosts of God in heaven Oliver has doubtless many kindred to his soul."

"And what then, George?"

"Such kindred are very close to us, and if we will listen they will speak."

Then Fox kissed and blessed Olivia, and, turning to Roger, said in a cheerful voice, "We will part like men who trust in God, Roger; for we know in whom we have believed, and surely what the doleful Jeremiah said in the pit we can say in the sunshine — 'There is none like unto Thee.'" And his clear voice had in it a contagious heat which made their hearts burn within them.

So Fox went away, but at the door he looked back, and his face was so luminous with hope and blessing that it left a sense of radiance where he had stood. Even when the door was shut, and the darkness had again covered the place, his bright, brave countenance seemed to have impressed so vivid a reflection on the atmosphere that Olivia's soul thrilled to the picture of what it imaged. For miracles are within us, and not without.

The next day being Wednesday they went to Plymouth, where it was supposed they might have to wait until the following Monday. But on Thursday evening, just at sunset, Roger entered the room where Olivia and Nathaniel were sitting, and there was the light and strength of some new purpose on his face. He went straight to them, and, taking Olivia's hand, said:

"The hour has come, my daughter. All is ready, and John Woodhouse waits for us with his hand upon the anchor."

"Roger!"

"Father!"

"Even so, Nathaniel, and wisely so. Help Olivia with thy strength, and do not weaken her with thy sorrow."

Then all stood up together. Olivia stretched out her hand for her hood and cloak, and Nathaniel silently brought them. He tied the little black hood under her chin, and clasped her cloak round her throat, and kissed again and again the dear face, which in its somber setting had a startling pallor and pain. Neither of them uttered a word: pity and consolation were out of place in the presence of such sorrow; for had Nathaniel been dressing Olivia for her burial he could have been no more hopeless and heart-broken.

Roger walked before them through the narrow, busy streets of the town, carrying such light luggage as had not been put on the ship at London. Olivia and Nathaniel followed him. Sailors with their lasses on their arms were filling the evening air with rude laughter and ruder song; children were playing in the wider spaces; housewives stood in the doors of their houses gossiping with their neighbors; men sat smoking before the alehouses, talking of the Protector's sickness, and the likelihood of another war. And no one gave more than a passing notice to the sorrowful couple going so swiftly and silently down to the Long Wall, at which the *Good Intent* lay waiting.

She was a Whitby boat, built for the Newfoundland fishing, and her captain, John Woodhouse, was one of Roger's converts. Her crew were all Quakers, and her passengers, five men and four women, were exiles for the same faith. John Woodhouse looked at Nathaniel with a slight astonishment, and when he found he did not intend to share their voyage he told him very plainly that wind and tide waited for no man: "and both are now for us, young sir; and so if thou wilt step on land quickly we will lift our anchor, and away westward in God's name."

It was well that all had been said many times over that could be said. There was now neither space nor solitude for private sorrows. Nathaniel wrung Roger's hands, and then looked at Olivia. She cast down her eyes and shook her head pitifully; and then, forgetting all the world but Nathaniel, she clasped her arms around his neck and laid her lips against his. They could not even say each other's name. Feeling had lost language, and their dumb grief tore and lacerated their hearts, seeking for some audible expression. For one supreme moment they suffered as spirits suffer; then Olivia's clasp loosened, her hands dropped downward; with a great sob, she turned to her father, and fell faint and trembling on his breast.

The old man was weeping for her. He pos-

itively, though gently, motioned Nathaniel away; and John Woodhouse, taking his arm, led him to the narrow plank which he was waiting to withdraw. Thus, blind, and dumb, and dazed with anguish, he stumbled to the sea-wall, and, leaning upon it, watched the lifting of the anchor and the sailing of the *Good Intent.* The wind filled the canvas as soon as it was spread, and Olivia came to the stern of the vessel and stretched out her arms to Nathaniel in a last farewell. They had loosened her hood while she was struggling with unconsciousness, and she held it in her hand. Her face was yet clear to him; he thought she smiled; he felt something, he knew not what, of hope and promise in her attitude; and he stood, bareheaded, watching, watching, watching, until the gray figure, in the gray evening, was no longer distinguishable. Then over the shaded ocean rushed the night, and the white wings of the ship carried her into the profundities and mysteries of the sky line. The tide was going out like a mill-race, the wind rising rapidly; in ten minutes the *Good Intent* was out of sight — and where was the land?

But great sorrows have the privilege of their greatness, and Nathaniel, alone in his room with his sorrow, learned the marvelous prayer of the breaking heart — that cry which brings the Comforter out from his sanctuary. He received that gift of tears which consoles the burning drought of the wounded soul with its blessed rain.

He did not return at once to Kelderby. The great Protector lay dying, and he could not bear to desert London in the solemn watch the weeping, fearful city was keeping. And suddenly there began to blow such a hurricane as England never witnessed, either before or since. Throughout the length and breadth of the land seas and skies were in an inconceivable anarchy and tumult. Furious winds tore up forests by the roots, and unroofed and destroyed multitudes of homes. In the north it had a demoniac fury; and Kelderby, upon its rocky eery, was smitten on every side. But Kelderby was well builded, and it took the blows without wincing. Lady Kelder, silent and awestruck, wandered from room to room with the prayer of supplication on her lips. The baron, watching the dreadful majesty of the billowy clouds, felt in his inmost soul a hope that it was the storm heralding the ineffable peace of the millennium. In speechless reverence he waited for the dawning. Surely it would bring the shining of His face!

At Chenage the storm broke with terrific destruction. The farm offices were mostly leveled within the first hour, and the ancient trees lay piled like barriers around the house. Anastasia had arrived in the oppressive heat and gloom of the previous day. She was not usually affected by atmospheric influences; but the weight and darkness, the electric tension, the awful stillness, the wan glare on the horizon, and the boding color and dreadful look at the zenith, made her restless and fearful. It was impossible to escape the warning written in the air and on the sky, and she wandered from window to window watching the paths which led from the sea to the grange.

Just as the tempest blotted out with passionate fury the space between earth and sky she saw a man racing through the driving rain and gathering winds. She had the gates flung wide, and she stood trembling within the shaky shelter of the house until he pushed the door open and took her hands.

"O John, John!" She said the words in her heart, and John read them in her eyes. But to the servants she cried with a sharp imperativeness:

"The best room for Captain Latour; and clothes from the awmery in the oak chamber; and see that supper is on the table in fifteen minutes."

Little she cared now for the roaring wind and the rain lashing the house like whip-thongs. John was safe. As the steward uncorked the Burgundy, and the cook brought in the chief dish, John entered the room. He had on one of Chenage's finest velvet suits, and he directed Anastasia's eyes to it by his look, by his walk, by the air of satisfaction and amusement with which he stroked the velvet sleeve and twirled the ribbon at his wrist.

"It becomes me well enough," he said, looking steadily into her eyes.

"I thank my stars you are in it, and not — the other. How he used to strut when he put it on! I fall a-laughing when I think on it. Eat and drink, John. Faith, this house is yours, and all that is therein."

"A nice lonely place it is. You could play the devil here, Asia, and neither man nor devil find you out."

"At this present, I assure you, every servant is at my disposal; and I have been so wise as to quarrel with all my acquaintances. Remember you are Captain Latour, on his Majesty's business — God bless the king! His name covers many affairs he knows nothing of. Lord, but the wind blows! I vow, I am afraid of it. Hark, how the trees are crashing! 'T will be a miracle if the house endures. John, I am frightened."

"No wonder. I never heard a more devilish pother. I wish I was in mid-ocean all trig and tight. Then I would enjoy such a passion of wind. I would be lashed to the wheel, and buffet the bully. Lord, Asia! I have been out

in winds that you could lean against, as if they were a wall. I have heard them shriek curses into my ears, and given them a full tale back again. I would rather fight a mad wind than a Spanish slaver; I swear I would!"

He was looking at Anastasia with a kindling face as he spoke, taking in with a sense of satisfaction the beauty of her person, the elegance of her dress, the pallor of her face. For he liked to feel that she feared where he exulted. The sense of superiority was necessary to the development of John de Burg's amiability.

"There 's a shriek, Asia; a shriek from some poor devil on that bare, blasted moor outside."

"It is inside; the woman I told you about —Audrey."

"Is she really mad? or even mad nor'-nor'-west?"

"Mad at all points, and however the wind blow. I wanted something to do this afternoon, and I went to her and helped her to reckon over her sins. Mad! She spit at me like a she-devil. Mad, of course! No woman in her senses would have found out the truth, but Audrey told me the all of it this afternoon."

"Then she is dangerously mad?"

"Aye, extremely so."

She looked inquisitively at John. She was anxious to know several things he could tell her, but she was aware that John would speak only in his own way and at his own time. Besides, the servants were passing in and out, and their conversation was necessarily broken and mingled with many formalities and political allusions.

As dinner progressed the storm increased until conversation became difficult. John bent over the hearth, and smoked in silence. Anastasia watched him from the couch on which she lay. She was white and trembling with fear and anxiety. She was cold also, for the rain, pouring down the wide chimney, had put out the fire.

"Better so," muttered John. "This wind would blow the fire over the room. We are not ready to burn the house yet. I am just planning for many a jolly day in it. I told him I was coming here. I told him I was coming to drink his wines, and wear his clothes, and collect his rents. He did not like it. He went into a damnable passion: he ought to have known better by this time."

"Then he still lives? O John, John!"

"He lives for me, not for you."

"I want to be free! I want to be free! When will you set me free?"

"When does Roger Prideaux sail?"

"He has already sailed."

"That angel Olivia — is she with him?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Never trust me if I tell you not the truth."

"The name of the ship?"

"The *Good Intent.*"

"Very good. 'T is contrary to my humor, but you shall be free ere I take the *Good Intent.* Roger Chenage must not be on the same ship as Roger Prideaux. If you want to marry Southport, put him off for six weeks, and then make yourself Countess Anastasia. It will be a legal marriage by that time."

"What will you do with Prideaux?"

"Concern not yourself with the matter. Have you found out what money he will have with him?"

"The price of Sandys, at least. Seven other Quakers go with them. All have money; three of them have wives."

"Faith, I have no objection to either the money or the women."

"As to Saint Olivia, John?"

"I shall marry her."

"John!"

"With your gracious leave."

She laughed with a mirthful wickedness. "It pleases me mightily. When the bride is won, send me the news and a garland."

The last words were hardly distinguishable in the terrific roaring of the wind. It was the reasonable wind gone mad, and howling in its lunacy with all the myriad shrieks it knew. John lifted his head to listen. Anastasia drew her mantle close around her throat and cowered among the pillows of the sofa. Suddenly there was a cry more awful than that of any wailing or shouting of the wind,— a cry of despairing humanity for salvation,— and ere it died away it was lost in the crash of falling masonry.

Anastasia leaped to her feet. A mortal terror was in her face, though her tongue refused to speak. The next moment the servants rushed into the room, and John faced them with an angry calmness.

"What a parcel of craven rogues you be! Do you think the Devil has come for you? Get me a lantern."

"Mistress, 't is the west wall and chimney — the poor mad woman! 'T was her death cry. Indeed it was!" The speaker was the house-steward Jervis, and John answered him sternly:

"Then get a lantern, and go with me to find her."

"Captain, I dare not go out this night. Ten thousand devils are abroad. I will die under cover."

"You are a fool! Bring me a light."

His face was lowering and scornful, and it terrified the trembling servants more than the

storm did. They went back to the kitchen like animals whipped past some terrifying object. In a few minutes Jervis returned with the lantern, and sobbing with terror; yet not daring to refuse the imperious motion of John's hand, he was forced to accompany him to the scene of the disaster.

Anastasia stood by her sofa, resting one hand upon it and listening intently. If it was the west wall, where was Audrey? She had been chained to it. Had she gone down with it? If so, she was doubtless killed. The thought was a relief. Revenge is sweet only in its first moments, and there is no escaping its consequences. Audrey had become an anxiety. She dared not free the woman. She would talk. She would rouse suspicions. She would invent accusations. In short, she might make unknown trouble. She had wished Audrey dead very often; what if the storm had really killed her? She asked herself the question with a good deal of honesty.

"I shall be hugely obliged to it," she answered the spirit within her; and while she was musing on the probability, John returned to the room. Something in his face satisfied her before he spoke.

"The west wall has indeed fallen, Mistress Chenage, and also the chimney built against it. Jervis tells me that a poor servant who was mad must have gone with it."

"Poor Audrey! Have you not tried to reach her?"

"'T is impossible, mistress! Nothing could live a moment in this storm. Audrey is dead, and 't is a mercy to her. Mistress, she was mad as a March hare."

"Find out whether she is certainly dead. Take your fellows, and make it certain."

"God's pardon for all, mistress. It would be self-murder. We should be mad as the mad woman to try it."

"You are a cruel lot of varlets. Go and drink some more beer, and try not to die of fright ere the daylight come."

She spoke with a withering scorn, and the man slunk out of her presence. Anger, shame, and a certain feeling of injustice blended with his terror, but he was too slavish to analyze his feelings; he preferred to do as his mistress had divined he would do—bury them in a beer jack.

When they were alone Anastasia turned quickly to her brother. "Are we in any danger?"

"Seriously, none at all. The west rooms are evidently a later addition. This portion of the house is as solid as the hills around it. I 'll wager my ship that old beldam is out of life."

"I am glad on it."

"Take some wine. To say truth, you are liker a ghost than I care to see." He himself then drank a goblet of Burgundy, and wrapping his cloak around him, he sat down by his sister's side.

"Asia, as soon as daylight breaks I shall go. I like not the land. There are a thousand dangers on it that never put out to sea. Anon will come the coroner, and men and women with him, and I will stand question from no man."

"John, take this from me. In a little while you shall fear a question from no man. Old Noll lay dying when I left London. I have been twice to Paris this year, and I tell you very frankly the king is most entirely my servant. At my next going I will bring back with me a full reversal of all acts against you."

"Faith, I think what I have done against Noll's government may balance what injury Carolus Rex had to complain of."

"I 'll swear it, twenty times over. And you shall have a captaincy in the navy, if you lean that way."

"Not I. I 'll take a license as a privateer, and give you a thousand pounds for it. Asia, get me all you say, and it is two thousand pounds for it."

"And then, John, you can come when and how you like to see me, and what else you desire."

"I can pay a few debts I owe. I can fight to better purpose when I fight openly. I can even follow Nutt's example, and play the devil at sea, and build me a fine house on shore, and go to church, and wear white linen."

"And marry a saint."

He laughed, but there was a tone in the laugh Anastasia did not like. Was it possible that her brother was really in love with the Quaker girl? How she hated her! Then she let her thoughts wander into all sorts of unholy suppositions — the probable fate of Olivia, her own certain release from Audrey, her contemplated traffic with the king; and as she mused she regained her usual bold reliance upon herself and her fortune.

John was employed in much the same manner. Folded in his cloak, he walked slowly up and down the room, stopping frequently at the table to fill his glass with the rich red wine and silently drink it. And still the wind shrieked, and the rain beat the house on every side; and still on the mad gusts were brought the despairing cries of dogs and horses only partly sheltered, and now and then the sound of crashing timber.

Hour after hour wore away in such desultory conversation and thoughtful pauses. The room grew very cold as the night wore on, and the guttering candles made only a fitful light. Towards the morning John said:

"The wind will go seaward with the outgoing tide. You may sleep now. In an hour or two I shall make for the coast. My ship is in a land-locked harbor, but she must have suffered. When do you go to London?"

"As soon as may be. 'T is a time when moments may change lives, and my father will be most impatient at my absence."

"How fares De Burg?"

"Well. He hath lacked nothing in the Tower but freedom; and I trow he thinks as he will, though he cannot do as he will."

"How takes he your widowhood?"

"With a great contentment. The thought of Appleby puts him ever in a fury of hatred, and I think he would certainly forgive you all, if he but knew all."

"I want not his forgiveness. Speak nothing of me."

She was standing with her face raised to his. All men must have something to love, and John had no kindred but his sister. He drew her to his breast and kissed her with a great affection. He thanked her for all that she had done, and all she intended to do; he assured her of her real freedom, and bid her farewell with a genuine emotion. When she left the room he followed her into the hall, and watched her pretty figure slowly climbing the steep stair in the wavering feeble light of the shaded candle which she carried. Her long robe of velvet trailed far behind. Her dark cloak was drawn close round her throat; and when he called again, "Farewell, Asia!" she turned and faced him, and her face shone clear and fair, and she kissed her white hand to him as he stood in the gloom below. Then he went back into the room with a sob in his throat and a warmth at his heart which made him straighten himself and ask hopefully:

"Well, then, what next?"

He drew his brows together and set himself intently to think out his course. He expected his own ship to be more or less injured by the wind, but the *Good Intent* was only a merchant vessel, and all merchant vessels were slow and heavy in comparison with his own; for in her everything had been sacrificed to speed. Even though he had been delayed beyond his intention, he was certain of overtaking his prize. He had the whole Atlantic before him. He did not intend to molest the *Good Intent* until she was near the American coast. In his mind's eye he saw the precise locality in which the meeting would suit him best, and he resolved to steer directly for it.

At dawn the wind had lulled considerably, but the day was stormy enough, and his own horse had been injured during the night. He had the best the stable afforded, and in the first shivering daylight he passed beyond the gates of Chenage. "The king's business is urgent," he said, as he gave the hostler his fee; and he was conscious of a great relief when the iron gates clashed behind him.

"'T is a cursed hole to stay in," he muttered; "and I wish to the devil Asia were out of it."

But Asia did not find it prudent for some days to show hurry in the matter. Audrey's death caused some unpleasant talk. It was remembered that Mistress Chenage had said *all* the servants had been discharged, and people were curious enough to wonder why nothing had been said of Audrey's lunacy. However, Anastasia told her story well at the inquest, and her servants confirmed all she chose to say. The country was tossed upside down with the storm, and men's hearts were trembling in that sough of evil rumor which affirmed more positively every hour that the great Protector was dead.

Three days after this event was certain she found it convenient and possible to return to London with all speed. At the small village of Hayburn, about twenty miles south of Kelderby, she stopped to bait her horses. As she sat at the open window of the inn a young man rode up to the door. It was Nathaniel Kelder. She watched him dismount, and as he stamped his numb feet upon the flags of the court she told herself that he was by all odds the handsomest lover she had ever had. She could not resist the passionate desire she felt to speak to him, though his face was full of sorrow and thought, and his manner grave and preoccupied.

A sudden plan came into her mind, and without a moment's hesitation she called him. Her voice was low and full of remorseful inflections. Nathaniel approached the window, and this time he removed his hat for a moment as he stood before her.

"Nathaniel, I am a very unhappy woman. I have done wrong, but 't was out of my love for you, and I pray you forgive me!"

He looked at the penitent doubtfully. Her eyes were downcast, tears were slowly overflowing them; her whole aspect was mournful and humble. She put out her hand timidly, and then, sighing, slowly withdrew it. Her experiences at Chenage had worried and wearied her; she had not dressed herself for conquest; on the whole, she had the appearance of veritable contrition.

"I am so sorry, Nathaniel. To say truth, I am heart-broken. Forgive me! I make it a case of conscience to you."

There was a slight hesitation in Nathaniel's manner, but after it he spoke with a singular gentleness:

"I am glad, my cousin, to hear your speech. God pardon you, as I do also. And indeed I am most sure that even those whom you

have injured will be very forgiving to you. Olivia—"

"I ask not her pardon, sir; yours, and yours only. Nathaniel, 't was my love for you that led me so far."

"Mistress Chenage, it becomes not you to speak such words, nor yet me to listen to them. I pray you excuse me."

"You shall hear me, Nathaniel."

"I crave your pardon, mistress."

"Call me 'Asia.'"

"The time for that has passed away. You are the wife, or the widow, of another man. I am the promised husband of another woman."

"Of Olivia Prideaux?"

He bowed, and a bright flush overspread his face. For a moment his whole appearance changed.

"Do you think I discovered my faults to you for this piece of news? Let me tell you soberly I am sorry for nothing that I have done. I shall make haste to do still more evil to that—woman—that preaching woman. I will have her ruined. I will have her killed. Do you hear, sir? You are the most ill-bred man in England. You are—" She suddenly ceased. Nathaniel had passed out of her sight, out of the sound of her railing. What had she done? Humbled herself for naught. "Oh, oh, oh!" She stamped her foot, and struck her hands together, and bit her fingers in her chagrin and anger.

On Nathaniel the encounter made a most unpleasant impression. But there was one comfort—he was nearing home; and never had the thought of his father's counsel and his mother's love been more welcome. It was yet afternoon when he arrived there. His first glance at the old house was full of fear, but he smiled at the fear the next moment. The storm had not injured a flag of it, yet the number of ancient trees lying prostrate told him something of its severity. There was so much to tell that, as he sat and talked, the daylight waned, and Jael brought in the lights and the last meal. And she looked at the three serious faces on the hearth and wondered what new sorrow Nathaniel had brought back with him.

"Go from home he will," she said fretfully to herself; "and God knows them that wander get many a gliff of sorrow. But Nathaniel Kelder must outside, and no wall high enough to hinder."

His sad face made her "fit to cry," and Lady Kelder took advantage of the comfortable sympathy to let a few drops downfall over her perplexities and anticipations. She was sitting before the fire in her own room, and Jael was slowly combing and brushing her long white hair.

"Cromwell dead! And only God Almighty knows what is to come after, Jael."

"He went his way in a great storm, my Lady. 'T is said the Devil raised it, disputing about his soul; a mighty whaff-whaft, truly."

"Wherein was his soul so special, Jael? If the Devil took his own in tempests, God knows there would be neither seedtime nor harvest for good men. The storm broke three days before Cromwell's death, and he went away in the afternoon sunshine; and moreover, a great rainbow spanned Whitehall while he lay a-dying. My son Nathaniel, who saw it, surely ought to know."

"Well, my Lady, I stand in hand to side with you always. But Joe Milman he says Minister Duttred made a great matter of the storm. He told how the Devil disputed with angels about the body of Moses, and, said he, more likely about the soul of Cromwell; for at a good man's death-bed Satan must roar, or forever hold his peace. And roar he did, my Lady, both on sea and land."

"And yet for all he roared to a cross purpose, Jael. Cromwell cared not for the storm, but lay in peace all through it. Faith, we are more out of pocket than Cromwell was out of heart. Twenty cottages unroofed in the upper village, and in lower Kelderby the sea in possession total. If 't was indeed the Devil's doing why did he not unroof Whitehall? A sore miss, Jael. He came not nigh his dying-bed; 't was too well guarded. Little wit has the great Devil. Had he put Elizabeth Cromwell in a fretful, fearful temper at her husband's bedside, she would have done his spiteful errand for him."

"Well, my Lady, I pray he give not us some shrewd parting blow at the last hour."

"Never fear him. If our souls are in God's keeping, God must be wounded ere we can be prejudiced. 'T is not death, but life, that is the hard battle. If Richard Cromwell keep not hold of the scepter—and Richard Cromwell is a simpleton—then Kelderby stands in the wind of Charles Stuart's say-so. And what is to become of us? We cannot beg; the baron is too old to work."

"Be as brave for life as for death, my Lady! The God that feeds the ravens will not starve the Kelders. And Master Nathaniel—"

"Master Nathaniel is wholly and most perversely taken up with that Quaker girl. I thank God she is now far on the Atlantic Ocean."

"My Lady, if Master Nathaniel would but stay quiet in Kelderby. It takes a long time for trouble to find a man out in his own home. On the king's highway any turn may bring them together."

"You speak truth, Jael. Had he been at Kelderby he had not met Mistress Chenage to-day, and then no bad words had been between them. If Charles Stuart comes back

she moves him at her pleasure, so 't is freely said. An ill woman to quarrel with."

"An ill woman to be friends with; say that, my Lady. And as for holding Kelderby at any one's pleasure, I trust you know better than that. There is One that orders both kings and women. I would n't be put about for nothing. And it is ill luck to speak of ill. My mother used to say to me, 'Jael, my lass, say no ill of the year till the year be past.'"

"Well, well! Put down the blind, Jael, and let me sleep, and so forget for a little that I live. Surely we shut our bedroom door and rehearse death every night."

"I know not, my Lady. Sleep has its own life. Will dead folks dream?"

She was pulling down the blind as she spoke, and she paused in the act, and, looking upward, said softly, "There 's a fine new moon, God bless her!"

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

GUILIELMUS REX.

THE folk who lived in Shakspere's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge,—his frequent way,—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 't was the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half-remembered things—
'T is he alone that lives and reigns!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Distaste for Solitude.

EACH census emphasizes the disproportionate growth of the population of cities and towns in the United States as compared with that of the country at large. Every decade marks a stronger tendency on the part of those born in thinly settled rural districts to seek homes in places where there are large numbers of people.

There has been a prolonged discussion as to the causes of this phenomenon. Much stress has been laid upon the changes which were inevitable under the development of immense manufacturing and business enterprises in a nation which at the start was engaged almost exclusively in agricultural pursuits. Undoubtedly economic influences of this sort have had great effect, but no one can give any thought to the problem without seeing that they do not suffice to solve it. It seems only reasonable to conclude that a motive power may be discovered in the operation of some law of human nature. Is not one explanation to be found in a distaste for solitude which has been growing during the past generation?

Farm life necessarily involves to a large extent the separation of the farmer from the community. In any agricultural region it is inevitable that a large proportion of the families must live isolated lives. The village is usually a considerable distance from the farm, and the nearest neighbor is often a mile away. The highway which passes the house is not likely to be much traveled; indeed, the house may be on a neighborhood road which accommodates only a few families, or at the end of a private way. Father, mother, and children go to the village church on Sunday, and perhaps two or three times a week some member drives in for the mail or to buy something at the store. But during the warmer months the pressure of work leaves no leisure for social intercourse, while in the winter season the severity of the cold or the bad condition of the roads often keeps the family from seeing any outsider for days at a time.

Such has been the mode of life among the farming

population of New England, and of the Northern States generally, as the tide of population flowed westward from the Atlantic. It was a régime which made solitude the rule, and association of any sort with one's fellow-men the exception. It threw people upon their own resources, and tested their capacity to find in themselves enough to occupy and amuse their minds. It was a test which generation after generation stood well. For a long time there were few large cities in the whole land, and in the days of the stage-coach the nearest of those few was far remote from the average farm. The weekly journal contained little that was calculated to arouse discontent with the simple life of the country, for life in the cities was comparatively simple, and, even had it been otherwise, the newspapers had not yet learned the trick of making "spicy reports." The farmer accepted a large measure of isolation as the common lot, and brought up his boys and girls to consider such a mode of life as the natural one.

The railroad dealt the first blow at the old régime. It rendered it easy to get away from the farm and to the cities, which in turn the railroad made constantly larger and more numerous. The real attractions of the city grew rapidly, and, what was still more important, the popular conception that the city was full of attractions grew ten times as rapidly. The adventurous youth who had deserted the parental farm to try his fortune on a larger field returned on a visit to the old homestead richer than any man in the town, and the newspapers were constantly telling still more wonderful tales of successes achieved by poor country boys in the city. The whistle of the engine, coming perhaps faintly over miles of meadow and cornfield, was suggestive of wealth, or, if not of wealth, at least of crowds and distractions, in the city towards which it sped. The great world had been before so remote from the farm that it seemed inaccessible; it was brought now almost within hailing distance. Solitude had appeared almost as natural as it was inevitable; but now that it could be escaped, it began to grow intolerable.

One need not carry his investigations far to discover that the desire to escape the solitude of the farm is often the most potent motive in drawing people to the city. The hope of bettering one's fortunes actuates many, but not a few will frankly confess that they have no such hope. The man who abandoned a farm up the Hudson, which had been in the family for generations, and came to New York without having any particular vocation in view, and who was found by an old neighbor some time afterward serving as conductor on a horse-car, was a type of a large class. Apparently it had never occurred to him that the position he occupied as the employee of a corporation which might turn him off any day without a moment's notice was far inferior to that of the independent farmer. What impressed and satisfied him was the fact that he had become a part of the rushing life of the great city.

In like manner it is often the dread of solitude which keeps in the city those born and bred in its poorer quarters who might better their condition immensely by going into the country. "I could n't stand the quiet," "I should be so lonesome": such are the protests which one hears, over and over again, when offering opportunities of higher wages and greater comfort; hears, moreover, from those who have no strong ties of family or friendship to bind them to the city, but who are held only by the subtle attractions of the crowds, the street scenes, the petty incidents which must always diversify the course of events where there is a great aggregation of people. It is the simple truth that thousands of men and women would prefer scanty food and poor lodgings in a large city to abundant fare and good quarters in a small village, or, worse still, in some comfortable but isolated farm-house two or three miles from a village. A philanthropic New Yorker, interested in a tenement-house family which was always more or less dependent upon charity, secured them a farm in New Jersey rent free and established them upon it. They made a living, and were, as he supposed, enjoying their independence, when, not a year later, he discovered that they had abandoned the farm and returned to their wretched existence in the city. Finding the mother, he asked why they had not remained where they were so well off. "Well, there was n't much company there." This was the sole reason she had to give.

Nor is this phenomenon confined to the United States. The same disproportionate growth of the cities and towns, at the expense of the rural districts, is observable in England and on the Continent, and may be traced to the same causes there as here. People flock from the country into London and Paris as they do into New York, not merely because they are badly off in the country and hope to better themselves in the city, but also because they "can't stand the quiet" of a monotonous existence, and are willing to risk the loss of present comfort in order to secure change of scene.

Has the whole world, then, wearied of solitude, grown intolerant of quiet, become enamored of crowds and noise? That would, indeed, be a melancholy conclusion. Happily there is another side to the picture. The most noteworthy development of the vacation season during recent summers has been the growing disposition of city people to seek privacy when they go into the country. Great hotels at seaside resorts and in mountain retreats there still are, and of course always must be, but the proportion of all the summer visitors which they secure grows less year by year. There is an increasing class of people who long for retirement, and who find in the great summer hotel too many reminders of the city noise and confusion from which they fled. If the charms of nature or the pleasures of association draw them to the neighborhood of such a caravansary, they seek in preference a cottage. But best of all they like a spot where the crowd never has come and never is likely to come — some one of the thousands upon thousands of such retreats which possess not only the beauty of nature, but also the charm of quiet. Often it is the old homestead to which the mind recurs as the most attractive of all places because it insures the very solitude, now longed for, which once seemed so hard to bear.

These are welcome signs that the pendulum is beginning to swing back, and that human nature is recovering its equilibrium. The reaction which has set in from the city affects the country in turn. The summer visitor comes to feel an interest in the future of the village where he spends the pleasantest months of

the year, and wishes to make it a more desirable place of residence for those who inhabit it all the months. He helps in the starting of a library, he aids in reviving an academy, he encourages the formation of a village improvement association. Perhaps he puts up in his birthplace a library building or some other edifice which both serves a utilitarian purpose and elevates the taste of the community. In one way or another he displays his appreciation of the village, and in turn the villagers themselves come to appreciate its charms. If it is so beautiful a spot that it draws people from the city early in the season and holds them late, it cannot be so dreary as it had once seemed. And it is not; for the dreariness too often had come chiefly from the decline of public spirit, and the consequent dying out of the higher life that is always possible to a rural community. Revive this higher life, and the village may again have its attractions, as it once did, for those who were born in it. The city may thus repair some of the harm which its own growth has done the country, and sounder ideas of society and of solitude may come to pervade both.

The New School of Explorers.

IT was a suggestive coincidence that the project for celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America should have been under discussion when the great African explorer was again returning to civilization from his latest plunge into the Dark Continent. That the names of Christopher Columbus and Henry M. Stanley should thus be on people's lips together seems both natural and proper, for the American of the nineteenth century belongs to the same type of the world's great men as the Genoese of the fifteenth. But the striking feature of the collocation is the fact that Stanley is really the last representative of this type. In other words, the explorer has now had his day in the history of the world, and passes from the stage.

It is but a little while since the earth was a mystery to its inhabitants. Vast spaces upon the map were frankly confessed by the geographer to be utterly unknown to him. The immense island of Australia, so large as almost to demand the title of continent, which some bestow, had not been visited by civilized man. Vast tracts of Asia were hardly distinguished by name. Africa was virtually a sealed book. Even our own country scarcely more than a generation ago still offered opportunities for the explorer; and people in middle life recall the strange impression made upon the childish mind by the expression, "The Great American Desert," which covered so large an area west of the Mississippi. In short, when men and women who do not call themselves old were young, the earth still remained full of unknown lands.

We have changed all that, along with so many other things. The map of the United States no longer contains any vast unknown waste, and the Great American Desert has shrunk away before the advance of civilization. The Old World has yielded up one after another of its mysteries. Last of all, a flood of light has been thrown upon the Dark Continent itself. With Africa opened up, the globe, for the first time in the history of the human race, ceases to have its dark corners. Man finally knows what sort of place the earth is, and henceforth the explorer's rôle on an heroic scale is impossible. There remain, to be sure, many regions about which we know comparatively little, but there are few regions in any part of the world about which we know nothing — if we except the poles; and even there the approach has been so near that what remains is rather the glory of achievement than the satisfaction of a baffled curiosity. This is not to say that there is nothing left for the information and entertainment of the public in the fuller knowledge that we shall constantly gain of remote regions, for there is here a great field which will richly reward careful cultivation; but what remains must be the prolonged work of many, rather than the brilliant dash of one or another great spirit. Stanley is the last of the school of explorers to which Columbus belonged.

It must be admitted that the world has lost something by its gains. The charm of mystery and the zest of adventure are gone when there are no longer trackless seas to sail or pathless continents to thread. It is a somewhat prosaic reflection that we have done away with the mystery of unknown regions, so that the map-maker need no longer use any of those vague terms for large areas which once piqued curiosity and fired the imagination. Indeed, one may almost feel a grudge against the explorers when he realizes how much of poetry they have banished by substituting knowledge for the unknown; and may envy those more fortunate generations who lived and died enjoying the pleasures of speculation about parts of the earth which were practically almost as remote and puzzling as the moon. Fortunately the loss is not irreparable. A world which man knew all about would indeed be a tiresome sort of world. But the explorers, who have shown us what the geography of the globe is, have, after all, only scratched the surface. The realm of mystery, so far from dwindling into nothingness, has really widened. The field for the imagination's play has grown immeasurably. The range of possible discovery has spread from the globe to the universe.

The new school of explorers is glad not to be obliged to waste energy in what is at best the essentially commonplace business of finding out "the lay of the land" or the bounds of the sea. Its field of study is those forces of nature which the old explorer, however clear-sighted, never saw, or, seeing, comprehended not. It analyzes the elements; it searches out motive power; it makes electricity its servant. The earth, the sea, the air, all invite its investigation, and one discovery only serves to stimulate the search for others. It sets no bounds to its ambition, and the imagination has a boundless play in contemplating the possibilities of its achievements. The telephone, the phonograph, the electric motor — these are hints, but only hints, of its future work. Thus it happens that, as the old explorer disappears, a new appears upon the scene, and the type of which Henry M. Stanley is the last representative is succeeded by the one personified in Thomas A. Edison. We should name with men like Edison and Thomson and Bell also the psychologists and philosophers — those who are prying into the mysteries of the human spirit: a slow and laborious and baffling quest, but surely not the least interesting, or, to the possessors of souls, the least important. Latitude and longitude circumscribed the scope of the old explorer, but the time can never come when the new will have sounded all the depths of the universe.

Provence.

THE author of the exquisite translation of Mistral's "Mirèio," and the writer of those delightful essays on Provençal poetry, is "at home" in describing "A Provençal Pilgrimage" in this and in the July number of THE CENTURY. If Miss Preston's paper and Mr. Pennell's pictures send to that enchanted and unhackneyed part of Europe a procession of Passionate Pilgrims, not a little happiness will be added to the sum of human joys.

The Rhône of to-day must be something like the Rhine of fifty years ago, though much less voyaged now than that was then. Miss Preston rushed into this Italy in France by rail. Another time she should find out whether the boat is running from Lyons, take it there in the early spring morning, and arrive in the magical evening at Avignon. The only permanent quantity of the company on the open-decked little steamer may be a couple of German tourists; its fluctuating components scarcely a dozen peasants and one much-attended cow. But what a panorama of medieval quaintness, grandeur, and unimagined beauty; what lonely castles overlooking from unknown heights what pictured towns of what unfamiliar names; what glorious river sweeps; what rushing waters; what chattering and adventurous landings!

From Lyons to Avignon — a day's journey from the new world to the old; a transition all the stranger because it is the same country, and still not the same. Here are not only the Middle Ages of France but of Italy, with ancient Rome outspread as a background. Here too are the new troubadours. Aubanel, alas, is gone now; but here still are Roumanille, Mistral, Matthieu, Gras, the adopted *félibre* Bonaparte-Wyse, Madame Roumanille, and Mademoiselle. Is there any other modern community where not to be a poet needs apology? where the poet is not hiding his calling half the time, as the girl who enlists in the army needs must hide her maiden breasts?

We spoke above of a "procession," but it was only of Passionate Pilgrims. The fashionable tourist has no call to Provence; and if he really lingered there he would, thank Heaven! find himself both uncomfortable and bored. It will be many a long day before Provence is spoiled.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Siberian Exile Petition Movement of Philadelphia.

THOSE who have read THE CENTURY MAGAZINE articles, by Mr. George Kennan, on the Siberian Exile System of Russia, will be gratified to know of the work of the Association formed in Philadelphia for the purpose of distributing as widely as possible a carefully prepared petition to the Czar, in which his attention is called to the intense interest the citizens of the United States are taking in the system of punishment in vogue in Russia, and pointing out, in a frank but courteous manner, the lack of harmony in that system with civilization's advanced ideas of humanity.

The Philadelphia Association was formed late last year after hearing one of Mr. Kennan's lectures in Association Hall. At the close of the lecture the Rev. William Neilson McVickar, D. D., arose, and asked with deep feeling: "Cannot something be done for the relief of these people? Cannot the conditions of these political prisoners and convicts sent to Siberia be ameliorated? Shall *we* not do something?" The questions were like the powerful precipitant in the chemist's laboratory. All the elements of deep feeling throughout the country were in solution, and this one drop of warm heart blood precipitated the elements into forces of action. An association of influential people was formed, with Dr. McVickar as president.

The question of reform and relief was discussed in all its aspects. The cruelties and injustices practiced were, of course, the most prominent things before the minds and in the hearts of those interested when the Association was formed, and many felt in the face of these like doing something exceedingly radical — protesting, denouncing, and even threatening the Russian government. But this, while quite satisfactory as an expression of feeling, did not seem likely to produce any great results as a method of reform. It was sometimes felt in the course of the discussion that the remedy lay in urging certain radical changes upon the government, but this was completely outside any efforts an association of citizens in the United States might justly make, although the power of public opinion in the United States might indeed aid in bringing about such a change. State interference was even suggested, but this was dismissed at once as leading to state complications.

The Association had to contend with people of various minds and opinions — the radicals and the conservatives; and it felt deeply the necessity in this great work for humanity of unifying sentiment in the United States so as to add force to the protest. After much discussion with wise and conservative men — diplomatists, ex-ministers, and others well versed in Russian affairs — it seemed best for the first effort to send the Czar a petition couched in friendly and courteous terms, calling his attention to the points of interest and contact between the two countries, recognizing the traditional and almost sentimental friendship that has existed between the two countries, and so in a brotherly fashion, while recognizing our own defects, calling upon him to look into some of his methods of punishment, and, if possible, revise them. Such a petition, the Association felt, the Czar would be able to receive, and still retain his self-respect. If, however, he refused, he would lay himself open to the condemnation of the whole world.

The Association believed that such a course was more likely to produce beneficial results. A petition so framed has certainly a better chance of consideration, and most men feel justified in going thus far and in doing this much, even though there are crying evils in our own Government and State institutions and in our methods of dealing with the penal classes. They believe that we are doing well in our efforts in these matters in our own country; and they believe that we shall do still better if we remember the chained hands

held out to us from far Siberia. In any event we cannot, as a Christian nation, pass by on the other side and allow our brother to suffer without bearing our testimony. The question of interference is of minor consideration as compared with the evil.

The spirit of humanity in this our day has grown so strong and spread so widely that it is awake to all imperfections in every part of the body of humanity, and by each new success at reform, in whatever part of the body, learns wisdom and takes courage for other efforts in other places. The power of a great moral movement of this kind is something that is not quickly realized by busy, energetic, practical people. Such people do not see at once that the force of such a movement as this is quite as much in the constant registering of the disapproval of the great American people as in the presentation of a piece of paper with a certain form of words upon it at the end of the work. This is the constant dropping which must wear away the indifference and inhumanity of the Czar and the bureaucracy by which he is surrounded. For the progress of the movement, there can be little doubt, is being constantly reported to the Russian government through its representatives and the European press; and that fact is of infinitely greater importance than the presentation of any form of petition in the future. Public opinion moved in this country is being freely noted by the European press, and is giving hope and courage to the oppressed, while at the same time it forces the question of reform upon the minds and hearts of those who have the power of reform in their hands. From various reliable sources we know that the movement has the sympathy of the highest Russian officials, as one of them lately wrote, "This movement in Philadelphia will do more to bind the hearts of the Russian and the American people together than a whole century of diplomacy."

The petition movement, then, appeals above all to *the* supreme court the decisions of which are expressed by the united public opinion of the world. And to this court every sufferer may appeal, and its verdict, no potentate, at least in this our century, can afford to despise. The harvest of sympathy and interest is likely to be a splendid expression of public opinion.

Over thirty thousand petition sheets have been sent out up to this time, and they are now being mailed at the rate of from five hundred to a thousand per day, while from twelve to eighteen hundred signatures are being returned in the same space of time.

The Central Bureau in Philadelphia urges the formation of local committees or auxiliary associations in all towns and cities, so that the distribution of the petition may proceed in a systematic manner among the societies, clubs, churches, etc., of the community, and so that matters of advertisement may be decided upon, and contributions received for the printing, posting, and clerical work of the Central Bureau in Philadelphia.[1]

In urging this movement the Association feels that the reactive influence of such a great expression of public opinion on a question of humanity upon the minds and hearts of our own people is not the least of the good results likely to follow. It asks the cordial coöperation and sympathy of every citizen of the United States.

Alfred J. P. McClure.

[1] The Central Bureau of the Association is at 1407 Locust street, Philadelphia, and the officers in charge are: Rev. W. N. McVickar, D. D., President; Mr. J. P. Mumford, Treasurer; Rev. Alfred J. P. McClure, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. F. Jenks, Recording Secretary.—EDITOR.

THE PETITION.

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS:

We who petition your Majesty are citizens of the United States of America.

We belong to a people who have long been bound by the natural ties of sympathy and gratitude to the great Russian nation, and to the Czars clothed with her majesty, who wield her power and shape her destiny.

It is your Majesty's province to do for Russia what we, in a certain sense, do for ourselves; and though the methods of governmental action are different, the aims of good government are the same: the strength and true grandeur of the state and the welfare and happiness of the people.

For these things nations are organized, and laws are decreed and executed; for these things great princes in the fear of God exercise imperial sway, and presidents are appointed.

Differ though they may in outward form, your government and our government are brothers in their noblest duties.

Nor are our fraternal professions an empty feeling: we remember, and we can never forget, how the Czar, by his faith in the stability of the American Union and by the presence of Russian ships in the harbor of New York, strengthened the Republic when it was supposed, by less far-sighted sovereigns and statesmen, to be on the verge of ruin. Our danger, then, arose from an evil which your illustrious father, Alexander II., by his example, helped our illustrious president, Abraham Lincoln, to remove; and the great prince who liberated the Russian serfs and the great citizen who freed the American slaves, by kindred deeds of humanity, linked their countries together by enduring ties.

Sharing, therefore, as the past has taught us to do, in the thoughts that concern the glory and happiness of your people, we have been moved to bring to you, with good greetings, this petition:

That your Majesty will personally take note of a widespread interest, among us, in the workings and effects of the Siberian exile system.

We do not forget the penal reforms already accomplished in the Russian Empire. We are not blind to the mental and physical sufferings that of necessity are a part of any system of punishment for crime against individuals, society, or the state; nor are we unmindful of the need of reforms which are actively engaging the attention of philanthropists in our own methods of dealing with convicts. In this we are giving expression to the feeling of a friendly people, that in the punishment of some of her subjects Russia, whether from causes peculiar to her people, or on account of ancient custom, is not in harmony with the humanizing sentiments of the age. It is our wish that, by the wisdom and power of the Czar and the favor of God, Russia may grow in the admiration and sympathy of the American people and of the whole civilized world.

Forests and Streams.

IN the April CENTURY there is an article by Major Powell entitled "The Non-Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region." The article is largely devoted to the forests of the arid regions of the West. As far as accepted scientific forestry is concerned Major Powell's positions are revolutionary. His only attempt to sustain with any data or proof views at variance with those now received is an indefinite citation of certain alleged investigations in the Wasatch Range and elsewhere.

To set up such a bald and vague statement against the experience and writings of every prominent forestry man of whom we have knowledge is certainly extraordinary.

We have indeed found in California that trees immediately about a spring or directly upon a watercourse do not always increase the flow of water, and may even diminish it, either by such a detention as allows the percolation of the water into the soil or by leaf evaporation.

With us riparian trees are gross water users and usually deciduous, such as sycamores, alders, willows, cottonwoods, etc. But upon the mountains the trees are of a different class, and their effect is, without known exception, beneficial to irrigators and water users in the valleys below.

Major Powell says (p. 920) that forests may be useful on river-courses in humid countries to prevent the streams from being too large and creating floods, but that in arid countries the trees take up and evaporate about forty per cent. of the rainfall into the air; that the snows melt faster in forests, and that the volume of water in a stream will be larger if its watershed be bare than if it were wooded. "For all these reasons the forests of the upper regions are not advantageous to the people of the valleys, who depend on the streams for the fertilization of the farms."

Such authorities as J. E. Brown, Becquerel, Marchand, Siemoni, Hummel, Piper, W. C. Bryant, Marsh, Van Reenan, Surell, Ladoucette, Cantegril, Wex, Berghaus, Maass, Grebenan, Ebermayer, and a host of others are all, without an exception known to me, opposed to this view of Major Powell's. Time, place, and instance have been cited over and over again to show that the denudation of mountain districts is followed by increased torrent or flood action and diminished regular flow in springs and streams, often by the entire desiccation of these. In my reading, as in my observation as a forest officer, I have never read or known of an instance to warrant Major Powell's theory. It is at variance with all the known facts.

In regard to Major Powell's statement that the evaporation from a forest surface is greater than from denuded hillsides, I can say nothing because I know nothing. But a very considerable number of reliable experiments are accessible to show that Major Powell's inferences are totally wrong. According to Ebermayer, for instance, the following percentages of the rainfall were found in the summer at the depth of one meter:

	With Litter.		*Without Litter.*		
In open ground.....	19	..	19	14 ..	11
In the forest.....	52	..	72	.. 65 ..	36
Difference.....	33		53	51	25

Every one with the most ordinary powers of observation and any experience knows that the soil remains humid longer in a forest than on bare open lands. So also snow remains longer under trees than in the open.

Here in California instances are already piled up for the inquirer. Some of these may be found in the first report of the State Board of Forestry. When the forests are destroyed the streams diminish. We have in such case our streams alternating between violent and destructive torrents and dry beds of sand and boulders.

Powell confutes himself, for he says, a few lines farther on, in speaking of the proposed storage reservoirs, "Storm waters wash the sands from naked hills and mountains, and bear them on to the creeks and rivers, by which they are carried to the storage basins."

Here the major describes torrent action, but he stops at reservoirs and does not descend his detritus-laden stream to the farms below. As soon as such a stream leaves the steep grades of the mountains it drops its load, fills its bed, and changes its course. No one is safe in the bottom lands. I can show a number of instances of this sort of action in California alone.

Abbot Kinney.

LAMANDA PARK, LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.

The Case of Miss Carroll.

IN the general legislation on the pension question it is not a little remarkable that no conclusive action has as yet been taken upon the claim of Miss Anna Ella Carroll, a claim of which perhaps not one in a thousand of the readers of THE CENTURY has ever heard.

Here is a cultivated and intelligent woman, the daughter of ex-Governor Carroll of Maryland, and now at an advanced age and in an invalid state, who presents to the House of Representatives *primâ facie* evidence of having rendered distinguished and unusual services to the country during the civil war.

Three military committees of three Congresses have declared in favor of her claim, as below epitomized, and yet it has been neither satisfied nor rejected. Meanwhile Miss Carroll suffers the penalty of having generously withheld — for prudential reasons, in a time of peril — her claims to the authorship of plans of great importance.

The military and historical value of the point at issue puts this claim upon a basis different from one solely personal, and gives to it a wide national interest.

At the third application, made in 1881, Miss Carroll's claims were brought before Congress, and a military committee was appointed to inquire into them. General Bragg, as chairman of the committee, submitted a report, which was printed by order of Congress. It is headed:

FORTY-SIXTH CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, REPORT 386.

The principal points in this report are as follows:

1. In the autumn of 1861 the great question as to whether the Union could be saved, or whether it was hopelessly subverted, depended on the ability of the Government to open the Mississippi and deliver a fatal blow upon the resources of the Confederate power.

2. That the plan then proposed of descending the Mississippi was an unwise and incapable one.

3. That Miss Carroll devised a wise and capable plan, which she induced the Government to substitute for the unwise and incapable one.

4. It is also conclusively shown that no plan, order, letter, or telegram, or suggestion of the Tennessee River as their line of invasion, had ever been produced except in the paper submitted by Miss Carroll on the 30th of November, 1861, and her subsequent letters to the Government as the campaign progressed.

5. That this campaign prevented the recognition of Southern independence.

6. That the campaign defeated national bankruptcy, then imminent.

7. That the wisdom of the plan was proven by the absolute advantages which resulted, giving the mastery of the conflict to the National arms, and evermore assuring their success, even against the powers of all Europe should they have combined.

8. It is further shown that the able and patriotic publications of the memorialist in pamphlets and newspapers, with her high social influence, not only largely contributed to the cause of the Union in her own State, but exerted a wide and salutary influence on the border States.

9. That these publications were used by the Government as war measures, and that Miss Carroll was the first writer on the war powers of the Government.

The report then mentions the two previous decisions which had been made in Congress to the same effect, and concludes :

In view of all these facts this committee believe that the thanks of the nation are due to Miss Carroll, and that they are fully justified in recommending that she be placed on the pension rolls of the Government as a partial measure of recognition for her public services, and report herewith a bill for such purpose, and recommend its passage.

Besides the remarkable list of distinguished men whose testimony had been alluded to, the following letter from the Hon. B. F. Wade, Chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, was appended to the report :

Dear Miss Carroll: I had no part in getting up the Committee [on the Conduct of the War]. The first intimation to me was that I had been made the head of it. But I never shirked a public duty, and at once went to work to do all that was possible to save the country. We went fully into the examination of the several plans for military operations then known to the Government, and we saw plainly enough that the time it must take to execute any of them would make it fatal to the Union.

We were in the deepest despair, until just at this time Colonel Scott informed me that there was a plan already devised which, if executed with secrecy, would open the Tennessee and save the National cause. I went immediately to Mr. Lincoln and talked the whole matter over. He said he did not himself doubt that the plan was feasible, but said there was one difficulty in the way: that no military or naval man had any idea of such a movement, it being the work of a civilian, and none of them would believe it safe to make such an advance upon only a navigable river, with no protection but a gunboat fleet, and they would not want to take the risk. He said it was devised by Miss Carroll, and military men were extremely jealous of all outside interference. I pleaded earnestly with him, for I found there were influences in his Cabinet then averse to his taking the responsibility, and wanting everything done in deference to the views of McClellan and Halleck. I said to Mr. Lincoln, "You know we are now in the last extremity, and you have to choose between adopting and at once executing a plan which you believe to be the right one, and save the country, or defer to the opinions of military men in command, and lose the country." He finally decided that he would take the initiative; but there was Mr. Bates, who had suggested the gunboat fleet, and wanted to advance down the Mississippi, as originally designed; but after a little he came to see that no result could be achieved on that mode of attack, and he united with us in favor of the change of expedition as you recommended.

After repeated talks with Mr. Stanton, I was entirely convinced that if placed at the head of the War Department he would have your plan executed vigorously, as he fully believed it was the only means of safety, as I did. Mr. Lincoln, on my suggesting Stanton, asked me how the leading Republicans would take it — that Stanton was fresh from the Buchanan Cabinet, and many things said of him. I insisted he was our man withal, and brought him and Lincoln into communication, and Lincoln was entirely satisfied; but so soon as it got out the doubters came to the front. Senators and members called on me. I sent them to Stanton and told them to decide for themselves. The gunboats were then nearly ready for the Mississippi expedition, and Mr. Lincoln agreed, as soon as they were, to start the Tennessee movement. It was determined that as soon as Mr. Stanton came into the department then Colonel Scott should go out to the Western armies and make ready for the campaign in pursuance of your plan, as he has testified before committees. It was a great work to get the matter started; you have no idea of it. We almost fought for it. If ever there was a righteous claim on earth, you have one. I have often been sorry that, knowing all this, as I did then, I had not publicly declared you as the author. But we were fully alive to the importance of absolute secrecy. I trusted but few of our people; but to pacify the country I announced from the Senate that the armies were about to move, and inaction was no longer to be tolerated. Mr. Fessenden, head of the finance committee, who had been told of the proposed advance, also stated to the Senate that what would be achieved in a few more days would satisfy the country and astound the world.

As the expedition advanced, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, and myself frequently alluded to your extraordinary sagacity and unselfish patriotism, but all agreed that you should be recognized for your most noble service, and properly rewarded for the same.

The last time I saw Mr. Stanton he was on his deathbed; he was then most earnest in his desire to have you come before Congress, as I told you soon after, and said that if he lived he would see that justice was awarded you. This I have told you often since, and I believe the truth in this matter will finally prevail.

B. F. WADE.

General Bragg prepared the following bill to accompany the report :

Be it enacted that the same sum and emoluments given by the Government to the major-generals of the United States Army be paid to Anna Ella Carroll from the date of her services to the country in November, 1861, to the time of the passage of this act, and the further payment of the same amount as the pay and emoluments of a major-general of the United States Army be paid to her in quarterly instalments, to the end of her life, as a partial measure of recognition of her services to the nation, and recommend its passage.

S. E. Blackwell.

NEW YORK.

"A Study of Consciousness."

DR. H. C. WOOD in his article "A Study of Consciousness," in the May number of THE CENTURY, through a "lapse of consciousness" wrote, "a man named Yellowlees," instead of, as he intended, "a case reported by Dr. Yellowlees." Dr. Yellowlees is the genial Medical Superintendent of the Glasgow Royal Asylum for the Insane.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Negro in the Overflow.

DE warters keeps er-risin' an' er-risin' on de bank,
De lebies keeps er-breakin', an' de plows am in de wet,
De niggers all vamousin' ter de dry lan' ever'whar',
But dis nigger hain't er-gwine ter leab de ole plantation yet.

De young uns all kin make new homes an' prosper, anywhar',
An' 'buse de lan' dat borned 'em, w'en dey moves out f'om de State,
But de years is w'arin' on me, an' dar 's sumpin' I cain't tote
Hid upon de ole plantation here, an' here I gwine ter wait.

All night I hears de paddles an' er sumpin' in de a'r —
Hit mought be dem er-screekin', an' hit mought be hearts dat cry,
Hearts dat 's leabin' sumpin' we cain't leab, ole Tiger, him an' me —
But hit 's lonesome on de housetop, wid de barges floatin' by.

Ole Tige, he scrope de roof an' dream he diggin' in de dirt,
All night I dribes ole Jinny, an' I plows hard in my sleep,
Ole Dominick, he crow an' stretch 'is ragged, tired wing,
But dar 's nuffin' yere but warter, an' hit gittin' mighty deep.

Nary mawkin'-bird ter call me, nary bluebird, nary thrush —
De crow, he gwine er-sighin' fur de sproutin' corn ter eat,
An' dat peckerwood dat nailin' on de naked, lonesome limb,
Hatter fly ercross de warter, fur to dry 'is drippin' feet.

Er leetle screecher kim las' night an' holler frough de waste,
Hit make me mighty scrumptious, an' I pray dat he mought fly,
But he w'ar de darkness inter light, de light inter de day —
Dar 's some un gwine er-weepin', an' dar 's some un gwine ter die.

I hain't got long ter tarry, an' I hain't got fur ter go,
I feels I better stay yere wid de ole home in de wet —
All I got ter hol' me ter de yeth am buried in de 'flow,
Dis nigger hain' er-gwine ter leab de ole plantation yet.

Some day de warters fall 'n, leab ole Jasper high an' dry,
Some day he fin' de leetle grabes whar' all his treasures lie —
But now he wait wid Tiger on de roof, widout er sigh,
As he listen ter de splashin' er de barges floatin' by.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Modesty.

"WHAT hundred books are best, think you?" I said,
Addressing one devoted to the pen.
He thought a moment, then he raised his head:
"I hardly know — I 've written only ten."

John Kendrick Bangs.

Reflections.

IT is better to be a lion born of an ass than an ass born of a lion.

SHALLOW water and shallow people must keep muddy if they would appear deep.

IN taking a stranger's intellectual measure it is not necessary to give him your own dimensions.

"EVERY man has his faults" is a poor excuse for retailing scandal.

THE shelter of fortifications may make a coward of a brave man.

THE smart men of the world are those who put the shoulders of other men to the wheel.

J. A. Macon.

Lazyland.

THREE travelers wandered along the strand,
Each with a staff in his feeble hand;
And they chanted low,
"We are go-o-o-
Ing slow-o-ow-
Ly to Lazyland.

"They 've left off eating and drinking, there;
They never do any thinking, there;
They never walk,
And they never talk,
And they fall asleep without winking, there.

"Nobody 's in a hurry, there;
They are not permitted to worry, there;
'T is a wide, still place,
And not a face
Shows any symptom of flurry, there.

"No bells are rung in the morning, there;
They care not at all for adorning, there;
All sounds are hushed,
And a man who rushed
Would be treated with absolute scorning, there.

"They do not take any papers, there;
No politicians cut capers, there;
They have no 'views,'
And they tell no news,
And they burn no midnight tapers, there.

"No lovers are ever permitted, there;
Reformers are not admitted, there;
They argue not
In that peaceful spot,
And their clothes all come ready fitted, there.

"Electricity has not been heard of, there,
And steam has been spoken no word of, there;
They stay where they are;
And a coach or car
They have not so much as a third of, there.

"Oh, this world is a truly crazy land;
A worrying, hurrying, mazy land;
We cannot stay;
We must find the way,—
If there *is* a way,— to Lazyland."

Margaret Vandegrift.

Experientia Docet.

CUPID, the rogue, once ran away,
And ere Dame Venus missed him
Slipped down into the lilac lane,
Where Betty caught and kissed him.
She broke his saucy bow in twain,
Tied up his wings behind him,
And sent him sobbing home again
To bid his mother mind him.

But since that day, so gossips say,
The gods have new equipped him,
Till he is twenty times as gay
As when my lady clipped him;
And now although she nods and becks
With sweet persuasion to him,
She cannot get another chance
To cuff him or to woo him!

M. E. W.

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Princesse de Conti

G.W.E. inv.

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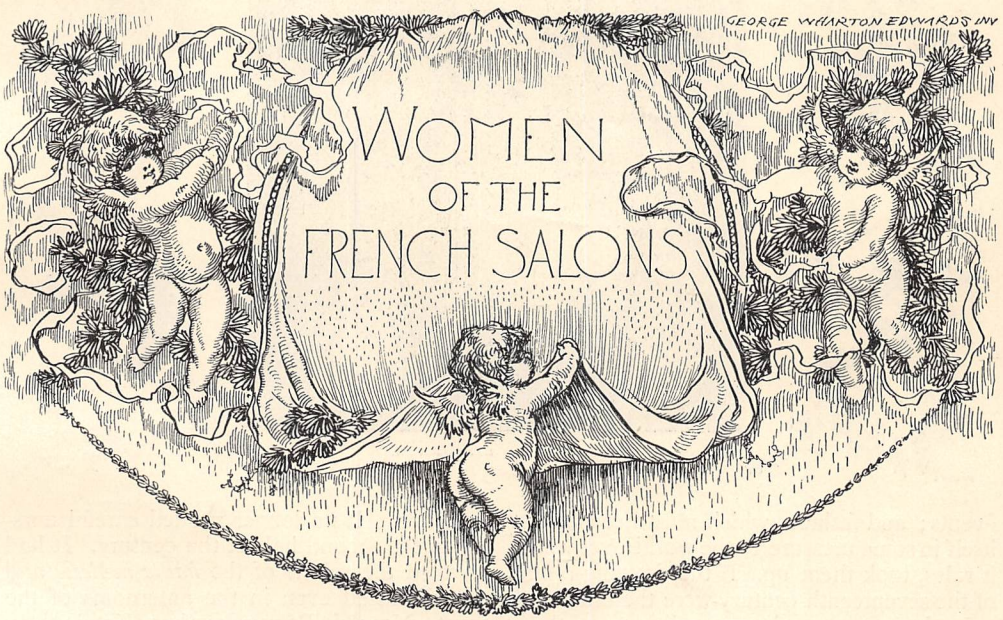

THE SALONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING the latter half of the eighteenth century the center of social life was no longer the court, but the salons. They had multiplied indefinitely, and, representing every shade of taste and thought, had reached the climax of their power as schools of public opinion, as well as their highest perfection in the arts and amenities of a brilliant and complex society. There was a slight reaction from the reckless vices and follies of the regency. If morals were not much better, manners were a trifle more decorous. Though the great world did not take the tone of stately elegance and rigid propriety which it had assumed under the rule of Mme. de Maintenon, it was superficially polished, and a note of thoughtfulness was added. Affairs in France had taken too serious an aspect to be ignored, and the theories of the philosophers were among the staple topics of conversation; indeed, it was the great vogue of the philosophers that gave many of the most noted social centers their prestige and their fame. It is not the salons of the high nobility that suggest themselves as the typical ones of this age. It is those which were animated by the habitual presence of the radical leaders of French

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thought. Economic questions and the rights of man were discussed as earnestly in these brilliant coteries as matters of faith and sentiment, of etiquette and morals, had been a hundred years before. Such subjects were forced upon them by the inexorable logic of ism, they called out a burst of admiration as well. The original and aggressive thought of men like Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and Diderot, with its diversity of shading, but with the cardinal doctrine of freedom and equality pervading it all, had found a rapidly growing

DUCHESSE DE LUXEMBOURG.

events; and fashion, which must needs adapt itself in some measure to the world over which it rules, took them up. If the drawing-rooms of the seventeenth century were the cradles of refined manners and a new literature, those of the eighteenth were literally the cradles of a new philosophy.

The practical growth and spread of French philosophy was too closely interwoven with the history of the salons not to call for a word here. Its innovations were faintly prefigured in the coterie of Mme. de Lambert, where it colored almost imperceptibly the literary and critical discussions. But its foundations were more firmly laid in the drawing-room of Mme. de Tencin, where the brilliant wit and radical theories of Montesquieu, as well as the pronounced materialism of Helvétius, found a congenial atmosphere. Though the mingled romance and satire of the "Persian Letters," with their covert attack upon the state, the government, and society, raised a storm of antagonaudience. It no longer needed careful nursing in the second half of the century. It had invaded the salons of the *haute noblesse* and was discussed even in the anterooms of the court. Mme. de Pompadour herself stole away from her tiresome lover-king to the freethinking coterie that met in her physician's apartments in the *entresol* at Versailles, and included the greatest iconoclasts of the age. If she had any misgivings as to the outcome of these discussions, they were fearlessly cast aside with, "*Après nous le déluge.*" "In the depth of her heart she was with us," said Voltaire when she died.

There were clairvoyant spirits who traced the new theories to their logical results. Mme. du Deffand speaks with prophetic vision of the coterie of reasoners and *beaux esprits* "who direct the age and lead it to its ruin." There were conservative women too, who used their powerful influence against them. It was in the salon of the delicate but ardent young

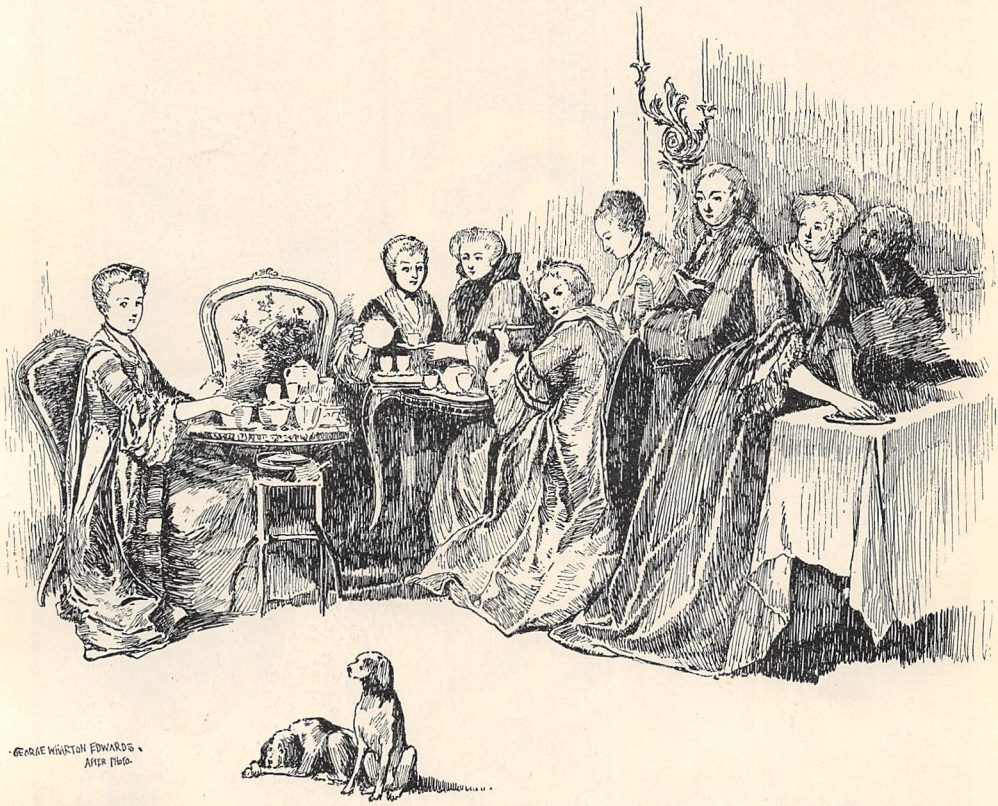
CATHERINE II. IN RUSSIAN COSTUME.

Princesse de Robecq that Palissot was inspired to write the satirical comedy of "The Philosophers," in which Rousseau was represented as entering on all fours browsing a lettuce and the Encyclopedists were so mercilessly ridiculed. This spirited and heroic daughter-in-law of the powerful but free Duchesse de Luxembourg, who was the recognized censor of manners and the friend of Rousseau, was hopelessly ill at the time, and in a caustic reply to this clever satire, written by the Abbé Morellet, he did not spare the beautiful invalid who desired for her final consolation only to see its first performance and be able to say, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen vengeance." The cruel attack was thought to have hastened her death, and the witty abbé was sent to the Bastille; but he came out in two months, went away for a time, and returned a greater hero than ever. There is a picture, full of pathetic significance, which represents the dying princess on her pillow, crowned with a certain halo of sanctity as she devotes her last hours to the defense of the faith she loves. One is reminded of the sweet and earnest souls of Port Royal; but her vigorous protest, which furnished

MADAME GEOFFRIN. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY CHARDIN.)

only a momentary target for the wit of the philosophers, was lost in the oncoming wave of skepticism.

The vogue of these men received its final stamp in the admiring patronage of the greatest sovereigns in Europe. Voltaire had his by sovereigns were petted in the salons in spite of their disfavor with the government. They dined, talked, posed as lions or as martyrs, and calmly bided their time. The persecution of the Encyclopedists availed little more than the satire on the philosophers in



TEA AT THE TEMPLE. (CENTRAL GROUP FROM THE PAINTING "LE THÉ À L'ANGLAISE CHEZ LE PRINCE DE CONTI.")

well-known day of power at the court of Frederick the Great. Grimm and Diderot, too, were honored guests of that most liberal of despots, and also discussed their novel theories in familiar fashion with Catherine II. at St. Petersburg. The reply of this astute and clear-sighted empress to the eloquent plea of Diderot may be commended for its wisdom to the dreamers and theorists of to-day.

"I have heard, with the greatest pleasure, all that your brilliant intellect has inspired you to say; but with all your grand principles, which I comprehend very well, one makes fine books and bad business. You forget in all your plans of reform the difference of our two positions. You work only on paper, which permits everything: it is quite smooth and pliant, and opposes no obstacles to your imagination nor to your pen; while I, poor empress, I work upon the human cuticle, which is quite sensitive and irritable."

It is needless to say that the men so honored stemming the slowly rising tide of public opinion. Utopian theories took form in the ultra circles, were insidiously disseminated in the moderate ones, and were lightly discussed in the fashionable ones. Men who talked and women who added enthusiasm were alike unconscious of the dynamic force of the material with which they were playing.

Of the salons which at this period had a European reputation the most noted were those of Mme. du Deffand, Mlle. de Lespinasse, and Mme. Geoffrin. The first was the resort of the more intellectual of the *noblesse*, as well as the more famous of the men of letters. The two worlds mingled here, but the tone was aristocratic, though spiced with wit and animated with thought. The second was the rallying-point of the Encyclopedists and much frequented by political reformers, but the rare gifts of its hostess attracted many from the great world. The last was moderate in tone, though philosophical and thoroughly cosmo-

MADAME D'ÉPINAY.

politan. Sainte-Beuve pronounced it "the most complete, the best organized, and best conducted of its time; the best established since the foundation of the salons; that is, since the Hôtel de Rambouillet."

"Do you know why *la Geoffrin* comes here? It is to see what she can gather from my inventory," remarked Mme. de Tencin when her friend visited her on her death-bed. She understood thoroughly her world, and knew that she wished to capture the celebrities who were in the habit of meeting in her salon. But she does not seem to have borne her any ill-will for her rather premature schemes, as she gave her a characteristic piece of advice: "Never refuse any advance of friendship," she said; "for, if nine out of ten bring you nothing, one alone may repay you. Everything is of service in a *ménage* if one knows how to use his tools." Mme. Geoffrin was an apt pupil in the arts of diplomacy, and the key to her remarkable social success is found in her ready assimilation of the worldly wisdom of her

friend. But to this she added a far kinder heart and a more estimable character.

Of all the women who presided over famous salons, Mme. Geoffrin had the least claim to intellectual preëminence. The secret of her power must have lain in some intangible quality that has failed to be perpetuated in any of her sayings or doings. A few commonplace and ill-spelled letters, a few wise or witty words, are all the direct record she has left of herself. Without rank, beauty, youth, education, or remarkable mental gifts of a sort that leave permanent traces, she was the best representative of the women of her time who held their place in the world solely through their skill in organizing and conducting a salon. She was in no sense a luminary; and conscious that she could not shine by her own light, she was bent upon shining by that of others. But, in a social era so brilliant, even this implied talent of a high order. A letter to the Empress of Russia, in reply to a question concerning her early education, throws a ray of light upon her youth and peculiar training.

"I lost my father and mother," she writes, "in the cradle. I was brought up by an aged grandmother, who had much intelligence and a well-balanced head. She had very little education; but her mind was so clear, so ready, so active, that it never failed her; it served always in the place of knowledge. She spoke so agreeably of the things she did not know that no one wished her to understand them better; and when her ignorance was too visible, she got out of it by pleasantries which baffled the pedants who tried to humiliate her. She was so contented with her lot that she looked upon knowledge as a very useless thing for a woman. She said: 'I have done without it so well that I have never felt the need of it. If my granddaughter is stupid, learning will make her conceited and insupportable; if she has talent and sensibility, she will do as I have done — supply by address and with sentiment what she does not know; when she becomes more reasonable, she will learn that for which she has the most aptitude, and she will learn it very quickly.' She made me learn in my childhood simply to read; but she made me read much; she taught me to think by making me reason; she taught me to know men by making me say what I thought of them and telling me also the opinion she had formed. She required me to render her an account of all my movements and all my feelings, correcting them with so much sweetness and grace that I never concealed from her anything that I thought or felt; my internal life was as visible as my external. My education was continual."

The daughter of a *valet de chambre* of the Duchess of Burgundy, who gave her a handsome dowry, Marie Thérèse Rodet became, at fourteen, the wife of a lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard and a rich manufacturer of glass. Her husband did not count for much among the distinguished guests who in later years frequented her salon, and his part in her life seems to have consisted mainly in furnishing the money so essential to her success, and in looking carefully after the interests of the *ménage*. It is related that some one gave him a history to read, and when he called for the successive volumes the same one was always returned. Not observing this, he found the work interesting, but "thought the author repeated a little." He read across the page a book printed in two columns, as if there was but one column, remarking that "it seemed to be very good, but a trifle abstract." One day a visitor inquired for the white-haired old gentleman who was in the habit of sitting at the head of the table. "That was my husband," replied Mme. Geoffrin; "he is dead."

But if her marriage was not an ideal one, it does not appear that it was unhappy. Perhaps her *bourgeois* birth and associations saved her youth from the domestic complications which were so far the rule in the great world as to have, in a measure, its sanction. At all events her life was apparently free from the shadows that rested upon many of her contemporaries.

"Her character was a singular one," writes Marmontel, who lived for ten years in her house, "and difficult to understand or paint, because it was all in half-tints and shades; very decided, nevertheless, but without the striking traits by which one's nature distinguishes and defines itself. She was kind, but had little sensibility; charitable, without any of the charms of benevolence; eager to aid the unhappy, but without seeing them, for fear of being moved by them; a sure, faithful, even officious friend, but timid and anxious in serving others, lest she should compromise her credit or her repose. She was simple in her taste, her dress, and her furniture, but choice in her simplicity, having the refinements and delicacies of luxury, but nothing of its ostentation nor its variety; modest in her air, carriage, and manners, but with a touch of pride, and even a little vainglory. Nothing flattered her more than her intercourse with the great. At their houses she rarely saw them,— indeed she was not at her ease there,— but she knew how to attract them to her own by a coquetry imperceptibly, subtly flattering; and in the easy, natural, half-respectful and half-familiar air with which she received them I thought I saw remarkable address."

In a woman of less tact and penetration this

curious vein of hidden vanity would have led to pretension. But Mme. Geoffrin was pre-eminently gifted with that fine social sense which is apt to be only the fruit of generations of culture. With her it was innate genius. Her vanity assumed the form of a gracious modesty. "I remain humble, but with dignity," she writes to a friend; "that is, in depreciating myself I do not suffer others to depreciate me." Though she was mistress of the art of gracefully suppressing herself, there was a certain method even in her simplicity. She had the instinct of the artist who knows how to offset the lack of brilliant gifts by the perfection of details, the modesty that disarms criticism, and a rare facility in the art of pleasing.

There was an air of refinement and simple elegance in her personality that commanded respect. Tall and dignified, with her silvery hair concealed by her coif, she combined a noble presence with great kindliness of manner. She usually wore somber colors and fine laces, for which she had great fondness. Her youth was long past when she came before the world, but that sense of fitness which always distinguished her led her to accept her age seriously and to put on its hues. The "dead-leaf mantle" of Mme. de Maintenon was worn less severely perhaps, and with more grace, but it was worn, nevertheless, without affectation. Diderot gives us a pleasant glimpse of her at Grandval, where they were dining with Baron d'Holbach. "Mme. Geoffrin was admirable," he wrote to Mlle. Volland. "I remark always the noble and quiet taste with which this woman dresses. She wore to-day a simple stuff of austere color, with large sleeves, the smoothest and finest linen, and the most elegant simplicity throughout."

In her equanimity and love of repose she was a worthy disciple of Fontenelle. She carefully avoided all violent passions and all controversies. To her lawyer, who was conducting a suit that worried her, she said, "Wind up my case. Do they want my money? I have some, and what can I do with money better than to buy tranquillity with it?" This aversion to annoyance often reached the proportions of a very amiable, but not the less real, selfishness. "She has the habit of detesting all the unhappy," said the witty Abbé Galiani, "for she does not wish to be so, even by the sight of the unhappiness of others. She has an impressionable heart; she is old; she is well; she wishes to preserve her health and her tranquillity. As soon as she learns that I am happy she will love me to folly."

Her dominant passion seems to have been ambition, if a calm and serene, but steadily persistent, purpose can be called a passion. No trained diplomatist ever understood better the world with which he had to deal, or managed more adroitly to avoid small antagonisms. It was her maxim not to create jealousy by praising people, nor irritation by defending them. She had a generous temper, and often surprised her impecunious friends with an annuity or a gift delicately bestowed; but she never permitted them to compromise her. Marmontel was sent to the Bastille under circumstances that were rather creditable than otherwise; but it was a false note, and she was never quite the same to him afterwards. She wept at her own injustice, schemed for his election to the Academy, and scolded him for his lack of diplomacy; but the little cloud was there. When the Sorbonne censured his "Belisarius" as "heretical, deistical, impious," her friendship could no longer bear the strain, and, though still received at her dinners, he ceased to live in her house.

This "foster-mother of philosophers" evidently wished to make sure of her own safety however matters might turn out in the next world. She had a devotional vein, went to mass privately, had a seat at the Church of the Capucines and an apartment for retreat in a convent. During her last illness the Marquise de la Ferté-Imbault, who did not love her mother's freethinking friends, excluded them, and sent for a confessor. Mme. Geoffrin submitted amiably, and said, smiling, "My daughter is like Godfrey of Bouillon; she wishes to defend my tomb against the infidels."

Into the composition of her salon she brought the talent of an artist. We have a glimpse of her in 1748 through a letter from Montesquieu. She was then about fifty, and had gathered about her a more or less distinguished company, which was enlarged after the death of Mme. de Tencin, in the following year. She gave dinners twice a week — one on Monday for artists, of whom she was the kindest of patrons, and one on Wednesday for men of letters. As she believed that women were apt to distract the conversation, only one was invited to dine with them. Mlle. de Lespinasse, the intellectual peer and friend of these men, sat opposite her and aided in conducting the conversation into agreeable channels. The talent of Mme. Geoffrin seems to have consisted in telling a story well, in a profound knowledge of people, ready tact, and the happy art of putting every one at ease. She did not like heated discussions nor a too pronounced expression of opinion. "She was willing that the philosophers should remodel the world," says one of her critics, "on condition that the kingdom of Diderot should come without disorder or confusion." But this very free and eloquent Diderot was too bold to have a place

at her table, though she liked and admired him. Helvétius, too, fell into disfavor after the censure which his atheistic "De l'Esprit" brought upon him; and Baron d'Holbach was too apt to overstep the limits at which the hostess interfered with her inevitable "*Voilà qui est bien.*" Indeed, she assumed the privilege of her years to scold her guests if they interfered with the general harmony or forgot any of the amenities. But her scoldings were very graciously received as a slight penalty for her favor, and more or less a measure of her friendship. She graded her courtesies with fine discrimination, and her friends found the reflection of their success or failure in her manner of receiving them. Her keen, practical mind pierced every illusion with merciless precision. She defined a popular abbé who posed for a *bel esprit* as a "fool rubbed all over with wit." Rulhière had read in her salon a work on Russia which she feared might compromise him, and she offered him a large sum of money to throw it into the fire. The author was indignant at such a reflection upon his courage and honor, and grew warmly eloquent upon the subject. She listened until he had finished, then said quietly, "How much more do you want, M. Rulhière?"

The serene poise of a character without enthusiasms and without illusions is very well illustrated by a letter to Mme. Necker. After complaining that she is always infatuated, never cool and reserved, she continues:

"Do you know, my pretty one, that your exaggerated praises confound me, instead of pleasing and flattering me? I am always afraid that your giddiness will evaporate. You will then judge me to be so different from your preconceived opinion that you will punish me for your own mistake, and allow me no merit at all. I have my virtues and my good qualities, but I have also many faults. Of these I am perfectly well aware, and every day I try to correct them.

"My dear friend, I beg of you to lessen your excessive admiration. I assure you that you humiliate me; and that is certainly not your intention. The angels think very little about me, and I do not trouble myself about them. Their praise or their blame is indifferent to me, for I shall not come in their way; but what I do desire is that you should love me, and that you should take me as you find me."

Again she assumes her position of mentor and writes: "How is it possible not to answer the kind and charming letter I have received from you? But still I only reply to tell you that it made me a little angry. I see that it is impossible to change anything in your uneasy, restless, and at the same time weak character."

Horace Walpole, who met her during his first visit to Paris, and before his intimacy with Mme. du Deffand had colored his opinions, has left a valuable pen-portrait of Mme. Geoffrin. In a letter to Gray in 1766 he writes:

"Mme. Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with, great quickness in discovering characters, penetrating and going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness, seldom a favorable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship, and by a freedom and severity which seem to be her sole end for drawing a concourse to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors; and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments."

Later, when he was less disinterested perhaps, he writes to another friend: "Mme. du Deffand hates the philosophers, so you must give them up to her. She and Mme. Geoffrin are no friends; so if you go thither, don't tell her of it. Indeed, you would be sick of that house whither all the pretended *beaux esprits* and false *savants* go, and where they are very impertinent and dogmatic."

In comparing this picture with that of Marmontel the difference between the French and English standpoints is quite discernible.

The real power of this woman may be difficult to analyze, but a glance at her salon reveals, at least partly, its secret. Nowhere has the glamour of a great name more influence than at Paris. A few celebrities form a nucleus of sufficient attraction to draw all the world, if they are selected with taste and discrimination.

After the death of Fontenelle, D'Alembert, always witty, vivacious, and original, in spite of the serious and exact nature of his scientific studies, was perhaps the leading spirit of this salon. Among its constant *habitués* were Helvétius, who put his selfishness into his books, reserving for his friends the most amiable and generous of tempers; Marivaux, the novelist and dramatist, whose vanity rivaled his genius, but who represented only the literary spirit, and did not hesitate to ridicule his companions the philosophers; the caustic, but brilliant and accomplished, Abbé Morellet, who had "his heart in his head and his head in his heart"; the severe and cheerful Mairan, mathematician, astronomer, physician, musical amateur, and member of two academies, whose versatile gifts and courtly manners gave him as cordial a welcome in the exclusive salon of the Princesse de Conti as among his philosophical friends;

the gay young Marmontel, who has left so clear and simple a picture of this famous circle and its gentle hostess; Grimm, who combined the *savant* and the courtier; Saint-Lambert, the delicate and scholarly poet; Thomas, grave and thoughtful, shining by his character and intellect, but forgetting the graces which were at that time so essential to brilliant success; the eloquent Abbé Raynal; and the Chevalier de Chastellux, so genial, so sympathetic, and so animated. To these we may add Galiani, the smallest, the wittiest, and the most delightful of abbés, whose piercing insight and Machiavellian subtlety lent a piquant charm to the stories with which for hours he used to enliven this choice company; Caraccioli, gay, simple, ingenuous, full of Neapolitan humor, rich in knowledge and observation, luminous with intelligence and sparkling with wit; and Comte de Creutz, the learned and versatile Swedish minister, to whom nature had "granted the gift of expressing and painting in touches of fire all that had struck his imagination or vividly seized his soul." Hume, Gibbon, Walpole, indeed every foreigner of distinction who visited Paris, lent to this salon the *éclat* of his fame, the charm of his wit, or the prestige of his rank. It was such men as these who gave it so rare a fascination and so lasting a fame.

A strong vein of philosophy was inevitable, though in this circle of diplomats and *littérateurs* there were many counter-currents of opinion. It was her consummate skill in blending these diverse but powerful elements, and holding them within harmonious limits, that made the reputation of the autocratic hostess. Perhaps Mme. Necker was thinking of her when she compared certain women in conversation to "light layers of cotton-wool in a box packed with porcelain; we do not pay much attention to them, but if they were taken away everything would be broken."

In the evening there were simple little suppers to which a few women of the best quality were invited. The fare was usually little more than "a chicken, some spinach and omelet." Among the most frequent guests were the charming, witty, and *spirituelle* Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of the Duc de Richelieu, who added to the vivacious and elegant manners of her father an indefinable grace of her own, and a vein of sentiment that was doubtless deepened by her sad little romance; the Marquise de Duras, more dignified and discreet; and the beautiful Comtesse de Brionne, "a Venus who resembled Minerva." These women, with others who came there, were intellectual complements of the men; some of them gay and not without serious faults, but adding beauty, rank, elegance, and the delicate tone of *esprit* which made this circle so famous that it was thought worth while to have its sayings and doings chronicled at Berlin and St. Petersburg. Perhaps its influence was the more insidious and far-reaching because of its polished moderation. The "let us be agreeable" of Mme. Geoffrin was a potent talisman.

Among the guests at one time was Stanislas Poniatowski, afterwards King of Poland. On his elevation to the throne he wrote to Mme. Geoffrin, "Maman, your son is king. Come and see him." This led to her famous journey when nearly seventy years of age. It was a series of triumphs at which no one was more surprised than herself, and they were all due, she modestly says, "to a few mediocre dinners and some *petits soupers*." One can readily pardon her for feeling flattered when the emperor alights from his carriage on the public promenade at Vienna and pays her some pretty compliments, "just as if he had been at one of our little Wednesday suppers." There is a charm in the simple *naïveté* with which she tells her friends how cordially Maria Theresa receives her at Schönbrunn, and she does not forget to add that the empress said she had the most beautiful complexion in the world. She repeats quite naturally, and with a slight touch of vanity perhaps, the fine speeches made to her by the "adorable Prince Galitzin," and Prince Kaunitz, "the first minister in Europe," both of whom entertained her. But she would have been more than a woman to have met all this honor with indifference. No wonder she believes herself to be dreaming. "I am known here much better than in the Rue St. Honoré," she writes, "and in a fashion the most flattering. My journey has made an incredible noise for the last fifteen days." To be sure, she spells badly for a woman who poses as the friend of *littérateurs* and *savants*, and says very little about anything that does not concern her own fame and glory, with which she seems to have been rather dazzled. But she does not cease to remember her friends, whom she "loves, if possible, better than ever." Nor does she forget to send a thousand caresses to her kitten.

A messenger from Warsaw meets her with everything imaginable that can add to the comfort and luxury of her journey, and on reaching there she finds a room fitted up for her like her own boudoir in the Rue St. Honoré. She accepts all this consideration with great modesty and admirable good sense. "This tour finished," she writes to D'Alembert, "I feel that I shall have seen enough of men and things to be convinced that they are everywhere about the same. I have my storehouse of reflections and comparisons well fur-

nished for the rest of my life. All that I have seen since leaving my Penates makes me thank God for having been born French and a private person."

Her charm eludes analysis, but it seems to have lain largely in her exquisite sense of fitness, her excellent judgment, her administrative talent, the fine tact and penetration which enabled her to avoid antagonism, an instinctive knowledge of the art of pleasing, and a kind but not too sensitive heart. These qualities, though admirable, are not those which appeal to the imagination or inspire enthusiasm. We find in her no spark of that celestial flame which gives distinction. In her amiability there seems to be a certain languor of the heart. Her kindness has a trace of calculation, and her friendship of self-consciousness. Of spontaneity she has none. But, though she was superficial, she never spoke of what she did not know; though she was free, it was within the limits of conventional propriety. Calm, reposeful, charitable, without affectation or pretension, but not untouched by ennui, the malady of her time, she held her position to the end of a long life which closed in 1777.

"Alas," said D'Alembert, who had been in the habit of spending his mornings with Mlle. de Lespinasse until her death, and his evenings with Mme. Geoffrin, "I have neither evenings nor mornings left."

She suffered the fate of all celebrities in being occasionally attacked. The rôle assigned to her in the comedy of "The Philosophers" was not a flattering one, and some criticisms of Montesquieu wounded her so deeply that she succeeded in having them suppressed. She did not escape the shafts of envy, nor the sneers of the *grandes dames* who could not put her down. But these were only spots on the surface of a singularly brilliant career. Her salon was counted among "the institutions of the eighteenth century."

A FEW of the more radical and earnest of the philosophers rarely, if ever, appeared at the table of Mme. Geoffrin. They would have brought too much heat to this company, which discussed everything in a light and agreeable fashion. Perhaps, too, these free and brilliant spirits objected to the leading-strings which held them within prescribed limits. They could talk more at their ease at the weekly dinners of Baron d'Holbach, in the salons of Mme. Helvétius, Mme. Marchais, or Mme. de Graffigny, in the Encyclopedist coterie of Mlle. de Lespinasse, or in the liberal drawing-room of Mme. d'Épinay, who held a more questionable place in the social world, but received much good company, Mme. Geoffrin herself included.

The dinners of Baron d'Holbach were famous. This man, who was called the "*maître d'hôtel* of philosophy," was rich, and lavish in his hospitality. We have many pleasant glimpses of his country place at Grandval, with its rich and rare collections, its library, its pictures, its designs, and of the beautiful wife who turned the heads of some of the philosophers, whom, as a rule, she did not like overmuch, though she received them so graciously. "At Grandval we dine well and a long time," wrote Diderot. "We talk of art, of poetry, of philosophy and of love, of the greatness and vanity of our own enterprises, . . . of gods and kings, of space and time, of death and of life."

Mme. d'Épinay, who was brought into such unpleasant notoriety through the ill-natured pen of Rousseau, and whose position was not assured enough to make people overlook her peculiar and unfortunate domestic complications, has left a vivid picture of her own life in her long and confidential correspondence with Grimm, Galiani, and Voltaire. The senseless follies of a cruel and worthless husband, who plunged her from great wealth into extreme poverty, and of whom Diderot said that "he had squandered two millions without saying a good word or doing a good action," threw her into intimate relations with Grimm, which brought her into the center of a famous circle. Her letters are of special value on account of the insight they give us into the daily life and conversation of this remarkable coterie. They give us also a clear but far from flattering reflection of the manners of the time. She unveils the bare and hard facts of her own experience, the secret workings of her own soul. The picture is not a pleasant one, but it is full of significance to the moralist, and furnishes abundant matter for psychological study.

The young girl, who had entered upon the scene about 1725, under the name of Louise Florence Pétronille Tardieu d'Esclavelles, was married at twenty to her cousin. It seems to have been really a marriage of love; but the weak and faithless M. d'Épinay was clearly incapable of truth or honor, and the torturing process by which the confiding young wife was disillusioned, the insidious counsels of a false and profligate friend, with the final betrayal of a tender and desolate heart, form a chapter as revolting as it is pathetic. The fresh, lively, pure-minded, sensitive girl, whose intellect had been fed on Rollin's history and books of devotion, who feared the dissipations of the gay world and shrank with horror from the rouge which her frivolous husband compelled her to put on, learned her lesson rapidly in the school of suffering.

At thirty she writes of herself after the fashion of the pen-portraits of the previous century:

"I am not pretty; yet I am not plain. I am small, thin, very well formed. I have the air of youth without freshness, but noble, sweet, lively, *spirituelle*, and interesting. My imagination is tranquil. My mind is slow, just, reflective, and inconsequent. I have vivacity, courage, firmness, elevation, and excessive timidity. I am true without being frank. Timidity often gives me the appearance of dissimulation and duplicity; but I have always had the courage to confess my weakness, in order to destroy the suspicion of a vice which I have not. I have the *finesse* to attain my end and to remove obstacles; but I have none to penetrate the objects of others. I was born tender and sensible, constant and no coquette. I love retirement, a life simple and private; nevertheless, I have almost always led one contrary to my taste. Bad health, and sorrows sharp and repeated, have given a serious cast to my character, which is naturally very gay."

Her first entrance into the world in which wit reigned supreme was in the free but elegant salon of Mlle. Quinault, an actress of the Comédie Française, who had left the stage, and, taking the rôle of a *femme d'esprit*, had gathered around her a distinguished and fashionable coterie. This woman, who had received a decoration for a fine motet she had composed for the queen's chapel, who was loved and consulted by Voltaire, and who was the best friend of D'Alembert after the death of Mlle. de Lespinasse, represented the very genius of *esprit* and *finesse*. She was the companion of princes, the adoration of princesses, the oracle of artists and *littérateurs*, the model of elegance, and the embodiment of social success. It did not matter much that the tone of her salon was lax; it was fashionable. "It distilled dignity, *la convenance*, and formality," says Mme. de Créqui, who relates an anecdote that aptly illustrates the glamour which surrounded talent at that time. She was taken by her grandmother to see Mlle. Quinault, and by some chance mistook for her Mlle. de Vertus, who was so much flattered by her innocent error that she left her forty thousand francs when she died, a few months later.

Mme. d'Épinay was delighted to find herself in so brilliant a world and was greatly fascinated by the wit of the hostess, though she was not sure that those who met there did not "feel too much the obligation of having it." But she caught the spirit, and transferred it, in some degree, to her own salon, which was more literary than fashionable. Here Francueil presents "a poor devil of an author who is as poor as Job, but has wit and vanity enough for four." This is Rousseau, the most conspicuous figure in the famous coterie, which includes also Grimm, Diderot, Saint-Lambert, D'Holbach, Duclos, and Mme. d'Houdetot. "He is a man to whom one should raise altars," wrote Mme. d'Épinay. "And the simplicity with which he relates his misfortunes! I have still a pitying soul. It is frightful to imagine such a man in misery." She fitted up for him the Hermitage, and did a thousand kind things which entitled her to a better return than the stab he gave to her reputation. There is a pleasant moment when we find him the center of an admiring circle at La Chevrette, falling madly in love with her clever and beautiful sister-in-law the Comtesse d'Houdetot, writing "La Nouvelle Héloïse" under the inspiration of this passion, and dreaming in the lovely promenades at Montmorency, quite at peace with the world. But the weeping philosopher who said such fine things and did such base ones turned against his benefactress and friend for some imaginary offense, and revenged himself by false and malicious attacks upon her character. The final result was a violent quarrel with the whole circle of philosophers, who espoused the cause of Mme. d'Épinay. This little history is interesting, as it throws so much light upon the intimate relations of some of the greatest men of the century. Behind the perpetual round of comedies, readings, dinners, music, and conversation there is a real comedy of passion, intrigue, jealousy, and hidden misery that destroys many illusions. But the career of this woman, with its romance, its errors, its chagrins, and its heart-breaking tragedies, concerns us little here, excepting as it forms another standpoint for glancing at the many-sided life of the salons.

She has been vividly painted for us by Grimm, Galiani, Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. Perhaps, on the whole, Voltaire has given us the most agreeable impression. She was ill of grief and trouble and had gone to Geneva to consult the famous Tronchin when she was thrown into more or less intimacy with the Sage of Ferney. He addresses her as *ma belle philosophe*, speaks of her as "an eagle in a cage of gauze," and praises in verse her philosophy, her *esprit*, her heart, and her "two great black eyes." He weeps at her departure, and says many tender and flattering words. But "the tears of a poet do not always signify grief," says Mme. d'Épinay, with insight.

There is a second period in the life of Mme. d'Épinay, when she introduces us again to the old friends who always sustained her, and to many new ones. The world that meets in her salon later is much the same as that which dines with Baron d'Holbach. To measure its attractions one must recall the brilliancy and eloquence of Diderot; the wit, the taste, the

learning, the courtly accomplishments of Grimm; the gaiety and originality of D'Holbach, who had "read everything and forgotten nothing"; the sparkling conversation of the most finished and scholarly diplomats in Europe, many of whom we have already met at the dinners of Mme. Geoffrin. They discuss economic questions, politics, religion, art, literature, with equal freedom and ardor. They are as much divided on the merits of Glück's "Armida" and Piccini's "Roland" as upon taxes, grains, and the policy of the government. The gay little Abbé Galiani brings perennial sunshine with the inexhaustible wit and vivacity that lights his clear and subtle intellect. "*Messieurs les philosophes*, you go too fast," he said. "I begin by saying that if I were pope I would put you in the Inquisition, and if I were king of France, into the Bastille." He saw the drift of events; but if he reasoned like a philosopher he laughed like a Neapolitan. What matters to-morrow if we are happy to-day!

The familiar notes and letters of these clever people picture for us a little world with its small interests, its piques, its loves, its friendships, its quarrels, and its hatreds. Diderot, who refused for a long time to meet Mme. d'Épinay, but finally became an intimate and lasting friend, touches often, in his letters to Sophie, upon the pleasant informality of La Chevrette, with its curious social episodes and its emotional undercurrents. He does not forget even the pigeons, geese, ducks, and chickens, which he calls his own. Pouf, the dog, has his place here too, and flits often across the scene, a tiny bit of reflected immortality. There is something half pathetic in these faded missives, with their little freight of human joys and sorrows.

Mme. d'Épinay aided Grimm in his "Correspondance Littéraire"; wrote a treatise on education, which had the honor of being crowned by the Académie Française; and, among other things of more or less value, a novel, which was not published until long after her death. With many gifts and attractions, she seems to have been a woman of weak and undecided character, without sufficient strength of moral fiber to sustain herself with dignity under the unfortunate circumstances which surrounded her. She was essentially emotional, without being spiritual. Her education had not given her the worldly tact and address of Mme. Geoffrin, and her salon never had a wide celebrity; but, in a quiet and intimate way, it was one among the numberless forces which were gathering and gaining momentum to culminate in the great tragedy of the century. Mme. d'Épinay did not live to see the catastrophe. Worn out by a life of suffering and ill health, she died in 1783.

But whatever her faults and weaknesses may have been, the woman who could retain the devoted affection of so brilliant and versatile a man as Grimm for twenty-seven years, who was the lifelong friend and correspondent of Galiani and Voltaire, and the valued *confidante* of Diderot, must have had some rare attractions of mind, heart, or character.

While the group of iconoclasts who formed the nucleus of the philosophical salons was airing its theories and enjoying its increasing vogue there was another circle which played with the new ideas more or less as a sort of intellectual pastime, but was aristocratic *au fond*, and carefully preserved all the traditions of the old *noblesse*. Here too one met the philosophers and men of letters, but they did not dominate; they simply flavored these coteries of rank and fashion. In this age of *esprit* no salon was complete without its sprinkling of literary men. We meet the shy and awkward Rousseau even in the exclusive drawing-room of the clever and witty but critical Maréchale de Luxembourg, who presides over a world in which the graces rule—a world of fine tone, of elegant manners, of etiquette, and of forms. He dines daily with her princely guests at Montmorency, reads to them "La Nouvelle Héloïse" or "Émile," and, in spite of his democratic theories, feels greatly flattered by their friendly courtesies, though never quite at ease. But he is no more than a passing interest to this model of the amenities, though by no means of the virtues, who aids and patronizes him because he amuses her and brings a certain charm of freshness into her artificial life.

A rival of this brilliant salon, and one of the most conspicuous of its day, was that of the Princesse de Conti at the Temple. We have a direct glimpse of this famous circle, in all its charming informality, through an interesting picture at Versailles, in which the oldest families in France appear side by side with a few scientists and men of letters. The figures are supposed to be portraits. In the midst of the group the little Mozart, whose precocious genius was then delighting Europe, sits at the harpsichord. The vivacious Comtesse de Boufflers, the *Idole* of the Temple and the lifelong friend of the Prince de Conti, is the animating spirit here. Among others are Mme. de Luxembourg, Mme. de Mirepoix, Mme. de Beauvau, the Comtesse d'Egmont, President Hénault, Mairan, and Pont de Veyle, all noted names in Parisian society.

Amelia Gere Mason.

FEATURES OF THE PROPOSED YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

THE upper Tuolumne Valley is the widest, smoothest, most serenely spacious, and in every way the most delightful summer pleasure park in all the high Sierra. And since it is connected with Yosemite by two good trails, and with the levels of civilization by a broad, well-graded carriage-road that passes between Yosemite and Mount Hoffman, it is also the most accessible. It lies in the heart of the high Sierra at a height of from 8500 to 9000 feet above the level of the sea, at a distance of less than ten miles from the northeastern boundary of the Yosemite reservation. It is bounded on the southwest by the gray, jagged, picturesque Cathedral range, which extends in a southeasterly direction from Cathedral Peak to Mount Lyell and Mount Ritter, the culminating peaks of the grand mass of icy mountains that form the "crown of the Sierra"; on the northeast, by a similar range or spur, the highest peak of which is Mount Conness; on the east, by the smooth, majestic masses of Mount Dana, Mount Gibbs, Mount Ord, and others, nameless as yet, on the axis of the main range; and on the west by a heaving, billowy mass of glacier-polished rocks, over which the towering masses of Mount Hoffman are seen. Down through the open sunny levels of the valley flows the bright Tuolumne River, fresh from many a glacial fountain in the wild recesses of the peaks, the highest of which are the glaciers that lie on the north sides of Mount Lyell and Mount McClure.

Along the river are a series of beautiful glacier meadows stretching, with but little interruption, from the lower end of the valley to its head, a distance of about twelve miles. These form charming sauntering grounds from which the glorious mountains may be enjoyed as they look down in divine serenity over the majestic swaths of forest that clothe their bases. Narrow strips of pine woods cross the meadow-carpet from side to side, and it is somewhat roughened here and there by groves, moraine boulders, and dead trees brought down from the heights by avalanches; but for miles and miles it is so smooth and level that a hundred horsemen may ride abreast over it.

The main lower portion of the meadow is about four miles long and from a quarter to half a mile wide; but the width of the valley is, on an average, about eight miles. Tracing the river we find that it forks a mile above the Soda Springs, which are situated on the north bank opposite the point where the Cathedral trail comes in — the main fork turning southward to Mount Lyell, the other eastward to Mount Dana and Mount Gibbs. Along both forks strips of meadow extend almost to their heads. The most beautiful portions of the meadows are spread over lake basins, which have been filled up by deposits from the river. A few of these river-lakes still exist, but they are now shallow and are rapidly approaching extinction. The sod in most places is exceedingly fine and silky and free from rough weeds and bushes; while charming flowers abound, especially gentians, dwarf daisies, ivesias, and the pink bells of dwarf vaccinium. On the banks of the river and its tributaries Cassiope and Bryanthus may be found where the sod curls over in bosses, and about piles of boulders. The principal grass of these meadows is a delicate Calamagrostis with very slender leaves, and when it is in flower the ground seems to be covered with a faint purple mist, the stems of the spikelets being so fine that they are almost invisible, and offer no appreciable resistance in walking through them. Along the edges of the meadows beneath the pines and throughout the greater part of the valley tall ribbon-leaved grasses grow in abundance, chiefly Bromus, Triticum, and Agrostis.

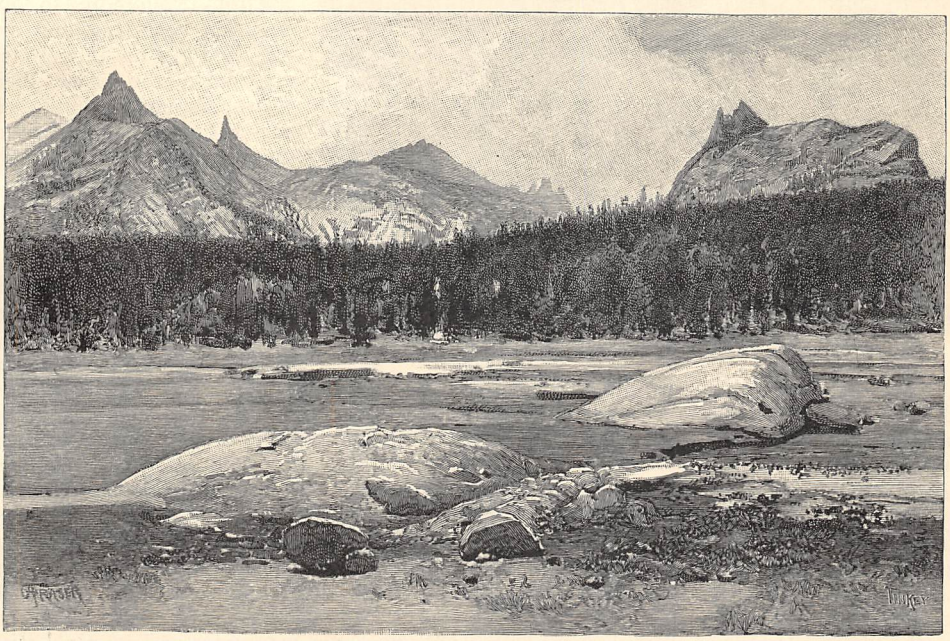
In October the nights are frosty, and then the meadows at sunrise, when every leaf is laden with crystals, are a fine sight. The days are warm and calm, and bees and butterflies continue to waver and hum about the late-blooming flowers until the coming of the snow, usually late in November. Storm then follows storm in close succession, burying the meadows to a depth of from ten to twenty feet, while magnificent avalanches descend through the forests from the laden heights, depositing huge piles of snow mixed with uprooted trees and boulders. In the open sunshine the snow lasts until June, but the new season's vegetation is not generally in bloom until late in July. Perhaps the best time to visit this valley is in August. The snow is then melted from the woods, and the meadows are dry and warm, while the weather is mostly sunshine, reviving

BIG TUOLUMNE MEADOWS WITH MOUNT DANA AND MOUNT GIBBS, FROM NEAR THE SODA SPRINGS.

and exhilarating in quality; and the few clouds that rise and the showers they yield are only enough for freshness, fragrance, and beauty.

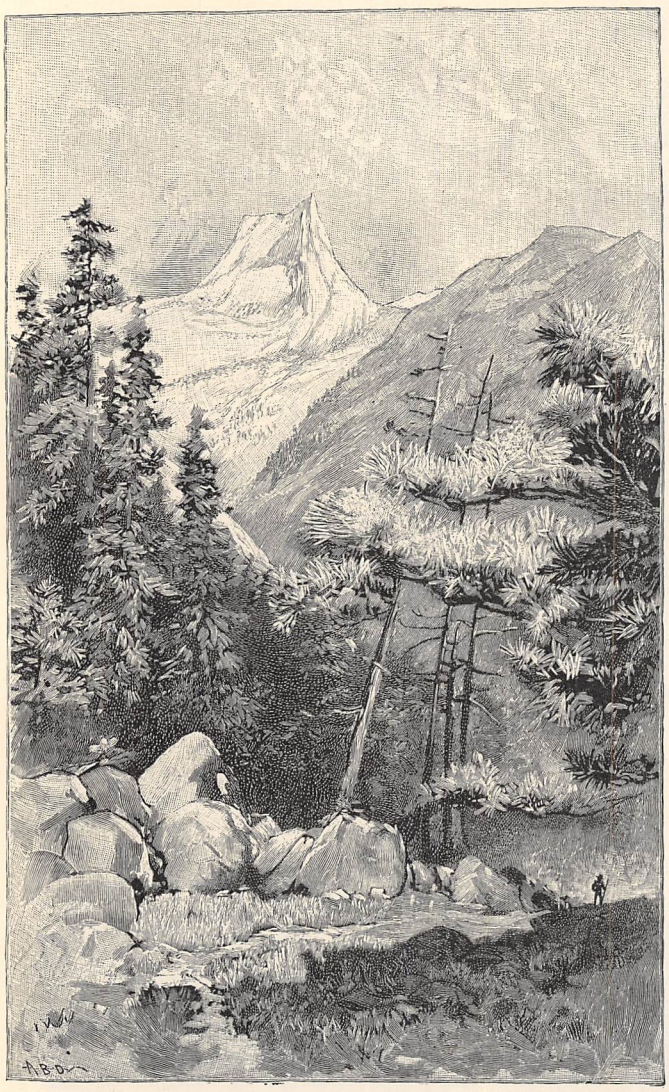
The groves about the Soda Springs are favorite camping-grounds on account of the pleasant-tasting, ice-cold water of the springs, charged with carbonic acid, and because of the fine views of the mountains across the meadow — the Glacier Monument, Cathedral Peak, Cathedral Spires, Unicorn Peak, and their many nameless companions rising in grand beauty above a noble swath of forest that is growing on the left lateral moraine of the ancient Tuolumne Glacier, which, broad and deep and far-reaching, exerted vast influence on the scenery of this portion of the Sierra. But there are fine camping-grounds all along the meadows, and one may move from grove to grove every day all summer enjoying a fresh home and finding enough to satisfy every roving desire for change.

There are four capital excursions to be made from here — to the summits of Mounts Dana and Lyell; to Mono Lake and the volcanoes, through Bloody Cañon; and to the great Tuolumne Cañon as far as the foot of the



TUOLUMNE MEADOWS, LOOKING SOUTH. UNICORN PEAK AND CATHEDRAL PEAK.

main cascades. All of these are glorious, and sure to be crowded with joyful and exciting experiences; but perhaps none of them will be remembered with keener delight than the days spent in sauntering in the broad velvet lawns by the river, sharing the pure air and light with the trees and mountains, and gaining something of the peace of nature in the majestic solitude.



VIEW OF CATHEDRAL PEAK FROM THE WEST, ABOVE LAKE TENAYA.

The excursion to the top of Mount Dana is a very easy one; for though the mountain is 13,000 feet high, the ascent from the west side is so gentle and smooth that one may ride a mule to the very summit. Across many a busy stream, from meadow to meadow, lies your flowery way, the views all sublime; and they are seldom hidden by irregular foregrounds. As you gradually ascend, new mountains come into sight, enriching the landscape; peak rising above peak with its individual architecture, and its masses of fountain snow in endless variety of position and light and shade. Now your attention is turned to the moraines, sweeping in beautiful curves from the hollows and cañons of the mountains, regular in form as railroad embankments, or to the glossy waves and pavements of granite rising here and there from the flowery sod, polished a thousand years ago and still shining. Towards the base of the mountain you note the dwarfing of the trees, until at a height of about 11,000 feet you find patches of the tough white-barked pine pressed so flat by the ten or twenty feet of snow piled upon them every winter for centuries that you may walk over them as if walking on a shaggy rug. And, if curious about such things, you may discover specimens of this hardy mountaineer of a tree, not more than four feet high and about as many inches in diameter at the ground, that are from two hundred to four hundred years old, and are still holding on bravely to life, making the most of their short summers, shaking their tasseled needles in the breeze right cheerily, drinking the thin sunshine, and maturing their fine purple cones as if they meant to live forever. The general view from the summit is one of the most extensive and sublime to be found in all the range. To the eastward you gaze far out over the hot desert plains and mountains of the "Great Basin," range beyond range extending with soft outlines blue and purple in the distance. More than six thousand feet below you lies Lake Mono, overshadowed by the mountain on which you stand. It is ten miles in diameter from north to south and fourteen from east to west, but appears nearly circular, lying bare in the treeless desert like a disk of burnished metal, though at times it is swept by storm-winds from the mountains and streaked with

LYELL GLACIER, FROM THE EDGE OF THE GREAT FISSURE.

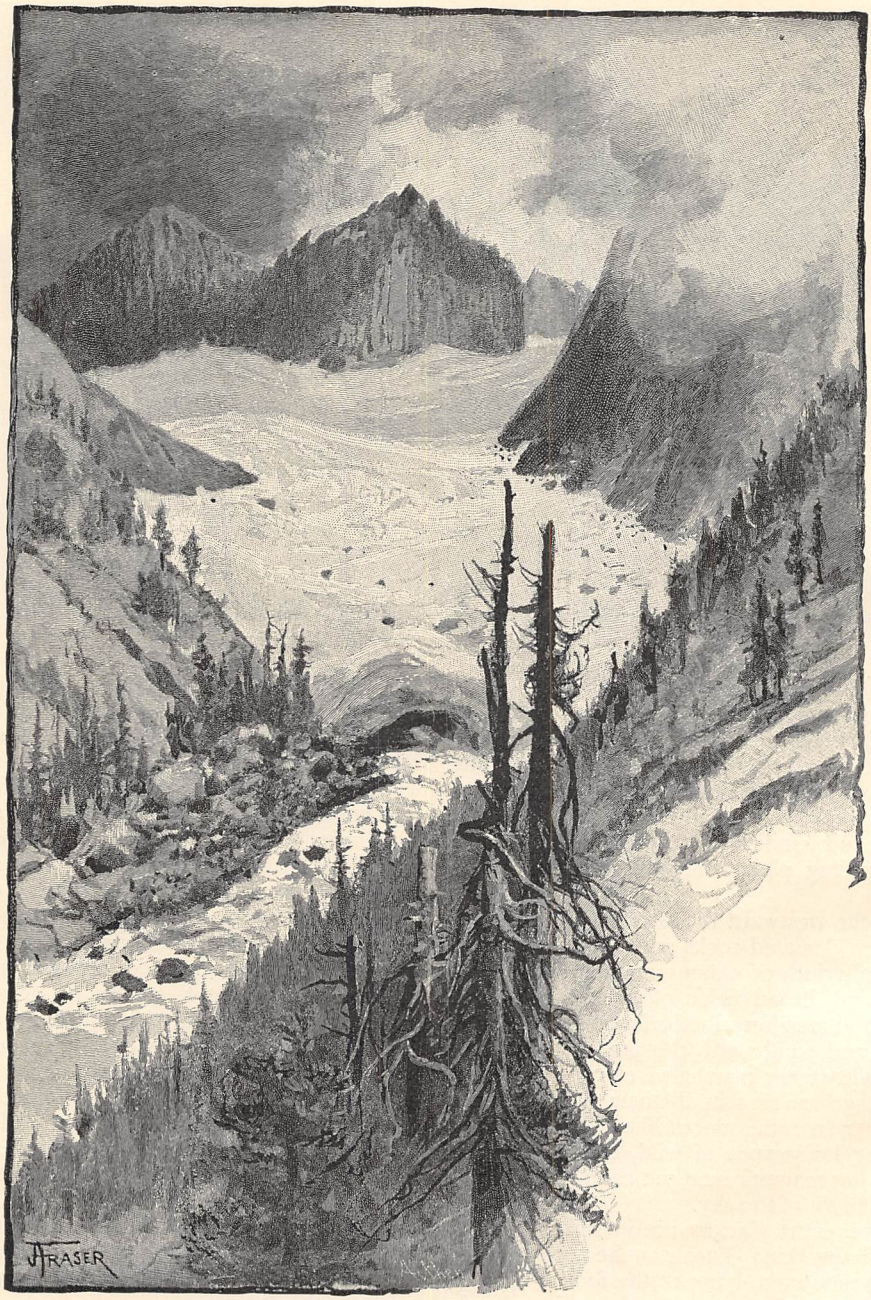
foam. To the south of the lake there is a range of pale-gray volcanoes, now extinct, and though the highest of them rise nearly two thousand feet above the lake, you can look down into their well-defined circular, cup-like craters, from which, a comparatively short time ago, ashes and cinders were showered over the surrounding plains and glacier-laden mountains.

To the westward the landscape is made up of gray glaciated rocks and ridges, separated by a labyrinth of cañons and darkened with lines and broad fields of forest, while small lakes and meadows dot the foreground. Northward and southward the jagged peaks and towers that are marshaled along the axis of the range are seen in all their glory, crowded together in some places like trees in groves, making landscapes of wild, extravagant, bewildering magnificence, yet calm and silent as the scenery of the sky.

Some eight glaciers are in sight. One of these is the Dana Glacier on the northeast side of the mountain, lying at the foot of a precipice about a thousand feet high, with a lovely pale-green lake in the general basin a little below the glacier. This is one of the many small shrunken remnants of the vast glacial system of the Sierra that once filled all the hollows and valleys of the mountains and covered all the lower ridges below the immediate summit fountains, flowing to right and left away from the axis of the range, lavishly fed by the snows of the glacial period.

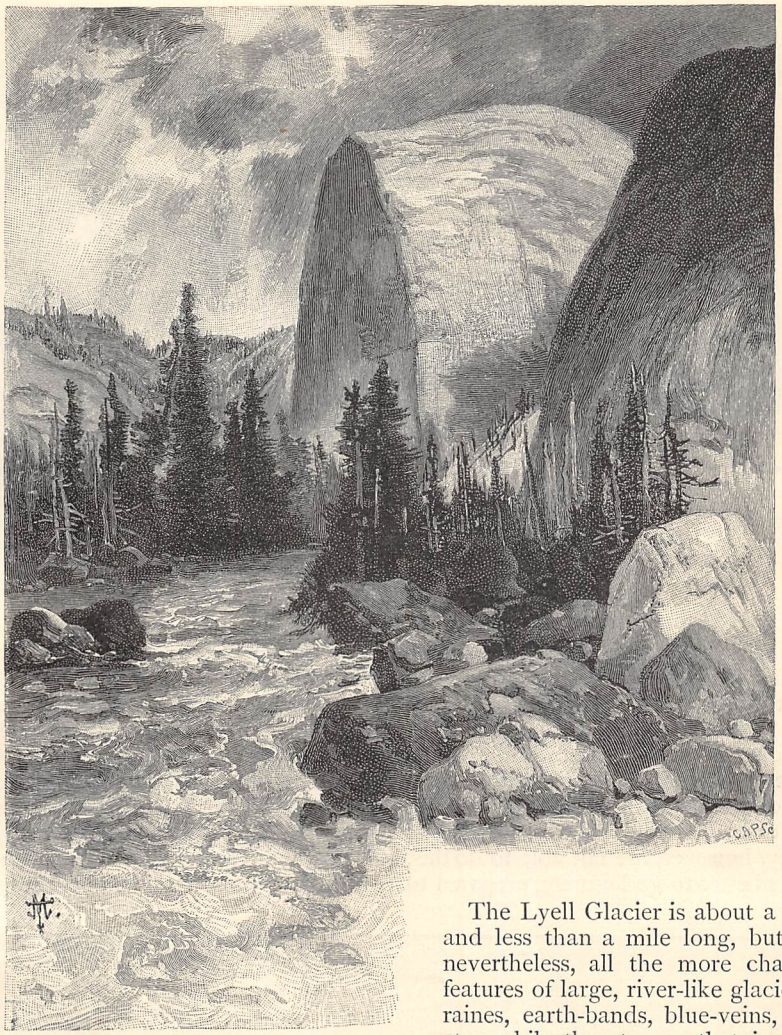
In the excursion to Mount Lyell the immediate base of the mountain is easily reached on horseback by following the meadows along the river. Turning to the southward above the forks of the river you enter the Lyell branch of the valley, which is narrow enough and deep enough to be called a cañon. It is about eight miles long and from 2000 to 3000 feet deep. The flat meadow bottom is from about 300 to 200 yards wide, with gently curved margins about 50 yards wide, from which rise the simple massive walls of gray granite at an angle of about thirty-three degrees, mostly timbered with a light growth of pine and streaked in many places with avalanche channels. Towards the upper end of the cañon the grand Sierra crown comes into sight, forming a sublime and finely balanced picture, framed by the massive cañon walls. In the foreground you have the purple meadow fringed with willows; in the middle distance, huge swelling bosses of granite that form the base of the general mass of the mountain, with fringing lines of dark woods marking the lower curves, but smoothly snow-clad except in the autumn.

There is a good camping-ground on the east side of the river about a mile above. A fine cascade comes down over the cañon wall in telling style and makes fine camp music. At one place near the top careful climbing is necessary, but it is not so dangerous or difficult as to deter any climber of ordinary strength and skill, while the views from the summit are glorious. To the northward are Mammoth Mountain, Mounts Gibbs,



THE SOUTH SIDE OF MOUNT LYELL.

Dana, Warren, Conness, and many others, unnumbered and unnamed; to the southeast the indescribably wild and jagged range of Mount Ritter and the Minarets; southwestward stretches the dividing ridge between the North Fork of the San Joaquin and the Merced, uniting with the Obelisk or Merced group of peaks that form the main fountains of the Illilouette branch of the Merced River; and to the northwestward extends the Cathedral spur. All these spurs, like distinct ranges, meet at your feet. Therefore you look over them mostly in the direction of their extension, and their peaks seem to be massed and crowded together in bewildering combinations; while immense amphitheaters, cañons, and subordi-

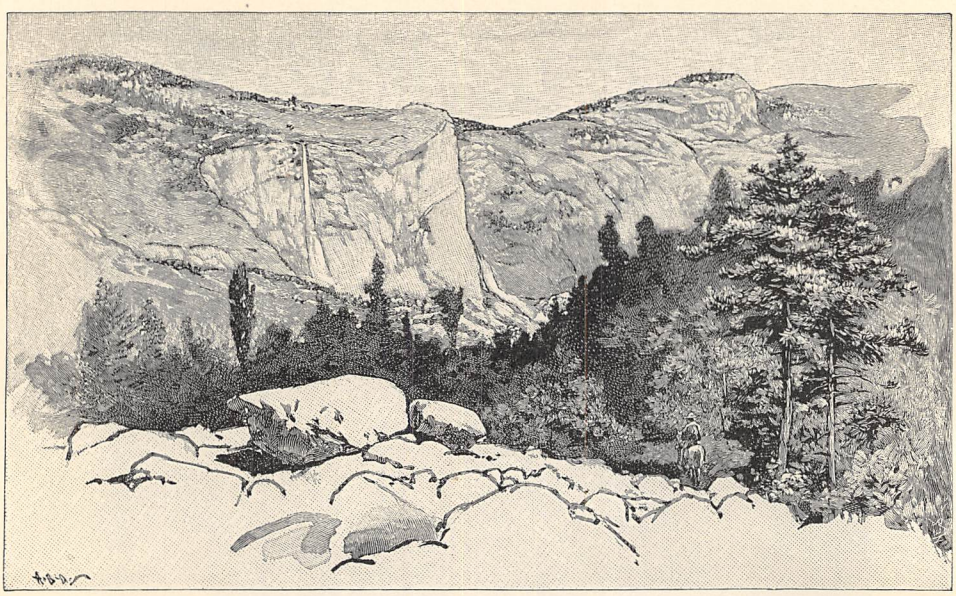


TUOLUMNE RIVER NEAR THE HEAD OF THE GREAT CAÑON.

nate masses, with their wealth of lakes, glaciers, and snow-fields, maze and cluster between them. In making the ascent in June or October the glacier is easily crossed, for then its snow mantle is smooth or mostly melted off. But in midsummer the climbing is exceedingly tedious, because the snow is then weathered into curious and beautiful blades, sharp and slender, and set on edge in a leaning position. They lean towards the head of the glacier, and extend across from side to side in regular order in a direction at right angles to the direction of greatest declivity, the distance between the crests being about two or three feet, and the depth of the troughs between them about three feet. No more interesting problem is ever presented to the mountaineer than a walk over a glacier thus sculptured and adorned.

The Lyell Glacier is about a mile wide and less than a mile long, but presents, nevertheless, all the more characteristic features of large, river-like glaciers — moraines, earth-bands, blue-veins, crevasses, etc., while the streams that issue from it are turbid with rock-mud, showing its grinding action on its bed. And it is all the more interesting since it is the highest and most enduring remnant of the great Tuolumne Glacier, whose traces are still distinct fifty miles away, and whose influence on the landscape was so profound. The McClure Glacier, once a tributary of the Lyell, is much smaller. Eighteen years ago I set a series of stakes in it to determine its rate of motion, which towards the end of summer, in the middle of the glacier, I found to be a little over an inch in twenty-four hours.

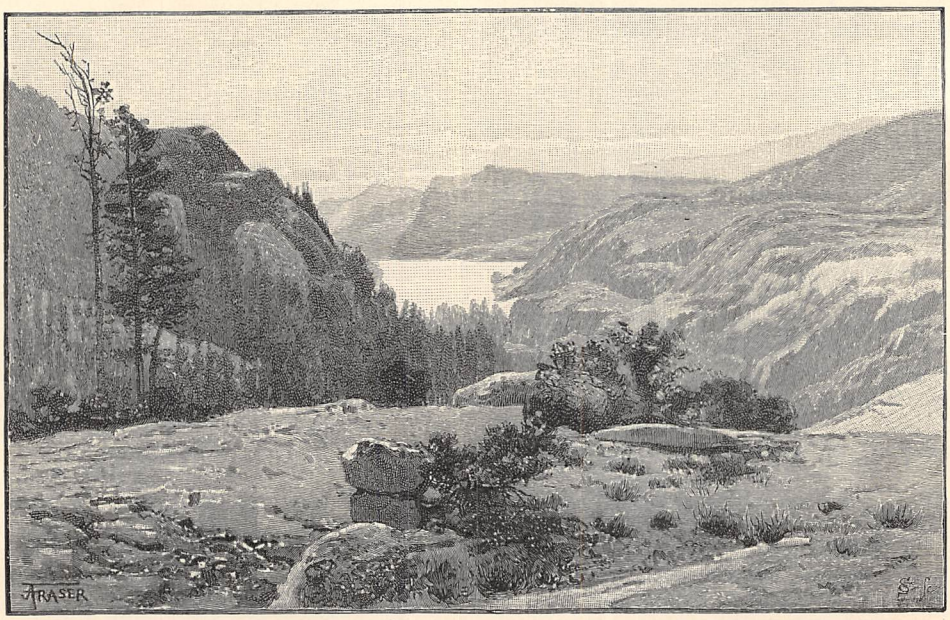
The trip to Mono from the Soda Springs can be made in a day, but Bloody Cañon will be found rough for animals. The scenery of the cañon, however, is wild and rich, and many days may profitably be spent around the shores of the lake and out on its islands and about the volcanoes.



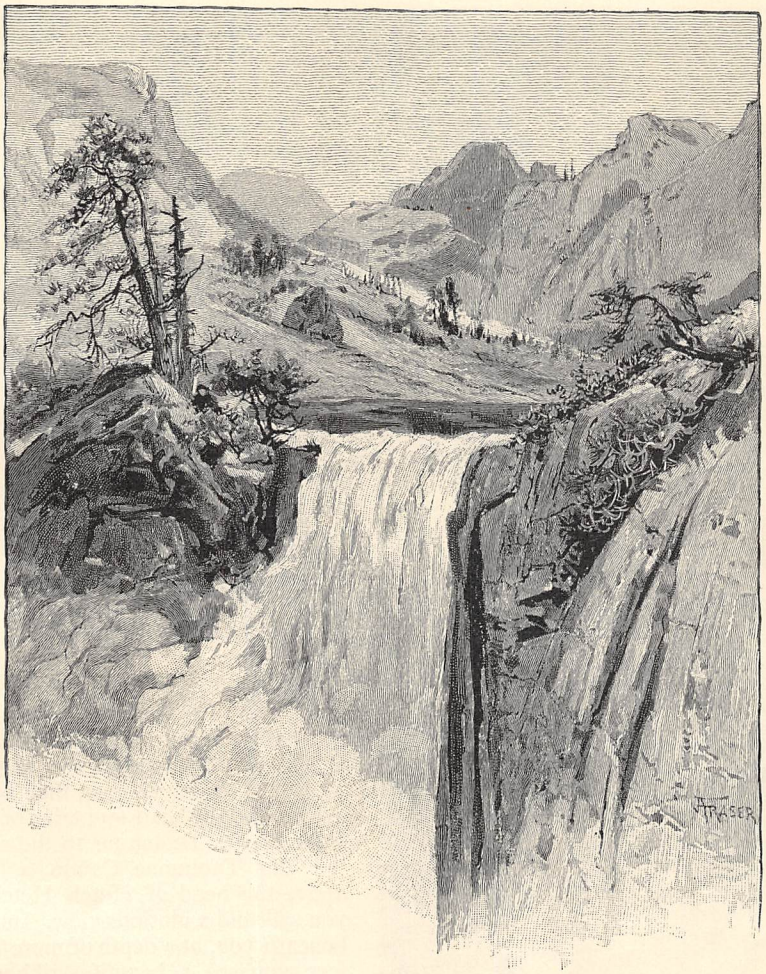
ENTRANCE TO HETCH HETCHY VALLEY FROM SMITH TRAIL.

In making the trip down the Big Tuolumne Cañon animals may be led as far as a small, grassy, forested lake basin that lies below the crossing of the Virginia Creek trail. And from this point any one accustomed to walk on earthquake boulders, carpeted with cañon chaparral, can easily go down the cañon as far as the big cascades and return to camp in one day. Many, however, are not able to do this, and it is far better to go leisurely, prepared to camp anywhere, and enjoy the marvelous grandeur of the place.

The cañon begins near the lower end of the meadows and extends to the Hetch Hetchy Valley, a distance of about eighteen miles, though it will seem much longer to any one who scrambles through it. It is from 1200 to about 5000 feet deep, and is comparatively narrow, but there are several fine, roomy, park-like openings in it, and throughout its



LOOKING DOWN ON LAKE TENAYA.



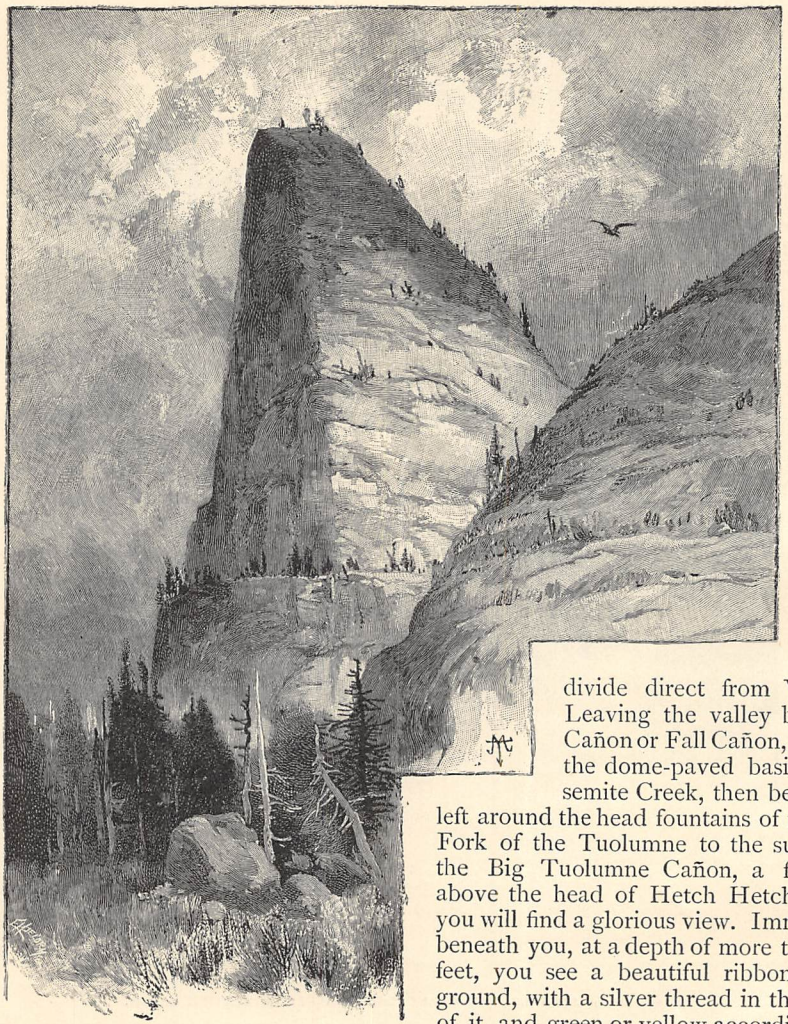
VIEW OF A PART OF THE GRAND CASCADES, BIG TUOLUMNE CAÑON.

whole extent Yosemite features are displayed on a grand scale — domes, El Capitan rocks, gables, Sentinels, Royal Arches, glacier points, Cathedral Spires, etc. There is even a Half Dome among its wealth of rock forms, though less sublime and beautiful than the Yosemite Half Dome. It also contains falls and cascades innumerable. The sheer falls, except when the snow is melting in early spring, are quite small in volume as compared with those of Yosemite and Hetch Hetchy; but many of them are very beautiful, and in any other country would be regarded as great wonders. But it is the cascades or sloping falls on the main river that are the crowning glory of the cañon, and these in volume, extent, and variety surpass those of any other cañon in the Sierra. The most showy and interesting of the cascades are mostly in the upper part of the cañon, above the point where Cathedral Creek and Hoffman Creek enter. For miles the river is one wild, exulting, on-rushing mass of snowy purple bloom, spreading over glacial waves of granite without any definite channel, and through avalanche taluses, gliding in silver plumes, dashing and foaming through huge boulder-dams, leaping high into the air in glorious wheel-like whirls, tossing from side to side, doubling, glinting, singing in glorious exuberance of mountain energy.

Every one who is anything of a mountaineer should go on through the entire length of the cañon, coming out by Hetch Hetchy. There is not a dull step all the way. With wide variations it is a Yosemite Valley from end to end.

THE HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

MOST people who visit Yosemite are apt to regard it as an exceptional creation, the only valley of its kind in the world. But nothing in Nature stands alone. She is not so poor as



KOLÁNA ROCK, HETCH HETCHY VALLEY.

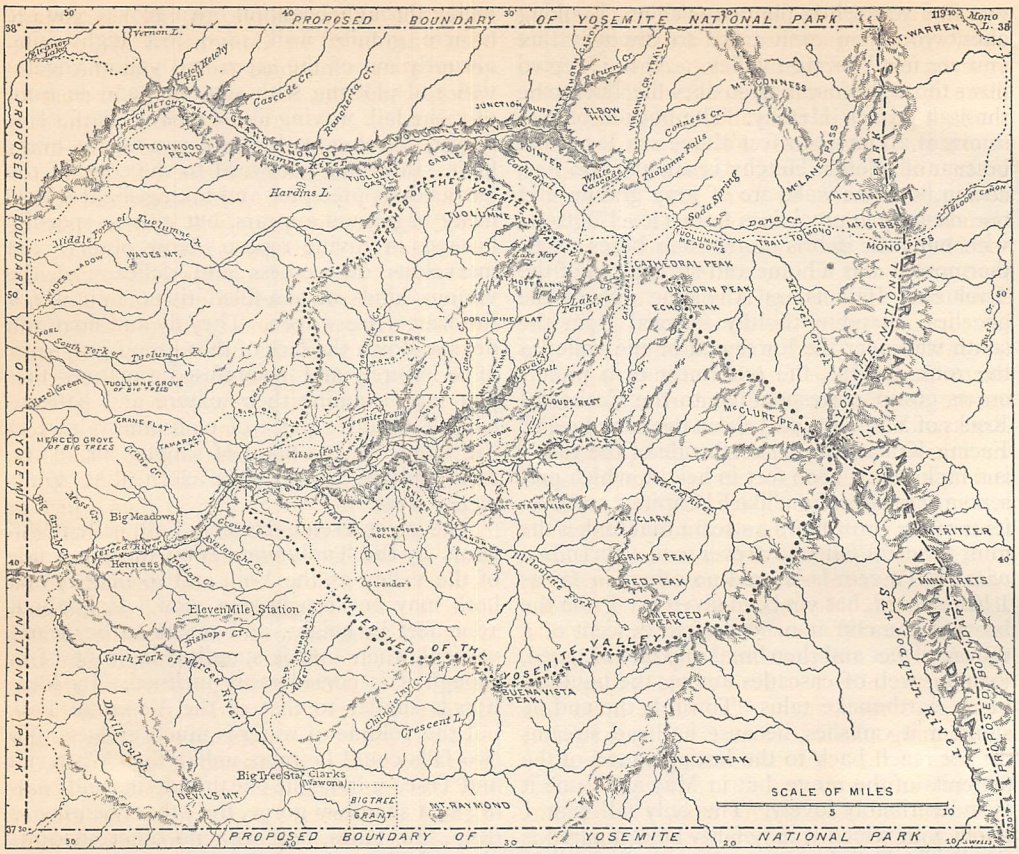
to have only one of anything. The explorer in the Sierra and elsewhere finds many Yosemites, that differ not more than one tree differs from another of the same species. They occupy the same relative positions on the mountain flanks, were formed by the same forces in the same kind of granite, and have similar sculpture, waterfalls, and vegetation. The Hetch Hetchy Valley has long been known as the Tuolumne Yosemite. It is said to have been discovered by Joseph Screech, a hunter, in 1850, a year before the discovery of the great Merced Yosemite. It lies in a northwesterly direction from Yosemite, at a distance of about twenty miles, and is easily accessible to mounted travelers by a trail that leaves the Big Oak Flat road at Bronson's Meadows, a few miles below Crane Flat. But by far the best way to it for those who have useful limbs is across the divide direct from Yosemite. Leaving the valley by Indian Cañon or Fall Cañon, you cross the dome-paved basin of Yosemite Creek, then bear to the left around the head fountains of the South Fork of the Tuolumne to the summit of the Big Tuolumne Cañon, a few miles above the head of Hetch Hetchy. Here you will find a glorious view. Immediately beneath you, at a depth of more than 4000 feet, you see a beautiful ribbon of level ground, with a silver thread in the middle of it, and green or yellow according to the time of year. That ribbon is a strip of meadow, and the silver thread is the main Tuolumne River. The opposite wall of the cañon rises in precipices, steep and angular, or with rounded brows like those of Yosemite, and from this wall as a base extends a fine wilderness of mountains, rising dome above dome, ridge above ridge, to a group of snowy peaks on the summit of the range. Of all this sublime congregation of mountains Castle Peak is king: robed with snow and light, dipping unnumbered points and spires into the thin blue sky, it maintains amid noble companions a perfect and commanding individuality.

You will not encounter much difficulty in getting down into the cañon, for bear trails may readily be found leading from the upper feeding-grounds to the berry gardens and acorn orchards of Hetch Hetchy, and when you reach the river you have only to saunter by its side a mile or two down the cañon before

you find yourself in the open valley. Looking about you, you cannot fail to discover that you are in a Yosemite valley. As the Merced flows through Yosemite, so does the Tuolumne through Hetch Hetchy. The bottom of Yosemite is about 4000 feet above sea level, the bottom of Hetch Hetchy is about 3800 feet, and in both the walls are of gray granite and rise abruptly in precipices from a level bottom, with but little debris along their bases. Furthermore it was a home and stronghold of the Tuolumne Indians, as Ahwahne was of the grizzlies. Standing boldly forward from the south wall near the lower end of the valley is the rock Kolána, the outermost of a picturesque group corresponding to the Cathedral Rocks of Yosemite, and about the same height. Facing Kolána on the north side of the valley is a rock about 1800 feet in height, which presents a bare, sheer front like El Capitan, and over its massive brow flows a stream that makes the most graceful fall I have ever seen. Its Indian name is Tu-ee-u-la-la, and no other, so far as I have heard, has yet been given it. From the brow of the cliff it makes a free descent of a thousand feet and then breaks up into a ragged, foaming web of cascades among the boulders of an earthquake talus. Towards the end of summer it vanishes, because its head streams do not reach back to the lasting snows of the summits of the range, but in May and June it is indescribably lovely. The only fall that I know with which it may fairly be compared is the Bridal Veil, but it excels even that fall in peaceful, floating, swaying gracefulness. For when we attentively observe the Bridal Veil, even towards the middle of summer when its waters begin to fail, we may discover, when the winds blow aside the outer folds of spray, dense comet-shaped masses shooting through the air with terrible energy; but from the top of the cliff, where the Hetch Hetchy veil first floats free, all the way to the bottom it is in perfect repose. Again, the Bridal Veil is in a shadow-haunted nook inaccessible to the main wind currents of the valley, and has to depend for many of its gestures on irregular, teasing side currents and whirls, while Tu-ee-u-la-la, being fully exposed on the open cliff, is sun drenched all day, and is ever ready to yield graceful compliance to every wind that blows. Most people unacquainted with the behavior of mountain streams fancy that when they escape the bounds of their rocky channels and launch into the air they at once lose all self-control and tumble in confusion. On the contrary, on no part of their travels do they manifest more calm self-possession. Imagine yourself in Hetch Hetchy. It is a sunny day in June, the pines sway dreamily, and you are shoulder-deep in grass and flowers. Looking across the valley through beautiful open groves you see a bare granite wall 1800 feet high rising abruptly out of the green and yellow vegetation and glowing with sunshine, and in front of it the fall, waving like a downy scarf, silver bright, burning with white sun-fire in every fiber. In coming forward to the edge of the tremendous precipice and taking flight a little hasty eagerness appears, but this is speedily hushed in divine repose. Now observe the marvelous distinctness and delicacy of the various kinds of sun-filled tissue into which the waters are woven. They fly and float and drowse down the face of that grand gray rock in so leisurely and unconfused a manner that you may examine their texture and patterns as you would a piece of embroidery held in the hand. It is a flood of singing air, water, and sunlight woven into cloth that spirits might wear.

The great Hetch Hetchy Fall, called Wapáma by the Tuolumnes, is on the same side of the valley as the Veil, and so near it that both may be seen in one view. It is about 1800 feet in height, and seems to be nearly vertical when one is standing in front of it, though it is considerably inclined. Its location is similar to that of the Yosemite Fall, but the volume of water is much greater. No two falls could be more unlike than Wa-páma and Tu-ee-u-la-la, the one thundering and beating in a shadowy gorge, the other chanting in deep, low tones, and with no other shadows about it than those of its own waters, pale-gray mostly, and violet and pink delicately graded. One whispers, "He dwells in peace," the other is the thunder of his chariot wheels in power. This noble pair are the main falls of the valley, though there are many small ones essential to the perfection of the general harmony.

The wall above Wa-páma corresponds, both in outlines and in details of sculpture, with the same relative portion of the Yosemite wall. Near the Yosemite Fall the cliff has two conspicuous benches extending in a horizontal direction 500 and 1500 feet above the valley. Two benches similarly situated, and timbered in the same way, occur on the same relative position on the Hetch Hetchy wall, and on no other portion. The upper end of Yosemite is closed by the great Half Dome, and the upper end of Hetch Hetchy is closed in the same way by a mountain rock. Both occupy angles formed by the confluence of two large glaciers that have long since vanished. In front of this head rock the river forks like the Merced in Yosemite. The right fork as you ascend is the main Tuolumne, which takes its rise in a glacier on the north side of Mount Lyell and flows through the Big



MAP OF THE YOSEMITE REGION, SHOWING PRESENT RESERVATION, WATER-SHED OF THE VALLEY, AND APPROXIMATE LIMITS OF THE PROPOSED NATIONAL PARK.[1]

Cañon. I have not traced the left fork to its highest source, but, judging from the general trend of the ridges, it must be near Castle Peak. Upon this left or North Fork there is a remarkably interesting series of cascades, five in number, ranged along a picturesque gorge, on the edges of which we may saunter safely and gain fine views of the dancing spray below. The first is a wide-spreading fan of white, crystal-covered water, half leaping half sliding over a steep polished pavement, at the foot of which it rests and sets forth clear and shining on its final flow to the main river. A short distance above the head of this cascade you discover the second, which is as impressively wild and beautiful as the first, and makes you sing with it as though you were a part of it. It is framed in deep rock walls that are colored yellow and red with lichens, and fringed on the jagged edges by live-oaks and sabine pines, and at the bottom in damp nooks you may see ferns, lilies, and azaleas.

Three or four hundred yards higher you come to the third of the choir, the largest of the five. It is formed of three smaller ones inseparably combined, which sing divinely, and make spray of the best quality for rainbows. A short distance beyond this the gorge comes to an end, and the bare stream, without any definite channel, spreads out in a thin, silvery sheet about 150 feet wide. Its waters are, throughout almost its whole extent, drawn out in overlapping folds of lace, thick sown with diamond jets and sparks that give an exceedingly rich appearance. Still advancing, you hear a deep muffled booming, and you push eagerly on through flowery thickets until the last of the five appears through the foliage. The precipice down which it thunders is fretted with projecting knobs, forming polished keys upon which the wild waters play.

The bottom of the valley is divided by a low, glacier-polished bar of granite, the lower portion being mostly meadow land, the upper

1 The above map represents the limits of the park as proposed by Mr. Muir and as advocated before the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives. As we go to press, the Committee seems disposed to extend the north and south limits eastward to the Nevada line, thus adding an equal amount to the area here indicated. The honor of introducing the National Park bill belongs to General William Vandever of California.—EDITOR.

dry and sandy, and planted with fine Kellogg oaks, which frequently attain a diameter of six or seven feet. On the talus slopes the pines give place to the mountain live-oak, which forms the shadiest groves in the valley and the greatest in extent. Their glossy foliage, warm yellow-green and closely pressed, makes a kind of ceiling, supported by bare gray trunks and branches gnarled and picturesque. A few specimens of the sugar pine and tamarack pine are found in the valley, also the two silver firs. The Douglas spruce and the libocedrus attain noble dimensions in certain favorable spots, and a few specimens of the interesting *Torreya Californica* may be found on the south side. The brier-rose occurs in large patches, with tall, spiky mints and arching grasses. On the meadows lilies, larkspurs, and lupines of several species are abundant, and in some places reach above one's head. Rock-ferns of rare beauty fringe and rosette the walls from top to bottom — *Pellæa densa*, *P. mucronata* and *P. Bridgesii*, *Cheilanthes gracillima*, *Allosorus*, etc. *Adiantum pedatum* occurs in a few mossy corners that get spray from the falls. *Woodwardia radicans* and *Asplenium felix-fœmina* are the tallest ferns of the valley—six feet high, some of them. The whole valley was a charming garden when I last saw it, and the huts of the Indians and a lone cabin were the only improvements.

As will be seen by the map, I have thus briefly touched upon a number of the chief features of a region which it is proposed to reserve out of the public domain for the use and recreation of the people. A bill has already been introduced in Congress by Mr. Vandever creating a national park about the reservation which the State now holds in trust for the people. It is very desirable that the new reservation should at least extend to the limits indicated by the map, and the bill cannot too quickly become a law. Unless reserved or protected the whole region will soon or late be devastated by lumbermen and sheepmen, and so of course be made unfit for use as a pleasure ground. Already it is with great difficulty that campers, even in the most remote parts of the proposed reservation and in those difficult of access, can find grass enough to keep their animals from starving; the ground is already being gnawed and trampled into a desert condition, and when the region shall be stripped of its forests the ruin will be complete. Even the Yosemite will then suffer in the disturbance effected on the water-shed, the clear streams becoming muddy and much less regular in their flow. It is also devoutly to be hoped that the Hetch Hetchy will escape such ravages of man as one sees in Yosemite. Ax and plow, hogs and horses, have long been and are still busy in Yosemite's gardens and groves. All that is accessible and destructible is being rapidly destroyed — more rapidly than in any other Yosemite in the Sierra, though this is the only one that is under the special protection of the Government. And by far the greater part of this destruction of the fineness of wildness is of a kind that can claim no right relationship with that which necessarily follows use.

John Muir.

OUR NEW NAVAL GUNS.[1]

THE interest in military and naval affairs due to the general awakening of the public to the pitiful condition of the national defenses warrants a brief notice of the modern gun-building begun in America in 1883 at the Washington Navy Yard.

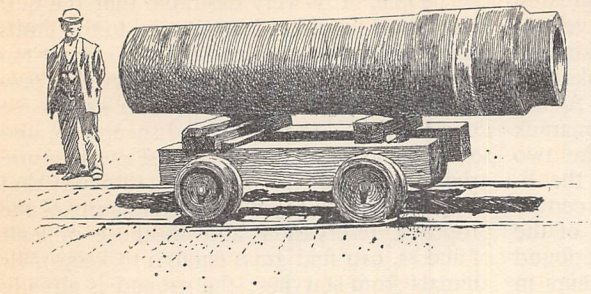
For years this country had been standing still in the matter of cannon, trusting to the creations of Rodman and Dahlgren, those former masters of gun-construction, while other nations were adopting weapons of greater and constantly increasing power. The change from the old to the new has at last set in on our side of the Atlantic, and to-day the efforts of those charged with the armament of our ships and forts are bent towards restoring us to at least a creditable position in the race wherein once we led all competitors.

The gun has developed steadily along certain well-defined lines. It will tend to brevity and clearness to devote a few words to the reasons why, following these lines, the cast-iron muzzle-loading smooth bore has given way to the forged-steel breech-loading rifle. Through its greater weight an elongated shot holds its velocity better than a round shot of the same caliber. If fired from a smooth bore, however, the former is apt to turn end over end and miss its mark; so the bores of guns designed to throw such projectiles are *rifled*, which means that they have spiral grooves that engage a

[1] Thanks are due to Ensign Philip R. Alger, U. S. N., for invaluable assistance, particularly in those parts of this article relating to recent developments.

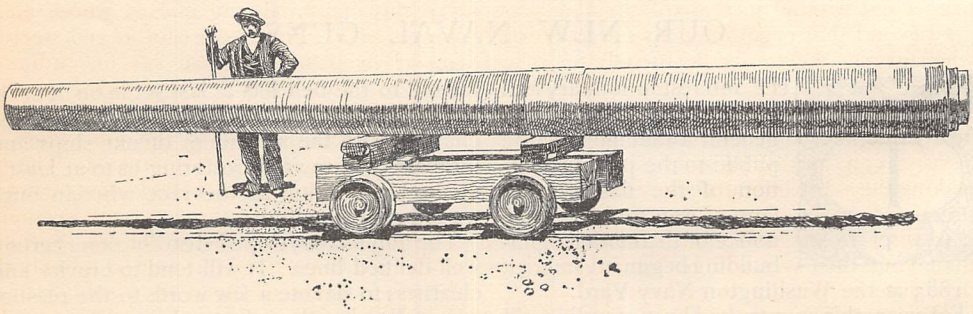
soft metal band on the shot and cause it to spin about its longer axis. The gyroscopic principle thus invoked keeps the point foremost.

As cannon grew stronger through the employment of better metal more powder could safely be burned in them. This advantage necessitated a larger space behind the shot to hold the increased charge. Lengthening this space entailed certain grave technical drawbacks and needlessly extended the gun at its heavy end. Better results followed from widening the space, and so the enlarged chamber was adopted. As a full-width cartridge would not enter the muzzle, loading at the breech became imperative.[1] A modern gun is, therefore, a breech-loading rifle.



TEN-INCH JACKET. WEIGHT 15,935 POUNDS.

The value of a moving projectile depends on its weight and its velocity. The faster a shot travels the farther it can range before coming to the ground, the harder will be the blow it delivers, and the nearer its path will approach a straight line. The extreme ranges of guns to-day reach far beyond the limits of the gunner's vision, and are only useful in bombardments where the target is a large area that cannot easily be missed. On the other hand, a moment's reflection will show that if a shot could be thrown fast enough to travel in a straight line, in spite of the action of gravity, to aim directly at the enemy would be equivalent to striking him. The nearer we can approach this impossible condition the less essential is a knowledge of the distance of the object and the greater the likelihood of hitting it. Increased velocity is therefore sought by the artillerist mainly because yielding more striking energy, a flatter trajectory, and a longer danger space, as they are called. To obtain high velocities large quantities of powder must be used. With ordinary powder this means recourse to unsafe pressures in the gun. At first the difficulty was, in a measure, remedied by compressing the powder into large prisms, which burn more slowly and uniformly than irregular grains. A limit was soon reached in this direction, and changes were sought in the composition itself. The Germans were the earliest to make and use "cocoa powder," the general but not universal standard at present, the process of the manufacture of which is a well-kept trade secret.[2] This powder differs from the familiar black powder in having somewhat more nitrate and charcoal and much less sulphur, and in the charcoal, which is underburnt. Its chocolate color gives the name by which the new substance is known. Cocoa powder furnishes in the gun a comparatively moderate pressure, which decreases gradually towards the muzzle. To obtain the full value of such a powder the shot must be kept under its influence for a longer time than was needed with the older and quicker black powder. The length of the bore, measured in calibers, has therefore grown from twelve and less to thirty and more — a striking proof that the design of the gun is



TEN-INCH TUBE FINISHED. WEIGHT 18,112 POUNDS.

1 Breech loading is an old device, found, for instance, in one of Hernando Cortez's guns. The main reason for its re-introduction, stated above, was but one of many. It offers so many incidental advantages in connection with security to the gunners in action and the service of ammunition that it would be retained on their account alone.

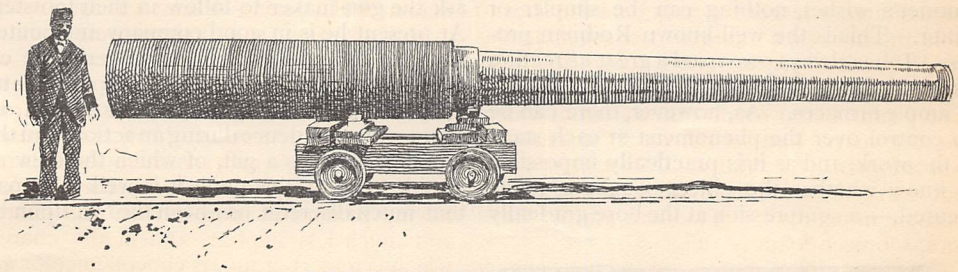
2 The Duponts of Wilmington have produced a similar article which gives distinctly better results than its German forerunner.

controlled by the character of the powder, and that the gun is but a machine for transforming the latent energy of the powder into motion of the projectile.

Still more recently a powder called "Chilworth Special," which promises to eclipse the German cocoa, has been produced abroad. This differs from ordinary powder in having ammonium nitrate in place of part of the potassium nitrate, and a much less weight of it gives the same velocity to the shot as that given by the cocoa powders. Arrangements have been made to produce the powder in the United States.

Besides this "ammonia powder" a number of so-called "smokeless powders" have been produced abroad, mainly for use in small arms. The ingredients and mode of manufacture of these powders are kept secret, but, generally speaking, they consist of high explosives, such as guncotton or nitroglycerin, so treated as to restrain and diminish the violence of their action. The endeavor is being made to use these powders in large guns, and the English "cordite" has been successfully employed in guns as large as the six inch, giving, it is stated, a velocity at the muzzle of 2800 feet per second without increase of chamber pressure beyond that occasioned by cocoa powder when urging the projectile to only 2000 feet per second velocity. A simple calculation shows the striking energy of the shot to be nearly doubled, while the advantage of smokelessness can hardly be overestimated. After making the most liberal deductions from these statements on the score of exaggeration — and it is wiser to magnify your adversary's force than your own — it will be seen that a new departure in powder is at hand.

How very few persons, by the way, appreciate the latent power of a modern projectile when in motion. Those who have visited the *Atlanta* and have seen her smaller guns, of six inches caliber, whisked about by one man, will be even the less likely to realize that their shot can pierce an iron plate over eight inches thick at the distance of a thousand yards. Try to imagine for a moment the number of men who would have to pull on a line that, arranged in any conceivable way, could be made to throw the hundred-pound shot with force enough to make such a hole. Yet all of this power is stored up in a cartridge weighing less than fifty pounds. To contain and restrain such a power we must, it is evident, use the best material obtainable; the best at the beginning, best in the midst of the firing, and best at the close. It must stand the sudden and heavy first shock; must yield a little, without rupture or permanent distortion, when the pressure is at its greatest; must return to its original shape when all is over; and it must offer, at all times, the greatest possible resistance to fracture. Technically our metal must be tough, elastic, and of great tensile strength. These qualities find their highest development in forged *steel.*



TEN-INCH TUBE AND JACKET ASSEMBLED.

The term *elastic* needs, as used, a word of explanation. Solids possess the faculty of recovering themselves if not taxed beyond a certain point called the *elastic limit.* The calculated strains in a gun are not allowed to exceed a given fraction of the strength of the gun metal at the elastic limit. Where great local strains are to be encountered in any structure, materials are chosen whose elastic limit is high. For this reason forged steel has forced itself into general use for ordnance. How and to what end is the metal disposed in our new gun?

The strains exerted in the gun when the charge is fired are in two directions. The first and more dangerous, called the *transverse* strain, tends to burst the gun; the second, or *longitudinal,* to blow the breech off. Speaking of the first in particular, it acts so quickly that the inner layers of metal in a solid gun are stretched before the outer layers have time to come to their aid; and, no matter how the gun be constructed, the former must always bear the larger share of the burden. If a gun be made of several concentric cylinders, and if the outer ones can be made to compress the inner, the powder will have to overcome this compression at the bore before it can exert a strain of tension. Such a state of things is secured by making each cylinder smaller, by

an amount called the *shrinkage*, than the one it must embrace. The outer cylinder is expanded by heat and slipped over the inner. The contraction on cooling sensibly squeezes the latter and produces the desired compression. Shrinkages and the resulting strength of the compound structure are based on mathematical formulæ of which the truth has been fairly well established by repeated experiment. It may be added that the ideal gun is one in which all of the concentric layers of metal reach the elastic limit at the same instant.

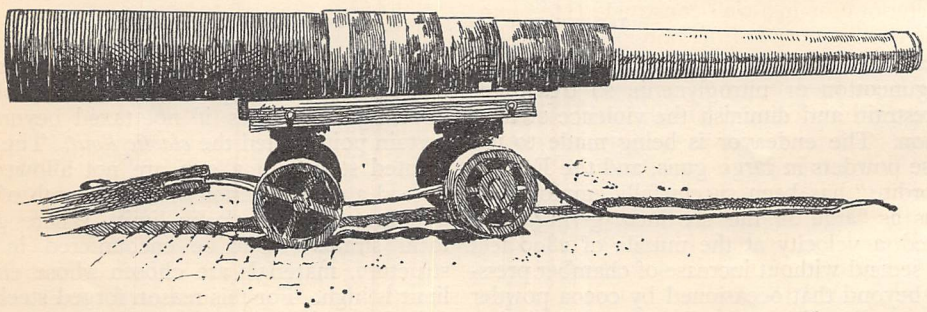
Theoretically the same condition of affairs[1] can also be reached by casting the gun of steel or iron,— each has its advocates,— and causing the metal to begin cooling at the bore while the exterior is kept hot. As each layer solidifies it compresses those under it, and if the solidifying takes place in accordance with the founder's wishes, nothing can be simpler or better. This is the well-known Rodman process. It has always possessed a great attraction for gun-builders whose facilities consist mainly of ample furnaces. As, however, there can be no control over the phenomena at each stage of the work, and as it is practically impossible to know whether the object sought is really secured,— a compression at the bore gradually diminishing towards the exterior,— the great gun-makers of the world have preferred the somewhat more costly but certainly more trustworthy method of building the gun up of parts each known to be sound and true.

And the same may also be said of the process with which General Uchatius's name is associated,— as partisan rather than inventor, — of expanding the casting by steel plugs or mandrels forced through the bore. In small bronze guns this worked fairly well. On a large scale it failed completely.

In view of the recent improvement in steel castings it may be asked why they should not make good guns,— that is, good enough guns,— for the cast steel of to-day is as much better than cast iron as cocoa is better than black powder.

To discuss this question adequately or fairly would lead us too far afield.

Broadly speaking, forging seems to be essential in order to produce toughness and a fibrous structure in steel. It would be presumptuous to say that no substitute for forging will ever be found, but it is correct to say that no substitute has as yet been found. Piston rods, connecting rods, crank shafts, and other moving parts of machinery which are subject to great and sudden changes of stress, are almost universally of forged steel or wrought iron. When the engineers all over the country adopt castings for such members and the bridge builders use the unworked product of the furnace in spanning great rivers it will be time to ask the gun-maker to follow in their footsteps. At present he is in good company and content to make his guns of the best material he can get; for, after all, that gun is cheap, no matter what the price, alongside of which men will stand with confidence during an action, and that gun dear, even as a gift, of which the crew are afraid. And at this point it is well to remark that much discredit has been thrown upon the



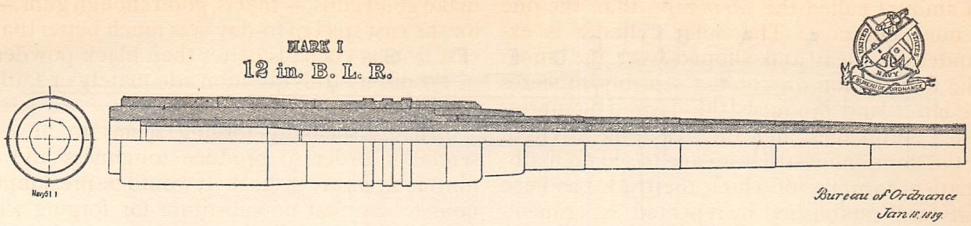
SIX-INCH GUN TUBE, JACKET, AND LARGEST CHASE HOOPS ASSEMBLED.

built-up gun by the advocates of other systems who have widely circulated the account of every failure of guns of this type. The fact remains that no properly designed gun of this kind has ever failed. Poorly designed guns have failed. So have steel bridges. But because steel bridges by the score have collapsed are we to clamor for bridges of cast iron?

An experiment on a small scale bearing on this point was tried a year ago in this country. The casting of three six-inch guns was authorized by Congress in 1887, one to be of Bessemer, one of open hearth, and one of crucible steel. No firm expressed a desire to furnish the last named piece. The first was supplied by the Pittsburg Steel Casting Company, and the second by the Standard Steel Casting Company of Chester, Pennsylvania.[2] These guns

1 Technically called "initial tension."

2 The *finishing* was done at the Washington Navy Yard. One of these very modest pieces was widely heralded as "Pittsburg's monster cannon."



TWELVE-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

were submitted to a firing test of ten rounds with service ammunition The Pittsburg gun burst at the first round. The other held together, but the metal of the bore was stretched, and a number of small cavities were developed in the metal by the searching action of the powder gases, so that the gun lies under suspicion.

It should be remarked that the cost of one of these guns was greater and of the other almost as great as that of the built-up gun. Moreover, even had they not failed, it would by no means have followed that cast steel will answer for larger guns, as the difficulties increase rapidly with the size of the casting.

A word may here be said in regard to the widespread but erroneous impression that modern guns are short-lived. The one cause of deterioration in a well-constructed steel gun is the wearing away of the bore by the powder gases. Now guns as large as the ten-inch have been fired upwards of seven hundred rounds without being disabled, and even when erosion of the bore makes the gun inaccurate a thin lining tube can be inserted and the gun made as good as new again.

In the naval designs the longitudinal strain is delivered by the breech-plug to the *jacket* J, which is held in place by a series of *locking-hoops*, B, C, and D. The last of these engages a projecting collar under D, on the outside of the tube T, as shown in the section of the smallest of our ordinary type guns, the five-inch breech-loading rifle for the *Chicago*.

In the latest models it has been thought advisable to add more strength towards the muzzle of the gun, as the tendency of recent powders is to maintain the pressure behind the shot without very great diminution. The *Chicago's* eight-inch guns, and all the larger guns built subsequently, are hooped to the muzzle like the *Miantonomoh's* splendid ten-inch breech-loading rifle.

Steel guns are not new in America. Three-inch breech-loading howitzers of this metal have been used in the navy since 1879. Our first steel gun, properly speaking (of six inches caliber), was built at the South Boston Iron Works in 1882 for experimental purposes; but the earliest constructed for actual service were begun at the Washington Navy Yard six years and more ago. They were for the *Atlanta*, *Boston*, *Chicago*, and *Dolphin*; in all, two five-inch, twenty-one six-inch, and eight eight-inch breech-loading rifles.[1] Since that time the batteries of the *Charleston*, *Yorktown*, *Petrel*, *Baltimore*, and *Philadelphia* have been completed, and large numbers of four-inch, six-inch, and eight-inch guns are in course of construction for other new ships. Besides these, three of the ten-inch guns for the monitor *Miantonomoh* have been completed, and the fourth is building. The principal characteristics are as follows:

Caliber.	*Weight.*	*Length in*	*Weight of Charge.*	*Weight of Projectile.*	*Velocity at Muzzle.*	*Energy at Muzzle.*	*Calculated Perforation of Wrought Iron at 1000 Yards.*
In.	Tons	Ft. Calibers	Lbs.	Lbs.	Ft. Second	Ft. Tons	In.
10	{ 27 / 26	30.7 35 / 27.4 31	250	500	2100	15,355	21.1
8	3.1	25.3 35	125	250	2100	7,650	16.3
6	5	16.1 30	50	100	2000	2,773	10.6
5	12.8	13.4 30	30	60	2000	1,664	8.6

These guns are built up of a number of separate pieces of open-hearth steel. The

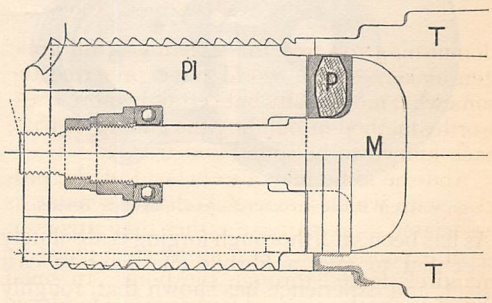
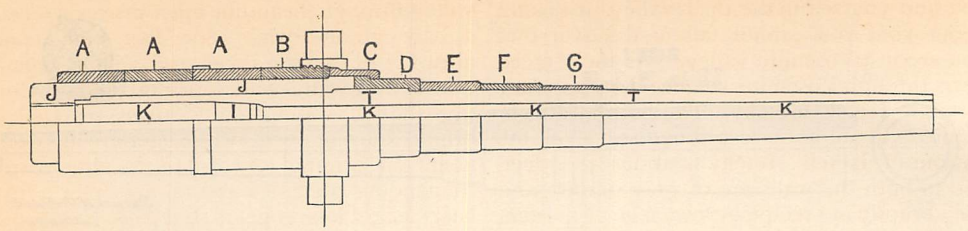


DIAGRAM SHOWING SEALING OF BREECH AGAINST PRESSURE OF POWDER GAS.

Pl, Plug; T, Tube; M, Mushroom; P, Gas check.

pieces are cast into ingots that are forged, turned off, and bored out nearly to size. They

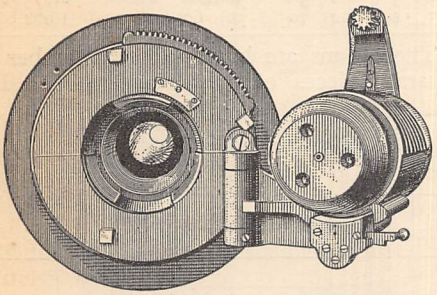
[1] Of these the South Boston Iron Works and the West Point Foundry built four of the eight-inch and eleven of the six-inch caliber.



FIVE-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE FOR THE "CHICAGO."

are then raised to a cherry-red heat and dipped into a tank of oil. This last process, *oil tempering*, increases the elastic limit and ultimate strength. Afterwards they are *annealed*, by heating to a somewhat lower temperature than in tempering and allowing to cool slowly. Annealing tends to eliminate the unequal internal strains in the metal caused by tempering, and to secure the ductility necessary to permit each part of the gun to yield a little, and not to burst should the strains for any reason exceed those the gun is calculated to bear without injury. Tempering and annealing are done by the manufacturer. They are, in fact, a part of steel-making, and the exact methods employed are usually kept secret.

All the steel for the five-inch and six-inch guns already afloat, and for most of those now constructing, was supplied by the Midvale Steel Works, near Philadelphia.[1] No better metal has ever been made into guns. For the larger calibers recourse was had to Whitworth and Cammell of Sheffield, England — not because the steel-producing capacity of this country was inadequate, but mainly because our steel-makers lacked sufficiently powerful hammers.



EIGHT-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. BREECH OPENED.

As has been said, thorough forging is absolutely essential to give a fibrous character to cast steel, and experience has shown that, roughly speaking, the hammer employed must be as heavy as the finished gun. Now until recently the weight of the largest hammer in the United States was but seventeen tons, and it is in the hands of a firm that has preferred not to undertake the making of gun-steel.

To depend upon foreign establishments for the material of which to make our cannon is an humiliation to which we shall be no longer subjected. The acts of Congress from 1885 to 1887 authorizing the construction of seven new vessels, together with those sanctioning the rebuilding of certain of the old monitors, enabled the Secretary of the Navy, through judicious delay,— severely criticized at the time by the uninitiated,— to mass the gun-forgings into a lot of about thirteen hundred tons, besides over six thousand tons of armor — a sufficient amount to induce some of our large steel works to consider seriously the erection of the necessary furnaces, hammers, presses, etc. to make such heavy forgings. A very spirited bidding was had in March, 1887, in response to advertisements, and shortly afterwards the Bethlehem Iron Company signed contracts by which it agreed to put up all the needed appliances, and to begin the delivery of parts of guns within a stipulated time. These works will be capable of supplying gun-forgings of any size, as well as heavy shafting, etc. for steamers, mill engines, and mine pumps, which till now have been imported. The new plant at Bethlehem is nearly completed and the delivery of forgings has been begun, so that all the guns in course of construction for the navy are now of American steel throughout. The country at large will be a direct gainer by this skillful bit of financiering, which will always remain a monument to the Navy Department of the late Administration. It is gratifying to hear that competent experts pronounce the Bethlehem steel plant the most complete and best equipped in the world.

At every important step in the manufacture of gun-steel small pieces are cut from each forging and pulled apart in a testing machine to determine four things: the elastic limit and breaking strength per square inch of section, and the percentage of ductility and of contraction of area at the place of rupture. Each of these quantities must reach a certain figure or the forging is rejected. It is evident that by making guns in pieces that can be well hammered and tested in detail the quality of the

[1] In "Harper's Monthly Magazine" for June, 1886, in an article on "Our Navy" an unintentional injustice is done this enterprising establishment by attributing all the steel for our guns to foreign makers.

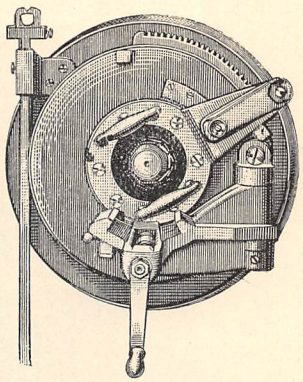
metal as a whole is vastly improved, and flaws and other imperfections are readily detected.

Let us glance briefly at the chief mechanical operations involved in making a gun.

In rough boring, the tube, as it comes from the hammer, is accurately centered in a lathe and turned down on the outside to within three-eighths of an inch of its final size. A cutting tool is then held by a machinist against its muzzle as the gun revolves, making a round axial hole a few inches deep, into which is entered a hog-nose bit carried on a long bar and fed automatically into the tube as the small steel cutter bolted to its front end drives the hole deeper and deeper. As this bit will inevitably follow the direction of the original cut, a mistake at the outset would involve serious consequences. The bore of the tube is left three-fourths of an inch smaller than the caliber. After tempering, these processes are repeated, leaving the bore within about two one-hundredths of an inch of the finished size, and the outside exact.

In first, or rough, boring the jacket, a hollow pipe is used, which is furnished with thin cutters on its front edge that drive an annular hole into the body of the metal about an axial core, afterwards made into a howitzer. In fine boring, a simple bit armed with steel cutters at opposite extremities of its diameter is employed. The jacket is not finished externally until joined to the tube, except that the front end is accurately cut off.

The next step in the growth of the gun is to place the jacket over the tube, the latter being, as already explained, some thousandths of an inch larger than the hole in the former.

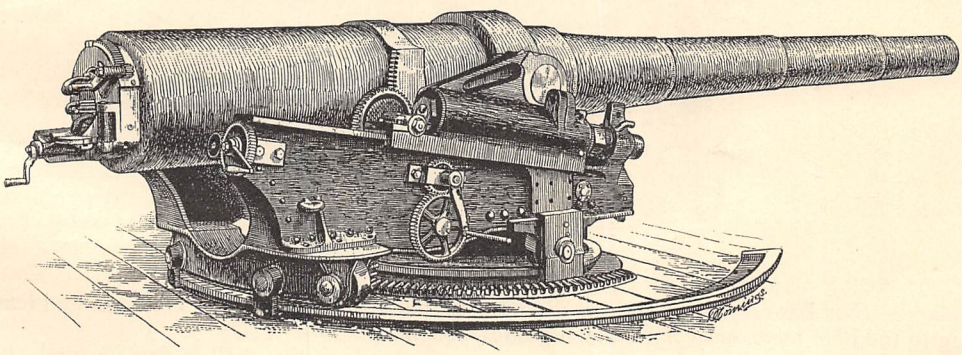


EIGHT-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE. BREECH CLOSED.

The tube is lowered, muzzle down, into a deep pit and braced vertical. The jacket is slowly warmed in a cylindrical stove. When its bore is found by measurement to be sufficiently expanded, the jacket is picked up by a crane, swung over the tube, and lowered into place. The combination is now, for the first time, spoken of as a gun.

To make a gun-hoop a round ingot of the proper weight is raised to forging heat, and a hole punched through its center by a steam-hammer. Through this hole a heavy steel bar is placed, whose ends rest on anvils. The hoop is gradually expanded under the hammer, or else it may be squeezed between the rollers of a locomotive-tire mill. After rough boring and turning to within an eighth of an inch of the finished dimensions, tempering, annealing, and testing, it is sent to Washington. Here it is carefully machined, leaving the bore smooth, straight, and cylindrical.

Each hoop on a gun is known by a letter. There are two sets, the first going over the front of the tube or *chase*, and the second over the jacket. None are finished on the outside until put on the gun. The first are shrunk on as soon as the tube and jacket are cooled. The gun is then put in a lathe, the exterior

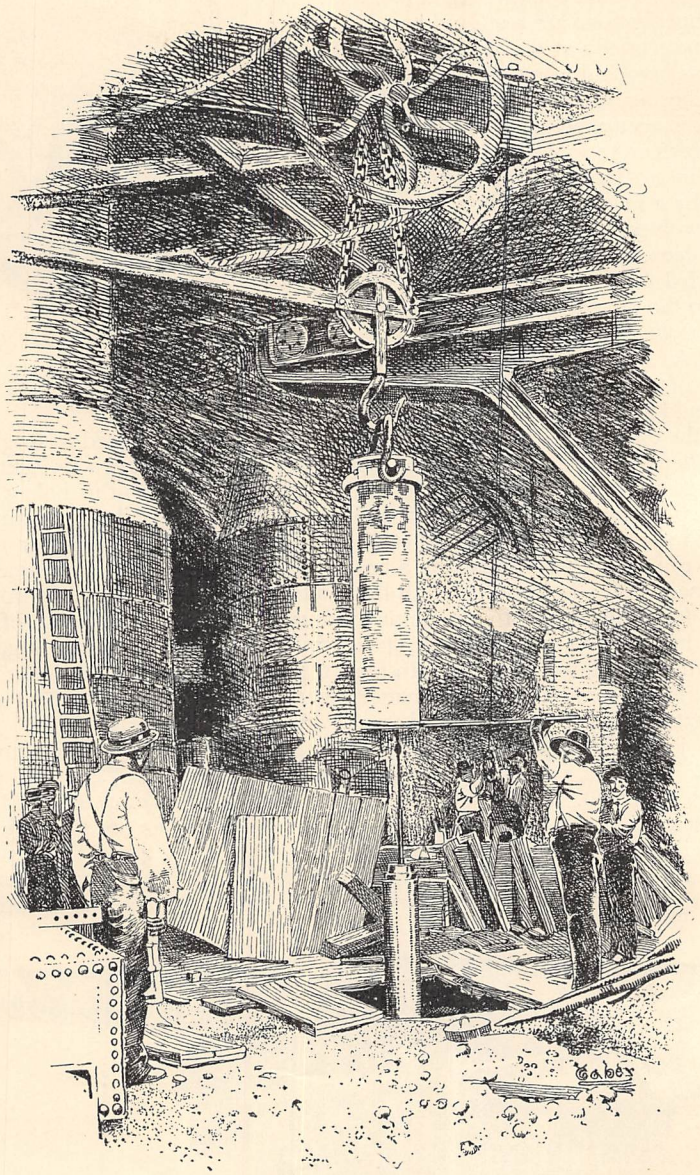


EIGHT-INCH GUN AND CARRIAGE OF THE "BALTIMORE." (BUILT AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD, OF AMERICAN STEEL.)

turned off to the required size, and the remaining hoops placed.

The five-inch, six-inch, and eight-inch guns rest in their carriages on projections called *trunnions*. A stout screw thread is cut over the center of gravity of the gun and the trunnion band screwed on. The *assembling* of the gun is now complete.

The gun is bored to its final caliber, and the



SHRINKING A SIX-INCH JACKET ON ITS TUBE. WEIGHT 3541 POUNDS.

enlarged chamber cut out, its front end tapering to the bore by an easy slope which guides the shot to its place in loading.

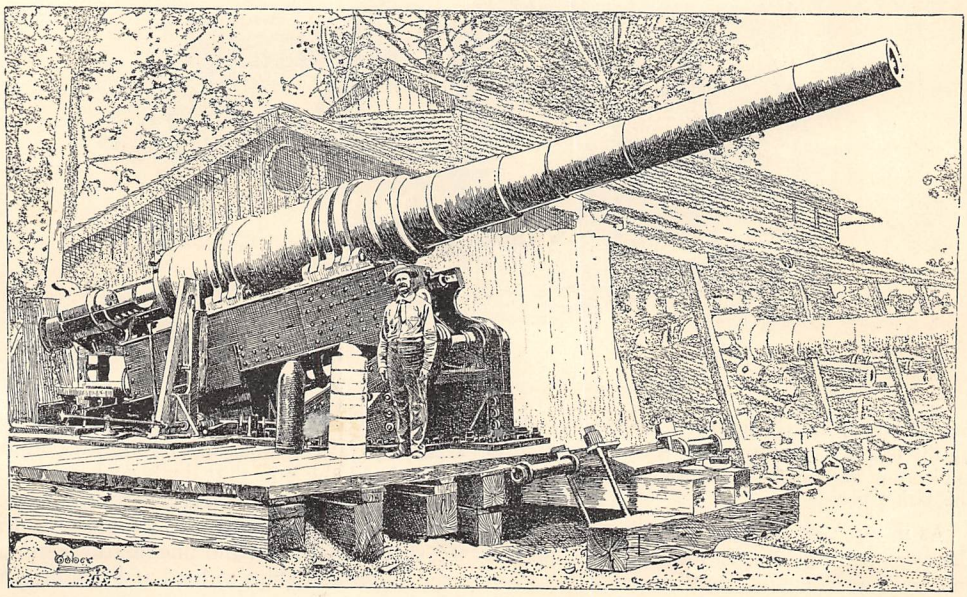
"Rifling," the next process, is effected by forcing into the gun a cylinder which fits the bore accurately and carries a number of slightly projecting cutters. The cylinder is mounted on a long bar that revolves as it passes through the bore, and thus gives the spiral character to the grooves. The breech is prepared to receive the plug which closes it, the sights are fixed, and a light band is shrunk on for coupling the gun to the elevating gear of the carriage. The gun is now complete and ready for proof.

In loading, the shell is first inserted, then the cartridge, a serge bag filled with powder. The plug, borne on a hinged tray, is swung into place and pushed home. One-sixth of a turn engages the corresponding threads of plug and gun, and the breech is closed. The plugs of the smaller guns are easily worked by hand. In the larger calibers mechanical appliances are necessary.

To seal the breech against the searching pressure of the powder gas a ring of canvas

filled with suet and asbestos is placed in front of the plug, between it and the head of a *mushroom*, so called. The stem of the mushroom passes through an axial hole in the plug. When the gun is fired the soft ring or *pad* is squeezed against the walls of the chamber and the gas effectually prevented from leaking.

proved appliances the time of manufacture of a six-inch gun has been reduced to seventy days. These new shops are second to none in arrangement and equipment. In these shops a thousand men are now employed making the guns, carriages, and projectiles needed to equip our ships, and yet their capacity is only



ONE OF THE "MIANTONOMOH'S" FOUR TEN-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

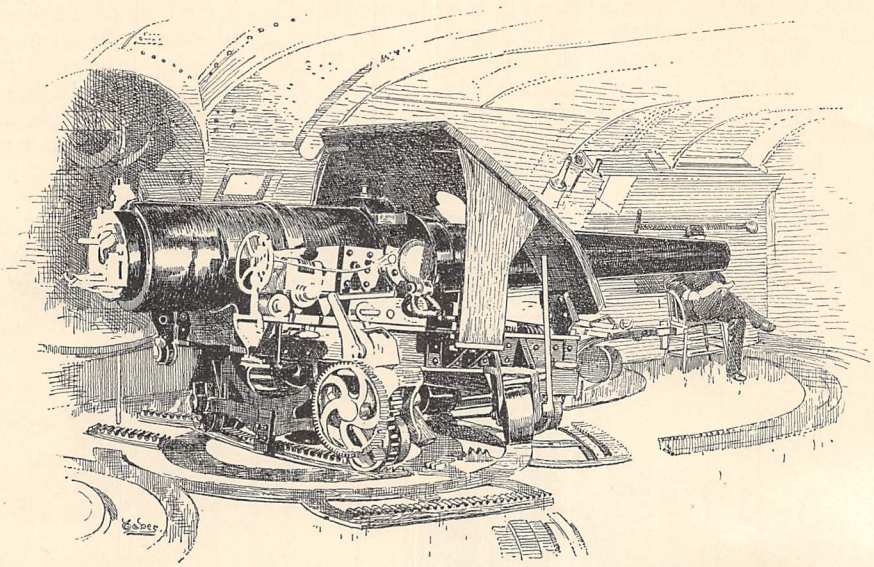
The mechanical processes so briefly described exact great skill and care. The workman is held, by constant and strict inspection, to the dimensions given in thousandths of an inch, from which departures are tolerated only in the largest parts, where they are not important.

The time consumed in the growth of such large yet delicate mechanisms is measured in months, and when their construction was first undertaken at the Washington Navy Yard a thousand difficulties had to be met and overcome. The work had to be done with old or improvised tools, insufficient in number and deficient in power, and the mere handling of the parts, some of which weigh several tons, was slow and laborious. It then took five months to build a six-inch gun. Here again a landmark is raised. To perform the necessary operations on the great forgings which Bethlehem supplies new shops have been erected at the Washington Navy Yard, now the Naval Ordnance Factory. One of these is over 600 feet long, is provided with the best machinery the country affords, and is served by overhead cranes, one of which can lift and carry to and fro a weight of 110 tons. In them the largest guns can be constructed, and with their improved appliances the time of manufacture of a six-inch gun has been reduced to seventy days. These new shops are second to none in arrangement and equipment. In these shops a thousand men are now employed making the guns, carriages, and projectiles needed to equip our ships, and yet their capacity is only rated at twenty-five six-inch, four eight-inch, six ten-inch, and four twelve-inch guns a year.

Much work will also be done in private shops — an excellent arrangement withal, for the Government must in time of peace foster an industry that will be vitally important on the approach of hostilities; and its own manufactures will be none the worse for the healthy stimulus of outside competition. On the other hand, the Government must have its own shops unless it is to depend on a private corporation, following the example of Germany, which is practically at the mercy of Krupp.

Before parting company with the gun let me quote a few comforting sentences from a brief and very charming technical work.

> This type of gun, as we make it to-day, is the embodiment of Professor Treadwell's clear idea of a gun of equal strength, as announced in 1843; of Chambers's mechanical ideas of breech mechanism and of hooping in layers, with the hoops of each layer breaking joints, patented in 1849; of Rodman's elegant exposition of the benefit of procuring initial tension in a gun, published in the same year; and finally of Professor Treadwell's extension of this principle to the application of layers of cylinders or hoops in making a built-up gun. All these men were Americans, and were pioneers in announcing these principles, which cover about all the funda-



SIX-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE ON THE "ATLANTA."

mental ones of the built-up gun. The French worked up the breech mechanism, and Vavasseur's practical application of Treadwell's first idea has introduced the jacket piece.[1]

As in guns, so in what they throw, the tendency is towards larger masses, more perfect material, greater destructiveness. The cannon-ball of our grandfathers gave place to the eight-inch and the nine-inch shell of our fathers. To-day we are using elongated steel projectiles — weighing in some cases a ton each — that will pierce iron armor measured in thickness by the foot, or even the yard; we are charging some with melinite or other frightful explosives that will create untold havoc, or with noxious chemicals to suffocate a whole ship's company.

Other weapons are experiencing the same development. Hotchkiss — an American, of course — brought out his revolver cannon, then his rapid-fire guns. The largest of these was a six-pounder. Mounted on a swivel it could be fired from the shoulder like an old wall piece, delivering about twelve shots a minute. Presto! we now hear of 30-pounders, 70-pounders, and 100-pounders of this type. Imagine shoulder practice with a six-inch gun weighing five tons and three-quarters, at the rate of eight or ten rounds in a minute, each round capable of piercing fifteen inches of wrought iron! Such guns exist, and will constitute a large part of the armament of the most modern ships of war. Every one is inventing some new form of mounting to hold the gun that deals such rapid and powerful blows, or of breech mechanism to lessen the time taken up in loading. Electricity, steam, hydraulic and pneumatic power are used in our new ships to load and handle guns. Maxim — American again — utilizes the recoil of the piece to do all the loading and firing.

The improvements in guns within the last few years have been so great as to amount to a revolution, and their constant end has been increase in the power of the gun and in the rapidity of its fire. In the first direction we appear to have reached a limit in the 110-ton gun, and there is a tendency to recede, for it is generally agreed that a smaller gun will do the work required for naval service. The largest gun contemplated for our new battle-ships is the thirteen-inch 60-ton gun, firing a 1200-pound shell with a velocity of 2100 feet per second. In the second direction we are making constant progress, but it is mainly by improvements in gun mountings and in the service of ammunition. The limit of the rapid-fire principle is reached when the ammunition becomes too heavy to be easily handled by one man, and it is believed that this limit has even been passed in the English six-inch rapid-fire gun. For the present at least we are content with a four-inch gun firing a 36-pound shell, and a large part of the armament of the ships now building will consist of these guns.

C. F. Goodrich.

1 "Gun-making in the United States," by Captain Rogers Birnie, Jr., Ordnance Department, U. S. A.

[*BEGUN IN THE JUNE NUMBER.*]

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

VII.

ONCE arrived before the dingy building, on a narrow cross-street, where a faded sign proclaimed her father's name and business, Lily dismissed her brougham.

"Now I have burnt my ships, daddy," she said, following an astonished clerk into the den that contained Eliphalet. "And there is nothing but to submit. I 've come to make a day of it, and you have me on your hands."

Mr. Curtis felt inclined to pinch himself and wonder whether or not he was Caliph of Bagdad. He was standing at a desk, going over the columns of a great ledger, when she came in, and his face looked gray and tired. But it brightened amazingly when he found that his girl had come to him of her own accord to seek his companionship, after some manner of which the plan was not yet entirely perfected. As to the juniors of the staid mercantile establishment, their eyes blinked with excitement. Such an event as the visit of this houri had not been known at Curtis's in the memory of the house.

"It 's such a lovely day after the storm, dad, and I 've such a longing for a rampage," Lily said, nestling up to his arm when she got him finally into the street. "Take me over the Brooklyn Bridge and to the Bartholdi Statue. I mean to make you climb up — up every step — to the very torch; and to the Stock Exchange; and perhaps to the top of the Equitable Building. I don't really care much where we go, only it must be like the old Saturday afternoons when we lived in the old house. And I 'm hungry, sir, remember. You 're expected to stand treat, and handsomely."

Eliphalet, who on the subject of treats for growing womanhood had but a crude general reminiscence of the ice cream saloons of his youth, rallied his scattered faculties to propose resorting to a famous restaurant.

"Is that where you lunch every day, dear?" Lily asked. "Because if it is n't, there is no manner of use in suggesting it. Come now, be fair and square, and take me to your favorite place, to eat your favorite dish, and nothing else."

For the first time in many a long day she saw her father's thin face broaden to laughter.

"By George, I 'll do it, Lil!" he exclaimed. "What would your mother say if she knew it was pork and beans?"

Lily never forgot her introduction to the little back parlor of Mistress Betty Jones, where the landlady, who was also cook, served them with the succulent dainty beloved of Eliphalet since childhood. The whole place was admirably clean, and the patrons were quiet, decent folk, on whose steady patronage old Betty could rely.

After luncheon Lily, like a will-o'-the-wisp, led her father from point to point of the lower portion of the town, where it pleased her vagrant fancy to remember she had heard of strangers going.

"GOOD-BY, GOOD-BY! I AM SORRY FOR YOU."

"You are to consider me a Jersey cousin, dad," her orders were. "And show me every place I read of in the daily papers."

"I 'd have my hands full, Lil, and you 'd be pretty soon tired out."

"Oh, never! I feel so strong in this atmosphere where everything is moving. Don't look so scared, dad, when any one jostles against me. I 'm not salt or sugar. I 'm just one of them. I want to keep on with the crowd that never ends and never rests, and find what they are looking for."

"That 's your young blood, my girl. Confound me, though, if I don't believe you 're as good a Yankee as they make 'em."

"No, but I 'm the best sort of an American. I like poor old New York they abuse so, because she 's a type of our grand country. Where, on the other side, did anybody ever see a throng like this, all the nations pushing forward neck and neck, so confident, so eager? And when I think that they can't exhaust us, of course I 'm proud. I 'm eaten up with pride!"

"'T sounds like a Fourth o' July oration, Lil," her father answered, looking at her glowing face with his own share of the feeling she had tried to put into words.

Boarding the little boat that runs to accommodate pilgrims to the shrine of Liberty, they visited Bedloe's Island, where the brazen goddess holds her court; and returning thence crossed the bridge in a cable-car, to walk home along the way for pedestrians. It was a beautiful midwinter day, a fair sample of the wondrous elastic atmosphere and dazzling sunshine with which Providence has of late years favored New York at frequent intervals; weather variously attributed by the wiseacres to whims of the Gulf Stream deflected from its course, and to the irrigation of far Western plains, but acceptable to all. To stand midway on the bridge, a spider's web of steel that links the two great cities, to watch the life afloat of the mighty stream below, is a sensation not to be despised by the most *blasé* of travelers. Lily, always susceptible of impressions, and keyed to excitement by hurtling winds and active exercise, threw herself with delight into the enjoyment of the scene. Looking over at an outgoing steamship, her decks black with people, she was tempted to wave her hand and cry exultingly:

"Good-by, good-by! I am sorry for you. You are going away from the beautiful land of youth and hope to the old world that has done its best —"

"Why, Lily!" said her father. "This does n't look much like what your mother tells me we 've got to expect for you."

"O father!" the girl exclaimed, with an April change of face. "That 's what I came to talk to you about. I put it off because — because I wanted so to be my own old self — your little Lil, away with her daddy for a lark once more — one little time more."

"Then you 're going to marry the English gentleman, my dear?"

Eliphalet, with true American shyness of a title, would have styled his future son-in-law "Mr. Melrose" had it been feasible. As it was, his choice of a phrase had the ill luck to strike Lily an unexpected blow. An English gentleman — which English gentleman? Alas for the possibility of the suggestion. For the life of her, Lily could not now speak the words her father waited patiently to hear.

"Well, I don't say it ain't a trial," Eliphalet went on, "to have to live in the London climate and drink lukewarm water to your meals. But your mother says you 'll be spending a good spell in the country every year, and will likely keep your health. She says we 've got no call to put our notions in the way of such a marriage for you, and" — here he sighed grievously — "I guess Amelia 's right. Your mother always was a master-hand to manage. I can't say I take much stock in lords," — another woful sigh, — "but I guess Amelia 's right."

Looking as cheerful as an undertaker at his post of duty, Mr. Curtis strode along, Lily's grasp tightening upon his arm.

"Listen to me, dad," she at last said rapidly. "In two days, you know, Lord Melrose will be coming back from Florida, and then, if I 'm an honorable girl and fit to be your daughter, I must give him a final answer. Your word 's as good as your bond, daddy, I 've heard people say, and so must mine be. My answer 's got to be the truth. And I don't love him. Oh, I don't! I don't! But I like him: he 's kind and gentle; he never turned his back on me, and treated me as if I were a horrid, heartless thing that could n't feel. He does n't think I 'm a miserable little worldly time-server that values a man only for outside advantages. He would n't break my heart, and go off and not care a bit."

"To be sure he would n't, Lil," said her father, surprised at her unnecessary vehemence.

"We like the same things — horses, I mean, and dogs, and the country, and yachting; and I 'd be happy, maybe, in his ways."

"So your ma says, deary," interposed Mr. Curtis, catching at a straw. "She says you 'll soon be to home with the old women and the flannel petticoats. But there 'll be a lot of moving house in the one year, and you 'll likely miss some of our conveniences. Well, well, when I think how those fellows over

"MISS FLOYD-CURTIS MADE HER APPEARANCE."

there bow down and cotton to a lord—whew!"

Poor Eliphalet, whose sentiment had its boundaries, was becoming somewhat bewildered at her attitude. In his mind girls were girls, all of them inclined to be flighty and hysterical when the marriage question is discussed. For so many months had his Amelia schooled him to believe that the union of Lily with Lord Melrose was meet, right, and most desirable, that, having accepted the idea, he was not prepared to drop it suddenly. He tried to quiet her agitation by patting the hand upon his arm. A larger soul might have divined the trouble of her poor little maiden heart.

"What I wanted to ask you, father," Lily resumed, "is whether I 'm giving him enough?"

"Enough! Well, I should smile," quoth material Eliphalet.

"No one knows. No one can understand," the girl thought, alone in her pretty chamber that night. She had sent away the tiresome, officious maid, and sat, her eyes plunged into the depths of a mirror framed in silver, and decorated with candles, like a shrine. Littering the room were the dainty belongings wealth is able to confer upon fortunate maidenhood. What to less favored mortals of her class is the heart's desire of useless luxury encompassed her. In the reflection offered by her mirror she saw fine textures, unbroken lines of youth, exquisite flesh tints, a loosened abundance of hair that was a glory; none of the poignant suggestions of beauty having run its course that are like tiny daggers to the wisest woman in her maturity; all to win love and hold it she possessed, and yet—and yet—her heart of twenty years was aching wearily!

Impatiently she put out her candles, and, going to the window, drew aside the curtain

and looked out into the night. Somewhere a clock was striking twelve. In the square beneath a few hurrying figures were seen, for the weather had changed, and it was coming on to snow. In most houses the lights of downstairs had been extinguished, and those in the upper stories burned with a softened glow behind the window-shades. Like herself, many another had sought the moment of isolation when the day's events and the secrets of the heart meet together to be reviewed and analyzed. Ah, that time of pitiless introspection that, like *Atra Cura*, waits on all of us, when wrongs done, hasty words spoken, love alienated, unworthy passions loosed to work their destroying will, good impulses stifled, lost opportunities, throng and "dreadfully beset" the undefended citadel of memory!

"YOU HAVE SOUGHT THIS TALK, NOT I."

Lily, sweet soul, who had harmed no one but herself, as a bird tears its breast against a brier, thought she might dedicate this lonely hour to wondering again why the man she loved had gone away, without a word to show the gladness his eyes had spoken at seeing her, after long months of absence. She had tried so hard, so hard to forget him. The chance meeting of their gaze at the opera proved with what success. She now even struggled to persuade herself that she was mistaken about his looks, his bearing, the charm his personality had had for her. But more than a year's absence from sight counted for nothing since she had seen him again. He was taller, grander, better to look at than all other men. At one word of bidding from him she would quit home, fortune, family, and roam the wide world at his side. And he would not speak that word, or any word. His obstinate silence, his strength of manhood enabling him to keep away from her, were like a wall of rock against which her lamentations beat like waves. And the rock did not feel the waves. "With all my soul and strength I love you," he had said—and left her!

This cruel thought made Lily blush in the darkness. She felt ready to die of shame

at her longing and her pain. It nerved her to face the consideration of the new life into which events seemed crowding her forward with tremendous force. It was now virtually settled that on the arrival of Melrose their betrothal should take place. In a few days every one would hear of it, and the heart of Ernest Jencks would be wrenched away from her forever. The first act of her little commonplace life-drama would be ended and forgot. Books said, everybody of experience told her, that first loves were as apt to float away from memory as thistledowns upon a summer breeze. A youth's fancy, a maiden's love-dream, of what value are they in history? If to marry as she now proposed would make the happiness of Melrose and her mother, Lily in her pride of spirit had no fear but that she could live down the other.

Occupied with such uncheerful musings, the young girl saw from her post a light burning in the window of a neighbor, whose child she remembered to have heard was very ill. By the electric chain of memory she was led to connect this circumstance with an experience of her friend Grace Emory the year before. So deeply had it impressed her that the very words Grace had used in describing it came to her ear again. The Emorys, who had been dining from home, and had left their children in apparent good health, returned at eleven o'clock to find their house astir with the confusion of sudden illness. Hal, the little golden-haired sailor laddie of their fondest love, had been stricken with some malady unknown; had awaked, calling his mother, who came not until, bursting into the room in her evening dress, poor Grace gathered her treasure in her arms, and prayed for strength to bear what was to come. The doctor, hastily summoned, found her in silk attire with bare arms, her ornaments and flowers torn despairingly from her to strew the floor, while she knelt at the boy's feet and laved them in a hot bath. That night, the next, and the next, Grace never slept. Pneumonia, swift and deadly, had laid hold upon her darling. Trained nurses, the kindest ministry of friends, came to her aid, but at last there was a night watch when it seemed likely that no love of earth could stay the little life about to pass. Dimmed with suffering, his wide blue eyes sought his mother; his feeble grasp retained her; the rose-leaf spots of fever had faded from his cheeks, a faint blue shadow was gathering around the mouth that had yielded merriment and kisses: Grace, whose whole yearning soul was in her gaze, forgot all besides the child given her in anguish, about to be taken from her in anguish, and the wave of sorrow bowed her down.

"I thought I had lost him, Lily," Grace had said. "In that moment, when I touched the depths, I felt my husband's arms close around me. I felt his heart-beats. I felt the soothing of his love. It was a divine message telling me to live. O Lily, dear! I knew then that there are times in every woman's life when nothing but love is worth anything."

And with her eyes fixed upon the opposite casement, now glimmered to red in the surrounding gloom, Lily kept vigil with such thoughts. "It was for the last time," she pleaded with herself; "the very, very last."

VIII.

THE day appointed for the return of Lord Melrose from his travels in the South was closely followed by that fixed for the accomplishment of a scheme by which the superfluities of fashion were to be made to supply the needs of charity; in other words, a costume ball for the benefit of a favorite good work.

This entertainment, the very "rose and crown" of many hopes, was to be given in the picturesque Venetian palace of the arts that, instead of arising from waves that kiss its feet, is prosaically placed at the intersection of two busy thoroughfares, where car-tracks cross, and the interminable tide of traffic on wheels ebbs and flows. To prelude the ball a number of its participants had arranged dinners at their own houses, to which were bidden enough guests to form a double quadrille, each party choosing a period to illustrate by costumes and device in decoration of the feast. Later all the banqueters were to unite in dancing for the admiration of those who had enjoyed their soup and roast at home, attired in medieval splendor, and beset with gloomy consciousness of suppressed derision among the wondering attendants of their everyday demands. No feature of a fancy ball is more formidable than the first exhibition of one's self in lendings assumed with diffidence as embodying one's own "conception of the part." The sheepish descent of his staircase by a middle-aged father of a family who has consented to go as a courtier in pink tights and puffy knee breeches, curled wig and flapping hat, is a pleasant spectacle for the maids who congregate and giggle upon the basement stairs. Mr. Pickwick's scorn of Mr. Tupman as a bandit is nothing by comparison with the feelings of a wife who beholds her lord in tin armor, struggling to find his pocket-handkerchief.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the great fancy ball that kept newswriters busy for a week, alternated with reports of street-car strikes and riots by citizens who had no fancy dresses to distract

their minds. Such descriptions are so familiar to the novel-reader that he or she may turn to the one liked best in fiction and fit it to my scene. The "whirling medley of Greeks, Turks, flower-girls, and monks" we usually read about was here, only varied by a general determination on the part of the committee towards historical and picturesque costumes. It was consequently an affair on more grandiose proportions than any seen before it in New York. The effects were admirably planned: the groups mounting and descending the wide marble stairway between antique tapestries and palms, and beef-eaters hired from the Casino theater; the balustrades hung with cloth of gold; the reception committee bowing and courtesying to slow music under silken banners that subdued the light; the quadrilles danced in a roped inclosure amid the liberal criticism of on-lookers who trod upon one another's toes to climb on benches; the utter inability of any reveler to make out what his neighbor's costume was meant to represent, inducing upon most faces a rather vacant stare — all these were salient features of the brilliant show.

Everybody was happy; at least, so everybody said. Some exceptions there might have been — the mothers of young ladies who had gone to the most untold pains and expense to get up costumes, and who saw their darlings flattened unseen against a wall; the men who reached the supper-room after the champagne had given out; the weary husbands supporting the doorways with dislocating yawns, and thinking of the office at 9 A. M. to-morrow, while their wives waltzed ceaselessly; the youngster whose maiden fair had derided his false mustache; the doorkeeper who stood shivering in the wintry draft, longing to exchange his fur-trimmed but airy Martin Luther tunic for an overcoat; the reporters, despairingly jotting down their impressions, and rushing away to present next morning's readers of their newspapers with Mrs. Jones in Mrs. Smith's costume — to describe the festive appearance in public of new-made widowers — and to conjure from their graves, as guests, people who had long since renounced mortal vanities with breath. It is not known whether the participants so enumerated felt the game was worth the candle.

One portion of the community indulged in enjoyment unalloyed of this famous spectacle. I refer to the lookers-on not supplied with tickets costing ten dollars each, who clustered around the awning at the carriage-way, giving free vent to their artless admiration.

"Springing lightly to the sidewalk, Lord Halfred hassisted the fair Hemmer to halight," commented a lively newsboy as a hero, with sword protruding from his ulster, and arctic overshoes by way of finish to his tights, got out of his carriage and helped a lady to descend.

"For the continuation of this thrilling tale see the 'Family Story Paper' for next week," cried a second voice.

"To be had at all the news stands, price ten cents," remarked a third.

"Get on to your legs, mister," was the next remark, as from the open door of a brougham protruded a spindle shank with a huge buckled shoe.

"Them 's beetle-crushers," was pleasantly said about another display of feet, incased in a pair of seventeenth century *poulaines*, or pointed shoes.

"Ain't she a sky-scraper?" fell to the lot of a matron who wore the hennin, or headdress of the chatelaines of ancient France.

The difficulties of a Doge of Venice, who discovered that he had left his money in his other pocket and had not wherewithal to pay his cab fare, occasioned exquisite delight. The unfortunate Doge, finally invited by his cabby to come out and settle the matter with his fists, was detained upon the curbstone until he contracted a severe cold in the head. And it may be stated that none of the episodes of the event seemed to have gained such wide renown as that of the Crusader in full coat of mail, who, returning home in broad daylight next morning, was left by his hansom upon the parental door-steps, where, for want of a latch-key, he remained for an hour, chilled to the bone and furiously ringing, attended by two policemen, the milkman, and a gathering street mob.

At one of the most beautiful of the preliminary banquets Miss Floyd-Curtis made her appearance. Her engagement with Lord Melrose having just been formally announced, they went in and were placed together at the feast. The young Englishman, in the becoming garb of a cavalier of Venice in the seventeenth century, wore jauntily his *cote-hardi* of blue and red, with the close-fitting blue tights and red velvet pointed shoes, the skull-cap of velvet carrying a pheasant's feather, the jeweled pouch and dagger at his belt. He was an appropriate pendant to the radiant creature at his side.

Lily's costume revived that of a Venetian princess at the same period. It was in damask of two shades of orange and canary yellow, with flowing sleeves of golden tissue, and upon her hair was perched a tiny cap with gold and topaz ornaments. Around her white throat she wore a string of topaz with sapphire pendants. Every woman has her supreme moment of best looks, and this was Lily's. In the luminous shimmer of these draperies her peculiar

coloring was seen to its full advantage. Her eyes shone as if lighted with golden gleams, her cheeks were blooming richly, her laugh came readily.

In the great paneled dining-room where they sat were high friezes of mellow canvas, painted by long-gone hands and reft from a genuine palace of the Adriatic. The table, reproducing in form the one seen in the Paul Veronese "Marriage at Cana," was draped with old Genoese velvet of ruby hue, covered again with squares of convent needlework in lace, and spread with a burden that was a joy to color-loving eyes. In the center a huge boar's head, stuffed and garlanded, rose from a golden dish. On each side were peacocks spreading their iridescent tails, and platters high piled with oranges and pines and grapes. Golden beakers, flagons of crystal, vases from which sheaves of tulips sprung, loose roses of deepest crimson with fronds of maidenhair, were scattered about the board. Attendants in costume, a band subdued by distance, the soft light of innumerable candles, the luster of rare stuffs and glowing jewels, the disposition of the guests upon one side only of the table, all combined to heighten the illusion of this royal picture of medieval Venice. Later, at the ball, Lily, waving back and forth her great fan of yellow ostrich-plumes set in an amber stick, looked like a queen wielding her scepter. She enjoyed the homage of the crowd, the admiration, the congratulations. When she danced with her lover a consciousness of new importance lent to her tread a statelier spring. When she laid her gloved hand upon his arm to move away she tried to feel glad as well as proud that she had been his choice.

Melrose, on his side, was more genuinely touched by her beauty and her confidingness than he had believed possible. His dormant pride of race awoke at thought of the opportunity this American daughter of the people had given him to build up anew the failing fortunes of his house. Resolutions for future good, like broken cobwebs, floated through his brain. He felt strongly and sincerely a disgust for the unworthy passions that had left for this innocent young girl but a love that must needs be nursed and cherished into honorable strength.

Melrose had yielded Lily to some other man and strolled off alone, musing of these things, and was gazing down at the pageant on the stairs, when a fan touched him on the shoulder from behind. Before turning to see who it was he recognized a scent of mignonette inseparable from Mrs. Bertie Clay.

A woman quick of apprehension, as was she, could not have failed to perceive the resentful expression of his eyes when he returned her greeting. Whatever this meant, she ignored it airily as at her request he offered her his arm.

"I 've been so clever in shaking off the man who brought me here," she said. "Now, before he comes back from the errand I 've sent him on, I look to you to save me. Besides, I 'm tired. I want to sit down in a quiet corner. I want a chance to congratulate my friend."

"I say, suppose we drop that," he said, when they began to thread the crowd.

"Oh! but you know I feel so proud. I 'm like a child who 's been building a card-house. There 's always the excitement, too, of fearing that the house may tumble down."

"I 'd like to know your meaning. I 'll swear you are too bad."

"Not too bad for you?"

"You mock at everything. You make a man feel no woman can be—"

"Hush! or you 'll be getting rude," she cried, as they found seats in a cushioned alcove under a swinging lamp. "You might at least be civil enough to tell me how you like my frock. Every other man I 've met to-night has been inspired to eloquence."

She had, with her usual perversity, declined to follow rules, and appeared in an Eastern drapery of mull like woven air, with chains of Indian gold to bind it, and golden broideries around the hem.

"You look very nice. You were always a woman to suit those Indian stuffs."

"Don't you remember the one I wore that day on the drag going down to Richmond? You said it needed gold; you kept everybody waiting while you got me yellow roses."

Melrose stirred uncomfortably.

"Ah! but how long ago," he said, as lightly as might be. "So much has happened since then, and we 've been such *bons camarades*."

"I fancy your going really to be married makes me think of it. A woman can't help indulging in sentiment about her — early friendships."

"Come now," the young man said resolutely. "You have sought this talk, not I. You must have got the letter I sent over a week ago?"

"I burnt it," she said, toying with her fan nervously. "It was too cruel to be kept."

"I am glad you burnt it. But I am not ashamed of it," he said, deliberating over his words. "I don't want to cut you up, you know, but those were things I had to say. It was best to make the future clear."

"That you do not desire my intimacy with Lily to continue. That I, in short, will not be welcomed at your house," she said sharply. "Is n't this a reward for unselfishness? What if she knew my share in securing her great prize? And what delightful reading for her would be certain old letters—"

"What! — you would dare?"

"If, I was going to say — if I had not destroyed them too," she hurried on, warned by a flash of anger of his eye. "You asked me to do so, don't you know, when the thing began to take shape seriously?"

Melrose drew a long breath of relief.

"Any other woman," he said, "I should not despair of convincing that, whatever I once was, I 'm now thoroughly in earnest."

"Go on. So disinterested! It 's beautiful," she said, with a soft laugh.

"But you 're one there 's no dealing with in the ordinary way. You 'd make any man a brute. Knowing you as I do, and as they do not, how could this have been otherwise?"

"You like phrases," she said contemptuously. "I go everywhere. I 'm in with everybody. I 've made these poor little *parvenues*, and I 've made your affair."

"Don't speak of it to me. I forbid it. It would have been so in any case. She is the sweetest, most honest — "

"Of course she is; and if she had been a beggar-maid King Cophetua would have stooped just the same. But it is I who am aggrieved. How could I suppose that you would deliberately shut a door in my poor face — I, whom the world has used so roughly — "

"It seems to me you have got even with the world," he burst out.

Barbara smiled plaintively.

"Then it *is* because you have never forgiven me? That you want to punish me?"

"You persist in exaggerating. If I was ready to blow my brains out when you threw me overboard, I soon learned to be content with fate. The idea of being angry with you for dropping me! oh, no!"

A glow came into her pale face.

"If you mean that I put you under an obligation — " she began.

"My dear Mrs. Clay," said Melrose, interrupting, "you, who are the cleverest of women, ought to let this thing be easier for both of us."

"But you are taking from me everything. These people are indispensable to me. Oh, but it is too much!"

Melrose stood unmoved.

"It would really have been better for you not to talk to me, you know," he said presently.

"I have always refused to quarrel," she cried out — losing balance in face of his fatal self-control.

"Then we 'd better be getting back," he answered.

"But I never forget an insult. Take care!"

"That is what I mean to do," he said. There was a moment's silence. Then she took his arm again, and they went back into the ballroom.

THE long probation serving in lieu of an engagement, Lord Melrose had begged that the marriage might take place at the end of April, and Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, after some debate with Mrs. Clay as to what the world would say, consented.

Across the Atlantic flashed forthwith cable messages of weighty import to the Parisian potentate of millinery, whose assistance in such matters is equal in importance to that of the clergyman. Lily's girl friends, not to be astonished by trousseaux however gorgeous, owned to pangs of darkling envy at sight of the cards attached to sundry little tokens forwarded to Washington Square by English steamers. The names upon such bits of pasteboard, in whatever ink they might have been originally printed, underwent a chemical change on arriving in America, and were seen to glow with the glitter of purest gold.

Lily's individual excitement, enhanced by the confusion of a great city in a delirium of Centennial fervor and that of a society rent by internecine warfare on the subject of precedence at the Centennial ball, caused her physician to recommend a temporary change of air. Lord Melrose, at whose disposal had been put a yacht, thought of a week's idling in the bay of Chesapeake, under the warm sunshine of the Virginia coast, in whatever company she might select. This expedition being settled, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis discovered that her presence was indispensable in town, and proposed as her substitute Mrs. Bertie Clay. She was surprised and not a little displeased at the positive disapproval exhibited by her prospective son-in-law to this scheme. Even Lily, when consulted, seceded from her supposed allegiance to the charming Barbara, suggesting in her stead the Emorys, husband and wife and children, a plan to which events finally worked around to the satisfaction of all concerned. If Mrs. Floyd-Curtis had cherished any secret doubt of the eligibility of Mrs. Emory as a chaperone for the soon to be Lady Melrose, it was dissipated by the discovery that Grace had been asked by the committee and had declined to dance in the Centennial quadrille.

After some days of welcome separation from their fellow-men, the yacht party touched at Fort Monroe for letters and supplies. Sea and sky and April-girdled shores were beautiful exceedingly, when the two gentlemen, accompanied by Hal and Gladys, put off from the yacht for a morning at the Hygeia. The women, having announced their intention to loaf amid rugs and cushions on the deck, fell, when abandoned, into one of the long and intimate talks which had of late been so strong a stay to Lily. Grace, quick-witted and sympathetic, guessed something of the struggle in

the girl's heart, but when the conversation drifted to the point of confidence she had always deemed it best to turn aside the current.

"How bright, how buoyant the air is here," she said. "Surely a sea more blue never rocked a fairy boat on its wavelets. I am in a lotos-eating dream. With Fred and the children, I should be satisfied to go on thus eternally."

"Not you," said Lily. "You are too active. You 'd be wanting to reorganize your crew, and get up a mermaid chorus, or change your course or something, before a month had passed. Next year, Melrose says, we shall probably be yachting among the Western Isles, and then you must all come and make another party with us. I shall feel that, after my father and mother, when I give you up I 'm leaving behind me the best part of America."

"America salutes!" cried her friend gaily. "What you suggest would be only too enticing: I should always be thinking, though, of poor McLeod of Dare. Now, Lily, I mean to tell you that Lord Melrose has quite won over Fred and me. It did seem too much to expect to have one's friend marry and soar away into the English aristocracy, and *like* the culprit who 's responsible for the calamity. But he 's so simple and straightforward — and kind. No one who sees him as we do now can help feeling friends with him. My dear, you *must* be happy."

"Yes, he is all you say," the girl replied. She had turned aside her head, and was gazing seaward. Grace saw that her eyes were full of tears, and at this juncture a sailor passing them announced that the yacht's boat had put off from the dock of the hotel.

"Those darlings!" exclaimed Mrs. Emory, meaning her offspring. "How they will chatter when I get them back! And the steward has confided to me that we shall be the richer for fresh rolls and eggs and some fat Virginia ducklings and green pease. Last, but not least, our letters! I can understand a man's fancy for getting out of the reach of telegrams and letters, but after a week's blank one welcomes an echo from the world of every day."

Lily, who had no desire to make an exhibition of her eyes, escaped to her cabin, where, a little later, a number of envelopes were put into her hands. Letters from her mother she read at once. Those from casual friends she glanced at. Last to attract her notice was a thick package addressed to her in the familiar chirography of Barbara Clay.

It was not until evening that Lily felt inclined to break the seal of Barbara's epistle. Grace, who was in her own stateroom tucking away her children to their rest, and crooning to them the lullabies they were not too big to love, fancied that from Lily's quarters she heard an exclamation of distress.

"Lily, dear, may I come in?" she cried, tapping at the door. "It 's too absurd, but I imagined you were in pain."

"It is nothing. I am reading. I will come to you presently," Lily's voice answered, and Grace went back, light-hearted, to her pleasant toil.

Lily sat staring wildly at a sheet of note-paper scrawled with Mrs. Clay's bold English handwriting. On her lap and around her feet lay others in envelopes of which the seals had long been broken.

> These letters I inclose for your amusement on your voyage. They were written by a man who has vowed vows to many women, and whose motive in marrying you you will find herein discussed. Some of them have been for years in my possession. The most recent will enlighten you upon any points that may seem to be obscure. They are the wedding present to you of
>
> BARBARA CLAY.

With hot hands the young girl gathered together the scattered envelopes. All of them bore the same superscription, all of them were written by Melrose. For a moment she covered her eyes and tried to think. Within her brain suspicions whirled thick and fast like November leaves before the storm. Then resolutely she went out on deck to find her lover.

Melrose was alone and smoking. He threw away his cigar and advanced to meet her. At that hour they had been accustomed to walk and talk together.

"I came, I came," Lily panted, facing him with blazing eyes — "I came to bring you these. I have not read them. I don't want to handle them."

He knew by intuition what serpent had entered into his Eden. He took the packet Lily relinquished with haughty finger-tips, and stood frowning.

"It is like her," he muttered. "She is a Thug who loves to do her stabbing in the back."

"It is true, then?"

"True that a creature, who has for years made a deliberate practice of toying with emotions she can no longer feel, got me into her net. Yes, that is true."

"That she is only one of many women. That — that — oh, I can't, I can't! Here is her hateful letter. Take it and read it and see for yourself that it has poisoned all my life, that between us two there can never be anything again."

Melrose was astonished at the passionate protest in her voice. It was rising moonlight, and he could see that her face was pale and convulsed, like a classic mask of tragedy. He

sought to soothe her, but breaking away from him with shuddering sobs, she went below.

THE events of Lily's life following this were brief and crowded. Cutting imperiously short the *Iolanthe's* cruise, she induced her friends to return with her to town. Too well she realized the battle there to be fought. Brusquely, and without preparation, she announced to her mother her intention to break off her marriage with Melrose. Whether most to lament this deplorable result, or the treachery that caused it, the distracted mother could not at first tell. To her, for a short space, the universe turned upside down. A second glance at the situation showed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis that even the enormity of Mrs. Clay's offense was nothing beside the stinging blow of the failure of Lily's marriage. With tireless arguments, with tender prayers, with floods of tears, she besought her child to reconsider her rash determination. Poor Eliphalet, pressed into service as an advocate, and carefully drilled into what he should say, offered Lily no refuge from the pressure that narrowed upon her day by day. Even Grace, her one hope, gravely kissing her upon the brow, counseled her to weigh well a decision that would entail so much suffering and distress upon those she loved, as well as harshest criticism upon herself.

"They are all against me," said poor Lily, desperately and driven to bay. She had shut herself in her room, pacing the floor, clasping her hands, her heart beating with obstinate determination. In this crisis, when she stood facing, as it were, the weal or woe of her whole future life, who was there to whom it could possibly mean as much as to her? One word of a counselor she could trust would be of infinite relief, especially if that counselor were to cast the balance on the side she wanted. For back, with a bound, had sped her heart to the one love of her life. A certainty that if she could see him, speak to him, break down that dreadful barrier of time and absence, he would help and sustain her faltering steps, came to her swift and strong. And then Lily did one of those foolish things that have no excuse save in impetuous youth. She took from a sacred corner the little book the professor had left with her, telling her whenever she needed him to send the book, and he would come, were it from the world's end. She wrapped it up, and wrote his name and address upon the card, then, ringing for a servant, despatched the parcel to the nearest mail station. When her door closed, she threw herself upon her knees beside her bed, and prayed that her token might speed in safety to its goal.

This action, seeing that Lily's engagement to Lord Melrose had not been canceled, was indefensible by the canons of good form. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who did not fail to become at once aware of it, intercepted the messenger and was shocked that her daughter should stoop to exhibit such a weakness. Not in the least understanding Lily's intention,—or the book,—she took care to suppress what seemed at the very least an overture towards correspondence with the obscure and uninteresting Jencks. Without ceremony she consigned Mr. Lang's delightful essays to the flames, saying nothing of the matter, and thankful for the reward her vigilance had met. Most mothers will agree with her that a young girl should be forcibly restrained from committing follies sure to bring on her the condemnation of the society by whose laws she stands adjudged.

In the case of Melrose, it must certainly be said that he behaved very well. He even showed to Lily's mother his letter written from Florida to Mrs. Clay. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, in return, asked him to be patient, and to make allowance for Lily's high-strung and romantic disposition. She did not consider herself bound to give confidence for confidence by telling all she knew of Mr. Jencks.

Day after day Lily waited for an answer that never came, and at the end of April she married Lord Melrose.

The particulars of a wedding so much and so recently discussed are here superfluous. Lily's was in no way original. She wore white, looked beautiful, had six bridesmaids, cried a little at parting with her parents, and sailed that day for England.

For a time her friends the Emorys, who talked of her constantly with tenderest regard, heard only in a general way of the movements of the new Countess of Melrose. She was much admired, and had been received everywhere with kindness. When, after some months, a letter came from her to Mrs. Emory, Grace read it a second time before handing it to Fred.

"It is because I want to be quite sure she—"

"Well, are you?" asked her husband, accustomed to be the interpreter of her unfinished sentence.

"She is her own sweet self. She is young and brave and loyal, and you will see how good he has been to her—"

"Then, pray, why do you sigh?"

There was a short silence. Then Grace said, smiling, though he saw that tears were in her eyes:

"'Nothing will bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.'"

THE END.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE paper now published will be followed by two others to complete the first series as projected by the original members of the Group, whose names have appeared at the head of the papers which have already been published.

The Group has, however, lately invited the coöperation of others in the further prosecution of their inquiries; and, as now enlarged, it will consist of these names:

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.	SETH LOW.	FRANCIS G. PEABODY.
HENRY C. POTTER.	RICHARD T. ELY.	WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, JR.
THEODORE T. MUNGER.	HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.	EDWARD J. PHELPS.
WM. CHAUNCEY LANGDON.	CHARLES A. BRIGGS.	WILLIAM J. SLOANE.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.	WASHINGTON GLADDEN.	CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It is understood that each writer has had the benefit of suggestions from the Group, but is himself alone responsible for opinions expressed in a paper to which his name is subscribed.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM OF CHURCH UNITY.

REPORT OF BISHOP POTTER AND PROFESSOR SHIELDS.

"HOW were Christians employed," said Voltaire, "whilst the Saracens were ravaging the fairest portion of Christendom? Disputing whether Christ had one will or two!" The sneer was shallow enough; but it seems almost deserved when we weigh the forgotten Monothelite controversy against that Christian civilization which was in peril until after the Crusades. Perhaps, too, we may find history repeating itself in our own time.

The situation of the Christian denominations in modern society is not unlike that of a wrangling army among invading foes. It is no petty quarrel before the onset, but a bitter feud in mid-battle. The contending factions have become so absorbed that they do not even see the hosts mustering around them and the ranks closing in upon them. Worst of all, they have neither organization nor leadership in their hour of peril.

Meanwhile, too, may still be heard the old Voltairian sneer with modern variations: "You Christians are disputing whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father as well as the Son, whilst multitudes have not even heard if there be a Holy Ghost; whether any infants have been elected from eternity, whilst myriads of infants are growing up in vice and sin; whether the heathen on the other side of the globe will hereafter be saved, whilst the heathen at your own doors are already lost. You are splitting hairs of theology, with society falling to pieces around you. If this be Christianity, we want none of it. Settle your useless disputes and unite vigorously in improving the world that now is, and then we will listen to your promises of a better world to come."

The writer would be no alarmist in his view of the social necessities for church unity. But surely, if social ills are fast coming to a crisis, it is folly to ignore them; and if organized Christianity is their only perfect remedy, it is madness to withhold that remedy. The Church would simply be a conspicuous failure did it not thus become the light of the world and the salt of the earth. To instruct and preserve society is at least one design, if not the chief design, of the Christian religion as organized in the Church. Whatever other great purposes it may serve as a training-school of individuals for heaven, it has also this high social mission here upon earth. And with this social mission of Christianity we, in our collective capacity, have mainly to do.

It should be remembered that our social troubles are not wholly economic or political in their nature. The problems of marriage, temperance, education, property involve moral elements. Even the so-called conflict between labor and capital is no mere play of impersonal forces, but also a fierce struggle of human passions and prejudices, and the actors in it cannot be manipulated like so many chessmen in the game of politics. In fact, our wisest statesmanship already stands baffled before these problems. They have passed beyond

the control of parties, the machinery of legislation, and the devices of political economy. It is becoming plain that they are not to be solved by divorce statutes, prohibitory amendments, conspiracy laws against strikes and boycotts; much less by improved police systems and new barricade tactics. If solved at all, the solution must be largely moral and even religious, striking at the roots of social corruption in ignorance and vice; imparting integrity to all classes; binding together laborer and capitalist in bonds of charity as well as interest; and ever nobly diffusing culture with wealth, virtue with intelligence, religion with knowledge, Christianity with civilization.

From this high point of view the Christian religion has an imperious claim upon the patriot and the statesman. Even that citizen who does not accept it must recognize it as at least part of our national life and a potent force in public affairs. If he should choose to view it simply as a moralizing agent, aside from all religious doctrines, it would still have an immense political value. Compared with other religions, it would afford the best political morality that the world has ever known. As a matter of fact, however, we are neither an infidel nor a heathen people. Our whole civilization is essentially Christian. Our institutions and laws have their roots in Christian ethics. The very seat of our sovereignty is in a Christian citizenship. The most unscrupulous politician dare not defy the Christian sentiment of the nation. The most philosophic statesman cannot afford to ignore it. And the time may not be far off when the organization of the Christian denominations against menacing social evils — in other words, church unity — shall have become a social as well as an ecclesiastical question, and a question belonging to the domain of practical rather than mere sentimental politics. This will be seen more clearly as we proceed to trace the relations of socialism with Christianity to their present critical stage in this country.

EARLY CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

SOCIALISM originated in Christianity. It was born in the golden age of the Church on the day of Pentecost, when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. . . . Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." That brief, brilliant dream of social perfection has lingered ever since in the Christian consciousness as an ideal of prayer and effort. Countless attempts have been made to realize it, many of them crude and grotesque, but some of them noble and hopeful. The monastic communities of the early Church, both Greek and Roman, the great religious orders of the Middle Ages, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, with their various branches, were only so many socialistic organizations based upon the renunciation of property, marriage, and citizenship. Communistic sects were born of the pentecostal zeal of the Reformation; some of them, like the German Anabaptists, and English Fifth Monarchists, assailing both church and state with revolutionary violence, whilst others, like the Shakers and Harmonists, sought an asylum in the New World and founded peaceful retreats of piety and virtue. Besides these imported forms of Christian socialism we have had our own indigenous growths, such as the Unitarian association of Transcendentalists at Brook Farm and the Orthodox community of Perfectionists at Oneida. And now, as mild types of the same spirit, we have in some of our churches revived brotherhoods and sisterhoods with voluntary vows of poverty, celibacy, and chastity.

Not only has socialism prevailed within the Church, but its offshoots have flourished like the wild olive beyond the pale, if not as direct fruits of Christianity, yet as products of a Christian civilization. The various eleemosynary institutions for the relief of social ills — hospitals, asylums, reformatories, penitentiaries — were once managed by the clergy alone, and may all be traced back to the example and doctrine of that divine Philanthropist who taught the parable of the Good Samaritan and wrought miracles of healing upon the bodies as well as souls of men. The numerous friendly and beneficiary societies for mutual help in sickness and misfortune, such as the Free Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, etc., are only remote descendants of the Christian guild and often born of the Christian spirit, even when not baptized with a Christian name. Propagandist orders, like the Sons of Temperance and the Brethren of the White Cross, aim directly at Christian virtues. Many of the modern schemes of social regeneration have simply borrowed the Christian ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity, charity. Saint-Simon styled his socialistic treatise "New Christianity." It is often claimed that industrial fraternities are doing the work of a practical Christianity. To Christianity indeed the working classes owe their enfranchisement and their organization. The pagan world knew nothing of the dignity of free labor. In no heathen

land has the toiler ceased to be a slave, or a serf, or a mere drudge and outcast. In Christian nations alone have associations of workingmen for their own improvement and elevation, such as trades unions and Knights of Labor, become possible. Even the anarchist owes to a Christian state the free arm with which he is now blindly striking back at the mother which nourished him.

It would be interesting to trace historically the process by which such socialism has become alienated from the Church and even from Christianity itself, and to survey its existing forms in different European countries, such as French communism, German social democracy, Russian nihilism, and international anarchism.[1] At present, however, we need only take into view the amalgamated product as we find it in our own country. No easy task will it be to sift the confused materials of American socialism and trace their proper relations to the Christianity coexisting with them. They involve such a mixture of truth and error, right and wrong, good and evil, that it is difficult even to state fairly both sides of the question. At the same time, any overstatement or understatement alike might prove misleading and hurtful. Trusting that the reader will judge the argument as a whole rather than in detached parts, I venture now to speak of the several kinds and grades of socialism which confront the American churches and with which they must soon come to an understanding.

ANTICHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

THE first is a thoroughly antichristian socialism, which is loud and forward, but not formidable in numbers or influence. It is found chiefly among the French, German, Russian, Polish, and Hebrew refugees known as "Internationalists," though it gains some strange recruits on our own soil. It means revolution as it waves the black and red flags, which have become so portentous emblems of violence and bloodshed. Avowedly, through all its organs, it aims to annihilate the Christian institutions of the church, the state, and the family, and to bring in pure anarchy, either as essential to the freedom of the individual or as a condition precedent to some reconstruction of society on industrial principles for the good of the workingman. By whatever subtle reasonings it vindicates to itself such ends, there can be no mistaking its means and methods. These are not arguments nor even ballots, but the torch and the bomb as soon as they shall become practicable. Its incendiary journals plainly advocate arson, pillage, assassination, and hail the discovery of dynamite as a timely boon to the anarchist. Through its chief manifesto at Pittsburg it has declared that "the Church seeks to make complete idiots out of the mass by leading them to forego the paradise on earth for a fictitious heaven"; has advised workmen to the policy of "revolutionary conspiracy"; and has warned their oppressors that just before them are dawning "the scarlet and sable colors of the Judgment Day."

At first sight it would seem that Christianity could make no terms with such socialism, but must simply leave it in the grasp of the outraged law as an enemy of civilization no less than religion. Certainly men with arms in their hands are not open to reason, and dynamite cannot be met with argument. Nor will the issue be doubtful should anarchism ever rouse the great law-abiding mass of the people. But this is not precisely the most Christian mood in which to watch the struggle. Rather may such fanatics become the objects of pity and sorrow than of hatred. It should not be forgotten that the French anarchist and the Russian nihilist are the offspring of corrupt hierarchies and despotic governments; that generations of wrong and outrage are rankling in their blood; and that these hereditary strains are not to be checked at once even by an environment of free institutions. In their view the policeman, the capitalist, the clergyman, are only old oppressors in new guises. It is not necessary to persecute them, but only to make their existence unreasonable. If the churches cannot reach them with religious teaching and consolation, they may hope at least to arrest the growth of such madness in a free Christian land.

SPURIOUS CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

THERE is, secondly, a spurious Christian socialism, which falsely claims for itself religious doctrines and motives. It is a more American product than anarchism, though a remarkable form of it has been imported among us in the writings of the Russian Count Tolstoi. It expresses itself variously, not only in communistic associations which plead a scriptural warrant, but in labor fraternities which seek to indoctrinate as well as to organize the working masses. Its assumption is that Christ, as a workingman himself, founded industrial socialism; that he came to abolish poverty and other class distinctions; and that he now sides with the great labor movement in all its aims and effort. Consistently it speaks of "Jesus the communistic Anarchist," sings hymns to "the carpenter Christ," and applies the para-

[1] The reader is referred to the two valuable treatises by Professor Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., "French and German Socialism in Modern Times," and "The Labor Movement in America."

able of Lazarus and Dives to the impoverished laborer and pampered capitalist.

The charge is sometimes made that this bastard form of Christian socialism has been misbegotten of the Church itself through its own neglect and sin. Workingmen, it is said, having been long treated as social outcasts by the respectable denominations, have learned to discriminate between the Church as corrupted with wealth and worldliness and a plain Christianity retained by them as it came from the hands of its Author. Rashly seconding such views, the priest has left the altar and the minister his pulpit to lead a new crusade against the rich and preach another gospel to the poor. Some self-sacrificing clergymen, under vows of poverty, have openly joined the ranks of the poor as a class to share their hardships and espouse their cause; whilst others from the pulpit and the platform are eloquently denouncing our luxurious, pewed churches as mere religious club-houses, and laying at their doors all the want, crime, and wretchedness which disgrace our civilization.

Such charges ought not to be lightly brought nor lightly tossed aside. If they seem to have little applicability to the rural districts, they can find only too much justification in our large cities, where vast accumulations of wealth, through the fashion and culture which wealth brings, tend to widen the breach between the social extremes and render even their religious intercourse uncongenial, if not impracticable. There is danger of exaggeration on both sides. Without extenuating the faults of wealthy congregations we should not forget their costly missions and personal efforts in the slums and at the frontiers. Without belittling the grievances of laboring men we must remember that they are not the only class alienated from Christianity, but may be merely sharing in a general worldliness which rages outside of the churches far more fiercely than within them. After all that may be said there will remain the plain duty of distinguishing the true from a false Christian socialism. No one, high or low, rich or poor, can be interested in having evangelical truths caricatured and perverted.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

As to the right Christian estimate of social distinctions, for example nothing will ever be gained by telling only half the truth because the other half may be unpopular. It is simply a degradation of Holy Scripture, well meant, but thoughtless and mischievous, to dwell upon the incidents that our Saviour was the son of a carpenter, that some of his apostles were fishermen and his disciples taken largely from the common people, and then throw his glorious doctrine into the opposite scale as a mere makeweight for the want of social culture. It is bartering with the world upon its own terms, and no marvel if it be accepted as but the homage of envy. Besides, it is not founded on facts. The authors of such writings as the Gospels and Epistles could not have been wholly illiterate and rude. The truth is, that many of the distinctions of modern society did not exist among the ancient Hebrews. The prejudice against manual labor was little known, and avocations which are now simply respectable were then even honorable, associated with rank and learning. Every well-educated Jewish youth was taught some handicraft, and would have been disgraced without it. If St. Paul plied his trade of tent-making at Corinth, did he not show the culture of a scholar among the philosophers of Athens, the breeding of a gentleman at the court of Festus, and the patrician spirit of a Roman citizen before the magistrates of Philippi? Even that divine Son of a carpenter himself, as his human genealogy shows, came of a lineage older than the Pharaohs or the Cæsars and purer than Castilian or Norman blood. At least a few high-born women and honorable personages were among his followers and stood by him when the crowd deserted him. Though he was meek and lowly in heart, his life was ever gentle and noble. A man of sorrows, yet at a wedding-feast he converted water into another beverage with exhilarating properties. A Saviour of harlots and lepers, yet in his perfect wisdom he became an honored guest at the banquets of the rich and worldly, while the Pharisees sneered at him as a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. In the sorrowful moment of parting from his disciples, with infinite graciousness he took that cup which is the pledge of friendship the world over and taught them how to drink it to his memory. All through his insulted anguish, from the garden to the cross, he bore himself with unspeakable dignity, forbearance, and gentleness. At length Jewish austerity, Grecian culture, and Roman valor alike did him homage. And ever since among his followers the highest as well as the lowest ranks have been represented — kings and queens, scholars and soldiers, artists, poets, philosophers; not many wise, not many noble, but at least enough to show that Christianity is of no class or condition, and may as little become a boast of ignorance and vulgarity as a haughty claim of rank and culture.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF POVERTY.

IT is important also to discriminate sound Christian teaching as to the respective con-

ditions of poverty and wealth. On this point scarcely can the merest truisms be uttered without danger of misapprehension. If there be sometimes a clerical sycophancy which pays court to the rich as patrons of religion, yet there is also a pulpit demagogism which flatters the poor as favorites of Heaven. To neither abuse do the Scriptures give the least countenance. The man with a gold ring and goodly apparel is not to have the highest place in the synagogue, nor yet are the needy masses to follow Christ merely for the loaves and fishes. On the one hand, no virtue or grace is ever attributed to simple poverty itself. Not the poor in this world, but the poor in spirit, the souls consciously needing truth and goodness, shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Not mere physical penury, the being cold and hungry and naked, is most to be pitied, but that dire moral destitution which thinks itself rich when it is in need of all spiritual knowledge and grace and virtue. On the other hand, mere wealth is never stigmatized as a sin or a crime. Not money itself, but the love of money, is the root of all evil. Not riches in themselves, but the making haste to get them and the setting the heart upon them, are to be deprecated. Moreover, neither extreme poverty nor extreme wealth is accounted favorable to piety and virtue. The poor amid their cares and sorrows are tenderly entreated to take no thought for food or raiment, but to trust in a heavenly Father who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the field. The rich amid their luxuries and pleasures are solemnly admonished that they may fall into temptation and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. If the poor man in his wretchedness and despair is sometimes tempted to curse God and die, yet the rich man in his glory and pride finds it proverbially hard to enter into the kingdom of God.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF PROPERTY.

MOST of all has it become needful at this time to distinguish and re-assert the true Christian doctrine of property. We seem fast nearing a crisis in the strife between labor and capital. On the one side are the great national leagues of tradesmen and workmen organizing universal strikes and boycotts and broaching the most revolutionary theories as to the origin and distribution of wealth; while on the other side are the vast, overgrown fortunes which represent no just earnings of their owners, the oppressive corporations which are pressing wages down to the point of starvation, and the imperial monopolies which are controlling our elections and legislatures. Between these two mustered forces the voice of Divine wisdom speaks with no uncertain sound. For the capitalist it has some timely lessons. It charges them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded nor trust in uncertain riches, and warns them that by the passion for money-getting some have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. It teaches the millionaire that his wealth is not absolute property, but a sacred trust from the sovereign Creator for the good of his fellow-creatures, and if that trust be neglected or perverted the unfaithful steward shall lose even that which he seemeth to have. It requires of masters or employers that they use not their neighbor's service without just wages, nor let the sun go down upon his hire unpaid, nor cause him to do any work on the seventh day of rest. It denounces the usurer who has increased his substance by unjust gain, built his house with unrighteousness, and filled his chambers with the spoil of the poor. By prophet and evangelist it foretells that Jehovah will be a swift witness against all that oppress the hireling in his wages, and calls upon rich men to weep and howl for the miseries that are to come upon them in the day when the cries of laborers whose hire is kept back by fraud have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. For the laborer also it has some needed counsels. It tells the working masses what Christ himself told them, that he came to preach the gospel to the poor, not that he came to abolish poverty, and urges them to seek first the kingdom of God, and food and raiment and all good things shall be added to them. It exhorts all that are in service or at labor that they be faithful and diligent, treating their masters or employers as brethren, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God, and having his blessing when they suffer wrongfully. The vagabond and the idler are warned that if any man will not work neither shall he eat, and that he that neglects to provide for his own household is worse than an infidel. The socialist agitator may learn that although Jesus told the rich young ruler to sell all he had and give to the poor, yet he did not tell either him or them that he was depriving the poor of their rights. The communist will find that the disciples at Pentecost did not deny the right of property in land or goods, but merely offered in charity that which was their own freely to give or to withhold, and afterwards themselves became objects of the same charity in the churches. To the anarchist in his blind mood of vengeance the learned pulpit, the artistic ritual, the cathedral spire, may seem wasteful as the alabaster box with which Mary worshiped her Lord, but only another Judas could mur-

mur that all this might be sold for much and given to the poor. Finally, for both laborer and capitalist there are those great perennial lessons of Christian brotherhood, sympathy, forbearance, charity which alone can insure the moral concord of capital and labor, and at length reconcile and unite the poor and the rich as members of the one body of Christ and inmates of the temple whose maker is God.

Without adding more instances of such Christian teaching, we now have enough before us to show that the pseudo-Christian socialism consists not so much of positive errors as of partial truths, or truths forced out of their due proportions and relations in the general system of social doctrine. As the churches come in contact with such socialism — and some contact if not conflict is inevitable — they will have the important task of sifting truth from error, in order to throw themselves heartily into sympathy with the toiling masses along the line of their just grievances and sufferings. Of this enlightened sympathy we have already had noble examples in philanthropists, like Howard, Wilberforce, Raikes, Shaftesbury, Peabody, who have cared for prisoners, slaves, outcast women, homeless children, and houseless laborers; in zealous evangelists, like Wesley and Whitefield, who have preached to the neglected poor outside of the established churches; as well as in earnest churchmen, like Chalmers, Maurice, Kingsley, Toynbee, who have conducted industrial reforms not inconsistent with their churchmanship. Of such sympathy, too, we now have cheering expressions in church dignitaries like Cardinal Gibbons, the House of Bishops and other clerical assemblies, who are issuing timely counsels on the mutual rights and duties of laborers and employers; in faithful pastors and devoted laymen, who are maintaining chapels, schools, reading-rooms for employees in their hours of rest and recreation; and, above all, in that intelligent body of Christian workingmen who have not thought it necessary to break away from their respective churches because they have joined labor organizations in efforts to relieve and elevate their fellow-laborers.

NON-CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

We come lastly to a non-Christian socialism, which is secular in its spirit and wholly economic in its aims. It is sometimes said that the mass of European socialists are secularists or atheists, whose religion consists in worshiping man as God and making our earth their only heaven. The leaders of the socialistic labor party are monists or materialists. Without bringing such charges against our new nationalistic socialism, we may say that it has at least a lack of Christian elements, and consequently that such moral elements as it retains are somewhat perverted or defective. At the same time we shall find that it has no sympathy with anarchical or revolutionary socialism, since it expects to see society reformed and transformed peacefully and gradually by means of public opinion, and through existing modes of political action at the polls and in the legislature. Its spirit may best be shown by two popular treatises which are now selling by the hundred thousand copies.

The work of Mr. Henry George, entitled "Progress and Poverty," is written in so clear a style, depicts so boldly the wrongs and sufferings of laboring people, and is so full of humane sentiments and pathetic appeals in their behalf, that it would be much pleasanter to dwell upon its truths than upon its errors. It is to be hoped that the latter will not neutralize the former. As we have left far behind us the age when obnoxious books were ordered to be burned by the hangman, every fair-minded citizen must approve a recent judicial decision legalizing the circulation of this volume. But many will not adopt one of the opinions upon which that decision was based — that there can be no immoral tendency in a work which teaches that it would be morally right for the people to seize all landed estates without paying anything for them or for the cost of maintaining them. Had Mr. George presented his scheme of nationalizing land or confiscating rent simply as an economic measure, to be effected with due regard to acquired rights and existing interests, it would have been at least debatable, and perhaps something might have been said in favor of it. But, unhappily, he has mixed with it ethical teachings which the Christian conscience cannot accept, and suggested popular movements which might prove as revolutionary as the general land robbery of the dark ages.

In that pleasant social romance styled "Looking Backward" Mr. Edward Bellamy has brought Utopia as near to us as the next century, and thrown over it a color of probability by tracing its growth out of our own industrial system through the process of nationalizing railways, telegraphs, manufactures, all forms of business and modes of life. As we turn the fascinating pages there rises before us the image of our national government as a vast complex automaton, marshaling its millions of puppet-like citizens through their countless pursuits, under self-executing laws, with all the order and grace of the most faultless mechanism. But on looking a little more closely we are ready to smile as grimly as the genial Dr. Leete himself when we find that

somehow our old human depravity has disappeared in the process. Men have been made virtuous and happy by act of Congress; and the preacher of the twentieth century is informing his myriad hearers through the telephone that "the Ten Commandments have become well-nigh obsolete," and with them all the crimes and miseries of former ages.

Of the political socialism represented by both of these works it should be said gladly that its bearing towards Christianity is not unfriendly, though too silent and inappreciative. Mr. George, while he is wiser than some clerical recruits who are citing chapter and verse for his bad ethics, is always reverent in his few religious allusions. Mr. Bellamy even claims his perfect commonwealth to be a Christian ideal, but depicts it as having been achieved under the natural laws of social progress, through mere industrial and political expedients, not only without miraculous or providential agencies, but without the moral and religious means of social regeneration. These grave defects of nationalism are beginning to be felt in minds having no religious or sectarian bias. Mr. Frederic Harrison draws from the London strikes the lesson that "industry must be moralized by education, by morality, by religion — not recast by the state." Prince Bismarck, as the leader of political socialism in Germany, has been endeavoring to effect an alliance with Catholic socialism in favor of his scheme of national insurance for the laboring classes. As yet such measures have not become practical or practicable in our own politics. But it is safe to say that the genius of a Christian people will never allow its Christianity to be wholly divorced from its social reforms. And the emerging problem now is how to effect this coöperation consistently with our traditional theory of an absolute separation of church and state.

CHURCH AND STATE SOCIALISM.

On the first view it would seem that our state-socialism and church-socialism, if such terms may be used, might come to a cordial understanding at least as to their common aims, and largely as to their methods of attaining them. Since the church includes while it transcends the state in its scope, their spheres become coincident in respect to the whole physical and moral improvement of society. Such improvement, from the most religious point of view, is good as far as it goes; comes first in the order of nature, of opportunity, and of urgency; and is only part of the Christian conception of a more general improvement, embracing the spiritual with the material interests of humanity. In this common sphere have gradually arisen many practical questions in which all philanthropic citizens, both in and out of the churches, are interested, such as the relief of the poor and unemployed, the sanitary safety of their dwellings and workshops, the security of their Sundays, holidays, and daily hours of rest from labor; the rescue of young children from premature toil and vicious training, their education physical, intellectual, moral, and industrial; the repression of the social vices of licentiousness, intemperance, gambling, and vagrancy; reform of the primary meeting, the caucus, the ballot, and suppression of bribery in elections and legislatures; civil service reform; scientific legislation on social questions. As to all these and many other like objects the religious and the political socialist are already substantially agreed; but as to the best methods of reaching these objects they do not proceed far together before they begin to diverge along opposite lines of action. The Christian socialist of the old-fashioned school looks upon the state as a wholly worldly institution; limits its educational functions to such schools as may qualify the citizen for voting; cares little even for the Bible as obligatory in such schools; would not legislate beyond the public conscience on moral questions; and, in a word, would reserve for the churches all the higher education and humane effort, as likely to be spurious or injurious if not surcharged with evangelical doctrines and motives. On the other hand, the Christian socialist of the new nationalistic school looks upon the state as itself an educational and moral agency; claims for it the right to give the people the highest schools that they may desire for industrial and even professional training; advocates prohibitory laws against social vices; would nationalize all industries as fast as they become monopolistic; and in the end would render the government as humane and even Christian as the churches can make it. Fortunately, these differences as yet are more theoretical than practical, and the church-socialist and state-socialist may find large common ground where they can work together without collision or conflict.

It is important, however, to clear this common ground of some popular fallacies which are found in many forms of socialism of the non-Christian or secular type. Some of these fallacies have been inherited or imported from European states of society, but others are due to crude notions in economic science or to an abuse of our democratic institutions. They should be clearly and fearlessly exposed in order to distinguish social grievances which are slight and imaginary from those which are real and urgent and the only proper object of a true Christian philanthropy.

THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES.

ONE very common fallacy is the false issue of the "masses against the classes." The phrase has more rhyme than reason. In one view the masses simply compose the classes. Even the so-called working masses have the class element in their trades unions, and express it in the very title of their "Noble Order of the Knights of Labor." Their most intelligent champions, such as Hendrik Ibsen and Powderly, have urged that they may oppose a genuine aristocracy of character and moral worth to the old aristocracies of birth, of wealth, and of learning. The more of such a class spirit we can get the better will it be for all classes. The fact would seem to be that our socialistic friends often use the word "class" when they mean "caste." In aristocratic countries, like England and Germany, where classes have long since hardened into castes with impassable barriers between them, the most radical socialism might have a plea and a mission; but not in a democratic country like ours, where the prizes of life are open to all classes, the lowest as well as the highest. With no law of primogeniture to keep wealth and power in the same families, every other generation is likely to be at the bottom of the wheel of fortune. Our millionaires, with few exceptions, were laboring men, who did not inherit but made their money; and their menacing accumulations will soon become divided and squandered among their descendants, or perpetuated only in great beneficiary bequests, the ambition to found a college or library having taken the place of the old ambition to found a family and gain a title. In our politics, too, laboring men become the idols and rulers of the people, whilst trained statesmen take second places in their cabinets. One of our presidents was a rail-splitter, another a tailor, another a boatman; and bootblacks, shoemakers, and blacksmiths have become potent in our highest legislatures. Our science and literature, also, are largely recruited from the ranks of toil, or pursued by men who can work with their brains only because their kindred before them have worked with their hands. Even in the most conspicuous circles of fashion the children or grandchildren of workingmen are seen gracefully entertaining aristocratic visitors from the Old World, whilst descendants of our colonial gentry may be found living in poverty and obscurity. Good breeding thus becomes diffused with the wealth which fostered it, and workmen and tradesmen inherit the instincts of gentlemen. How absurd to talk of class tyranny in such a state of society! How futile any war against such classes! And how dismal would life be without them! Let us not confound political equality with social equality. We have abolished castes with all their hereditary powers and privileges, but we can never abolish those classes which are rooted in the original diversities of human nature. Nor would any of us be quite ready for a socialism that should march through society cutting off every man's head that is an inch higher than his neighbor's.

CAPITALISTIC LABORING CLASSES.

ANOTHER fallacy is the false division of society into only the two classes, "the laborers and the capitalists." The classification, as often made, is crude, and easily becomes vague and misleading. There is no capitalistic class as opposed to a laboring class. Not only are the laborer and the capitalist always changing places through the vicissitudes of trade, but they are everywhere combined in the same persons and in the same classes. Many laborers are also capitalists. The workman who toils by the day saves out of his earnings enough capital to be invested in a homestead. The artisan, the engineer, the inventor, whose toil is even congenial, have a capital in their skill which may yield them larger returns than the salaries paid in the learned professions. The tradesman, the merchant, whose toil is almost luxurious, retire with the fortune of a millionaire. In like manner many capitalists are also laborers. The farmer, whose capital is in land and implements, works harder and longer than many a mechanic. The lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, whose capital is in knowledge, often die of sheer exhaustion as brain-workers. The manufacturer or the railway king, whose capital is in machinery or bonds, is sometimes more overworked than any of his employees or dependents. In fact, with the exception of a few idlers at both extremes of the social scale, the great mass of the American people, whether as capitalists or as laborers, are, in one way or another, working for their living. It is, therefore, scarcely possible to take sides either with labor or with capital. Every citizen is interested in their just cohesion, and in any so-called conflict between them might be found fighting against himself as well as against his neighbor.

DERANGEMENT OF SOCIAL CLASSES.

BY far the most serious fallacy now current is a false predominance claimed for the laboring class over all other classes. It is a predominance not justified by the importance of any single class in the social system, and a predominance sometimes asserted against the peace and order of whole communities. We have seen the commerce of half a dozen

Western States deranged and the traffic of our largest city hindered for days whilst a few workmen, at the call of one master workman, were parleying with their employers for better terms of employment. Such indifference or obliviousness to all other social interests is intelligible and excusable enough in men who for the time are absorbed in their own sufferings and intent only on getting their rights. But it makes a different impression in the formal manifesto and calm treatise. According to its platform the Socialistic Labor party would exalt the manual laborer as the sole producer and owner of all existing wealth, and hope for some complete inversion or depression of the social classes in his behalf. Mr. Bellamy, in his ideal republic, would force all classes alike through long apprenticeships of manual toil before they can even be admitted to the higher forms of mental labor. This is trying to make the pyramid of society revolve from its apex to its base. Its material interests must ever remain subordinate to its moral and spiritual interests. A legislative rule of the laboring class, if established, could not be long maintained without Christian knowledge and virtue. Nor are we ready in this country to have any class dominant: not the wealthy class; not the learned class; not even the clerical class; still less that laboring class, least fitted for leadership in all the higher spheres of civilization, such as education, science, art, and religion.

Having thus touched upon some of the socialistic fallacies of the day, we can now make them throw into stronger relief the real wrongs and sufferings of our laboring people. These will still assert themselves after all the abatements that have been made. Whilst it may be true, as we have seen, that the avenues to wealth and power are open to the lowest ranks, yet it is also true that only one person in sixty millions can become president; very few will win any of the other prizes for which so many are contending; and the great mass must remain hewers of wood and drawers of water as effectually as if they were serfs and bondmen, and therefore as truly the objects of Christian kindness and care. Whilst it may be true that capital and labor are not antagonistic, yet labor is not now getting its full share of their joint product, owing to changed industrial conditions. Although spiritual interests are ever superior, yet material wants are still fundamental and first to be satisfied. American laborers, too, acquire more luxurious tastes than the European, and share more largely the average intelligence of the community. Becoming keen-sighted as to their interests, they are raising problems of which political economists had not dreamed, and forcing issues which our statecraft knows not how to meet. Let us remember that the brain-worker and the hand-worker are fellow-laborers and members of the same body politic. To make them also members of the same body of Christ has become the most difficult and momentous task ever laid upon the American churches.

SOCIAL NEED OF CHURCH UNITY.

If we now survey the social phenomena which the whole discussion has brought before us, we shall find our introductory statement more than justified. Within the limits of the same political system known as the United States we behold a confused mass of social organizations, detached from one another and from the government which overshadows and protects them. In the midst of them appears a great cluster of churches and denominations, differing endlessly in doctrine, polity, and worship, held apart by hereditary feuds, and inflamed with sectarian jealousy and pride. Around these Christian bodies, like a beleaguering army intrenched upon the very ground once belonging to them as their natural domain, are countless other social bodies without a Christian name or even a Christian spirit. To the right are the secularized charities for the poor, the blind, the deaf, the maimed, the fallen, and the outcast, on whom Christ lavished his miracles of love and power, and whom he bequeathed to the tender care of his followers through all time. To the left are the unchurched fraternities making a religion of masonry, fellowship, insurance, or practicing the Christian virtues of brotherhood, temperance, charity, under heathen names and with pagan rites. In front are the mustering hosts of insurgent labor, no longer asking Christian charity but demanding natural justice — gaining recruits from the Christian ministry itself, and already threatening revolution, violence, and anarchy. At the rear are the retreating bands of rationalism, materialism, agnosticism, infidelity, turning Christian liberty into license and recoiling with random fire upon the ranks which they have deserted. Meanwhile the churches themselves, although thus outflanked on each side, desperately assailed in front and treacherously weakened in the rear, still stand asunder, without union, without discipline, without enthusiasm, against their common foes. Add to all this that just now, at the very height of these encompassing perils, they are engaging in fresh disputes over their respective creeds and forms, and we have the actual situation of the Christian denominations in American society at the present time.

Upon this situation I remark in general that mere Christian unity, the so-called unity of the invisible church, does not meet the social

exigency of the churches. The simple fact that they are all Christian sects, composed largely of true Christians loyal to Christ, means no more to the point than that they are like so many wrangling masses of patriots before a disciplined army of invaders and traitors. The invisible unity of the denominations must become visible, potent, and aggressive. They can never rout their common foes by sallying among them single-handed or in scattered bands. They can never cope with the social perils around them until they have some outward agreement, some concentrated leadership, some concerted action; in a word, some organic unity.

In the first place, without organic unity the Church cannot fulfil its mission as the great moral teacher of society. If it is to become the light of the world it must illuminate the social relations and duties of men as members of the family and of the state no less than of the Church itself. But in order thus to instruct the multitudes still outside the denominations mere denominational teaching is not needed. Such teaching, in fact, has proved a hindrance and a failure. The missionary abroad sends back to us word that he cannot preach a sectarian gospel to the heathen; and the missionary at home tells us the same tale. The untaught masses think they do not want a sectarian Christianity, and they are right. How can the denominations teach them Christian brotherhood when they do not themselves treat one another as brethren? How can they teach Christian spirituality when they are scrambling together for worldly place and power? How can they teach the plainest Christian doctrines and duties when they are ever visibly subordinating them to sectarian dogmas and sectarian aggrandizement? If each of the fifty sects could accomplish its aim and plant an endowed church in every frontier village and in every city mission, what a Babel of religious teaching they would make, and how the objects of such teaching would laugh them to scorn! Yet something like this is passing before their eyes. Moreover, at a time when the wildest notions are abroad in respect to the social problems of the day it becomes imperative that the denominations as one church should utter forth one accordant voice in the name of their common Head and Lord.

In the second place, without organic unity the Church cannot perform its whole duty as the conservator of society. That it may act as the salt of the earth it must purge the divine institutions of the family and state, as well as the Church itself, from the corrupting influences and revolutionary assaults to which they are now exposed. But in thus concentrating its purifying influences upon the social masses mere denominational evangelism will not alone suffice. It does not reach the physical and moral degradation which prevent them from even appreciating spiritual truths and influences. To attempt first to indoctrinate them, or even to evangelize them, is to begin at the end. They feel that they do not want church or gospel so much as fire, food, raiment, and shelter; and they cannot get the former until they have the latter. If the American Evangelical Alliance should accomplish its noble work, and by systematic visitation gather back all the scattered sheep of Christ into their proper folds, it will not have touched directly a single one of the social problems now pressing for solution. Not the mere indoctrination of the toiling masses, were it possible, is first and most needed; not alone their evangelization as now attempted; but their moralization, the practical application of Christian ethics among them, as Christ himself practiced them, in care for their bodies as well as their souls, in eleemosynary, sanitary, and educational reforms. And for all such works of charity how wasteful, as well as absurd, are denominational divisions and sectarian efforts! It seems but a truism to say that in order to preserve the family in safe dwellings and pure homes among all classes, in order to preserve the state by means of honest politics at the polls and in legislatures, in order to preserve the Church itself amid the manifold perils which now menace it—the denominations cannot act apart, but if possible must act together as one united Church.

In the third place, without organic unity the Church cannot accomplish its destiny as the regenerator of society. Being itself a new social organism with new organizing forces, it must yet include and transform the organisms of the family and the state as but smaller spheres within its own grander sphere, which is as wide as humanity itself. But in approaching this promised ideal a mere coöperation or confederation of denominations falls far short of the mark. Such a league may be a first step, but it cannot be the last. It would not exhibit the Church to the world as in itself a regenerate society, and it would not embrace surrounding society in its regenerative influence. It would be a cluster of class churches, not one church of all classes. It would still subordinate church unity to mere denominationalism, not denominationalism to true church unity. And it would soon prove to have been a mere makeshift of worldly expediency rather than the perfect bond of Christian charity. Like the Confederate States, which could not exist long either before or after the United States, such confederate churches could only suggest and require some more perfect union of denominations as one catholic Church.

In the fourth place, such a true church unity

is becoming intelligible and practicable in American society. While the Christian denominations, as they appear in the Old World, still exist as established churches and dissenting bodies incapable of unification, the same denominations as transferred to the New World, and brought under democratic influences, have been sifted together for a hundred years and assimilated until now they differ less in things than in names. Such differences are fast disappearing from public view. The long-lost ideal of one Catholic Church is seizing the popular mind like a passion and melting away all prejudices before it. Already it is emerging from the utopian stage in which great social movements often first appear to the generation originating them. It may have been utopian to look for a dogmatic agreement of different denominations, or even for a dogmatic agreement in any one denomination. This never existed in the church of the apostles, and could only exist in the church of the millennium, if it ever exist at all. But it is no longer utopian to look for an ecclesiastical unity which shall embrace dogmatic differences and allow them due scope and action. Such a unity once prevailed. In the New Testament church there were no Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist denominations, but only congregational, presbyterial, and episcopal principles and institutions as duly combined in one organization. That Catholic and Apostolic Church might now return if our congregations would associate in free presbyteries, our presbyteries commit their episcopal functions to bishops, and our bishops become conjoined in the same historic succession, whatever views might be held as to the need or value of that succession. The most extreme degrees of churchmanship, as well as the most varied forms of denominationalism, would be retained and satisfied in such an ecclesiastical system. If this be utopian, then is Christianity itself utopian. Can that unity be impracticable in religious society which has already become actual in political society? We have lived to see the most diverse climates, north, south, east, and west; the most diverse races, European, African, American, Asiatic; the most diverse institutions, social, civil, political, religious; the most varied nationalities, English, French, German, with the most embittered factions, all merged in the United States; and are we never to see the so-called Christian denominations combining as united churches in one American Catholic Church?

Finally, a true church unity is becoming urgent, if not imminent. That we are on the eve of great social changes is a growing feeling. Our democratic institutions are passing under a strain such as they have never before known. According to historical analogy, one sign of revolution is the very blindness and recklessness of those who should be the first to perceive and avert it. Among the polemic divines now mustering to fight their battles over again this appeal for unity may sound like a shepherd's flute amid the din of arms. But communities, like individuals, are sometimes driven by their very passions and interests into the paths of truth and righteousness. The pressure of surrounding perils may soon hasten the tardy impulses of Christian duty. The churches may yet be melted together in the furnace of affliction. When the events so often threatened begin to happen; when our railways and telegraphs have been paralyzed by national strikes; when workmen and soldiers are fighting or fraternizing in the streets of our cities; when our hoarded capital is outvoted by leagued labor; when our servile legislatures are discussing the very measures first broached in the Assembly of the French Revolution; when science and literature and art are at the mercy of ignorance and rudeness, and virtue and piety have been scared back to our homes and altars — then, at least, will it have become plain that the problems of American society, if solved at all, can only be solved by one united church of the United States.

Charles W. Shields.

LOIS BENSON'S LOVE STORY.

"WHAT do ye s'pose has come over yer girl Lois, Miss Benson? I never see sech a change in any one in my life. If I did n't know better, I 'd say she 's in love. Have n't noticed it? Waal, 'pears to me parents is awful blind! Lois has allus been quiet like, but lately, since a month or so, she seems different — brighter seeming; ye 'd almost say younger."

The speaker rested her water-pail on the steps of the low, rambling house, which wind and rain had painted a dull gray. She stood talking to a woman of her own age sitting inside at the open window. Her calico sun-bonnet concealed her face, but her rasping voice and strong, knotted hands betrayed a hard-working woman — one of the carriers of water.

The woman sitting at the window had been handsome, and her face, though youth had long since left it, was still fair and smooth. For all its fairness, however, it was not attractive; hard, fretful lines were about the mouth, and the eyelids were hooded, drooping low at the corners over rather dull gray eyes: an immense reserve of stubborn determination was written in every feature.

"No, I have n't noticed any change in Lois. She never was a hand to talk much. I do believe, now that ye speak of it, she *has* been a little different lately. I guess she ain't in love though: there ain't any one to be in love with; besides, Lois ain't so very young any longer, and she ain't the kind men like."

"No, she ain't young, to be sure," replied the neighbor; "but an old fool 's the worst fool, some say, and 'love 's blind,' ye know, and it don't make much difference who 't is, the age don't make any difference, either. Waal, I 'low Lois 's a good girl, and I 've often thought she 'd make some man a good wife; but what ye and Mr. Benson 'd do without her, I don't see."

"Waal, don't trouble, Miss Hammett. Lois ain't a-goin' to leave us, I guess; leastways not jist yet."

Mrs. Hammett took up her pail and went on to the next house, where she lived with a widowed sister.

The "girl" in question was a woman past forty, whose whole life had been devoted to her father and mother; they — as it seemed to her — had always been old and needing her care. Many years before, when she was still a young girl in her teens, Mr. Benson had lived on a large farm, and Lois still recalled the beautiful country about their home; but when he grew too old to care for it alone — his sons had all left him — he sold it, and went to live in the village street, which since then had been the boundary of Lois's horizon.

She had once timidly hinted that she would like to go to the neighboring city to learn a trade and do something for herself.

This suggestion had been met with such a burst of indignation on her father's part, with such a look of speechless horror on her mother's face, that she had said no more. To her father's "I guess I can take care o' my daughter without her goin' into service or learnin' any trade" she had been silent. It was her one feeble effort; and seeing it so futile she had relapsed into the daily drudge, bearing her mother's fretful fault-finding and her father's rough, exacting authority.

Lois Benson herself was no saint, and she carried her cross at times with only a wayward spirit; the thorns were often almost too sharp to bear, and she would gladly have plucked them out. Her youth had slipped away in days of petty duties and wearying service in trying to smooth the path of her aged parents; elder brothers and sisters had married and left the home. She had not married, and to her remained the care which they forgot was partly their duty as well as hers. She did the work of a domestic without receiving a domestic's wages. A new gown was an event in her existence, and the old straw hat had for many seasons received a fresh coat of shoe-gloss that its rustiness might not too plainly betray its wearer's slender purse.

She seldom touched any money. Were n't her wants supplied by her father? She was fed and clothed, and she was under the shelter of her father's house. Of her *wants* there was no question.

Lois had none of her mother's beauty. Her hair was of a dull auburn; her skin was covered with freckles; her eyes, though full of a kindly expression, were devoid of all beauty of shape or color. Her pinched nose and thin, compressed lips completed the thought suggested by her figure, which bore the marks of a heavy burden imposed too early and carried without respite. Lois, like the house she lived in, was weather-beaten. She had not been sheltered from wind and rain; and yet her life had passed without events, the very absence of which perhaps — the dreary, unbroken monotony of a leaden sky that never cleared — had made the horizon narrower and the outlook more utterly barren.

Of love she had known nothing; the few young men she had seen had never whispered tender words in her ear. There had never been a springtime in her life. Lois Benson was a pleasant girl, they said, but not the kind to fall in love with; besides, they never could see much of her — she was always waiting on her father and mother. And in this way Lois's youth had faded, and with it all the freshness of her face and figure.

"Lois, Lois, come and help me unhitch the mare!" called Mr. Benson as he drove into the barn back of the house. He had brought a horse and cow, pigs and chickens from the farm, and kept them on his little place.

He often drove to the neighboring city: it was only twelve miles, and the roads over the smooth, rolling prairie were always good; he got his newspaper there, sometimes a letter, and spent a few hours in gossip with men like himself. He seldom asked his wife or Lois to go with him. "What did women folks want with goin' to town? — it was allus to spend money." Mrs. Benson did not care, the drive wearied her; Lois often longed to ask her father to take her, but she dreaded a refusal.

"Lois, why don't ye come? Where are ye? Are ye dreamin' or star-gazin' somewhere? Women 's allus dreamin' or star-gazin'," he

added to himself, as he saw Lois hurrying from the house, where she had been making biscuits for supper.

She helped her father out of the high buggy, and then went to unharness the old brown mare, that turned to sniff affectionately at Lois. The animal knew the friend who had often brought her food and drink, and had many a time rubbed her and put on a warm blanket when she came in wet and worn from a hard drive with her master. Lois knew that her father was often merciless, especially if he had chanced to stay too long at the inn where he met his cronies. Bessie loved Lois. The dumb animals perhaps knew best what a great wealth of tender affection lay dormant in Lois Benson's nature.

"Lois, do you still feel the same? Are you still willing to marry me?"

The strong man bends towards her with a searching look into her face, while he takes her trembling hands in his. She lets them lie in his firm grasp; she looks up at him — for he stands much above the small, shrunken figure — while she tells him that her feelings have not changed. How glad she is! What an ineffable happiness fills her!

This man whom she loves, loves her in return and wishes to keep and protect her always.

Her voice almost chokes, her whole frame quivers as she tells him that she is ready. He still holds her hand; together they step before the clergyman, who in a few minutes has spoken the sacred words to bind them together for all their lives.

What is this room where they are standing? It seems to Lois like her grandfather's house, which she faintly remembers as a vision of her childhood; things about her are strange, and yet familiar. Who is this man, whom she has promised to take for better or for worse? Does she know him? Has she ever seen him before? She feels that she has known him always; she loves him, and he loves her, and he will make her life sweet and happy. His strong arm will protect her, he will help to bear the burdens which have lately grown so heavy. Strange — his face she thinks she does not know, and yet every feature is vivid to her; she hears the tones of his voice as if they had always been dear to her; she feels the touch of his hand — a broad, working hand, whose touch, however, is very gentle; his face is not handsome,— there are many wrinkles, and the thick, brown hair shows streaks of gray,— but it smiles kindly, lovingly, upon her.

How strange she feels! — as if she were hardly herself. Can it be really she to whom this man has promised love and protection? She has never known either. He stoops to her, puts his arm about her, and presses his lips to hers. Why should he? Who is he? Why is she not frightened? He is her husband now, and she is joyful in the thought.

"What 's the matter with ye, Lois?" said her mother two days later, as they sat at their comfortable supper which Lois had prepared and was serving. "Miss Hammett was here the other day, and she thinks ye 're wonderful changed; says she 'd almost b'lieve ye 're in love. What 's the matter with ye, anyhow?"

A vivid flush flew over the younger woman's face and neck. She felt as if some one had struck her. Had any one — no, that was impossible.

"I want ye to help me dig Mr. Luscombe's potatoes to-morrow, Lois; he says I can have a third of all I dig, and diggin' makes my back ache so." The flush left Lois's face; her father's words diverted the conversation, and she was not forced to answer her mother's question.

After the dishes were washed and put away she crept wearily to her room to be ready for the next day's work.

The room was spotlessly clean, though bare of ornament. A narrow cot filled one side, while the rest of the small space was taken up by a chest of drawers, a table, and two cane-seated chairs; muslin curtains hung at the two narrow windows, and a strip of rag carpet lay before the bed on the pine floor, the narrow boards of which were as white as snow. On the walls hung a few small prints; over the table there was a woodcut from an illustrated paper; and near it, in a wood frame, a small sea-weed cross, brought from the sea-coast. Lois had never seen the ocean, and the sea-weeds suggested a beautiful unknown world.

"This is your new home, Lois. Do you like it? You must tell me, dear, if there is anything you want changed. It won't be much trouble to make any little changes to please you, and I want my wife to like her home." How kind he is! He calls her "Lois" and bids her tell him all her wishes: it is strange and sweet to be so cherished.

"You are very kind to me," she answers, looking up gratefully into his plain, benevolent face. The house Lois sees is not large, but more comfortable and beautiful than anything she has ever known. She goes with the delight of a child from the large kitchen into a long, low room flooded with sunshine, showing a carpet of soft moss colors; a large, easy lounge; tables; chairs; and, best of all, a small bookcase, in which Lois discovers more books than she has ever seen together before.

"O Reuben! where did you get the books?" she cries eagerly.

"Are you glad, Lois? We will read them together. They were my mother's, and are all dear to me for her sake as well as their own. There is Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' and there 's 'Childe Harold,' telling of foreign places we can't hope to see ourselves, Lois, as I 'm a workingman, you know, but we can read about them; and here 's dear Robert Burns, a plowman like myself, and yet was there ever another poet like him? He understood the human heart, Lois. Ah, my dear little wife, I 'm glad I 've got you at last. I thought I should find you. I had to look and wait a long time, and sometimes I was very lonely; and you, Lois, were you —"

"Lois, Lois, are ye goin' to sleep all day? Have ye forgotten all about Mr. Luscombe's potatoes?"

Lois sprang from her cot. The voice was her father's, admonishing her that she was late. She had always dreaded, she dreaded still, no longer the physical punishments borne in childhood, but a mental lash whose sting was almost harder to bear.

She could hardly rouse herself. She must have slept very heavily, she thought. It was hard to have daylight return, and hard to take up her burden again.

The breakfast was eaten amid the fretting of her mother, who had not slept well, and the impatience of her father, with whom it had become chronic. All day, while filling the bushel basket and staggering under its weight, Lois thought of the long, low room, of the sunshine, of the quiet; she heard a voice saying, "We will read them together."

Where is he? Why — oh, why does he not come to help her now? The day dragged wearily on until the last of the potatoes were finally divided, and Mr. Benson's tottering steps were turned towards home. Lois watched him with a pang of remorse. "How can I be rebellious," she thought, "when I see the old, feeble form, and remember that his life has been hard?" She knew that it had not been sweetened by her mother, whose vanity and ambition had been disappointed, whose whole life had been embittered, because her father had turned out nothing but a poor farmer. She could but pity them both; to each she gave what help she could. It was the service of a faithful slave, and was accepted by both as such. To her mother Lois's lack of beauty was an unpardonable fault; her poor, shrunken form was good to bear its burden, but it was not to be admired or spared from hardship. If she had been handsome, like herself, the mother thought, she would have married, but an unmarried woman could n't look for the consideration that was shown to her married sisters. She, of course, was useful, but not of much account in the world.

To her father she was a woman, and though he knew better than his wife how noble Lois had always been in her devotion to them, her particular thoughts and wishes were womanish and contemptible.

Lois could not remember ever going to either father or mother with a thought or feeling. She had passed through the glowing, happy years of girlhood and early womanhood in silence, repressing every feeling until she felt pinched and warped, as if every spring of emotion were dry. Her affections, except as they lived in her strong sense of filial duty and in her devotion to animals, were starved. She blushed at the mere thought of kissing her mother's cheek, for the ridicule she knew it would excite, as something foolish and sentimental.

Yet she was naturally of a loving, dependent disposition, tenderly, deeply affectionate. Why was she placed in the midst of such surroundings? She was only a simple woman whose mind was untrained, whose tastes were uncultivated, whose every faculty was shriveled, and yet she had a delicate nature which hungered ceaselessly for what she could never hope to attain.

To her father and mother this was unknown, while she herself did not understand: she had never analyzed her needs; she knew only that she had longed for a sympathy she had never received. Lately it had been different. Life had been just as hard, and yet she had been able to bear it more easily. She did not understand, but now she no longer lost heart as the dreary days went slowly by.

Lois was a woman of strong religious belief: her faith was simple; she knew nothing of theological controversies; she had never heard a religious discussion. She had listened every Sunday to the hard, dry teachings of a pastor whose dogmas she accepted, finding help and comfort in her own humble way. She never questioned or doubted. Although she sometimes chafed against her lot, she believed that it had been so ordered by her Creator. "Perhaps," she thought, in a vague way which she could not have expressed in words — "perhaps this is a boon to make the weary days easier; perhaps angels are whispering to me so that I may not lose courage; or is it — can it have a meaning I may hope, even in this world, to understand?"

From the long, low room full of the mellow autumn sunlight Lois looks out upon wide fields and orchards; it is a beautiful, warm day, and the trees are heavy with ripened fruit.

Near the house are gardens, and Lois smells sweet flowers growing under the windows. She

sees sweet-peas and nasturtiums still brilliant with a few last blossoms. She sees vines climbing over the low stone wall that shuts out the high-road. Off beyond the road stretch acres of farm land, and still beyond, in the distance, are hills enveloped in a soft autumn haze.

The house Lois sees when she goes out into the garden is a one-story cottage built of stone, covered on one side by an ivy, hanging like a curtain over some of the small windows. Lois does not remember seeing this place before Reuben brought her here; and yet it is not new, and Reuben tells her it belonged to his father and to his grandfather before him — that the family has been one of only sons for four generations. The gardens, Reuben is telling her, were his mother's. "And now, dear, they belong to you."

She wanders on by her husband's side to the stables, where they stop to look at the horses and cattle, which come up to the fence to be petted. The soft-eyed Jerseys receive a bunch of clover from her hand as if they were glad to see her. "Ah, dear, they love you already," Reuben is saying, with evident pleasure. "Do you know, I believe that animals possess something keener, finer than intelligence, that tells them where to look for a friend. They say you can tell a man's real nature from the way he drives a horse; I think the way all his animals act when he 's around shows what sort of man he is. You may be pretty sure when you see a horse or a dog shrink away as if he expected to be struck or kicked that sometime he has received such treatment. Animals don't know how to pretend; they either love you or they don't, and a man makes a mistake, if he 's a-trying to seem kinder than he really is, when he goes near his animals; they will soon betray his secret."

Lois knows that the hand that drives a span of restive colts is gentle but firm; she knows that the temper of the man near her is always under restraint. In his presence she feels a new strength; the peaceful life by his side is resting her wearied body and overstrained nerves. His constant care, his loving tenderness, are to her what sunshine is to flowers; new color has come into her life, there are bits of scarlet and gold where before all was dull gray — as if a few brilliant leaves were still clinging to the otherwise bare trees in the autumn landscape. She is surprised at her own happiness, at the power of gladness, which she had thought dead; she believes that her face is losing a little of the pinched look, and that she is growing young again, and — what is Reuben telling her, that she is really pretty?

"Yes, Miss Benson, I 'm jest cert'in yer girl 's in love. I 've been watchin' her since I spoke to you, and I know the signs; why, she 's as different as different kin be."

Lois heard the words this time, as she stood over her ironing, while her mother and Mrs. Hammett were talking under the kitchen window. She looked up, and caught the reflection of her face in a little mirror hanging on the kitchen wall.

Could the speakers under the window have seen the hot flush that stained her cheeks Mrs. Hammett would have thought her suspicions well grounded. Had Mrs. Benson been observing she herself could have noticed a change: she could have seen that Lois looked less weary; that there was an unwonted brightness in her eyes; that her step was lighter; that she went about her duties, not more conscientiously, but with more spirit; that she had even of late been heard to sing at her work, and that one day it was an old and tender love-song.

But Mrs. Benson's thought was of herself and her unsatisfactory life, and Lois had gone about as usual, and her mother had not noticed what the kinder, more unselfish neighbor believed she had seen.

There was no visible change in her life; how could she be different? "That was another of the silly notions some people got into their heads; *she* had believed things only when she could see a reason for believin'."

"Lois, dear, will you go to the pine woods with me to-day, and then on to where we caught a glimpse of the ocean? You have told me that you have never seen it."

Reuben is hardly giving her time to put on her bonnet and the soft, warm cloak he has given her — Lois thinks it a very pretty cloak, with its fur trimming — before the "grays" are at the door. Is it the keen autumn air or something else that brings the color to Lois's faded cheek? Reuben has carefully tucked the blanket about her, "for the air will grow chilly," he is saying, "as we near the ocean."

Soon the road enters the forest, and Lois looks up, vainly trying to see the tops of the tall, spire-like trees, while on every side, on the road itself, lie the brown pine needles, and the delicious odor of the balsam fills the air.

Slowly they drive, that Lois may enjoy the stillness; that she may not lose the effect of the perfect forest calm.

To Reuben her quiet joy is a compensation for all his devotion; his large, generous nature has taken her into its keeping, and she yields to the loving care as a tired bird might lie at rest in the palm of a gentle hand.

Lois shrinks from telling him how dear he is to her, but the responsive glance, the fleeting blush, tell him better than words. Suddenly the forest opens, and in the distance

Lois sees the ocean; she sees the waves breaking ceaselessly on the beach; she can faintly hear their roar. Were she nearer she could perhaps find the delicate weeds that are washed upon the sands — that 's a pretty sea-weed cross upon her wall: oh, no, that was long ago, she hardly remembers when or where; this is the ocean itself she has dreamed of, and Reuben is by her side, and he loves her.

"If ye like, Lois, I 'll take ye over to Burton this afternoon; ye was sayin' that ye wanted a pair o' shoes and a calico dress. I suppose girls has to have things in fashion whatever happens. Waal, ye can't say I 've stinted ye for anythin'."

It was a year since Lois had driven into the main street of Burton, and she felt a flutter of nervous excitement at the many teams driving up and down the streets, and at the hurry of men and women on the pavement. The shop windows were gorgeous to her in their display of new autumn goods. What beautiful dress materials — soft cashmeres and even shining silks; but Lois would not stop to look at them, for her father was urging her into the shop.

Her small purchases were soon made — a calico-gown, a pair of shoes, and, what seemed to her father a frightful extravagance, which he would never have allowed if he had not been ashamed to exhibit his feelings before the clerk, a new felt bonnet for the coming winter.

She would have liked to linger in front of one window, where beautiful crayons, engravings, and water-colors were framed and hanging. She did not understand what many of them meant; she thought they were perhaps of people she did n't know; but there were some she could appreciate. A young girl, with a beautiful Jersey cow and calf walking beside her, seemed to Lois as lovely as anything she had ever seen. There were colored prints too; but Lois's taste, though uncultivated, was naturally good, and she looked longest at what was really best. How she longed for more! If she could but go inside, and be allowed to look as long as she wished; she wondered if she might.

"Come, Lois, don't be all day standin' starin' in that window. Folks 'll think ye never was in town before; there ain't anythin' new in that window, anyhow; those picters has been there for three months. Come along."

Mr. Benson had forgotten that Lois had not been in the city for a year, and that everything was strange and beautiful to her. She had been upon the point of asking permission to go in to stay while her father finished the errands; but she dreaded his impatience, and she stifled her wish, and went on quietly by his side — a plain, unattractive little woman past forty.

She felt shy in the crowded, bustling streets; she shrank from the gaze of those she met; her self-consciousness was painful, though there was so much to look at, so much to make her forget herself.

"O father!" she exclaimed, grasping her father's arm (they were nearly ready to get their horse before starting for home) — "O father! Who 's that man standing over there? — the tall man with broad shoulders, talking with those two men. Don't you see, father?"

Her voice, in spite of her effort at self-control, faltered; her hands quivered, their veins were swollen, their pulses throbbed.

"What 's the matter with ye?" cried her father, irritably. "Where 's the use in gettin' all excited up at jest seein' a strange man on a street corner?"

Lois did not heed her father's impatience. "Who is he, father. Do you know who he is?"

"What difference does it make *who* he is? I don't know him; never seen him before."

"But, father," she pleaded, "have n't you heard what his name is?"

"His name!" ejaculated Mr. Benson, with scorn. "I don't care a tinker's curse for a man's name. Ye allus want to know a person's name. What difference does it make, anyhow? A woman's curiosity beats anythin' I ever see; sech empty-headed things as women are, allus askin' questions and never waitin' for the answers. I 'd jest like to know what ye want to know that man's name for; 'pears to me ye 'r' unusual cur'us, even for a woman. Waal, I don't know his name, if that 'll satisfy ye. But come along, let 's be off. I don't know nothin' about the man, and, what 's more, I don't care."

Lois was thankful that her father did not again look at her; thankful that she could sit by his side unnoticed, while her thoughts rushed through her brain until she feared the throbbing temples would burst.

Her fingers worked convulsively, and her heart fluttered. After a while she was a little calmer, and a dull ache about her heart followed the violent beating.

Who was this man? What could it, what could it mean? Her father said he did not know him, that he had never seen him before. Was it possible that he had come to live in Burton, and that she should really — how her heart beat! Could her father hear it, she wondered? No, he was nagging at old Bess.

She began to feel dizzy; was she really awake? Could she go on living, she wondered piteously, with this ache always at her heart? Could she go on just as she had before?

"Beloved, my beloved, I thought that I had lost you, that you had vanished from my

sight. Tell me, tell me, Lois, that you will never leave me. Remember that my life has been very lonely, that I have waited so long; and remember that I love you. Tell me, Lois." It is Reuben's voice. She hears no more: a blank wall stretches endlessly before her; she cannot see it; darkness gathers about her; in the darkness and the deathlike stillness she seems to hear faintly, as she strains her ear to listen, "Lois, Lois, my wife!"

THE autumn had passed, and what the village people prophesied would be a severe winter had set in. Mr. Benson, who had come from Burton cold and tired, was sitting with his wife beside the kitchen fire. Mrs. Benson was dozing in her chair, while Lois was sewing near a table on which stood a large lamp, throwing its bright light on her pale and weary face. The lines about her mouth were deeper, and the brightness had gone from her eyes; in its place was a puzzled wistfulness as of a little child who has been asked a question he cannot fully understand. She was as one who after long blindness has seen the light and the beauty of the world, only to find himself again shut in by an impenetrable darkness, which he vainly struggles to push aside.

Her life had never been easy, but she had accepted it without trying to explain things to herself. She had gone on quietly, *doing*, not *thinking*. But the rhythm, dull and monotonous though it had been, was disturbed, and she was bewildered. She wondered if every one was living in the same puzzled way? — if every one was going on day after day in a dim twilight, or even in perfect darkness? Was there always something that one could not understand?

Thus she groped helplessly, without thinking of asking any one what it might mean. She had grown used to the dull ache about her heart; she would grow accustomed to this bewildered feeling, to the sense of expecting something that never came.

"How strange," she mused, "for *me* to be looking for something or some one; for *me* to be *missing* some one."

She had not been to Burton again: her winter purchases were made; there was no further excuse for her going. And the autumn days had worn slowly and dully away,— as other days would in their turn,— and nothing had come.

"Ye recollec' that stranger, Lois," said her father, after his comfortable supper and the warm room had soothed his irritability. His voice awakened Mrs. Benson and startled Lois from her thoughts. "Ye recollec' him — the one ye 'peared to take sech an interest in, though, for the life o' me, I could n't see why. I heerd some men talkin' on the sidewalk today, an' they was tellin' about a railway accident. A train run into an open switch and jammed right into a freight train standin' there. It was a fearful smash-up, and about a dozen was killed, and a good many more hurt bad. It was the very night we come from Burton, ye recollec'? And it 'pears this stranger was aboard. Some letters that was sent to him has come back, and then word come that he was killed. I did n't stop to ask any questions, as I wa' n't interested particular; but as I come along home I remembered that he was the man ye was so anxious to know about. I did n't hear his name, but somethin' they said made me know 't was him. Waal, he was killed — cur'us, ain't it? — that very same night."

"O father, don't!" faltered Lois, dropping her work.

"What ails ye? — what makes ye so pale? 'Pears to me ye 'r' awful tender-hearted," said Mrs. Benson, sneeringly. "For a while ye was as chipper as a cricket, and Miss Hammett she said ye was in *love*; but now ye are as mopy as — it must be the cold weather. I do think some folks is the queerest; first they 're one way and then another, without any livin' reason. I 'd jest like to know what 's the matter with ye, anyhow."

To Lois her mother's critical scrutiny was like a scorching breath upon her face. She rose, turning to take a candle from its shelf.

She felt as if a glare of light had suddenly flashed before her, in whose garish blaze she saw plainly a long, unbroken road upon which, wearily and alone, she must journey.

"Nothing, mother; nothing," she replied, huskily. "I 'm only a little tired to-night. I think I 'll go to my room."

She went out quietly, closing the door behind her.

Anne Page.

SOUVENIRS.

LIKE misers, our usurious memories bring
Their coins each day to greedy reckoning —
Grieved, if they miss one as they count their store,
Or find one brass, long loved as gold before.

Lloyd McKim Garrison.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

THE REVEREND JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

TO see one's own name on a card belonging to another person gives one quite a start. While living in Belsize Avenue a card was brought to me by the maid, with the following inscription in pencil: "Rev. Joseph Jefferson and wife." I remembered having heard that there was a first cousin of my father's who was a clergyman living in Yorkshire. I at once went out to receive them. Seated on the hall-chair was the old clergyman, and by his side stood his loving helpmate. I say loving, for the attitude of this, to me, very interesting couple revealed the wife's solicitude for her husband. He was seated; she was standing. In one hand she had a large umbrella and her husband's broad-brimmed hat; the other she rested gently on his shoulder while she regarded him with a respectful affection. It seemed to me that just a moment before she must have said to him, "Now, Joseph dear, give me your hat and do just sit down, if only for a moment; it will rest you, and I am not a bit tired." She was dressed in a plain black silk gown, with no superfluous quantity of material in the skirt, and had on a simple straw bonnet about as unfashionable in shape as it well could be; he, with his quaint-cut suit of black, his soft, unstarched, and amiable-looking white cravat — the group making as complete a picture of an old English clergyman and his wife as ever David Wilkie could have painted. They had been married many years, but I fancy that his bent figure had in her eyes the grace of youth, and the wrinkles in her loving face were as dimples to him. They had lived so long together that they seemed to resemble one another. His face was like my father's, and reminded me of my own. Surely his features were cast in the classical mold of the Jeffersons — not the noble Roman or the simple Grecian, but the pure nut-cracker; or as Sheridan says, when he traces the resemblance of a certain lady's face to a congress at the close of a general war, "where the nose and chin were the only parties likely to join issue."

I do not quite remember whether the old clergyman and his wife had come up to London especially to see me or not, but they had certainly made it a point not to go back to Yorkshire without carrying with them some remembrance of their "American cousin."

The old gentleman asked me many questions regarding our family, and seemed much interested in what I told him of it. I gave him an abridged account of our pioneer wanderings in the West and our early struggles connected with it, and in return he told me of his life in Yorkshire and described the simple routine of an English clergyman's life, referring now and again to the labors of himself and helpmate among their poor parishioners; and when he spoke of his wife he would take her hand and look kindly in her face. And she too, I remember, asked me to allow her to close the window, lest the draft might affect dear Joseph's voice, as he had to preach upon the next Sunday. I thought at times that they looked at me as though they were ashamed of showing so much solicitude for one another. It was a pleasant sight, and made one think of what a long life of quiet happiness this cozy couple must have passed together.

After an introduction to my wife and grown-up children, of course the most wonderful baby in the world was brought down for the inspection of its new relatives. They seemed to take special interest in this particular cousin,— it having been born in England,— and rather chuckled over the fact that America did not have it all its own way, as their little third cousin was a "John Bull"; and curiously enough they treated the matter with the utmost seriousness, insisting upon it that the baby was a British subject, and that we could not get over that, do what we would. We laughed at this, but the old man in his great loyalty waxed quite warm over the matter. "No, sir, you cannot alter it; he 's an Englishman; for instance, now, he could not be President of the United States, could he?" "No," said I, "I am afraid that in coming to England previous to the child's birth we did perhaps display great lack of forethought in depriving him of that privilege." "Still he could be Prime Minister of England, could he not?" Of course I could not deny this, and mentioned that perhaps we might console ourselves in future years that though we had lost for him one distinguished honor we had gained for him another.

Our reunion was very pleasant, and we quite regretted it when the time came for them to

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go. It was a warm July day, and the sun was shining with great heat upon them as they passed down the avenue; but the careful wife, ever mindful of her husband's comfort, raised the huge umbrella over his head. I had no idea of its ample size until I saw it expanded; it quite extinguished them, and was large enough not only to shield the clergyman and his wife from the sun, but to have put his entire congregation into the shade.

GAINSBOROUGH.

THE celebrated portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire painted by Gainsborough was at this time attracting much attention in London. It had lately been sold under the hammer to the Messrs. Agnew. These gentlemen were prominent dealers in art, and had paid 10,000 guineas for the picture. Mr. Frith, who always delighted in giving pleasure to his friends, sent me a line to say that if I would meet him at Agnews's he would show me the picture, which, it seems, he had already seen. I was only too glad to accept the invitation to look upon the painting of a master; and to have as a companion a distinguished artist of the modern school was a privilege not to be lost.

I had before this seen several paintings by Gainsborough. At the Loan Exhibition held at the rooms of the Royal Academy, in this same year, there were two lovely portraits of departed female royalty that breathed refinement. Close to these aristocratic beauties, and in strong contrast to them, was a rustic picture by the same artist called "Going to the Spring"—a barefooted peasant girl crossing a brook, with a pitcher in her hand and a young puppy hugged tightly to her heart. Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick which I saw at Stratford was not so pleasing. The eyes of the great actor sparkle with a diamond fire, but the attitude is affected, and the patronizing air with which he leans against the pedestal is scarcely in good taste. He really looks as though he monopolized the bard entirely, and this was too near the truth to be pleasant for other members of the theatrical profession; for in Garrick's day Shakspere was only permitted upon the stage of the patent theaters, the minor ones not being allowed to act his plays. Now it is otherwise, and Hamlet can be seen upon the Surrey side and at the East End; and Richard III. can ride about Bosworth Field on horseback at Astley's Circus.

I am here reminded of an anecdote of a gifted tragedian playing the crook-backed tyrant and bestriding White Surrey at the battle. In the excitement of the fight in the last scene he forgot to dismount at the proper time, and came prancing upon the stage shouting, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

The Duke of Gloucester has made me ungallant enough to forget the Duchess of Devonshire; so, asking her Ladyship's pardon and my readers' for the digression, I will return to the picture.

It was a half-length figure of a perfect English beauty in the full bloom of youth and health, with violet eyes, and looking like a June rose. The broad hat with feathers that takes its name from the picture made an effective background for such a face. The cherry lips, half open as if about to speak — to think that those lovely lips once kissed the butcher! The story runs that her Ladyship was so anxious for the election of Fox that she canvassed the county in person, and on the trip met with a refractory butcher who swore he 'd ne'er vote for Fox unless her Ladyship would give him a kiss. Whereupon her Ladyship jumped from her carriage and gave him a bouncing buss. Happy butcher! who would not have envied thy chops? The resolute look of the lady told of one who would kiss the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker if she once had a mind. The picture was removed that day to some gallery where it was to be exhibited to the public, as a desire to see the famous duchess was universal.

The next morning at breakfast I was startled by an announcement in "The Telegraph" that the picture had been stolen. Some thief or madman, it is supposed, had concealed himself in the gallery during the day, and in the night had cut the picture from the frame, and he and it were gone forever. I say forever, for, though it is now fifteen years since it disappeared, no trace of it has been found; and I don't believe that the death of the real duchess, when she was gathered to her illustrious ancestors, caused more stir in London than the loss of her picture.

IN SCOTLAND.

LORD —— owned a princely estate in Scotland,—a domain containing, I think, some ten thousand acres of land,—situated amidst the most picturesque scenery of the Highlands. Lord and Lady —— had invited me to stay a fortnight, but I found on my arrival that the castle was quite filled with guests, so I made my excuses and only stopped a week. The whole of this time was passed in a round of sporting excursions and picnics, grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing.

As Lord —— came out in the spacious hall to welcome me he was a picture—six feet in height, with a florid complexion and light blue eyes full of expression, his hair and beard of

a golden red; and being in complete Highland costume he looked like a Scottish chief of the olden time. The warm greeting given me by this frank and stately Highlander was so hearty, and so full of unaffected hospitality, that I felt quite at home with him at once. In half an hour I joined the company at dinner.

The routine of high life in the country was quite new to me, and I felt interested in observing its comforts and its cares. Of course the donors of the feast get some pleasure in welcoming their friends and relatives; but many strangers must be entertained in whom the host and hostess take but little interest, and they are often obliged to show civilities to people whom they have met in the city or at foreign courts, diplomats and titled persons.

His Lordship was fond of farming, and I walked with him over the land to see his imported American machinery shear the fields of their golden grain. He was a capital shot, and, as his domain was well preserved, we had good sport with the grouse. Among the guests there was a remarkably interesting lady, a daughter of an earl. She was a queenly beauty of the Diana type — witty, aristocratic, haughty, and satirical: of course she was surrounded by several butterflies, who vied with one another in paying her court. And I do not wonder at it, for she was radiant with all those attractive qualities that are so bewitching to young men.

I suppose there must have been a homespun flavor in my American manner that amused her, for she made a dead set at quizzing me. I did not detect it at first, and answered some of her absurd questions about America quite innocently. She kept her face so well that I might never have discovered this but for the idiotic grin upon the smooth face of one of her boyish admirers; and now I felt, for the honor of my country, that if she ever made another thrust at me I would parry it if I could. I had not long to wait; for, emboldened by her late success, she turned upon me and said, "By the by, have you met the queen lately?"

"No, madam," I replied with perfect seriousness; "I was out when her Majesty called on me."

She colored slightly and then turned away, and never spoke to me again; but I was revenged.

At Glasgow I acted at the Theatre Royal. This place was once under the management of a Mr. Alexander, who, I believe, built the theater, and his admiration for Shakspere and Scott was exhibited by placing their statues on the sides of the proscenium arch; but as self-esteem is a noble quality in human nature, the modest manager displayed this virtue by placing a statue of himself in the middle.

I visited the churchyard of St. Mungo, where the grave of the lamented Mr. Alexander was pointed out to me. The original tomb was invented by himself as a modest and appropriate tribute to his own memory. It represents the proscenium of a theater; the curtain has fallen: this, of course, is a delicate suggestion that the life of Alexander the Great had ended; or it might have a more sweeping meaning, and one of grander significance, by inferring that in his dissolution the curtain had fallen on the dramatic world and closed its career forever. Hamlet says, "Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust." Of course this allusion is to another gentleman, inasmuch as the indestructibility of matter is in this instance traced till we find it "stopping a bung-hole" — and of course this latter indignity could never have happened to our Alexander of Glasgow.

During the following summer I lived at Morningside, just a mile from "Edinboro Town," in the mansion-house erected by one Dr. John Gregory about one hundred and fifty years ago. This quaint old building was, at the time I occupied it, in the possession of Miss Gregory, a granddaughter of the original owner. The house contained about twenty rooms, rambling and irregular in their construction, and filled with antique furniture and pictures; some of the latter were very fine portraits of the family painted by Sir Henry Raeburn. The library contained many rare works, and upon taking possession of the house I insisted that this valuable collection should be sealed up. The grounds contained about six acres, and were surrounded by a high stone wall; all of the old residences at Morningside, where this mansion was situated, are environed by these prison-like inclosures. In the days when they were built there is no doubt that this security was necessary; and it is a comforting sign of the times, and an unmistakable evidence of the improvement in the conduct of the world, that the homes in the suburbs of our great cities of to-day have in many instances scarcely more than a low curbstone to separate them from the highway.

The Gregory mansion was an interesting old house; the ivy had covered the walls long ago, and was now climbing upon the roof. The lawn was shaded with fine old oaks, planted by the original owner, and the grounds were tastefully laid out and kept in trim by an interesting Scotch gardener. His father and grandfather had been servants in the same house; and he himself, then past seventy

years of age, told me of many interesting events that had happened in the auld lang syne.

Dr. John Gregory had entertained within these walls many of the celebrities of his time. Byron, Jeffrey, John Wilson, and Burns had all dined and slept under this roof, and in the after-time his son had feasted Sydney Smith, Thackeray, Dickens, and Washington Irving. Upon a moonlight night I have sat in the shadow of a weird old oak and tried to fancy the forms of these departed heroes roaming, as they must have done in life, about this mysterious place.

Our surroundings have much to do with enlarging our thoughts: just as when standing on an eminence we have a more extended view, so will some hallowed spot, filled with the associations of great men and their noble work, inspire us with a deep reverence; and when I look back upon the time I lived at Morningside I feel that I did not fully appreciate the privilege of it, and wasted much time in commonplace affairs that I could have used to a better purpose.

The old Scotch gardener was an exception to his class; they are generally reticent, but he was proud of the Gregory family, and only too glad to talk of the wonders they had accomplished, the honors they had gained, and the great men whom they had known and entertained. The traditions of the family had come down to him through several generations of gardeners, and he would recount the great learning and the almost sacrilegious knowledge of one of the Gregorys, who it seems was a great astronomer: "He kenned a'thegiter too much," said the old man. "He was on familiar terms wi' the very stars themsel's, and could ca' them by their ain names — Jupiter, and Venus, and Cupid, and the whole clan o' them; he kenned jeist how fast they were ganging, and where they were ganging to: it is awful to think how a great mon like that could dare to go pryin' into the private affairs o' the Laird himsel'."

While the old fellow delighted to chatter about the public career of the Gregorys, he was truly loyal to his clan, and as dumb as an oyster upon all private matters relating to them, and followed the advice of Burns to his friend:

> But still keep something to yoursel'
> Ye scarcely tell to ony.

The ivy vine in England, Ireland, and Scotland adds materially to the beauty of the scenery; all of the sharp corners and straight lines of the old buildings are softened by its luxurious growth; it piles itself up over the walls of the castles and churches like rich green velvet, preserving the form of the architecture, while it conceals the harder lines beneath; but its beauty is often enjoyed at the expense of health. The house at Morningside was damp; the sun scarcely ever shone upon it; and often during the warmest days in summer a cold chill would fall upon us as we came out of the sunlight into the gloom of the house.

My wife had been ill for some days, and we were quite alarmed at her low condition. One evening I was sitting by her bedside reading when my son came to look for some article in one of the closets at the far end of the room; he had a candle in his hand, and was peering at something that had attracted his attention on the top shelf. Suddenly he gave a start and a half-suppressed cry of fear, and as he turned his face towards me I saw that he had grown quite pale, while his hair seemed to stand on end with fright. I was about to ask him what had shocked him, when he made a nervous motion for me to be quiet, and leaving the room hurriedly beckoned me to follow him. It was quite evident that something in the closet had startled him, and that he did not wish my wife to know what it was. When we were alone in the entry he gave me the light, saying, "Go back, and look on the top shelf of the closet." I took the candle from him, and, retiring to the room, sat down to read, so as not to attract my wife's attention. She asked me what had startled Tom, to which I replied, "Oh, nothing; it was only some of his nonsense." I waited anxiously until my wife dropped off to sleep. She was in a critical state of health, and the least excitement or shock might have killed her; so I took up a light, and standing upon a chair saw, to my horror and surprise, a child's coffin. It had been put far back and well out of sight, which accounted for no one of the family having seen it before.

I took it down, and walked stealthily out of the room with the burden under my arm. I went directly to the library with it, and calling my son and a friend who was staying in the house with me I locked the door, and called a council as to what course it was best to pursue. The coffin was something over two feet long, just about the size of one that would contain a new-born infant. We were somewhat puzzled, and many plans were discussed. I thought over the reticence of the Scotch gardener in all matters connected with the family, conjuring up a suspicion that some dark mystery surrounded the house. We next thought of sending for the coroner, and placing the matter in the hands of the authorities. At last I determined on opening the coffin myself, rather than make any stir before I was sure

that the case was one needing public attention. We got a screwdriver, and with some considerable agitation we began to open the lid, and as we removed it we discovered the dead body of a large poll-parrot. We were all dreadfully sold, and burst out laughing at the mystery and precaution in which we had been lately indulging. It all came out the next day: it was a favored pet of Miss Gregory, and the gardener was to have buried it in her absence, but had forgotten it.

IN IRELAND.

FROM Edinburgh I went to Dublin, where I acted under the management of John and Michael Gunn, two brothers who were jointly lessees of the Gaiety Theater. My reception in Ireland was not flattering. The attendance was slight, and the applause delicate. Many American actors have been cordially received here, meeting with great success; but from that "unknown cause" which I have before alluded to, the Dublin audience either did not understand or did not care for my acting. One of the managers (I think it was Mr. Michael Gunn) seemed to have a presentiment of my failure; for, after witnessing the rehearsal, he asked my agent if he thought I could be prevailed upon to make *Rip Van Winkle* an Irishman. I thought at first that this suggestion was meant as a joke; but upon asking Mr. Gunn if he were serious he assured me that he was, adding that he was quite certain that the audience would understand and appreciate the character more fully if I would give the performance a Hibernian coloring instead of a Dutch one. I told him that if I did this, in order to make an harmonious entertainment it would be necessary to alter the entire play — lay the scene in Ireland, and change the names of all the characters; that poor *Rip* would have to be called *Misther O' Winkle;* and to me these alterations would be very absurd. The manager argued that such violent changes were not necessary, and he only suggested that I should act the part with just a "shlight taste of the brogue." I told him that a taste of my brogue would be so slight that the audience would never recognize the flavor.

After rehearsal, as I came from the stage-door into the street, I was hailed in the richest Irish accents I ever heard by a bustling, energetic man whose manner, dress, and figure were particularly striking. The whole appearance of this person was the embodiment of what is erroneously known as the "shabby genteel." That he was shabby there could be no doubt, but his gentility seemed to be questionable, for he had that self-satisfied and confident bearing which rarely shows itself in a gentleman. My new acquaintance was gotten up in the most elaborate style. He wore a faded black dress coat, buttoned up to the chin, and a black silk handkerchief wrapped high about his throat, while his head was covered with a drab hat, jauntily cocked on one side and dented in various directions. His nether garments consisted of a pair of light buff-colored trousers, worn threadbare, and strapped underneath a loose pair of slippers. On his hands were a pair of soiled yellow kid gloves; and with a bright, fresh rose in his buttonhole, and a light bamboo cane under his arm, one would have supposed that he was an eccentric comedian of a theatrical company, in the costume of a dilapidated swell. He welcomed me to Dublin with the patronizing air of an ex-governor-general, giving me to understand that my fame had even reached him. He admonished me to be on my "mettle," and gave me to understand that a Dublin audience was a rare one and was considered the most critical tribunal before which an actor could be tried; assuring me that if I once passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of their judgment I might defy the opinion of the civilized world, and wound up his speech with a modest request that I should favor him with free admission tickets for himself and family during my engagement. If I had needed any further assurance that the Dublin audience was a "rare one," the scarcity of that article during my entire engagement would have convinced me of that fact; Mr. Gunn's prophetic sagacity had discovered at the rehearsal that I would fail.

Belfast was our next point, and here, strange to say, the character made a decided hit. Dublin and Belfast are only a few hours distant from each other, yet the same entertainment that failed dismally in one place succeeded admirably in the other. What was the cause of this? I had been only ten days in Ireland, and in that time I could not have unconsciously acquired a brogue. I have concluded, therefore, that I was paralyzed by the wet blanket that Mr. Gunn threw over me; and my modesty will not allow me to account for the Dublin failure in any other way.

AT HOME AGAIN.

I RETURNED to America in October, 1867, and began an engagement under the management of Augustin Daly at Booth's Theater. This was my fourth and last engagement in this superb house, which was demolished a few years afterwards. Unfortunately, Booth's Theater, after it passed from the hands of its original owner, did not fall into the possession of artistic people. I say unfortunately, because

as a place for public amusement it was quite perfect; no expense had been spared to make it safe for the audience and comfortable for the actors.

I cannot endure destruction of any kind, and it was a sorry sight to me when one day I stood by and saw its downfall and its ruins. Busy men, in a cloud of lime dust, were gutting the building of its costly decorations, and the noble structure, which should have remained as a monument to the distinguished actor who sacrificed a fortune in building it, was being pulled down, and in a few months gave place to the most unsightly dry-goods box of a store that could well be imagined. It is a great pity that it could not have been rescued.

My first engagement in St. Louis, since the memorable season when as a youth I was hissed from the stage, was played at Deagle's Theater. The stage manager was an old friend of mine, by the name of James Burnett. We had acted together as far back as 1854 at the Museum in Baltimore, and afterwards we were in the stock company of Laura Keene during the memorable panic of 1857. I say memorable, for surely the actors and managers who struggled through the vicissitudes of that season must have a vivid remembrance of the various shifts and economical devices of that disastrous time — disastrous not only to theaters, but to all kinds of commercial pursuits. Banks that had been thought impregnable were swept out of existence. Long rows of despairing depositors stood in lines eagerly besieging their delinquent trustees. One institution alone withstood the shock — the Chemical Bank — and naturally gained for itself a most enviable reputation. Wall street was in a collapsed condition, and placards of "To Let" stood out in bold relief upon the private residences, almost as numerous as the houses themselves. People who had lived beyond their means found their extravagance checked by an unlooked-for depression of their precarious incomes. Horses and carriages were sold for a song. That conventional army of gentlemen who are always selling their teams because they and their families are about to go to Europe increased so alarmingly that column after column of the daily papers were filled with announcements of their intended departures.

Under such conditions naturally the theaters were great sufferers. Salary day, that ever-welcome Monday, was deferred first until Tuesday, then until Wednesday, then until Thursday, and finally disappeared altogether. The bands struck with one accord, and, as usual, got their money; the actors revolted, and, as usual, did not get it. The public despondently staid at home, the theaters were empty, the managers depressed, and the actors jolly. This seems incredible, but the members of my profession, at least in the old time, were always in the best of spirits when business was bad and salaries were uncertain.

Just at this juncture Miss Keene produced a local farcical comedy called "Splendid Misery" — a most appropriate title, and well suited to the financial crisis through which the country was passing, and in keeping too with the straitened circumstances of many families that were suffering from their previous extravagance. There were several local hits in the play which pointed so plainly at the prevailing panic that they were much enjoyed by the slim audiences that beheld them. Business had fallen off, and the theater was in a fair way to follow in the train of bankruptcy that was dragging everything after it, when I hit upon the idea of producing what was deemed a striking innovation in a legitimate Broadway theater.

Casting about for a novel that might be turned into a strong military drama, I came upon George Lippard's story of the Revolution entitled "Blanche of Brandywine." Marches, and counter-marches, murders, abductions, hairbreadth escapes, militia trainings, and extravagant Yankee comicalities boiled over in every chapter. James G. Burnett, the stage manager, and I soon concocted a soul-stirring drama from this material, and it was accepted by Miss Keene, the manager. She was most indefatigable in her rehearsals and spared neither time nor pains in planning her effects, but was greatly deficient in system; and while acknowledging that Mr. Burnett and I had prepared at least an effective play, she insisted upon arranging the business and conducting the rehearsal. Of course we gave way, being only anxious that success should be achieved, and were quite willing to allow her the credit of its production. She possessed but slight experience in melodrama, as her previous schooling had been mostly gained from the light comedy productions of the London Lyceum, or the legitimate plays that were produced at Wallack's Theater while she was a member of the stock company; so that when she got into the realm of red-hot conspiracies, blazing haystacks, and rifle balls, she was quite at the mercy of the enemy.

The second act of our play ended with the battle of Bunker Hill, which I had arranged should be given as a tableau rather than as an action, from Trumbull's picture of the death of Warren, or "The Battle of Bunker Hill." It was so well known, and its leading features presented such a fine opportunity for effective grouping, that we decided to have the stage

raised to represent a mound covered with grass and arrange the figures in exactly the same manner as in the famous painting. On the morning the tableau was to be grouped Miss Keene appeared with the engraving, which she unrolled with a proud air and a Sir Oracle demeanor that was all the more amusing to me as I knew she was in deep water and likely to sink at the first plunge. We (the company) were assembled, and the stage manager eyed us with a sidelong look of anything but approval. After a preliminary cough or two she charged up the hill and prepared for action.

Looking over the scroll, which every now and then would keep rolling itself up, much to her annoyance and our smothered delight, she began to place us in our different and I may say difficult positions. One would be made to rest upon his elbow, while another was arranged to stand over him with an uplifted gun. The next gentleman, a cruel British officer, was then told to be on the point of thrusting a bayonet into the vital regions of some American patriot. The wounded Warren was ordered to lie down in an uncomfortable position and be held by a friend. This was all very well and for a brief period these attitudes could be maintained; but by the time Miss Keene had got through the militia the regular army was completely worn out. Then she began to badger Warren, telling him to lie with his head a little more that way, or a trifle more the other way, besides requesting him to look exhausted — which expression, however, under the circumstances, he had taken to quite of his own accord.

"You are out of position again," Miss Keene would say to some old soldier. "Now observe, I want you to stand — well, look here"; and away would go the scroll again as if it were on a spring roller.

"General Warren, you have got your head all wrong again."

"I cannot stand it," said the uncomfortable hero; "my head has been in that position for twenty minutes."

I do not think that the original general could have suffered more than did his counterfeit on this occasion. By this time every one was exhausted, Miss Keene included, so there was nothing left but to dismiss the army and hold a council of war.

I now saw that the arrangement of a tableau from a picture with so many figures in it was a more difficult matter than I had at first imagined. Miss Keene declared that it could not be done at all, and I was myself beginning to think we were nonplussed, when Burnett came to the rescue with a simple suggestion which made the way clear at once. His idea was that the characters in the engraving should be cast just as they would be in a play; as, for instance, each figure in the picture was marked with the name of the actor who was to represent it. The engraving was then hung up in the greenroom where each one could look at it and so study the attitude he was to take. This was caught up at once; the names were then marked upon the mound in chalk, and when the word was given to strike the tableau each one took the position, assumed his attitude, and the picture was complete. I have mentioned this incident as I think it perhaps worth while to record a simple manner of arranging characters for a tableau from a picture.

Before concluding this incident I desire to pay my respects to Mr. James G. Burnett, as he was intimately connected with Laura Keene's theater, both as actor and as stage manager. Our friendship extended over a term of many years, and I cannot call to mind one act of his that was not characterized by honesty and truth. In the earlier part of his life he was sorely tried by an accumulation of domestic ills, and I know that he bore his troubles with patience and dignity. As an actor, during the latter part of his life he improved wonderfully; he acted *Sir Anthony Absolute* and *Lord Dubberly* with me in St. Louis, and gave them with fine effect.

Overtures were made to me from the directors of the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival to appear with my company in the comedy of "The Rivals." I declined without giving my reasons for so doing; for I knew that any explanation I could make would be unsatisfactory to the committee, as my objections pointed to the immense size of the hall in which the entertainment was given, and the affair had progressed so far that it was too late for argument, or the adoption of any suggestions that would conflict with the ideas of the committee. I was not present at the Festival, but I am told that there were many mishaps, both of a serious and a comic nature, during the week's entertainment. Unforeseen accidents would naturally occur in so extensive an enterprise in which numerous actors and auxiliaries were brought together and marshaled with but little discipline and under inexperienced management. It is reported that during the performance of "Julius Cæsar" matters went fearfully astray; and were in one instance literally wrong end foremost, so that when *Mark Antony* bent forward to uncover the serene features of the departed general he discovered only the turned-up toes of "Imperious Cæsar" to the astonished gaze of his constituents.

Grand operas, or spectacular plays, where choruses, marches, and ballets are prominent

features of the entertainment, require a large theater to give them full effect; but a comedy, wherein wit and subtle action are combined, must lose force in a wilderness of space. A theater of great magnitude may permit a prima-donna to chant her woes, or a fat basso to bellow forth remorse, or a long line of cotton-velvet lords and ladies to attend a forced marriage ceremony, with considerable effect. *Richmond* could overcome *Richard*, *Mark Antony* harangue the citizens of Rome, or even *Hamlet* exhibit terror at the appearance of his father's ghost and suffer but little by the dimensions, but *Benedick* and *Beatrice* must be cheek by jowl with the audience as well as with each other. If one is obliged by circumstances to act in a larger theater than one is accustomed to, the volume of the performance should be proportionately increased.

TALKS WITH CHARLES MATHEWS.

CHARLES MATHEWS once told me that he was charmed to act in the Madison Square Theater (then called the Fifth Avenue), as the stage was so constructed that he felt as if he were playing in a drawing-room — all his lines told. He said that the slightest twinkle in his eye seemed to make a point. "I acted at the Boston Theater one engagement," he said, "and I never will again. Why, I might just as well have played on the Common for all the effect I created. You have just finished an engagement in that graveyard of comedies, and do you mean to tell me that the delicate points of the characters hit with the same force as they do in a small theater?"

"Certainly not," said I; "they lose much strength, but by enlarging the execution the same effect is almost accomplished."

"What do you mean by enlarging the execution?" he inquired.

"I mean," I replied, "that a portrait may be painted the exact size of life if it is to hang in a drawing-room, where it will be nearly on a line with the people who will look at it; but when designed for a panel to be set in the walls of a large hall, or to be placed at an extra height, the artist should increase the size in accordance with the distance from which it is to be viewed; and though he must preserve the proportions, the details should be suppressed, and the strong and simple lines that give character should be brought out with perfect clearness."

If in a picture gallery we see a work that attracts us we can move forward or backward so as to accommodate ourselves to the focus from which the artist intended his picture to be viewed; if it is broadly painted, we retreat; if, on the other hand, the treatment is minute and delicate, we examine it closely.

Millet and Meissonier should be looked at from two different points; but in a theater the audience cannot shift their positions. The actor therefore must go to them; and, moreover, he should average his strength so that while it is sufficiently powerful to reach those who are distant it must not be forcible enough to offend those who are near. He should take sufficient time to allow those who are slow of apprehension to digest his work, and while so doing be careful to interest others who catch the point at once, else the latter will be wearied by the delay.

Again the painter, the musician, and the writer have a direct following,— generally from a class whose taste and understanding are pretty evenly balanced,— whereas a theater is divided into three and sometimes four classes, the prices of admission to a certain extent indicating their intelligence; consequently the law of average must be well considered, so that the entertainment shall strike a balance and hit with equal force the different grades that confront it.

But to return to Mathews. He took great enjoyment in what might be called intellectual trifles, particularly those of his own creation, and had much talent in sketching grotesque faces, and writing chatty letters and comic verses; and as he would spend days together in scribbling his amusing nonsense, the knack for this kind of light literature was always in a high state of cultivation.

I once traveled with him from London to Edinburgh on the lightning express train called the "Flying Scotchman." He had supplied himself with pencils and paper, and as soon as the train started began sketching away with all the delight of an enthusiastic young artist, though he was at this time over seventy years of age. He became absorbed in his work, which he continued for some time, interrupted only by an occasional delicate bit of profanity at the jolting of the "Scotchman," which he said seemed to be dancing a Highland reel over the rails. After he became weary of drawing he applied himself to the writing of a comic song, the theme of which, he said, had haunted him all the night before. He called it the "Mad Arithmetician," and it was filled with an absurd mixture of addition, multiplication, and the Rule of Three. As each verse was finished he would insist upon my laying down the book I was interested in to listen to his rhyme. Then, of course, I had to give him a round of applause, and off he would go again, perfectly delighted with what he had done and I had praised. In fact, I think he craved the approbation of his friends more than he did that of

the public. I once dined with him in London with Mr. Planché and Harry J. Byron, two favorite burlesque writers, and certainly I never listened to brighter conversation than I did on that occasion. I wish I could remember one-half of it, or, what would have been still better, that I had put it down in writing, though to have done so I must have been an accomplished stenographer. At one time I remember the conversation turned upon the novel of "Adam Bede." Mathews said it had no attraction for him, for it was not possible that he could feel interested in a virtuous carpenter. "Perhaps," said Byron, "you have more admiration for the virtue of the opposite sex." "What do you call the opposite sex to a carpenter?" said Mathews. "A joiner," said Planché before Byron had time to reply.

Charles Mathews was a natural-born philosopher; he looked upon life in a plain, practical, and cheerful way, always making the best of the worst, having no regrets for the past and great hopes for the future. By many he was thought to be cold and selfish; I do not think he was so. His cool, gay manner, which was perfectly natural to him, gave one the idea that he was devoid of feeling; but a circumstance that occurred in connection with myself proves quite the contrary.

It was arranged that he should spend a week with me in the country for the purpose of trout-fishing, sketching, and chatting over matters connected with art; our conversations upon this latter subject usually ended in highly exciting arguments, for we seldom agreed in our ideas of the stage. Well, he arrived in due time and we spent the first morning on the banks of a trout stream — pleasantly enough except that there was a cloud hanging over my head that made me rather dull; he noticed this, and asked me what was the matter and why I was more serious than usual. I told him that the next day was to be an eventful one to me, and that he would have to excuse my absence for a week, as I should be imprisoned in a dark room and denied communication with any one. Of course he was surprised at this, so I explained that I was threatened with blindness, and that an oculist would arrive on the following day for the purpose of performing an operation on one of my eyes. For a moment he seemed horror-stricken and was as pale as death. "What," said he, "and have you invited me here to enjoy myself, knowing that you were to undergo a surgical operation?"

Of course I told him that when the invitation was made I had no idea of the impending trouble, but had refrained from making any alteration in the date of his visit, thinking that he would amuse himself about the place till I could join him.

"My dear boy," said he, taking my hand, while the tears stood in his eyes, "you can't imagine how you have shocked me. Let me go at once; I could not stay under this roof while you were being cut and maimed; it is too dreadful to think of."

His manner was perfectly sincere. There was not the slightest suspicion of sham in it, nor was it only the horror of the idea,—though of course this affected him,—but a sincere sympathy for me; so within an hour he had departed. I may mention here that the operation, under the skillful hands of Dr. Reuling, was entirely successful, and that I have never had any trouble with my sight since that, to me, most eventful time.

I have often been taxed with idleness for not studying new parts and adding them to my répertoire. The list of plays that I have acted of late years is certainly a very short one, and the critic who becomes weary of witnessing them over and over again naturally protests against their constant repetition. Setting aside the fact that every one must be the best judge of how to conduct his own affairs, there are other matters connected with the course I have pursued that may have escaped the attention of those who have rated me for my lack of versatility; and reference to a conversation between Charles Mathews and myself on this very subject may serve to illustrate what I mean. We were good-humoredly quizzing each other about our different styles of acting, when he rallied me somewhat after this fashion:

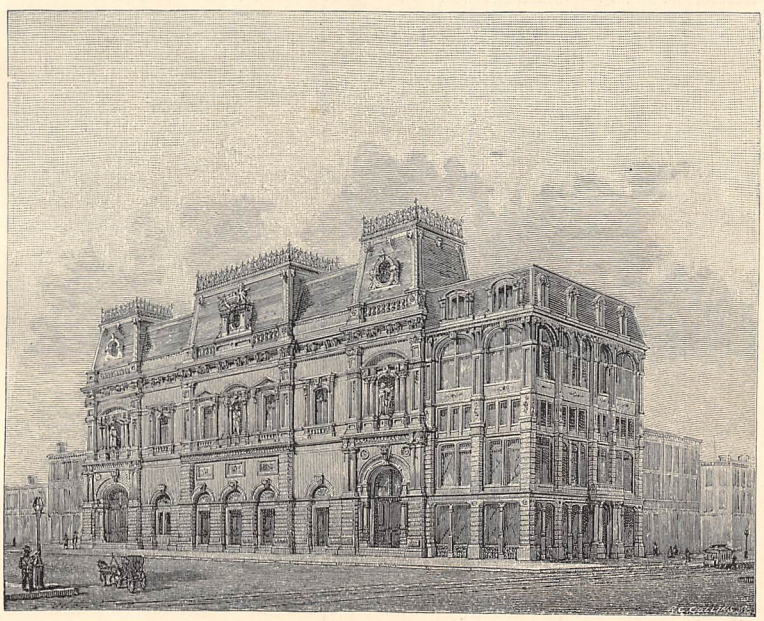
"You call yourself a comedian," said he. "Why, you can only play one part. You are the prince of dramatic carpet-baggers, and carry all your wardrobe in a gripsack. Look at that huge pile of trunks—mine, sir, mine! Examine my list of parts! Count them—a half a hundred, at the very least; you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Where is your versatility?"

"My dear Charlie," said I, "you are confounding wardrobe with talent. What is the value of a long bill of fare if the stuff is badly cooked? You change your hat, and fancy you are playing another character. Believe me, it requires more skill to act one part fifty different ways than to act fifty parts all the same way." And here we ended our rather comical argument.

Charles Mathews was playing an unsuccessful engagement, so far as numbers were concerned, at the Boston Theater. He was a guest at No. 2 Bulfinch Place; and, being quaint and old fashioned in his tastes, relished with many of us our late suppers in the old kitchen. One evening after the performance, with all that light and brisk manner which was

THE REVEREND JOSEPH JEFFERSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKER.)

so characteristic of this antique youth, he exclaimed to us who were already attacking the supper, "Waiting for me, I see. Well, that is kind. What a magnificent pile of lobsters! Looks like one of the pyramids. Rather fresher. Touched up for the occasion, I dare say." If ever there was an aristocratic democrat it was this merry, irreverent, elegant man. He could shake hands with a prince and crack jokes with a butler at the same moment, while the potentate and the servant would both think him quite on their own level. After he had seated himself the usual query that one actor generally puts to another after the play: "Well, and how was the house to-night, Mr. Mathews?" "Splendid, splendid! I don't think I ever saw a finer house, only there was nobody in it. Well, when I say nobody, I don't quite mean that. Of course there was — well, myself for instance, and the ladies and gentlemen of the company (the old man did n't know a line, by the by); and then there were the gentlemen of the orchestra; and then the ushers too; I must n't forget them, though they really had done nothing worth remembering. Oh, there may have been, just here and there, you know, a



BOOTH'S THEATER, TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAYALL.

J. S. Mathews.

few dismal individuals, but they were so far apart that it was quite impossible to count them! I verily believe that if I had fired off a cannon, loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, point-blank at the middle of the parquet I should not have wounded a critic; and that would have been hardly fair, considering how often they have wounded me."

There was a ripple of laughter all through this speech, which was given with superb gravity till the end, when there was a round of applause such as I believe he had not received during his whole engagement. From what I remember of Mathews I feel quite sure that he enjoyed making such a speech and receiving the approbation of his comrades more than he would have done in acting a fine part to a crowded house. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "there 's some one missing. Where 's Povey?" Mr. John Povey, I should mention, was the agent of Mathews, and came over from London with that gentleman ostensibly to look after the financial affairs of the star. "I hope you have n't poisoned him in my absence," said he; "for he 's the best-natured, kindest-hearted, useless old fellow that ever lived. It 's his business to look after the money matters in front of the house, but during the time he ought to be there I find him asleep in my dressing-room. I do hope you have n't poisoned him." While he was discussing the merits and demerits of his agent there came a ring at the door-bell. "That 's John now. Don't say I 'm here; just draw him out for me." And in a moment Mathews had opened the door that led to the cellar and disappeared. Enter Povey. "Hello!" said John. "Has n't Mathews come yet?"—looking round the table. "Well, you see he 's not here," said one of the party. "Ah! just like him. He sent me in front to count up the house and promised to wait for me. Then he pops off. I thought certainly to have found him here. I shall go back to England; I won't be bothered in this way looking after him." Then came the old question, "How was the house, Povey?" "Oh, bad, bad! Wretched! They don't want him at all. He 's too old fashioned. All very well twenty years ago. There 's no fun left in him." Whereupon Mathews popped his head out of the door, and glaring comically at Povey exclaimed, "Is n't there, John? Well, what do you think of this for a bit of fun, eh?" If there had been a trap in the kitchen floor I think we should have found Povey at the bottom of the cellar the next minute. It certainly was the most cruel joke that ever was perpetrated. Povey was overcome with mortification, and Mathews made the very cups and saucers on the mantelpiece vibrate with his laughter.

JOHN B. RICE.

JOHN B. RICE was a connection by marriage, having been united to a cousin of mine, Miss Mary Anne Warren, sister of William Warren, the comedian, and of Harry Warren, the theatrical manager of Buffalo. Mr. Rice was a prominent citizen of Chicago, having been at one time its theatrical manager, its mayor, and afterwards Representative in Congress. Those who remember this wise and honorable man, whose life was devoted to usefulness, will recall the valuable services

CHARLES J. MATHEWS AS "TIM" IN "OLD AND YOUNG STAGER."
(FROM SKETCH BY R. J. LANE, PUBLISHED BY J. DICKINSON.)

he rendered to his adopted State and city, and to those by whom he was surrounded. The conduct of his life was simple and dignified, and he received the smiles and frowns of fortune with an equal bearing, and was ever ready to assist the needy with either his purse or counsel. Contented and cheerful, I scarcely ever saw him look grave except when contemplating the prospect of another one's misfortune. He was liberal, but wisely prudent, and often rated me for my extravagance. He once

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES."

said to me, "You 're a young man now, with an extra large family, and it behooves you as a duty to that family to save some of your earnings; and I don't believe you do." I told him that I thought he did me an injustice. I acknowledged that I was making money, but I contended that I had invested it. "Listen to this young man talk. He buys a large plantation in the South with nothing left of the sugar-house but the chimney, all the fences and everything in a dilapidated condition, takes his family down to this wonderful place, isolates them from the world, lives in a tumble-down house that he has to prop up with logs, shoots half a dozen wild ducks, fancies that he 's enjoying himself, and then calls it an investment." I ventured to suggest that perhaps the orange groves in time might— "Orange groves! What do you know about orange groves? The negroes steal your oranges, don't they?" I could not help admitting that a few had been missed. "Ah! quite likely. You had better buy United States 4's registered, and get out of those orange groves as soon as possible. You 'll make more money by acting than you will by oranges."

When, some years afterwards, my son informed me that he received from St. Louis for a large shipment of this delicious fruit, after deducting expenses, three two-cent postage stamps, I concluded that Uncle John was about right. I recall his smile—and what a smile it was!—when I told him of this disastrous commercial transaction.

John Rice and Edwin Forrest had been friends for many years, but their intimacy had been broken off by the frankness of one and the ill temper of the other. Forrest, it seems, wanted some information or assistance from Rice in connection with a lawsuit that was at one time creating much annoyance to the tragedian. Rice declined to give it or to meddle in the matter, as he deemed Forrest in some respects at fault and had the courage to tell him so. This annoyed the old actor, who never forgave an affront. To differ with him on the lawsuit was to make an enemy of him, but when a matter of right and wrong was to be considered John Rice was a Brutus and would decide the matter according to his honest belief, regardless of the opinion of friend or foe.

Among Rice's old acquaintances was a leader of the orchestra, one John C——. Quite a musical genius was C——, and a great character. He was a perfect know-all; no subject, either artistic, musical, or scientific, could be broached in his presence on which he did not at once present himself as an authority. If a fast horse was mentioned C—— had a father or an uncle who owned one that could distance the animal in question with ease. Should any one venture to give an account of a remarkable storm where the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, the old leader was down on him with goose eggs at once. On a certain Sunday afternoon John Rice and a party of his friends were sitting on the back porch of his house, listening to some of the marvelous experiences of C——, when the host, getting a little tired of these wonders, exclaimed: "C——, you seem to be an authority on most matters; now I want your solution of a curious fact that is staring us in the face. Look at that apple tree over the fence"—pointing to one in the orchard at the back of the house. "You see it has no apples on it and all the rest of the trees are full of fruit; now how do you account for that?" C—— ran his eye over the orchard with a profound look, and rising slowly from his seat mounted the fence, let himself down upon the other side with as scientific an air as the performance would admit of, and going down upon his knees began to examine the roots of the barren tree. The company during all this time were watching the proceeding with becoming gravity. C——, having cut off a piece of the bark from the tree, wiped his eyeglasses and examined the specimen with great care. At last he smiled with a placid kind of triumph and exclaimed, "Ah! I thought so." Again climbing the fence, he returned to the group who had been watching him and said: "Now observe. You see that gray color on the edge of the bark?" They did. "Well, that is called *fungi mortem*, and whenever that deadly sign appears at the root of an apple tree it never bears fruit."

"I don't think you are quite right about it," said Rice; "for that tree was full of apples yesterday, but the owner came this morning and gathered them."

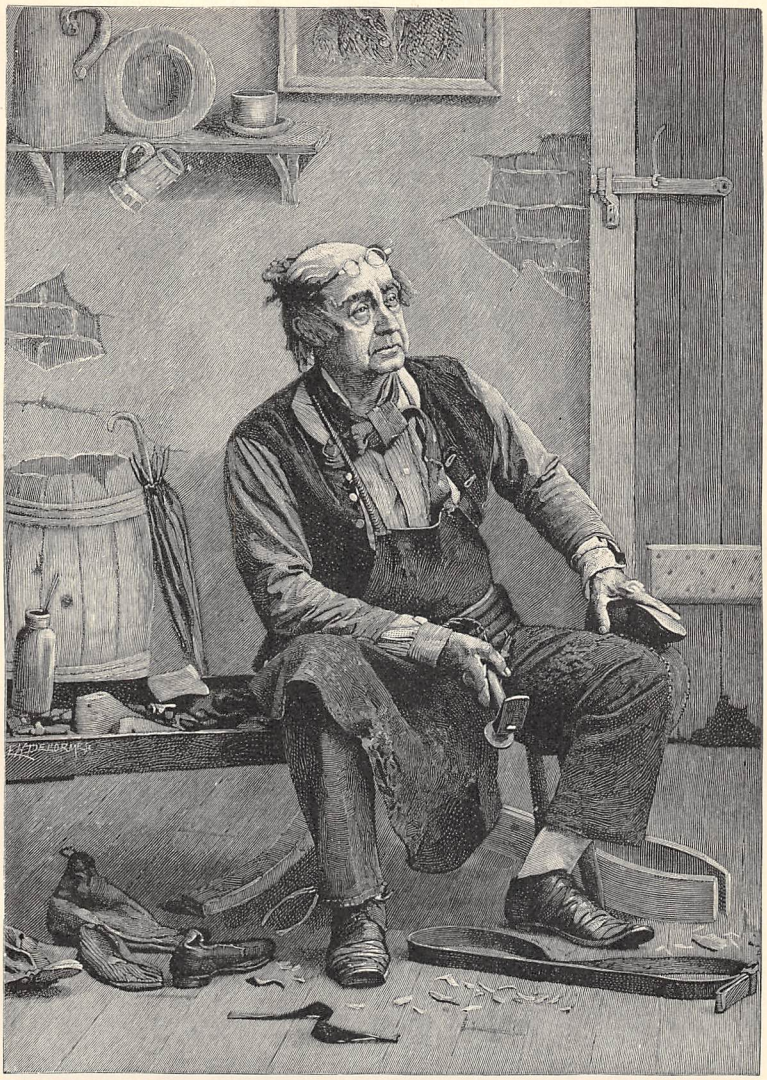
There was a shout of laughter and C—— was dumfounded. It was a dreadful blow, and it had the effect of curtailing the scientific discourses of C—— for some time.

"THE RIVALS."

For many years I had remarked a growing disinclination on the part of the general public to listen to dialogue unless it revealed the plot of the play or abounded in easily understood wit. The question may be asked, Why should this be? Is not the audience of to-day as intelligent as that of a hundred years ago? This may be so, but by degrees it has been accustomed to a supply of entertainments for the eye rather than the ear, and like a child who has been lately fed upon sugar-plums, it has lost its taste for daintier morsels. Our modern theatrical managers have recognized

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES."



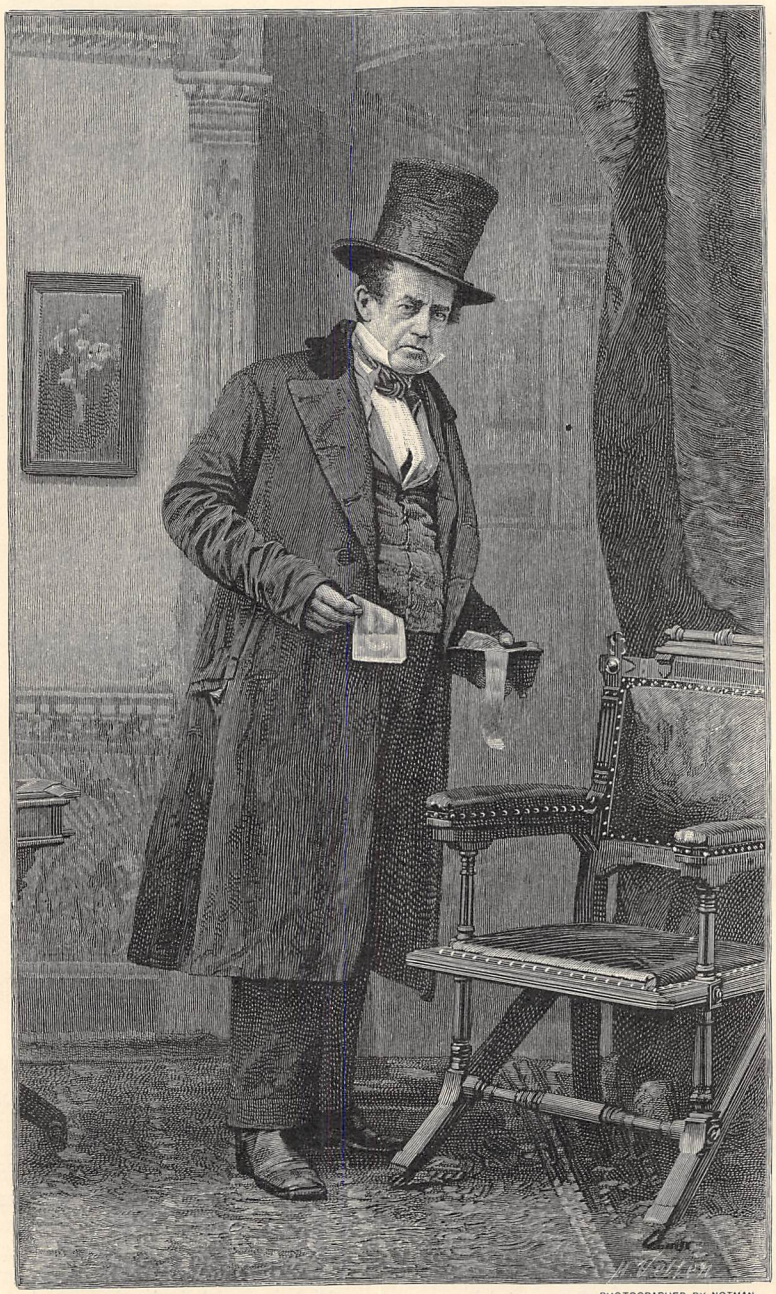
ENGRAVED BY E. H. DELORME. PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. F. CONLY.

WILLIAM WARREN AS "HERR WEIGEL" IN "MY SON."

this demand, and embellish even their most classical productions with splendid scenery, magnificent costumes, and mechanical contrivances. Dramatic authors are alive to it also, and seldom introduce poetical speeches or philosophical discussions in their works, confining themselves to action or the realistic representation of local pictures with which the public eye is familiar. The monthly magazines and journals are filled with splendid illustrations, and even the daily papers crowd into their columns crude and hastily drawn pictures of current events. It is no disparagement to say this; on the contrary the supply is in legitimate accordance with the demand, for it is both wise and useful to minister to pronounced if it be not immoral public desire.

With these facts clearly before me I set about altering and condensing Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." "The School for Scandal" has always been considered the finer play of the two, and in many respects it is so, but I felt that there was no character in this play to which I could do justice; and though as a literary work "The School for Scandal" is undoubtedly superior to its companion, I consider "The Rivals" to be the more effective dramatic production.

That two such comedies should have been produced within a year by a youngster but twenty-three years of age must always remain



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

WILLIAM WARREN AS "JEFFERSON SCATTERING BATKINS."

among the wonders of dramatic composition. As "The Rivals" bears the fresh impress of youth, one can comprehend the fact that it was written by a mere boy; but "The School for Scandal" smacks of matured age and ripe experience, dealing as it does with intrigue, worldliness, and almost actionable defamation of character. Yet these two prodigies were born not a year apart, and were the offspring of the same parent. The greatest wonder is that being almost twins there should be such a slight resemblance between them.

The artificial quality of "The School for Scandal" has been by some critics complained of, but it should be remembered that the scene of the comedy is laid in town and takes place during the season of fashionable entertainment: the quaint society of high life during the middle of the last century was, according to the history and pictures of the period, extravagantly artificial. Hogarth's belles and beaux strut through the Strand with a dainty step and arms akimbo, the old fop takes his pinch of snuff with the grotesque air of a dancing-master. The *menuet de la cour*, the fashionable dance of the day, with its stately attitudes and cold formality, was the personification of artificiality, and unquestionably a misnomer. If in the play, therefore, the characters remind us of figures in Dresden china, they are poised with such grace that we pardon their lack of warmth; for if actors are the "abstract and brief chronicles of the time," an artificial period could not be depicted if this quality were wanting. The play does not seem to be intended to excite our sympathies, but rather to challenge our intelligence. We must enjoy the quarrels of *Lady Teazle* and *Sir Peter Teazle*, though we may not care who gets the better of it.

It has been objected also that many of the characters talk too brilliantly, the servants particularly, their wit being beyond their station. But an author can easily bear the censure that taxes him with having written too well. "The School for Scandal" at the time in which it was written must have been quite perfect; its fault now grows out of the fact that the present taste considers it too coarse to be acted in its original form. The theme itself, too, is somewhat indelicate. An intrigue runs through the plot, and, though it terminates innocently, while it is in progress it has an unpleasant suggestion, so that however much of the language may be omitted it can have but little effect upon the action. No such charge can be laid to "The Rivals," for after the excision of a dozen lines there remains a pure dramatic production. There is a rural flavor about it too, imparted by the introduction of *Bob Acres* and his old and attached servant *David*, that warms the wit with a glow of humor.

This comedy kept running in my head of late years with almost the same persistence that "Rip Van Winkle" had done in the olden time. *Bob*, too, was an attractive fellow to contemplate. Sheridan had filled him with such quaintness and eccentricity that he became to me irresistible. I would often think of him in the middle of the night. At odd times, when there was apparently no reason for him to call, he would pop up before me like an old acquaintance,—for I had acted him years before,—but always with a new expression on his face. The variety of situations in which the author had placed him; his arrival in town with his shallow head full of nonsense and curl papers, and his warm heart overflowing with love for an heiress who could not endure him in the country because he used to dress so badly; a nature soft and vain, with a strong mixture of goose and peacock; his aping of the fashion of the town, with an unmistakable survival of rural manners; his swagger and braggadocio while writing a challenge; and above all the abject fright that falls upon him when he realizes what he has done—could the exacting heart of a comedian ask for more than these? Surely here was the best material to work out that I could desire. I had acted the part a quarter of a century before, and possibly I may have blundered by a kind of intuition into some of the effects which now occur to me, but I am quite sure that at that time I could not have reproduced them from night to night with any certainty. I will not say that the methods by which I treated the various phases of the character were all thought out previous to its revival. Some of them came to me after, and many at the time of their representation; for during the late run of the comedy I had acted *Acres* at least a dozen times before I had hit upon a satisfactory effect with which to end the second act, and even then it did not strike me until the very moment of its execution.

During our first rehearsal of the comedy in Philadelphia, Mrs. John Drew, who had evidently been considering the part of *Mrs. Malaprop* with great care, introduced some novel business in her first scene with *Captain Absolute* that struck me as one of the finest points I had ever seen made. When *Mrs. Malaprop* hands the letter for the Captain to read, by accident she gives him her own love-letter lately received by her from *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. As the Captain reads the first line, which betrays the secret, Mrs. Drew starts, blushes, and simperingly explains that "there is a slight mistake." Her manner during this situation was the perfection of comedy. She asked me if I thought that the introduction was admissible. I replied that I not only thought it admissible, but believed that Sheridan himself would have

introduced it if the idea had happened to occur to him. It would have been curious if I had not acquiesced in this original business after the liberties I had myself taken with the comedy. I had not only condensed the play from five acts into three, but I had cut several of the characters entirely out of it, brought down the curtain on the first and second acts with terminations not intended by the author, and concluded by having the courage to write an epilogue. It must be admitted that these were sweeping alterations, and in the event of their failure they were likely to endanger whatever reputation I had acquired as a legitimate comedian. They succeeded, however, and I was only subjected to some slight critical censure from the press and a little quizzing from a few old school members of the profession, who were naturally and honestly shocked at my having taken such unwarrantable liberties with their past heroes. Some of the satirical remarks made at my expense deserve mention.

William Warren on leaving the theater one evening after seeing the play was asked what he thought of the alterations. He replied, "It reminded me of that line in Buchanan Read's poem, 'And Sheridan twenty miles away.'" This was not quite original with him; it had been said before by one of my own company, but I heard that it was given with that quizzical humor which belonged only to William Warren.

John Gilbert said that it was sacrilegious, and it would serve me right if the shade of Sheridan should haunt me.

One Christmas Eve during the run of the revived comedy a merry meeting of the company was arranged after the play; a Christmas tree had been erected, and it was understood that each one should hang a present for the other on it, and that no one should know the donor. A gentleman was selected to take down the different parcels from the tree and present them. The choice proved an excellent one, as he bestowed the various gifts with wit and humor. His opportunity was exceedingly good, however, as many of the presents were suggestive of our weak points and our various positions. Our manager, for instance, received a bundle of railway guides, the advance agent a paste-pot and brush, and myself a book of "The Rivals" with all the parts cut out of it but my own.

But, seriously, if I needed any excuse for my emendations of "The Rivals," I have discovered one lately in Doran's annals of the English stage, wherein it is recorded that Sheridan altered Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy of "The Relapse" and entitled his play "A Trip to Scarborough." Apparently as an excuse for this liberty he makes one of his characters say, "It would surely be a pity to exclude the productions of some of our best writers for the want of a little wholesome pruning, which might be effected by any one who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least till they are outdone by the living ones." Here is a confession that he not only sanctions the liberty, but that he took it himself. So that should the shade of Sheridan ever rebuke me, I shall defend myself by confronting him with his own words.

WILLIAM WARREN.

A MONUMENTAL figure in Boston, and one whose vacant place upon the stage has not been filled, was William Warren. The humorous characters presented by this gifted actor covered the entire range of legitimate comedy, and from the great length of time that he performed at the Museum, and the constant change of entertainment that was a prominent feature of this establishment, it is safe to conclude that this versatile comedian studied and created more parts than any other actor of his day. The great respect of the public, and the warm affection of his personal friends, was reciprocated by his loyalty to the city that by universal consent made him its dramatic ideal. For years his benefits were the events of the season; and the last testimonial of public favor, upon his fiftieth anniversary upon the stage, given just previous to his final retirement, was marked by a depth of feeling that neither the recipient nor the donors could ever forget.

There are few living who remember William Warren so far back in the past as I do. I was about ten years old when I first saw him. He was attached to my father's company, sharing in all our fortunes and misfortunes in the far West. He was then a tall, handsome young man about twenty-five years of age. He had fine expressive eyes, a graceful figure, and a head of black, curly hair that must have been the envy of our juvenile tragedian, who was himself quite bald. William was at that time what is technically called a heavy actor, and played such parts as *Rashleigh Osbaldistone* in Scott's "Rob Roy," and *Beauseant* in Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons." My father's comedian disappointing him, Warren was cast in that line of characters known as low comedy. He had been highly educated in his youth, and having a mind that applied itself diligently to whatever it undertook, he soon became famous as an actor. Always modest, and not endowed with an abundance of self-reliance, it was to his talent rather than to any particular energy that he owed his advancement in the dramatic art. Conscientious to an inordinate degree, he neglected nothing in the preparation of costumes or the study of his characters

to render his acting worthy of his audiences. He was universally acknowledged as one of the most finished artists of his time. It was the pride he took in his profession and the wisdom which characterized the important actions of his life that warned him not to return to the stage after he had bid it farewell. Once having made this resolution nothing could tempt him to venture again before an audience. He was a veteran, certainly, when he retired, but he had not staid too long, and if there was any vague suspicion that his powers had weakened, it was in his own mind, and his conscientious nature would not permit him to linger before the public when he felt that he could no longer do his duty; so that up to his final exit from the stage his audience retained the best impression of his acting.

I recall him in the very prime of his life when I went to Boston first to join the stock company at the Howard Athenæum. He was the reigning favorite of the town, and all who remember him well know that he remained so to the end.

Again I went — this time to play a star engagement, when I had the not very cheering assurance of the manager that I was the only one by whom he had lost money during that season. This would have been a crushing blow indeed, but I had the consolation of knowing that, when he could get away from the Museum, Warren came to see me act if no one else did.

At this time we lived at the same house in Bulfinch Place. There was a grand old kitchen here where, in company with many passing stars, we supped together after the play. Warren always sat at the head of the table, and was usually concealed behind a huge pile of lobsters, and as he served them liberally the scarlet edifice would slowly sink as if it were going through the stage in pantomime, revealing as it descended the fine face of the genius of the feast. For many seasons after this, when I came to act in Boston, our suppers in the old kitchen were among the agreeable features of the engagement.

James Wallack, Charles Mathews, Fechter, Walter Montgomery, Peter Richings (dear me, I am the only one left!), and many others. Such jokes, old and new; such reminiscences, foreign and domestic; tales of the Drury Lane, legends of the Théâtre Français, and romances of the old Bowery; then the discussion as to whether the actors of the past were better than those of the present — all of the old actors insisting on it that they were, and all the young ones insisting on it that they were not.

Again I recall Warren as one of the bright features of a memorable feast — Mrs. James T. Fields at one end of the table, and her husband at the other. Beside William Warren sat Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, while Mr. Longfellow sat facing myself — I the youngest man of those assembled, and greatly pleased to be one of such a group. Here was table-talk indeed — a feast of wit as well as viands. As I think now of that interesting day I seem to listen to the brilliancy of Fields, the wisdom of Longfellow, and the wit of Holmes. Then Warren modestly joins in the conversation, planning his words to the theme under discussion — so adroitly too, that no joke is suspected until the climax. This is indeed the very art and perfection of an anecdote.

Time rolled on and we met quite often, always in the summer. To sit and talk with Warren under the trees was ever a treat to me. He had known me when I was but a boy, and now he knew me as a grandfather. No lack of retrospect and reminiscence with such acquaintances!

Then came the fiftieth anniversary of his début. I was not there to see it, but I know of it as though the scene had passed before me. Thousands flocked to witness it. Gray-haired men who had been taken to see him when they were boys, hurried to bid for places that they might do him honor. There was a loving-cup from those who cherished him; flowers from a whole city; a token of affection from his old comrades. I saw him shortly after this, and there was a shade of sadness in his face. He seemed to feel that all was over. A laurel wreath will cheer its wearer when it is bestowed on one who is in the zenith of his victory, but it weighs heavily upon a retired head.

William Warren bore up bravely under the burden of seclusion; but time, and the loss of that more than magnetism which is imbibed by an actor from the warm appreciation of his audience, and which had stimulated him for so many years, gradually told upon his health, and then his bright mind faded and he passed away. Boston's best sons and daughters were present to witness the ceremonies that attended upon his final rest. Those who had lived and wept with him in his art showed, by their presence and unsuppressed emotion, how they were saddened by so great a loss.

Relatives and friends, who stood in groups about the grave, were overcome with sorrow. John Gilbert stood gazing into the grave with streaming eyes and a dazed look. He felt that the time was fast approaching when he would join his comrade.

Joseph Jefferson.

WELLS CATHEDRAL.

WHEN the traveler opens the great scrap-book he calls memory the pictures which impress him most are sure to be those that were painted in by some vivid or peculiar effect of light. Such to me are the memories of Vesuvian slopes at midnight with lava streams burning their red smoke above and the Bay of Naples, lighted by a pale moon, below; of the southern point of Greece as we rounded it after a storm, Cerigo showing black to the southward against a crimson sky, and Cape Malea rising in the north, a vast sheer precipice of purple; of Avignon as we came down the Rhône, which flashed pink in a setting July sun, while the yellow diadem of towers was pink for the moment too; of the Nile and the desert when it was hard to say which was whiter under a strong morning light; of the mid-Atlantic in June when it was impossible to say whether the sky or the water was more astonishingly blue. And with these pictures ranks the cathedral close at Wells as I first saw it, in one of those rare tender sunsets when a rosy mist fills the air and makes the greens of nature like those we sometimes find in ancient tapestries.

I.

WELLS lies low in a wide, rich valley set around with hills of varied outline, the rocky Mendips backing it, and the peak of Glastonbury rising over marshlands to the southward. At some distance from the cathedral towers springs the splendid Perpendicular tower of St. Cuthbert's Church, and between them stretch quiet, low-browed streets, widening out into a market-place before one of the gateways of the cathedral close. Entering this gate we see the cathedral a little to the northward, with its sculptured front looking on a broad level lawn bounded by a wall and a low line of houses. Close to its northern side, when we have crossed the lawn, runs a broad street spanned by a bridge-like building which springs from the transept end to the entrance of the Vicars' Close, a double row of ancient little homes. The chapter house lies just beyond the bridge. Beyond the east-end of the church comes the lower roof of its Lady-Chapel; its southern side overlooks the most lovely wide gardens in the world; in these gardens, near a natural fountain which forms a big pool,[1] falls in white cascades and fills a moat, there rises, with the water around its feet, a palace smothered in vines and trees; and beyond the gardens and the moat run avenues of enormous elms.

As we made this circuit, partly inside, partly outside the close, and at last along the shady avenues, all things grew mysterious and supernal as the rosy glow deepened in the sky, more and more suffused the air, and softened local colors in a radiance that was neither pink nor gray nor green, but everywhere seemed to have a tinge of all three tones. Everything was quite distinct, yet we rubbed our eyes as though a veil of gauze were hiding realities that could not be so fair. It was romance made tangible. Here was indeed the palace of enchantment, without a discordant feature, and with no possible feature lacking, even to spell-bound princes who swam about as swans among the lilies of the moat. There was not a person to be seen, and often not a glimpse of any world beyond this roseate, silent park. Nature and art, blended together, were existing simply for themselves; and the stillness and glamour seemed so ancient, so miraculous and seductive, that at last one thought of escape for safety. An hour of such enchantment and — who knows? — we too might be swans on the moat, or swallows in the air, or stone figures under a stone canopy forever.

II.

WHEN a bishop of the West-Saxons was seated at Winchester in 635, half a century after the landing of St. Augustine, the district we call Somerset was almost wholly in the hands of the Welsh or ancient British inhabitants. Gradually the West-Saxon rule extended, and out of the diocese of Winchester was cut the one which had its cathedral first at Sherborne and afterwards at Salisbury. But it was not until the reign of Edward the Elder, about the year 909, that there was need for further subdivision.

It has already been explained that owing to the peculiar condition of the country, in the hands of invading tribes who had split it into many districts and wiped out the dominion of the old Roman centers, English bishops were not invariably seated, like their foreign breth-

1 The name of the town comes from this fountain, and in the old Latin chronicles is *Fontana.*

ren, in important towns. The claims of the diocese as a whole were considered first; a central and accessible site was the main desire. And, as a rule, the prelate took his title, not from his seat, but from the district or the local tribe. For a while we hear of a bishop of the Sumorsætas simply; and, though the old Roman city of Bath stood within the northern limits of his diocese and the new English stronghold of Taunton near its southern end, his stool was placed between them at Wells. Here history points to nothing but a church, dedicated to St. Andrew, and a collegiate house; it is mere tradition that would have us think the house had existed since the time of King Ina, two centuries before, and that for a while at least it had served a bishop of his creation. A few miles from Wells stood a monastic establishment of undisputed age — Glastonbury, where, through centuries of heathen conquest, the memory of King Arthur and his religion had survived. But these old English organizers were practical men of another race, caring no more for British and ecclesiastical than for Roman and municipal associations. Much of this region was then marsh and water, surrounding dry elevated spots; and Glastonbury's mount was a veritable island — the "Isle of Avalon." The more accessible site of St. Andrew's Church was naturally preferred to one where the bishop and those who sought him would have to depend on boats.

Duduc, who ruled from 1033 to 1060, is the first prelate of any note. When he died he wished to leave his private possessions to his church; Harold, as earl of the district, took them for his own; and out of this seed of fact grew the picturesque legend we all learned at school — how Harold plundered the church at Wells and drove its bishop and priests into banishment. Gisa, a Lotharingian, succeeded Duduc. Without compelling his clergy to take monastic vows, he built a cloister and other needful structures and made them live in common. William the Conqueror did not disturb him, but when Gisa died, in 1088, William Rufus put a Frenchman in his place, John de Villulâ from Tours; and the first act of the foreigner was to imitate in his diocese the invariable condition of things abroad. He took his chair from the isolated church of St. Andrew and set it in the church of St. Peter within the walls of Bath. This church he reconstructed and in it he was buried, while all he did at Wells was to pull down Gisa's works and build himself a palace with their stones. The church of Wells was no longer a cathedral; its chapter was broken and scattered, and the bishop who still ruled it was Bishop of Bath. But the next prelate but one — Robert, born in England of Flemish parents — united old and recent claims; his title was Bishop of Bath and Wells; he had a chair in St. Andrew's and one in St. Peter's, and it was settled that his successors should be chosen by the secular canons of the former and the monkish canons of the latter, all voting together. In the time of the Reformation the chair at Bath was suppressed. Since then the cathedral at Wells has stood alone as it did before John of Tours. But, with the usual English love of symbols from which the life has long departed, the prelate who is enthroned there is still called Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Bishop Robert had been a monk and sub-abbot at Glastonbury, but he made no effort to bring monks into the close at Wells. Indeed, now that Gisa's buildings were gone, each canon returned to his own home, where forever after he dwelt in peace, with separate emoluments and dignities as well as a share in those which the chapter, as such, came to hold in independence of the bishop. At first, whether the chapter were secular or monastic, the bishop was its immediate head. But as the pride of the house and the outside responsibilities of the bishop increased, a dean was placed over the secular chapter and a prior over the monastic; the prelate had only indirect control, and sometimes there was war between him and those whose chief care should have been to serve his needs. Robert appointed a dean and a precentor at Wells, and possibly some of the other dignitaries — the subdean, chancellor, and treasurer. In his time there were in all twenty-two canons at Wells. Later, the number rose to fifty; and there are as many as this to-day.

III.

If a church indeed stood at Wells in the eighth century it can hardly have survived until the Norman Conquest. But the building into which Robert brought back his *cathedra* was of old-English origin, and perhaps as ancient as the establishment of the see in 909. It was in a ruinous, dangerous state, and Robert either repaired or rebuilt it. We cannot say positively what he did, for written records are vague and confused and no stone of his placing survives. But it seems probable that at least certain parts of the old-English church remained at his death, although this was in 1166, just a hundred years after the Conquest, when almost everywhere else in England relics of pre-Norman times had long disappeared from cathedral sites; and it is certain that whatever then remained stood for half a century longer. Savaric, who ruled from 1192 to 1205, forcibly possessed himself of Glastonbury and there placed a third episcopal chair,

so that Joceline, who came after him and ruled till 1242, signed Magna Charta as "Bishop of Bath and Glastonbury." But this was a transitory change. Episcopal claims to the abbey were soon bought off and Joceline gave himself up to the interests of his church at Wells. This he rebuilt in the Early-English style so thoroughly that no more trace remained of Norman than of old-English handiwork. The west-front and nave of the present cathedral, its transept, the three western bays of its choir,—then completed by an apse or chapels,—and all its towers up to the level of the roof, were built by Joceline; and a cloister too, of which certain parts are standing. The lower story of the chapter house and the connecting bridge were finished by 1290, and the upper part about 1300. Early in the fourteenth century the east-limb of the church was greatly extended. It was always the wish of medieval builders to do their new work with as little disturbance as possible of the old, and there is evidence in the stones themselves to prove that here the Lady-Chapel was first built; that then the retro-choir — with projecting arms like a small second transept — and the eastern bays of the choir were put up, joining Joceline's three bays after his apse or chapels had been destroyed; and that finally these three were altered. The Decorated style was now in use, and the upper stories of Joceline's Early-English choir were given an accordant shape. The "singers' choir" had been accommodated beneath the tower, and the short east-limb had been the presbytery for the higher clergy. But now the new portion was the presbytery, and the choir was moved back under the new roof that covered Joceline's bays. The Lady-Chapel seems to have been finished by 1325, and the rest by 1350. Ralph of Shrewsbury was the bishop from 1323 to 1364, and he also founded the Vicars' Close and constructed the walls and moat around the palace, which had been greatly enlarged some fifty years before. By 1321 the central tower had been carried to its present height, the southwestern tower by 1385, and the northwestern before 1450. All doubtless once bore spires of wood and lead.

Thus the cathedral church at Wells was not a new creation on a new site, yet it was not gradually formed by the rebuilding of parts some of which survived in their early shape much longer than others. In the Early-English period its predecessor was entirely swept away to make room for it; before the end of the Decorated period it was finished all but its towers; and as it was finished, so, with very little change, it has lasted till our day.

One reason for thinking that Bishop Robert only repaired the old-English church is the comparatively small size of the present building. When a Norman reconstructed he worked on a very lordly scale; but here, where the thirteenth-century church was certainly as large and probably much larger than its predecessor, it measures only 338 feet from the western to the eastern wall, and only 385 if we include the Lady-Chapel. At Gloucester the length is 406 feet, exclusive of the independent Lady-Chapel; at Winchester, where the Lady-Chapel is small, the total length is 525 feet; and at Salisbury, where it lies much as it does at Wells, we find 450 feet. Lichfield, the smallest of all the English cathedrals, is but four feet shorter than Wells.

IV.

In the design of its nave, shown on page 732, this cathedral differs from all others in England. Elsewhere we have seen over each of the pier-arches one or two great arches in the triforium story, most often with smaller ones, resting on little columns, variously arranged within them. Groups are thus formed which, corresponding with the pier-arches below and the divisions of the vaulting above, give definiteness and unity to each successive bay. Each bay, taken from floor to ceiling, is not, indeed, a separate composition to be thought of apart from the others; yet the eye readily notes its individuality and sees the whole interior as composed of a series of well-marked divisions. But here the triforium arches run in an unbroken series, low and small. The scheme is a French, not an English one. We may find something very like it in the Norman church that William the Conqueror's wife built at Caen, and in a few buildings in the Pointed styles in various parts of France. In Great Britain it appears only in these southwestern districts, as at Wells, at Glastonbury, and in the cathedral church at Llandaff in Wales. Foreign influence must have been at work, but just why or how no one can venture to say. It shows also in the character of the moldings, which are very rich, but less boldly treated than in thoroughly English work of the period; in the closer grouping of the shafts that form the piers; in the leafage of the capitals, where, although the type is English, there is a classic feeling more often perceptible in more southern lands; and especially in the abaci or flat tops which finish the capitals. As soon as Englishmen used pointed arches they replaced the square abacus, inherited from classic art, by a round one, while in France the rectangular form persisted. In the choir of Canterbury the square abaci seem quite natural, for we know a French architect was employed; it is more surprising, well on

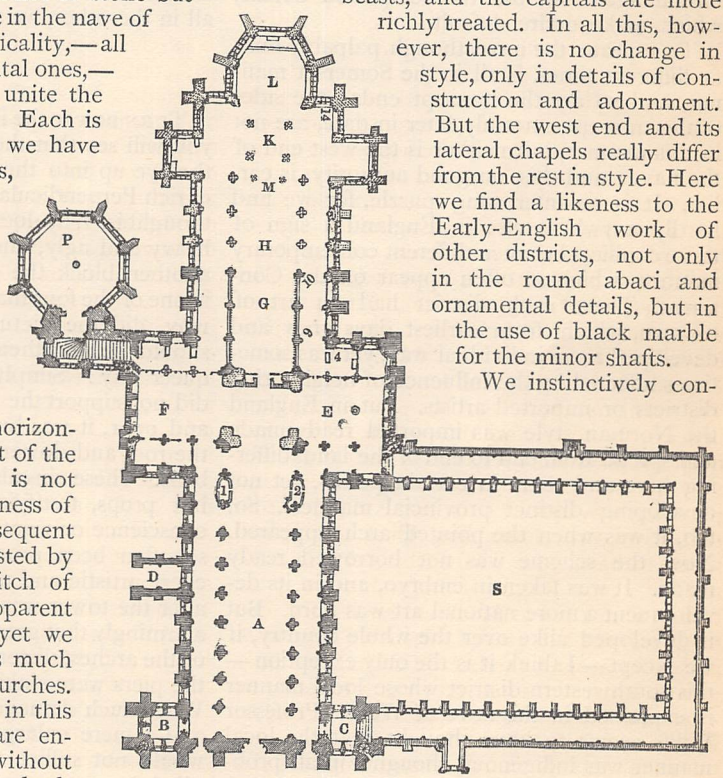
in the thirteenth century, to find them here again.

But look higher up and we see that an Englishman rarely borrowed wholesale, and, also, that his originalities were not always improvements. The vaulting-ribs rest on corbels, formed of clusters of little shafts, on a line with the base of the clearstory; and this is a usual English expedient. In a French church, whatever the design of the triforium, they rest on shafts which, descending to the main piers, bind all three stories together, define the scheme as consisting of a series of bays, and accent verticality. Thus we find them even in Queen Matilda's church at Caen, built soon after the Conquest, although it is probable that its first ceiling was not of stone but wood. There is no feature in the nave of Wells which expresses verticality,—all the strong lines are horizontal ones,—and there is nothing to unite the three successive stories. Each is charming in itself; but, as we have already found in other cases, each is more independent of the others than it should be in ideal Gothic work. Nevertheless, the effect of the nave is good, for the proportions of the main arcade are well adapted to the dimensions of the interior as a whole, the strong horizontal lines increase the effect of the length,—which, for once, is not very great,—and the lowness of the triforium and the consequent size of the clearstory, assisted by the uncommonly sharp pitch of the vaulting, add to the apparent height. It is a low nave, yet we do not feel the lowness as much as in most other English churches. There are no little columns in this triforium, but the arches are enframed in roll moldings without bases. The outer moldings, both of the pier-arcade and the triforium, end between the arches in large carven heads; sculptured medallions adorn the intermediate spandrels of the triforium; and the heads of its arches are filled with little decorated tympana. The window traceries, shown in the clearstory on page 732 and suggested in the aisle, are Perpendicular repairs made in the fifteenth century.

Across the west end of the nave runs an arcade of five arches, four blank, but the central one pierced for the principal door. Above are the three tall, narrow windows which show in our picture of the façade, filled with glass that was brought from the Continent in the seventeenth century and of no great artistic value. From the ends of the aisles to right and left open the square chapels under the western towers.

The student who desires to know in just what sequence the various parts of the nave were built should mark a very visible place of junction between the fourth and fifth piers, counting from the west. To the eastward of this the courses of masonry are small, to the westward much larger; and here the character of the decoration changes too. The projecting heads are larger to the west, the triforium tympana show foliage instead of grotesque beasts, and the capitals are more richly treated. In all this, however, there is no change in style, only in details of construction and adornment. But the west end and its lateral chapels really differ from the rest in style. Here we find a likeness to the Early-English work of other districts, not only in the round abaci and ornamental details, but in the use of black marble for the minor shafts.

We instinctively conclude that the half-foreign, so-called Somerset manner was used in this district when the pointed arch first replaced the round, but naturally did not long persist, pressed upon by the weight of common English influence; that the nave was built while it reigned, and that the west-front shows the spread of the typical English style. We might thus definitely conclude if only an architect, who has had a better chance than any one else to



PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH AT WELLS.

A, Nave; B, C, Chapels under western towers; D, North Porch; E, F, Transept; G, Choir; H, Presbytery; K, Retro-choir; L, Lady-Chapel; M, High-altar; P, Chapter house; S, Cloister; 1, Bishop Budwith's chantry; 2, Dean Sugar's chantry; 4, Part of Bishop Beckington's chantry; 9, Monument of Bishop Button II; 10, Effigy of Bishop Beckington.

study the question, did not declare the front to be earlier than the nave.[1]

Look now at the transepts and we shall be still more uncertain. Old chronicles say that "by reason of an earthquake" a vault or spire (*tholus*) fell in the year 1248, soon after Bishop Joceline's death, but was at once rebuilt; and it must have been the tower above the crossing, for the adjacent parts evidently have been patched. In the nave the repairs did not affect the original design; but in both arms of the transepts — which perhaps suffered more — the triforium arches are grouped in twos, like those in other parts of England. On the other hand, in the ends of the transept, uninjured by the falling vault, we find the nave triforium again, all but the sculptured details, which make entire default.

To repeat: the nave, though palpably built at different times, is all in the Somerset manner, and so are the transept ends; the sides of the transept, certainly later in date, are not in this manner, but neither is the west end of the nave; and this, on good authority, is earlier. It is an interesting puzzle, for we find hardly anywhere else in England a sign of those conflicts between different contemporary manners which so often appear on the Continent. There each district had an art of its own, which from earliest days grew and developed in an individual way, yet was sometimes affected by the influence of neighboring districts or imported artists. But in England the Norman style was imported ready made and spread from end to end of the land, differing here and there in certain points, yet not developing distinct provincial manners. So, too, it was when the pointed arch appeared. Now the scheme was not borrowed ready made. It was taken in embryo, and in its development a more national art was born. But it developed alike over the whole country, if we except — I think it is the only exception — this southwestern district whose local manner is expressed in the nave of Wells. Professor Willis seems to have thought that the local manner was indigenous, though "in all probability" the true Early-English style came from France.[2] But if this be so, why is the local manner more like early French work than is the typical Early-English? It seems more reasonable to believe that two ways of building were in vogue in the district at once; that two schools of architects, as we should say to-day, or two companies of builders, as we should have said in the thirteenth century, were vying with one another, and that now one and then the other got the upper hand. Antiquarian science likes to place all changes in clear, orderly sequence and show just how one thing logically developed from another. Such, indeed, is the only right way to deal with most of the architectural changes we find in England; but an exception can be recognized when common sense demands. If we recognize it here we may accept any date for any portion of the nave and transept that the best authority gives; rejecting it, thinking that all the work in one style must be earlier than all in the other, we are left in a puzzle indeed.

V.

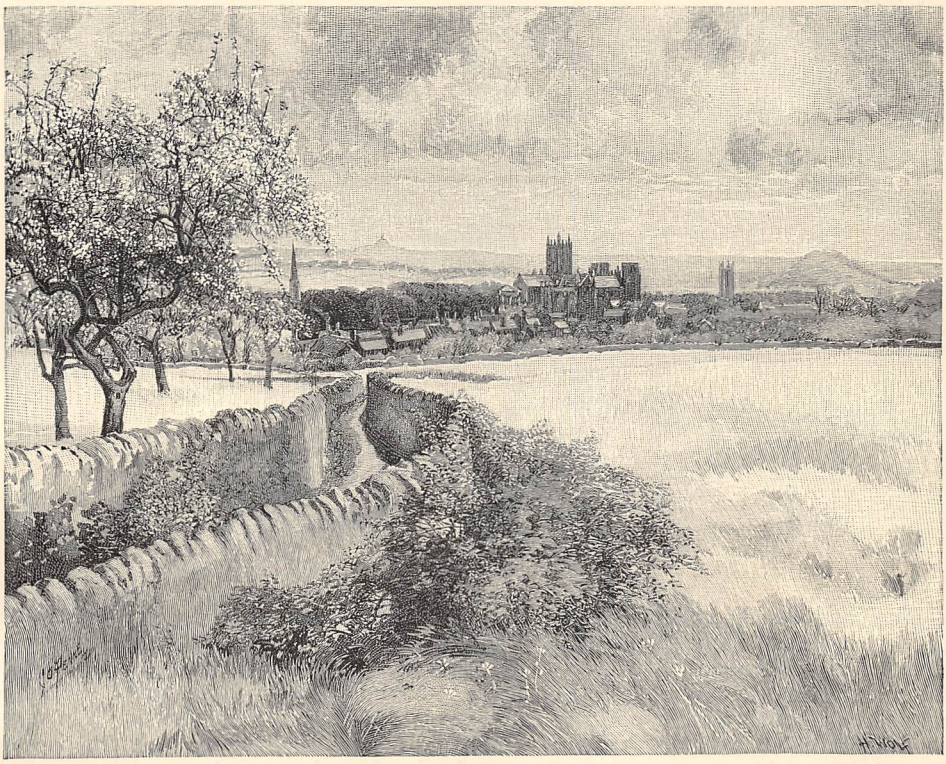
TURN now to the illustration on page 731 and you will see that there is no lantern carrying the eye up into the tower — only a low vault of rich Perpendicular fan-tracery. But the first thought is, Why does this curious sort of screen, heavy and ugly, one arch inverted on top of another, block the great graceful arch which is one of the four that support the tower? And why, did the picture show the other three, should we find them encumbered in the same queer way? Simply because these four arches did not support the tower when, between 1318 and 1321, it was built up three stories above the roof and dowered with a heavy chime of bells. These singular features are not screens but props, testifying once more to want of conscience or want of skill in those who have so often been proclaimed the possessors of every artistic and moral virtue. Sixteen years after the tower was finished it had settled so alarmingly that great fissures ran from the apex of the arches, distorting all adjacent parts, and the piers were sinking bodily into the ground. When such damage befell in other cathedrals and a mere enlargement of the old supports would not suffice to stay it, props were supplied in a straight, beam-like shape, running across from arch to arch. Here the device is much bolder and more ingenious, and evidently more effectual. It is more interesting therefore; and certain critics, Freeman among

1 In the brief account on page 726 I quoted Freeman's statement in his "History of the Cathedral Church at Wells." But after the book was written Mr. Irvine, an architect charged with repairs on the west-front, carefully examined the nave as well. Basing his conclusions on structural and artistic evidence, he believed that the west-front, with the three bays next it, was built before Joceline's time, in advance of the old façade, which was not disturbed. Joceline then built the eastern bays of the nave, with the transept and choir; and after his death the old front was destroyed and the two ends of the nave connected, the three existing Early-English bays to the west being largely reconstructed. Freeman himself confesses that he once thought the west-front the earliest portion, but was convinced of error by Professor Willis. Whatever their sequence, all parts belong to the Early-English or Lancet-pointed period.

2 "Transactions of the Archæological Society," Bristol.

them, almost decide that it is better too from an artistic point of view, as less conspicuously interfering with the effect of the original work. But could anything be more conspicuous, more startling, than these gigantic curves? Do the straight beams at Canterbury and Salisbury assert themselves half so plainly as afterthoughts prescribed by some insistent structural need? The one great argument in their favor is purely sentimental. The church is dedicated to St. Andrew, and, whether by accident or by design, they suggest a St. Andrew's cross. A glance at the ground plan tells how the main supports were strengthened when the bracing was done. The dark spots show the old size of the four supporting piers, and the lighter shading their enlargement. The triforium arches next these piers in each direction were filled in at the same time and for the same imperative reason.

Over the inverted arch, and beyond the fan-vault under the tower, which was inserted in the fifteenth century, there is a glimpse of another rich ceiling covering the choir, while the illustration on page 734 shows it more plainly. It is not a pointed vault of any usual pattern, but a coved or barrel vault merely pierced at the sides to give place for the clearstory windows. Such a form is common in wooden ceilings but most uncommon in those of stone, whether they date from the Decorated period or from any other subsequent to the Norman. It is certainly not an improvement on the more usual forms in nave and transept. The effect of the low roundish curve is far from agreeable, nor is it improved by the rib-work, designed with curious disregard for its position on such a curve.



WELLS FROM THE NORTHEAST.

In the bays next the tower, seen in the foreground of the same picture, we find Joceline's work in the pier-arcade with its square abaci and close-grouped shafts. But the stories above, as we know, were altered in the fourteenth century, when the portions farther east were built, and, like these and the ceiling, are in the Decorated style. The triforium has tabernacled arches forming groups in each bay, and the clearstory windows are wide and high, filling the spaces from side to side. All is much lighter, much freer, and more florid than in the Early-English work of the nave. At the east-end is a great window of geometrical tracery, below it come delicate rows of niches on the blank wall of the triforium stage, and then three of the most graceful arches that ever were built. And under these arches, over the

THE MOAT.

high-altar and the screen behind it, what a suggestive glimpse of the retro-choir and of the Lady-Chapel still beyond!

There is nothing more charming in England, there can be nothing more charming on earth, than this part of Wells Cathedral as we enter it from the choir-aisle; or, standing as far east as we can, look back into the choir through the three arches in its end. This is the word, however—it is charming work; not great or imposing or wonderful in any way except for its delicate beauty. It does not awe us in the least, nor do we marvel how mere men could have built it, or, having built it, could turn their hands to the ordinary tasks of life. It is not solemn or impressive as ecclesiastical work of the noblest type may be; turned to some other purpose, look and purpose might not seem out of keeping. But to say this is not to find fault; it is only to mark the kind of work in which, one cannot but think who has traveled widely, Englishmen succeeded best. When we want the grandiose and sublime in Gothic art—architecture that thrills the soul, arouses religious emotion, yet makes us think the creature man almost the peer of his Creator—we must go to the tremendous interiors of France. When we want the purely lovely and gracious, the simply human and comprehensible in its most delicate form, we may well content ourselves in England. To say the least, we should not so often find it elsewhere.

On the ground plan the Lady-Chapel seems to form five sides of an octagon. But in reality it is a perfect octagon, with five sides projecting from the retro-choir and three included within it. The five are formed each by a great window based on a low line of wall, the three by open arches resting on isolated pillars, as may be seen in the picture on page 735. An octagonal vault is thus supported, which clearly defines the scheme to even a careless eye; and outside too it is defined by the steep octagonal roof rising higher than the roof of the retro-choir. In the retro-choir, near the isolated pillars of the Lady-Chapel, between them and the arches of the choir-end, two other pillars are placed; and at each side others still (not marked on our plan). From each springs a great group of vaulting ribs, as from the support we have found several times in the center of a chapter house. Of course the effect that is so beautiful when only one cluster of shafts breaks into a palm-like cluster of ribs is infinitely increased by repetition. With each change of place in this retro-choir and chapel comes a new grouping of the pillars, a new arrangement of the elaborate lines of the ceil-

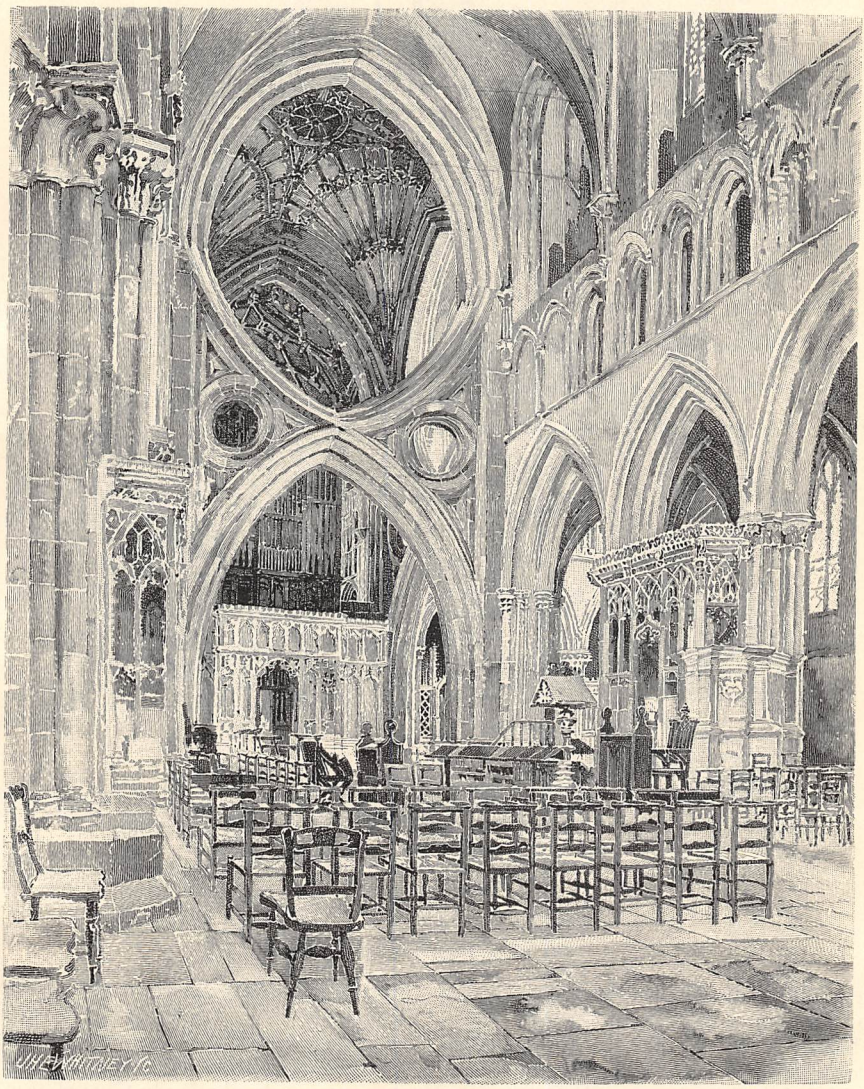
ing; and there is none where harmony is less than perfect, none where the last word of refinement, loveliness, and grace has not been spoken.

The projecting arms of the retro-choir and the angles between them and the Lady-Chapel were formerly chapels too, with minor altars where particular saints were worshiped; and the ancient names are still applied to them.

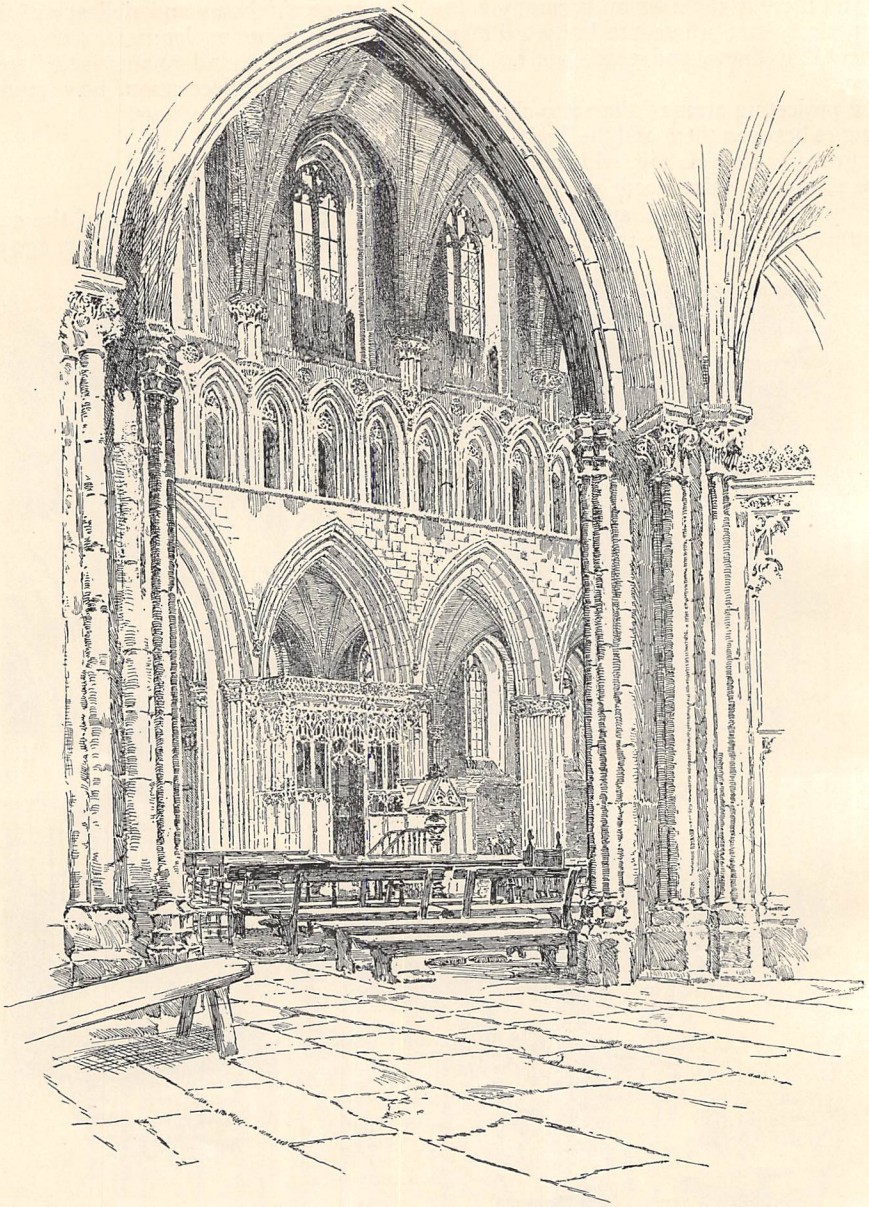
In the choir-aisles the three western bays show Joceline's Early-English work, and the others the subsequent Decorated. The contrast between the two can be more readily appreciated here than in the choir proper, where so much altering has been done: the greater vigor and simplicity of the thirteenth century, the greater richness and delicacy of the fourteenth, with the smaller scale of its details and the more varied and "naturalistic" treatment of the foliage decoration, now studied directly from native plants.

VI.

All through the interior of the cathedral the stone, relieved not many years ago of thick layers of whitewash, has a soft creamy-yellow tone, and in the far eastern parts, as well as on the west wall of the nave, the smaller shafts of the clustered pillars are of polished black marble. The window traceries of the eastern limb are a little monotonous, yet rich and ef-



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.



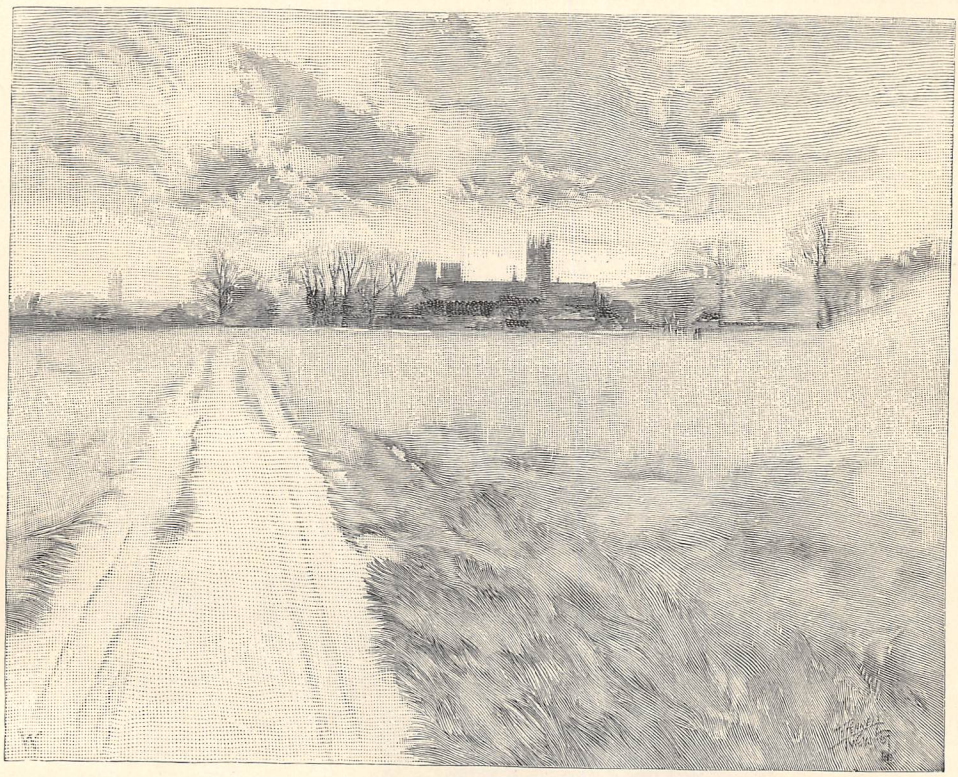
THE NAVE, FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

fective. The great east window and the two which adjoin it in the clearstory keep intact such beautiful ancient glass that the eye bitterly complains of the crude modern colors with which the other clearstory lights are filled. It has not the blue radiance, enhanced by vivid notes of red, which distinguishes the best glass of France and shows the noblest beauty the material can compass. But it is soft, suave, and brilliant too, with its browns and greens and yellows enlivened by not a little white. The same quality that is expressed in the stone forms speaks once more in this color. There is less audacity, less virility, less strength of imagination, than we can find across the Channel; but great harmony, sweetness, refinement, and charm. In the Lady-Chapel the glass is also original and of the same date (about 1340), but has been so largely reset that the quondam patterns can no longer be traced in the mass of gorgeous fragments.

The choir has been elaborately refurnished in modern days. From earlier ones nothing remains except some little *misereres* on the

lower range of stalls,[1] and the lofty episcopal throne, which dates from the fifteenth century but has been entirely restored.

With ancient monuments the church is well supplied, though we do not find such a lordly sequence as in Winchester. The space between two of the piers on the north side of the nave is filled by the Perpendicular chantry of Bishop Budwith, who died in 1424 — an octagonal pavilion, so to say, with doors into the nave and aisle, and walls like traceried, unglazed windows. There are no towering pinnacles like those in some of the Winchester chantries — Perpendicular art was still in its soberer mood; but for airy grace the design could hardly be excelled. It is marvelous what a fairy-like ingenuity is displayed in such structures, the scale is so very small, yet each detail is so carefully studied and variety is so endless. Look, for instance, at the tiny canopied niches, only a span or two in height, which once sheltered tinier figures. The ceiling formed by the base of the canopy is modeled — though often we must bend low to see it — into the likeness of a vault with ribs and cells: in no two of these inch-wide ceilings is the design the same; and the ornaments of the infinitesimal pinnacles above look almost like spiders' weaving.



WELLS FROM THE SOUTH.

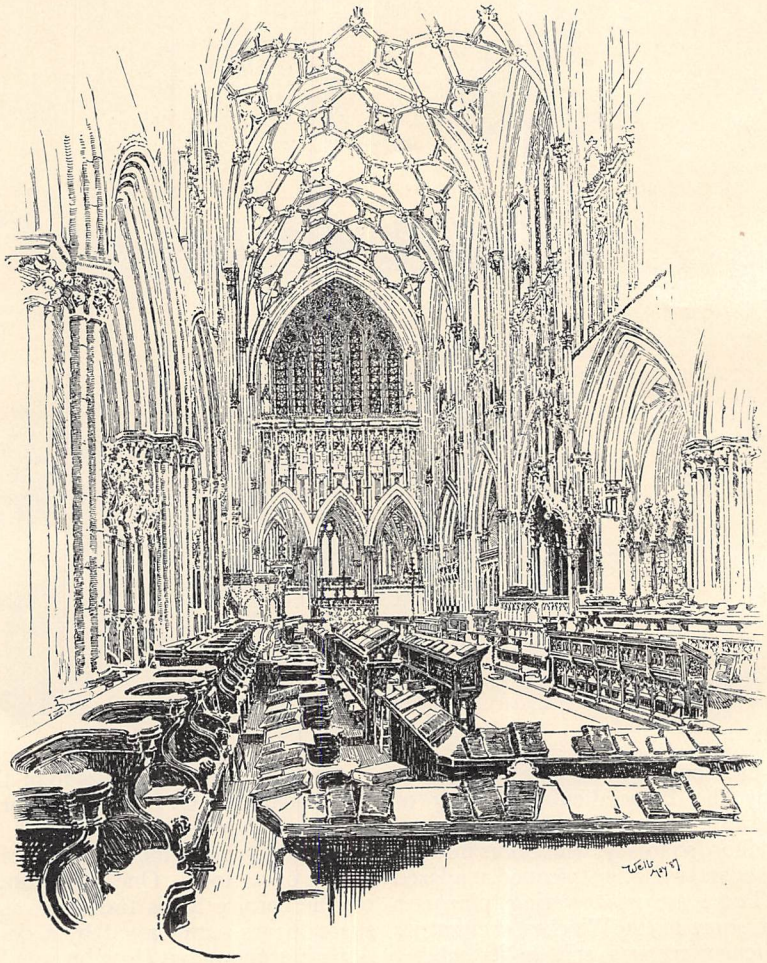
Opposite, on the south side of the nave, is the similar chantry of Dean Sugar, who died in 1489 — heavier, but bold and fine, with a fan-vault covering the interior where the monument once stood. One of the angels carved on the cornice holds the dean's arms — three sugar loaves surmounted by a doctor's cap.[2] A plain stone pulpit close by was built in the sixteenth century. Until our century's "restorations" there was a slab in the nave popularly called "King Ina's tomb." Of course the attribution was absurd, yet the removal of a stone bearing from lang syne such a title seems all but sacrilegious.

It is probable that when the eastern limb of the cathedral was first finished its early bishops were commemorated in a series of pseudo-

1 The seat of a stall was made to turn up against the back, as the occupant should stand during a portion of the service. But to relieve his weary bones there was a little projection from the under part of the seat against which he could rest, and this was called a *miserere*. It is here that the medieval sculptor often expressed his quaintest and most grotesque, and, to our minds, most profane imaginings.

2 On the left of the illustration on page 731 a bit of Budwith's chantry shows, and opposite it Dean Sugar's and the pulpit, while these last can be seen again on page 732.

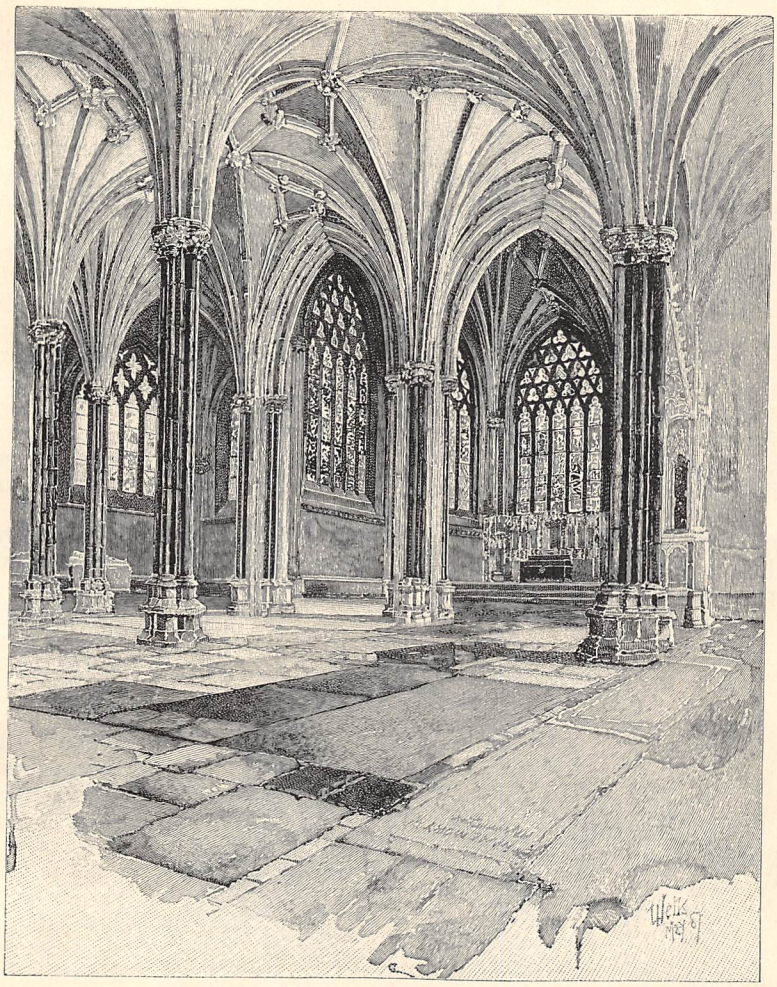
historical monuments. At all events a singular number of episcopal effigies in the Early-English style are still scattered about in the choir-aisle, the transept, and the basement of the chapter house. In the south choir-aisle a low coffin-like stone once covered Bishop Button, the second of the name, who after his death, in 1274, diligently devoted himself to the cure of toothache. The stone has been removed from the place where his body lies under the modern stalls; and to make room for the stalls Bishop Beckington's splendid Perpendicular chantry was also ousted. The fact that the monument which this contained was not at least recombined on another spot with the little chapel itself would seem odd enough had we not already learned that the natural course of "restorers" in the earlier part of our century was to do the most unnatural possible thing. Now, while the broken chantry mourns in the transept, the monument stands unsheltered near that of the posthumous dentist. It bears two figures — above, an effigy of the prelate in episcopal robes, and below, a wasted body in a winding-sheet — with long-winged angels kneeling around them. In the retro-choir, as though guarding the lovely Lady-Chapel, built in his day, lies Bishop Drokensford under a shrine-like canopy.



THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

In the south arm of the transept is a Norman font, possibly a relic of Bishop Robert's church, and if so the only one. In the north arm is a great clock, much repaired at many times, but built in 1325 by a monk of Glastonbury, with a multitude of instructive functions, and stiff little manikins to strike the hours. Richness of effect is greatly increased in the transept by the Perpendicular screen-work, which shuts off its aisles and divides them into chapels.

The great solid choir-screen, that has come down from the fourteenth century through many vicissitudes of repair, never really be-



THE RETRO-CHOIR AND LADY-CHAPEL.

longed in a cathedral with a collegiate chapter. Thus to divide the church was to imitate with little reason the practice of the monks, who, giving up the nave to laymen, kept the choir for themselves and really needed isolation for their many special services.

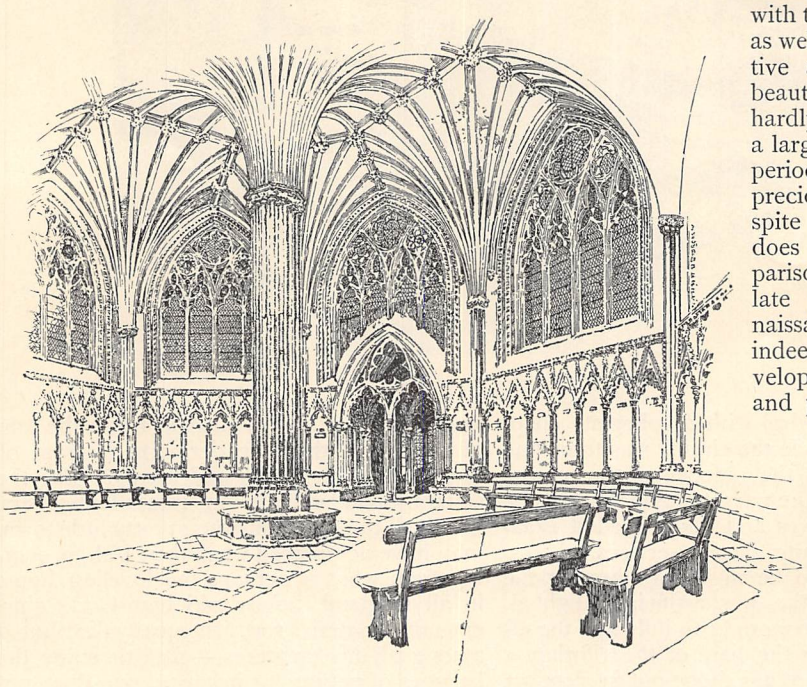
We chanced to be in Wells when for the first time the nave was artificially lighted. Nothing could be more beautiful than the effect, as all along the base of the triforium a million tiny stars of gas shone out in close-set rows. This is the usual mode of lighting old churches in England, and is far preferable to any arrangement of standards or chandeliers. To be sure the gas blackens the stone somewhat; but a little "toning" is not unwelcome in interiors which, to get rid of the whitewash of centuries, have been scraped to a painful neatness. The occasion was a harvest festival, and the sight was impressive as the town dignitaries entered in a body, in red robes and golden chains, and the bishop made the tour of the nave with his crozier borne in front of him and his choristers and clergy. But the sermon sounded odd in transatlantic ears. This well-to-do flock, in their pretty little town, may have acquiesced when their bishop, coming from what is perhaps the loveliest home in all England, boldly said that God's gifts, even of a material sort, are equally distributed among all his creatures — that to enjoy the beauties of nature, for instance, one does not need to own them. But suppose his audience had been gathered from the East End of London?

VII.

WHEN the chapter was monastic a great group of buildings stood beside the cathedral, and the chapter house was one of them, opening from the cloister and not directly connected with the church. In collegiate

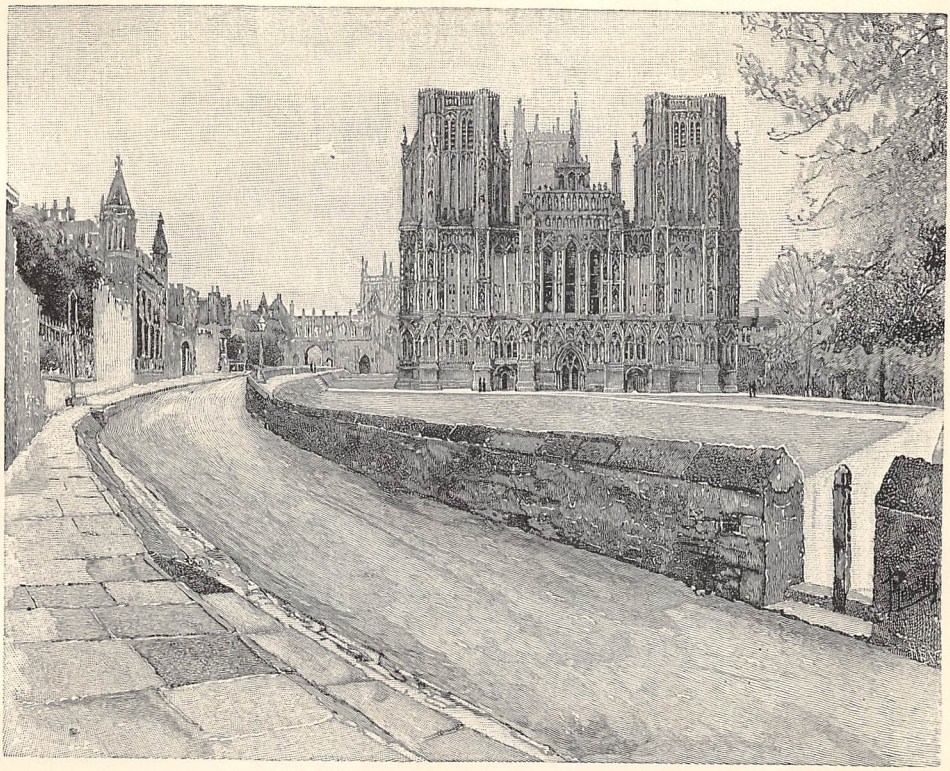
establishments the chapter house alone was essential, and then it usually opened from the church itself. At Wells there is a cloister too, but it clearly shows itself a luxury. It is entered only from the transept corner, whereas in monastic cloisters there should be two doors, one for the abbot and the other for the monks; and it has only three walks instead of four. Two of them are now in the Perpendicular style; but the eastern one—over which a Perpendicular library was built—is Early-English of Joceline's time, as was the palace to which it led. This is the only real purpose that was served by the charming quadrangle, except, indeed, as its central green, shadowed by an ancient yew, was a place of burial. No buildings for life in common ever opened from it, and the chapter house stands far away in its true collegiate position — northward of the choir.

It differs from all other English chapter houses in having two stories. The basement, or undercroft, is hardly to be called a crypt, since it is above ground and lighted by twelve narrow windows. It is dusky all the same, dirty, gloomy, and uncanny, filled with broken bits of sculpture and much ecclesiastical rubbish. In the center of the octagonal space, fifty feet in diameter, stands a clustered pier; the vaulting-ribs, which rise from this, descend to rest on a circle of eight round pillars, and a second vault rests on these pillars and the outer walls. Above, in the chapter house itself, we find the same octagonal shape and a taller, lighter cluster of shafts in the middle; but naturally, now there is nothing but the roof to support, no minor pillars encumber the floor. Like the Lady-Chapel, the chapter house was built in the Decorated period, but a generation earlier, when bolder forms of tracery were used. The proportions of the room, and consequently of the windows, are somewhat low; but the traceries themselves are extremely fine. Only a few fragments of ancient glass remain in them. The decoration of the jambs with rows of the ball-flower is delightful; so too the rich canopied arcade that runs above the canons' bench, and especially the graceful doorway, which, combined with a window, relieves without disturbing the sequence of design in the eight walls.



THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

The purpose of the bridge-like building we see on page 737 was to carry a staircase which connects the church not only with the Vicars' Close, but, half way up, with the chapter house as well. A more effective approach to the beautiful room could hardly be fancied, and a large staircase of this period is a rare and precious relic. But in spite of its dignity it does not stand comparison with those of late Gothic and Renaissance times. Then, indeed, with the development of domestic and palatial architecture, large stairways first showed all the beauty of which they were capable. Here the existence of a stair is not confessed by the walls: inside, the fine windows bear no relation to the slope they light, and outside, no one would guess that there was aught but a level passage within. The steps themselves are almost roughly cut, with small thought for their profiles; and the way in which their divergence into the chapter house is managed is so perfectly simple that it looks naïve and a trifle rude by contrast with the refinement, the exquisite finish, of all neighboring features.



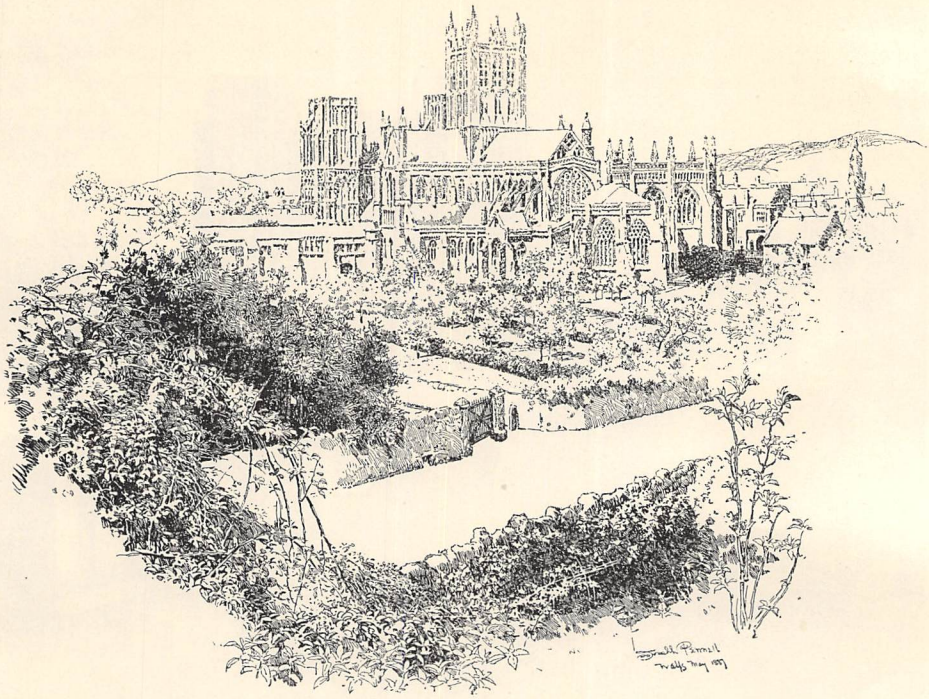
THE WEST-FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

VIII.

If the great fame of the west-front of Wells rested on architectural grounds we might well say that the popular voice is not always the voice of good judgment. To be sure, size is a factor that should never be underestimated in architectural work, and this façade is very large even when not tried by English standards. But it is a sham as truly though not as palpably as those of Salisbury and Lincoln. The great towers do not stand parallel with the aisles but quite beyond them: the church is not nearly so wide as an end view implies.[1] The falsehood is instinctively resented, and it actually injures beauty of effect. If a mendacious width is never desirable, surely it is least desirable where there is no great height in the nave to support it. Neither majesty nor grace of proportion can be claimed for this façade; it is merely big and not honestly big at that. Nor are defects in proportion palliated by art in the design. There is indeed great vigor, resulting from mere bulk and the simple repetition of large parts; but it is vigor that palls with familiarity. After a while we feel it needed no imaginative power, and little ingenuity even, to combine these successive buttresses and wall-spaces and cover them with arcades. Examine the arcades themselves and there is no stronger ground for admiration. Many of the features and details are very charming, but there is sometimes a lack of skill in their combination, as where the tall main arcade cuts into the little one above it. Put this beside the front of Notre Dame in Paris and we see a merely effective arrangement contrasted with a true architectural conception where all parts are beautiful in themselves yet each is admirably related to all others, where the design truthfully expresses the building behind it, and unity of effect coexists with great variety. The three doors at Wells, opening into nave and aisles, confess the true width of the church; and for this reason it is fortunate perhaps that they are so small—so very small, as Ruskin says of English doors in general, that we fancy them not portals for the men who could build such churches, but mere "holes for frogs and mice." The towers above

[1] The cathedrals of Amiens and Paris, contemporary with Wells, measure 136 and 116 feet across the front, while Wells measures 147½. There are French façades a good deal wider still; yet if this were what it pretends to be it would rank among the giants.

The west-front of Lincoln was built by Bishop Hugh, a brother of Joceline's. They are called "Hugh of Wells" and "Joceline of Wells," as born in the Somerset city where one of them was afterwards enthroned.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM TOR HILL.

the roof are Perpendicular work of the fourteenth century. The fact that they are almost precisely the same deserves remark, as the southern one is more than half a century older than its mate.

When the chronicler of England's "Worthies" comes to Somersetshire he writes: "The west-front of Wells is a masterpiece of art indeed, made of imagery in just proportion, so that we may call them '*vera et spirantia signa*.' England affordeth not the like. For although the west-end of Exeter beginneth accordingly, it doth not, like Wells, persevere to the end thereof." The phrase "made of imagery" was perhaps a careless one with Fuller, but it aptly expresses upon what the interest and the fame of the great façade really depend. Not the architect but the sculptor has made it illustrious. The statues and groups with which it is covered are later than the front itself. It was about the year 1280 before they were placed in the niches that had been arranged for them. Some are missing, some are shattered, but many are in good condition; they have not been "restored," and they show English sculpture at its very highest level. There were about a hundred and fifty effigies as large as life or larger, and still more of smaller size. They were kings and queens and princes and warriors, angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, missionaries, and bishops, most of them actual or imagined portraits, although exact identification is impossible to-day. The lowest tier of arches seems to have been filled with those who had converted the island — St. Augustine and his followers, of course; but also St. Paul, St. Joseph of Arimathea, and others whom local legends named as bringers of the glad tidings in earliest British days. Then comes a line of singing angels, and then a line of medallions with subjects from the Old Testament on one side of the central door, and from the New Testament on the other, separated above the door by a niche with a Coronation of the Virgin. A fourth row and a fifth contain the spiritual and temporal lords of the island church, together with their allies and brethren of other lands. The sixth tier — the little arcade above the largest — shows ninety-two small compositions of two or three figures each. All represent the Resurrection, and are remarkable for the absence of the grotesque monsters, devils, and infernal emblems which commonly accompany such scenes when continental sculptors have treated them. The simpler, more naturalistic English conception may be thought in better accord with modern ideas of artistic dignity; yet from the medieval standpoint it once more shows a relative deficiency in imaginative power. Nor did such little isolated groups demand as much of this power for their arrangement or as much architectural skill for

their placing as the large compositions which so often adorn the churches of France. Studying the larger figures we find them also more naturalistic in aim than the best French work, which, be it noted, is a full century earlier in date. But the aim is not worked out to greater truth of effect nor to so high a degree of beauty. The sculptors who labored at Wells were very remarkable artists, but they had not the high inspiration nor the fine technical skill that their French contemporaries and predecessors showed; they did not attempt the noblest problems which medieval architecture permitted; nor is their work so integrally part and parcel of the building as what we see at Amiens, Rheims, or Chartres. But the burden of responsibility for the latter fact at least should of course be laid on the architect rather than the sculptor himself.

In the central gable stand twelve angels in a row, with the twelve apostles above them, while in the three great niches atop of all once sat Christ enthroned with the Virgin and St. John. The twenty-four figures which, so to say, formed their footstool are almost intact; but St. John and the Virgin have perished, and only the feet of Christ remain. In the central portal sits the Virgin again, with the Child in her arms and the serpent under her feet. The sculptured series run around the flank of the northwest tower, but at the southwest stop with the façade, probably because of the cloister's position.

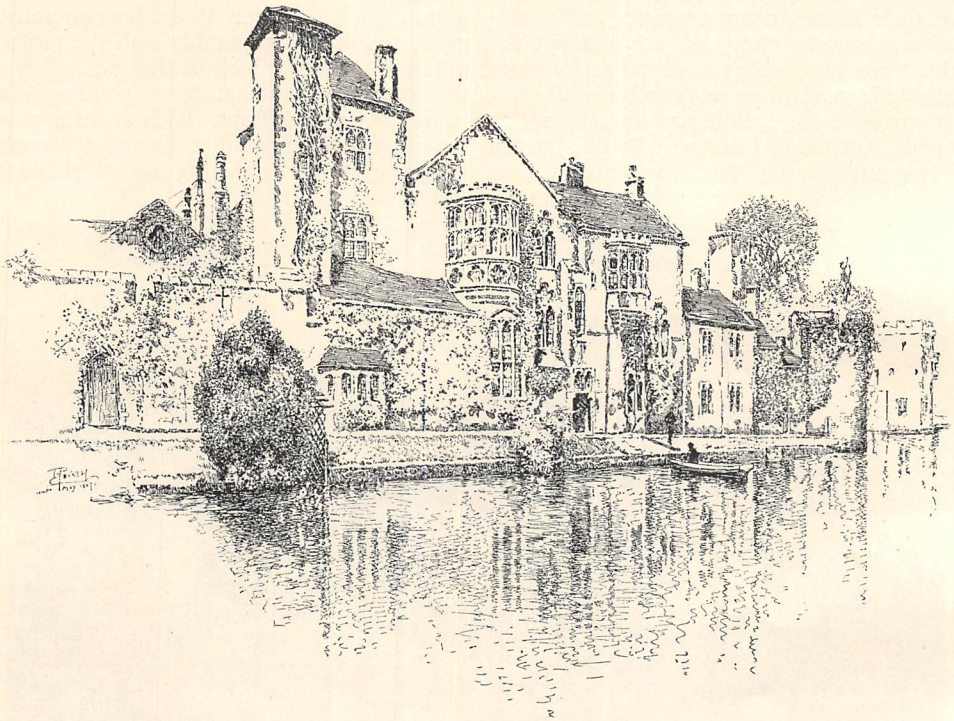
When we turn the wind-swept northwest shoulder of the church — called "kill-canon corner" — we see that after all something beyond bulk was gained by placing the tower outside the line of the walls. In a lateral view it gives vigor and variety to the long stretch of nave, and groups admirably with the projecting north porch. This is Early-English of the local type, and antedates, perhaps, both nave and western front. Rich arcades cover the interior walls, and a lingering Norman influence shows in the zigzags which adorn the moldings of the deep portal and in the grotesques that mingle with the foliage on the capitals of its many shafts.

THE EAST-END OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE GARDEN.

IX.

It is the palace garden that gives this cathedral an environment which even for England is strikingly fair. The close itself is only the green — once a cemetery — stretching in front of the church and some distance farther south.

At its southwestern corner rises one of its three gates, opening from the market-place. Another is behind us when we stand as in the picture on page 738, and the third is in front of us—the Chain-gate under the stairway bridge. Passing through this we pass out of the close and see the chapter house and the Lady-Chapel separated from the street by a narrow line of garden only. But to appreciate their beauty as they group with the varied outlines of the church itself we must climb the gentle slope of Tor Hill and look from the southeast.



THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

Far off are the western towers, seeming less stunted than when, as we stood beneath them, they were dwarfed by the great breadth of the front. Where choir and transept meet soars the central tower with its light pinnacles. The few buttresses of the newer part of the choir, the low projection of the small eastern transept, the richness of the east window, the true octagonal shape of the Lady-Chapel (separated from the choir-end by the lower roof of the retro-choir), and the vaster pinnacled octagon of the chapter house—all these are clearly seen, supported to the left by the library above the cloister walk and the roofs of the palace, over a foreground of luxuriant garden and against a background of low rolling hills, with the town looking very tiny, but the tower of St. Cuthbert's Church accenting its existence afar off to the westward. There is little to criticize, much to admire without stint, in the exterior of Wells once the façade is forgotten; and from this point everything seems perfect except the unpinnacled tops of the western towers. But the best thing of all is the way in which all things are grouped—the free yet harmonious connection of the parts, so that the individuality of each is manifest yet each sustains and emphasizes and belongs to the others. In Germany and England we often find groups of buildings which may be composed of inferior elements yet as groups in a general distant view could hardly be matched in France. A feeling for the picturesque and for natural beauty as contributing towards it did something to supply among men of Teutonic blood a deficiency in that purely architectural power which has always been strongest in the Latin races. But among all the groups raised by medieval builders, blending nature's charms and art's together, there can be none more perfect than this at Wells, where the arrangement is masterly and the elements are very beautiful in themselves.

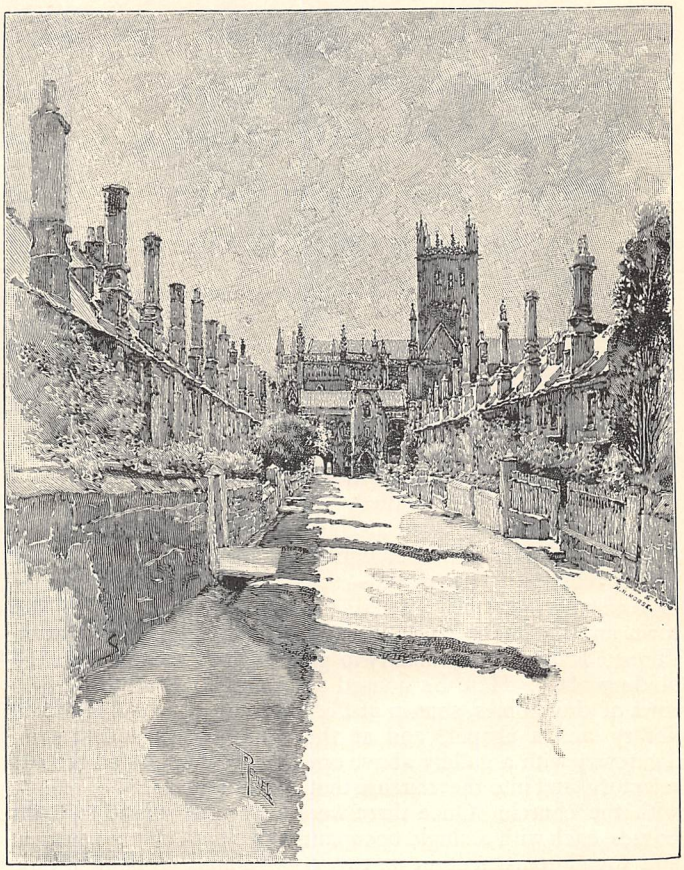
When, near the spot shown in the picture on page 739, we turn our backs on the church we see something far less noble but almost

more amazing—a palace which makes the dream of a poet seem prosaic, it is so big yet so pretty, so dignified yet so fantastic, so unnatural to our experience yet so natural-looking here. If ever there has been a romantic home it is this. Not a bishop should live in it, but some festive young seignior with hawks and hounds, going out daily over the drawbridge on a milk-white horse with the longest possible tail; and on the moat, instead of a stout youth in knickerbockers pushing himself about in a punt with a pole, there ought to have been a boat shaped like a swan with a silken canopy and a troubadour to sing beneath the oriels. I don't know whether or not we might have gone inside the palace, but who could wish it? No modern family, clerical or lay, could "live up" to such an exterior. But not seeing is believing; not seeing, we could fancy them still clad in brocades and treading on rushes, and shivering when the tapestries wave as the wind blows in winter through the patched walls and sagging roofs.

Patched the walls are in truth, though probably the wind is well enough kept out. There is no more "design" to the building as a whole than continuity in its fabric, where each scar and rent seems to have been repaired with the first material that came to hand, and where time and weather have blended all diverse notes of color into a soft general redness contrasting, just as a painter would have it, with the vivid green of the vines. There was a big magnolia blooming against one wall to give the last imaginable touch of poetic beauty.

John of Tours first built the palace with the materials of Gisa's structures. Joceline began to rebuild it, adding a chapel, and giving the house itself the vaulted lower story and great upper hall which still remain, much altered in feature and function. It would be difficult and not a little painful to trace its later history of addition, defacement, and repair. From the architectural point of view its exterior has not much more merit now than those curious compounds of unrelated bits which the scene-painter loves to imagine. But how often have we wished that we could see something real with half the picturesqueness of the scene-painter's unrealities. Here we find it—something real that looks utterly unreal; a house where all the vandalism and unreason of the past have but worked together for the good of the eye that is wise enough to forget for a moment the meaning of architectural unity, to ask only for effective massing, for charming contrasts of color and a mellow air of antiquity and romance.

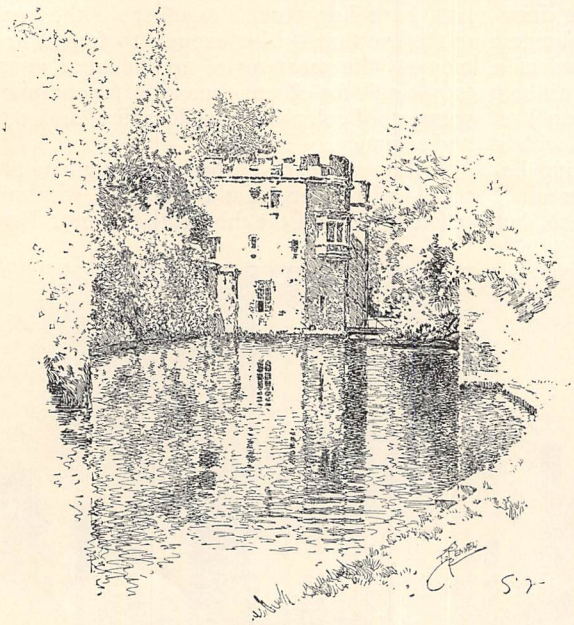
A little way back of the palace a great episcopal hall, the largest in all England, was built before the end of the thirteenth century. Now



THE VICARS' CLOSE.

the picturesqueness of its ruin contrasts with the picturesque preservation of its older neighbor. Four octagonal turrets and four tall windows stand in a mantle of ivy, and beyond them still stretch the gardens, rising to a terrace whence there is another admirable view of the mighty cathedral pile, and far off to the south the silhouette of Glastonbury shows against the sky.

The front of the deanery, looking on the north side of the cathedral green near the Vicars' Close, was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, but inside its square courtyard the work of the fifteenth century may still be seen. Here Henry VII. was housed, the palace being in



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

too forlorn a state, when Perkin Warbeck's insurrection brought him to the west.

But nothing at Wells is more charming, nothing is quite so individual, as the Vicars' Close. The canons lived around the cathedral close in separate houses, hardly a trace of which remains. The vicars — their deputies or assistants — were scattered about in the town until, in plaintive Latin verses, they petitioned Ralph of Shrewsbury to give them an abiding place. Here he housed them, in two rows of tiny homes, shut in at the north by a library and a chapel, and at the south by a gateway with a gallery above opening into a refectory, and into the staircase that connected with the church. Once there were forty-two houses, each with a single occupant who slept and found retirement in its two cozy rooms, but dined in common with his fellows, studied and worshiped with them in their private library and chapel, and went with them over their private bridge when his duties called him to the cathedral church. Here indeed the ideal of celibate, scholastic, religious life must have been attained by those who sought it with a pure heart and a quiet mind. Nor does the atmosphere of the place seem much changed despite all the changes it has seen. Little of Shrewsbury's Decorated work remains, but that would matter less had the reconstructions of the Perpendicular period been the last. Only one of the houses is intact inside. When priests were permitted to marry, even a priest could not live in two rooms; and gradually several homes have been thrown into one and laymen have been allowed to live in them. Yet in the soft glamour of a September twilight it was easy to repeople the inclosure with its ancient figures, almost easy to imagine that theirs must have been an enviable life.

In choosing twelve English cathedrals for description there are others I could not have helped preferring to Wells did its church stand quite by itself. But its group of minor buildings gives it a claim which could not possibly be overlooked. To disassociate an English cathedral from its surroundings is as though, in portraying a great tree, one should lop off the lateral branches; and here the tree is not only beautiful but unique. Here, much better than anywhere else, we can see what in medieval times was the aspect of a cathedral church served by a body of priests who were not monks, by a large collegiate chapter. Even the loveliness of the general picture at Wells pales before its historic interest.

X.

It is popularly said in Wells that three railways make it difficult to get there and four would make it quite impossible. The trains by which we came from the south certainly showed that we were not on a great highway of travel. They loitered and paused, and gave up their burdens to one another, and then hurried a little and loitered again and brought us in at last some three hours late. But they loitered through one of the most beautiful districts of England, and they brought us in at sunset to a first impression of incomparable charm; and we felt that they must know this to be their chief if not their only duty.

In truth, Wells is such a little, quiet city that it seems as though no stranger could come except for the cathedral's sake. It is the extreme example of a town which owing its life to the cathedral's existence still visibly confesses the debt. We are surprised to find that it ever wished for a parish church like St. Cuthbert's — surprised that it dared to realize its wish and give the cathedral towers a rival. Were there space for much else, now that art

has had its share, it would be interesting to trace the inner history of the town, for there is none which comes nearer to reproducing, on a humble scale, the story of those foreign towns where the bishop ruled bodies as well as souls. But there would be little to tell of the figure Wells has made in outside happenings. It can never have been much more important than it is to-day, and when its bishops achieved national fame they played their parts at a distance.

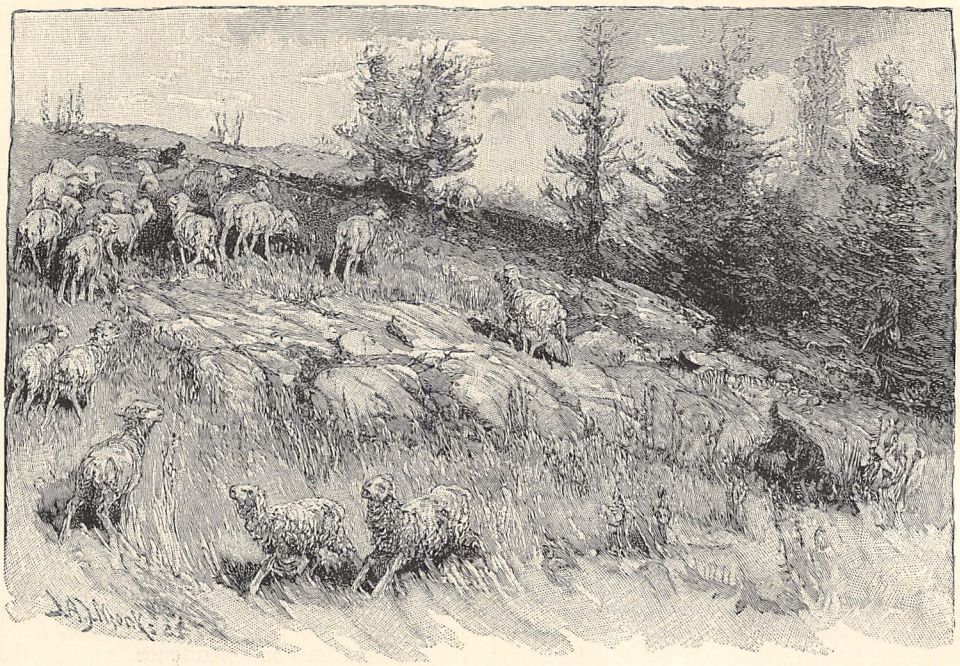
I have spoken of those who fathered its beautiful buildings, down to Bishop Beckington. There was little left for him to add to the church itself, but his accessory works were manifold; and in the town he did so much that for generations after his death the mayor and corporation went annually in state to pray for his soul by the chantry which our ungrateful time has uprooted and defaced. Before his day there were prelates who had not been remarkable as builders only, but a more curious line succeeds him. He was followed by Oliver King (1495–1503), who was potent at court under Edward IV. and Henry VII. Next came an Italian, Hadrian de Castello, if I may use the word of one who really never came at all. He had been legate in Scotland, and after his return to Rome Archbishop Morton caused him to be named Bishop of Hereford. From this see he was transferred, still in Rome, to Wells; and in Rome he was one day asked to breakfast with the Borgia who was pope. The rest of the story is familiar, though one rarely remembers that its hero the cardinal was likewise Bishop of Bath and Wells — the story of the poisoned cup meant for Castello but drunk by the pope and his son Cæsar. Even after this Castello had no thoughts of England. He headed a conspiracy against Leo X., failed, fled, and was never heard of again. What a contrast between a wolf in shepherd's clothing like this and a Beckington or a Joceline! And the next name has still a different flavor, being the great Wolsey's. He resigned to take Durham's chair instead, and was replaced by Clerk, who carried to the pope King Henry's "Defense of the Faith," and afterwards to the Duke of Cleves his pleasant message with regard to Queen Anne's divorce. Barlow was bishop when Mary came to the throne, fled to the Continent, and in Elizabeth's day was the first Protestant prelate at Chichester. Bourne was Mary's appointee, turned out by Elizabeth in his turn. Barkley began the unbroken Protestant line in the year 1560. Thirty years later Bishop Montague largely rebuilt the palace and Joceline's chapel, but a more famous name is Laud's. Bishop first of St. David's in Wales, and then of Bath and Wells, he passed on to London and to Canterbury. For another really noted prelate we must look ahead nearly sixty years to Ken, of whose appointment in 1685 one of the few anecdotes is told that reflect much credit on Charles II. As canon of Winchester, Ken had refused the king's request to take Nell Gwynn beneath his roof. When the see of Bath and Wells was vacant in after years Charles was asked who should fill it, and answered,—so the tale runs,—"Who but the brave little man that would not give poor Nelly a lodging?" At all events Ken's independence, no less than his simplicity, piety, and learning, were proved during every day of his episcopal life. In his time Wells for once came conspicuously before the public eye. The battle of Sedgemoor was fought only a short distance away, and Ken sheltered the refugees, and, with the Bishop of Ely, ministered to Monmouth on the scaffold. He was one of the seven bishops then tried and acquitted at Westminster, and one of the nonjurors after William and Mary came to the throne. Deprived of his see, he died in 1711 at Longleat. Bishop Kidder, who succeeded him, is chiefly remembered by the manner of his death. He was crushed in his bed by the fall of a chimney on the palace during the great storm of 1703 which wrecked the Eddystone lighthouse. In all times the bishops of Wells have frequently come from the humbler neighboring sees of Wales, and not a few of them have passed to still more exalted chairs in other parts of England.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

IN THE MARBLE HILLS.

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago the region lying to the north of Massachusetts between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain was almost an unknown land to any but the hunter, the Indian, and the Indian fighter. Of it the world of the eighteenth century only knew that its untamed wildness had been threaded since the old colonial days by the war-paths of Indians and Frenchmen, and out of its wide and endless forests came in slow rafts along the ancient thoroughfares of the great lake, the Richelieu, and the St. Lawrence, some mighty pines "for the masting of his Majesty's navy," and valuable peltry of beaver and otter.

As the forests went down before the ax of



AN ORIGINAL QUARRY LOT.

the pioneers this wild corner of New England slowly grew to be an agricultural country, and for many years after it became a State it was nothing more. Except as a field for the lumberman it seemed to have no other choice; for the Green Mountains had not yet given proof that they were created for anything more than to save the State from the abominable name of "New Connecticut," nor had the rocky hills made any sign that in more than a literal sense they "held the world together."

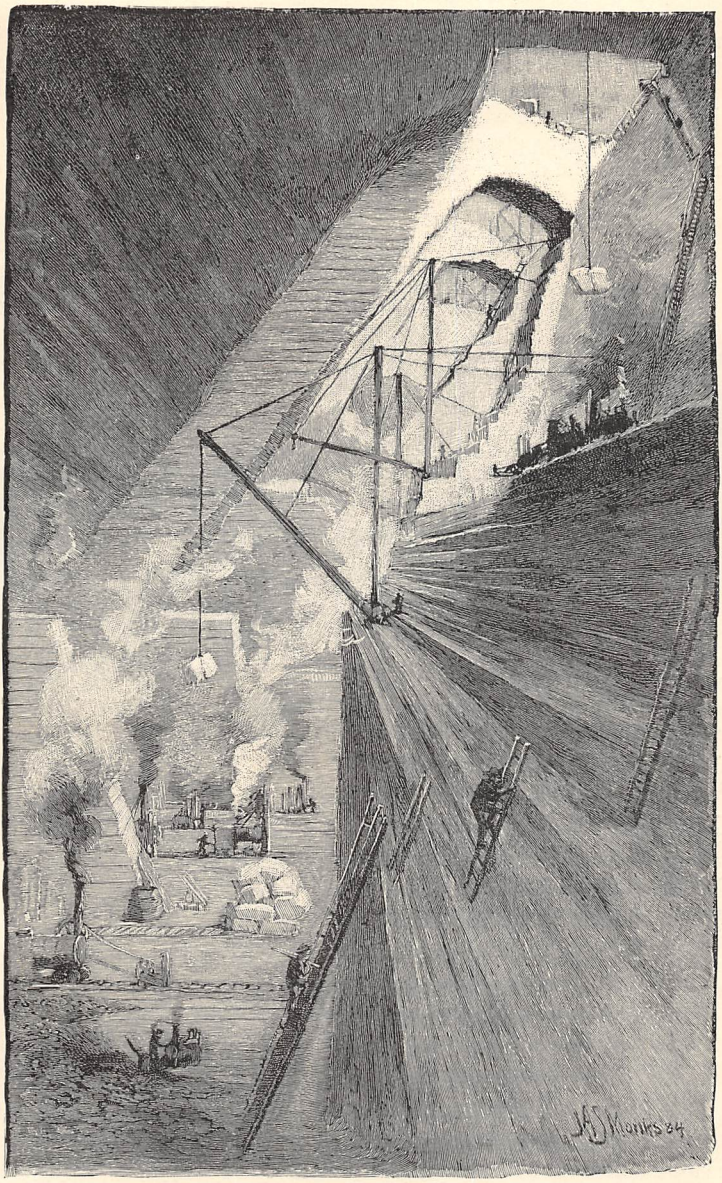
Though the presence in Vermont of that finer limestone called marble was long ago known, and a quarry of black marble was worked in the Isle La Motte before the Revolution, any extensive quarrying of marble was not begun till within the memory of men now living. At several places in western Vermont quarries were opened years ago, but from one cause or another most of them were abandoned. Some men lost fortunes in working quarries that proved worthless, some just missed their reward by exhausting their means at the point of success, and some gained fortunes.

Governor Proctor (now Secretary of War) said to the tariff commission of 1882: "In this country an undeveloped marble quarry is of little value, and it is fair to say that the present value of our quarries represents what has been expended in developing them. We estimate 80 per cent. of this value as labor, 15 per cent. machinery, and 5 per cent. as marble in the ledge. It cost from $40,000 to $75,000 to get the first salable marble from a Vermont quarry."

At first beds of fine, compact marble were not valued, and only easily worked white marble seemed desirable. White marble was found near trap dikes; and the numerous joints occurring there lessened the labor of quarrying, and were thought to add to the value of the quarry. Now the marble taken from such places is not esteemed, as it does not endure exposure to the weather, and is full of hidden joints or "tight cuts," at which it is apt to break.

Early in this century marble was quarried and worked in Middlebury, where, it is claimed by many of his contemporaries, the sawing of marble with strips of soft iron and sand and water was invented — or rather re-invented — by a boy named Isaac Markham. The claim is disputed by others, and all the credit given to Dr. Judd — not of inventing the method, but of introducing it at his marble works in Middlebury, since it is a well-established historical fact that this method was employed in very ancient times. Dr. Judd certainly profited most by the device, which, with improvements of his own, he applied and had in successful operation in his mill till the time of his death, in 1837.

If the boy of ten years did conceive this idea of cutting marble, it would be interesting to know what suggested it to his young mind. Was it some childish toy, or the wearing of the



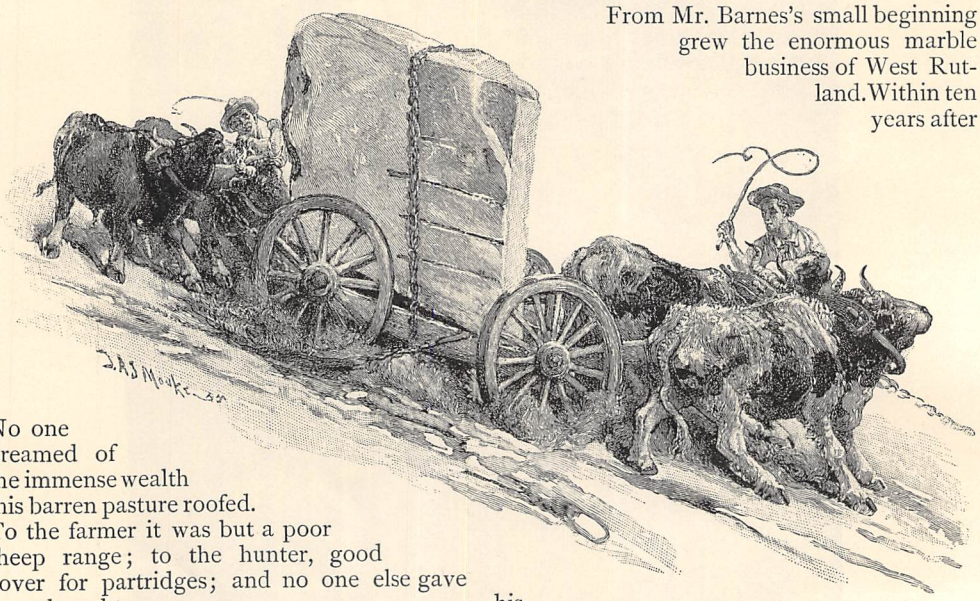
IN THE QUARRY.

potholes in the rocks of the river bed by stones and sand and the rushing, whirling water of Otter Creek? Some one says he got the idea from seeing a marble worker smoothing his slabs with stone, sand, and water. Certainly he had never read of the marble-sawing of the ancients. His sister tells of his making a model, with saws of narrow strips of sheet iron placed in a gang which was propelled backward and forward by means of a crank turned with his hand, and that Dr. Judd saw this and was much interested.

Some years after the Middlebury quarry was operated, a quarry was opened and worked in a small way by Goddard & Ward in West Rutland, not far from where the great quarries now are. They quarried to no great depth, and only in rude and primitive fashion, splitting out thin slabs which were chipped and smoothed into such shape as served for the unpretentious tombstones of those days. Southward, in Middletown, a quarry was opened and the marble hauled by teams over the hills to then far-away Troy and a market.

Captain Gilmore, a gentleman who was early interested in the marble business, says

that when a boy, sixty years ago, he remembers going hunting with the "hired man" over the ground where the West Rutland quarries now are. It was sterile pasture land then, overgrown with cedars, and the white ledges cropped out here and there, gleaming like patches of snow among the dark evergreens.



BRINGING DOWN

No one dreamed of the immense wealth this barren pasture roofed. To the farmer it was but a poor sheep range; to the hunter, good cover for partridges; and no one else gave it a thought.

About 1836, when the sheep pasture was so cheaply valued that it was refused as security for a debt of a few hundred dollars, William F. Barnes started a kiln there for burning the marble into lime. He soon conceived the idea of manufacturing tombstones of the marble, and for a portion of the westward-sloping pasture and the adjoining swamp gave an old horse, valued at seventy-five dollars. The then oozy swamp is fertile farm land to-day; and in the hillside that day so cheaply sold now lie nearly all the West Rutland quarries, worth millions of dollars — if not a kingdom, at least a regal fortune for a horse. One can but wonder if his owner valued the horse as he ought when he came to know what he had given for him, or if he hated the poor beast with the blind hate men feel for the dumb things through which they work out their own misfortune.

Forty years later this pioneer in the marble industry, the man who unlocked this vault of treasure, found his death where he had found his fortune — killed by the falling of a block of marble in his quarry. He was a genuine Yankee, but with more love of home than is common to his race; for when, in his boyhood, his parents went to the great West, he chose rather to cast his lot in his native State. Though he had the Yankee sharpness and "push," he had not the hardness that so often goes with them; for it is told of him that when asked why he employed certain aged men whose movements were so slow and feeble that they accomplished little, he replied that they had grown old in his service, and he could not now turn them off and deprive them of their only means of livelihood.

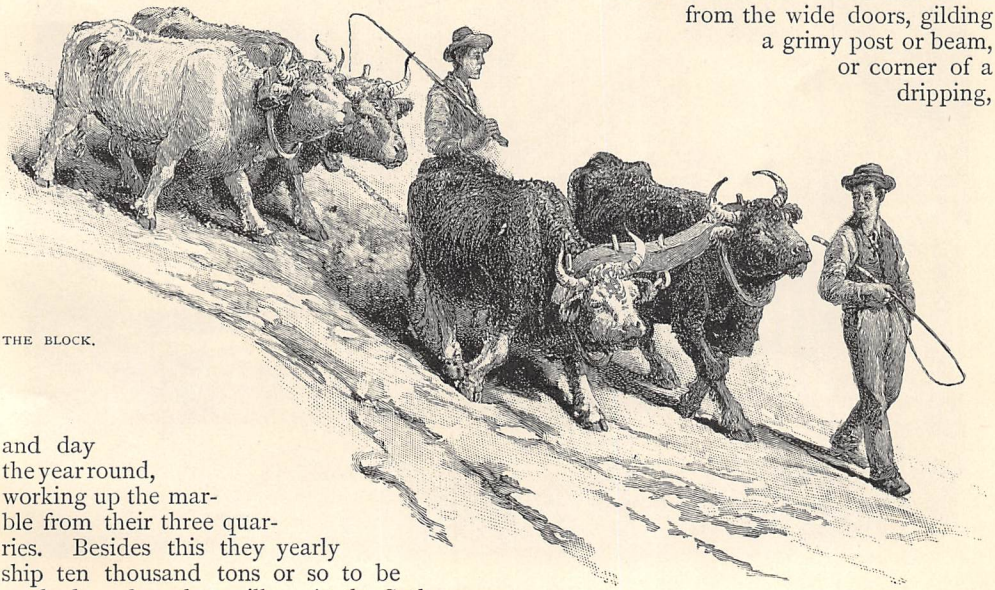
From Mr. Barnes's small beginning grew the enormous marble business of West Rutland. Within ten years after his purchase of the ledge, at least three companies were organized and working quarries there. Yet for some years the business was neither large nor very profitable. There were no railroads in Vermont, and all the marble quarried had to be hauled by teams twenty-five miles to Whitehall, the nearest shipping point.

Furthermore, it was difficult to introduce American marble. People would not believe it could be so good as foreign marble; for, though its purity of color and firmness were not to be gainsaid, its durability was doubted. But the test of fifty years' exposure in this most variable and trying climate has proved the West Rutland marble superior in this quality to any foreign marble.

The advantages held by Italian over American quarrymen, in the small amount of machinery and the cheapness of their labor, is shown in the report to the tariff commission of 1882 made by Governor Redfield Proctor of the Vermont Marble Company, in Sutherland Falls and Rutland. "The marble in Italy is blasted out, tumbled down the mountain, and roughly dressed by hand and loaded on carts to be drawn to the vessels, not even

a derrick being used till it reaches the seaport. In America it is cut from the quarries entirely by machinery. Our quarries require skilled labor to manage this machinery. We pay for labor of all classes an average of $1.75 per day. The Italian quarrymen pay less than one-third of this, and have no capital in quarrying machinery. In the Italian quarries the price of labor for the men who prepare the blocks of marble is from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a day, and of those who do the blasting forty-five cents a day. Our cheapest labor is $1.35 a day."

In 1851 a line of railroad running near the quarries was completed, and the business began to take on something of its present proportions. A mill was built with eight gangs of saws — a wonder then, running in the daytime for nine months of the year. The same company has now forty-eight gangs of saws at West Rutland, with from eight to forty saws in each gang, running night and day the year round, working up the marble from their three quarries. Besides this they yearly ship ten thousand tons or so to be worked up by other mills. At the Sutherland Falls mills there are sixty-three gangs of saws running day and night.



THE BLOCK.

The gangs of saws — if a smooth-edged strip of soft iron may be called a saw — are worked by a mighty engine of three hundred horse power; and the teeth of the saws are furnished by sand continually piled on top of the block and washed into the kerfs by a steady drip of water from above.

Anthon says the art of cutting marble into thin slabs by saws and sand and water is of high antiquity, and probably Oriental in its origin. Different kinds of sand were used according to the hardness of the stone, emery being used for the hardest.

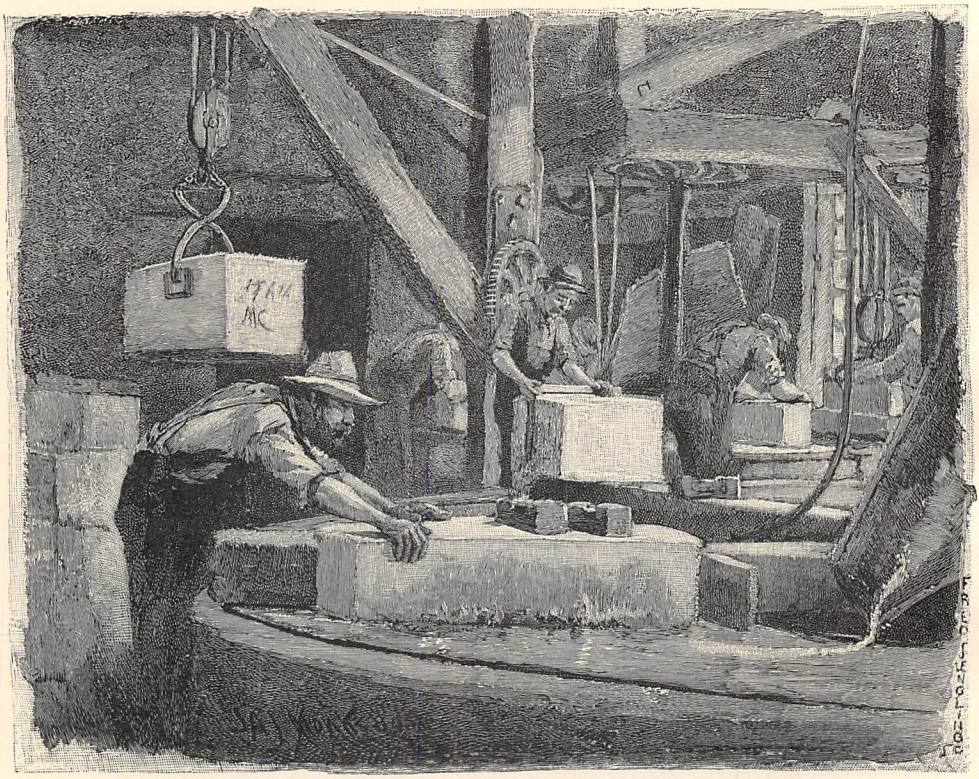
In his "Natural History" (Book XXXVI., Chap. 9) this method of sawing stone is described by Pliny: "This division, though apparently effected by the aid of iron, is in reality effected by sand; the saw acting only by pressing upon the sand, within a very fine cleft in the stone as it is moved to and fro." In Chap. 6: "The most ancient instance of this practice, so far as I know, is found in the palace of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, the walls of which in brick are covered with marble of Proconesus." Thus it seems this process of sawing marble was invented more than twenty-two centuries ago.

The sawing-mill is not a cheerful place. Dampness pervades it, and under the low roof stretch the long, dim vistas, ending in gloom, between the gangs of incessantly swinging saws. The polished, shining engine is shut apart from it, and all is dull and somber, unrelieved by any touch of color, except as a bar of sunshine slants athwart it from the wide doors, gilding a grimy post or beam, or corner of a dripping, besmirched block of marble, or paving a bit of the earthen floor with gold, or as the red shirt of a workman flashes into the light.

The machinery growls and hisses as it gnaws the stone like some monstrous beast in its den over its prey, and hardly another sound is heard. The lusty outdoor bawl of the ox-teamster sinks here to the pervading growl, and the whistle of his lash attunes itself to the swish of the saws.

By the earlier methods blasting was greatly employed, but the ungovernable "villainous saltpeter" spoiled many a goodly ton of valuable marble. Now gunpowder is only used for uncovering the layers of sound marble which lie under those that Father Time has been for ages working after his own destructive fashion, with frost and rain and sun for his tools.

When these are reached the blocks are channeled around with drills, and then "gadded up" by drilling in a line holes six inches or so apart, into which iron wedges are driven, sundering and raising the blocks from their bed, after that to be hoisted out with derricks. For many years this channeling was done with hand drills. Now, however, in all the large quarries there are steam channeling machines,



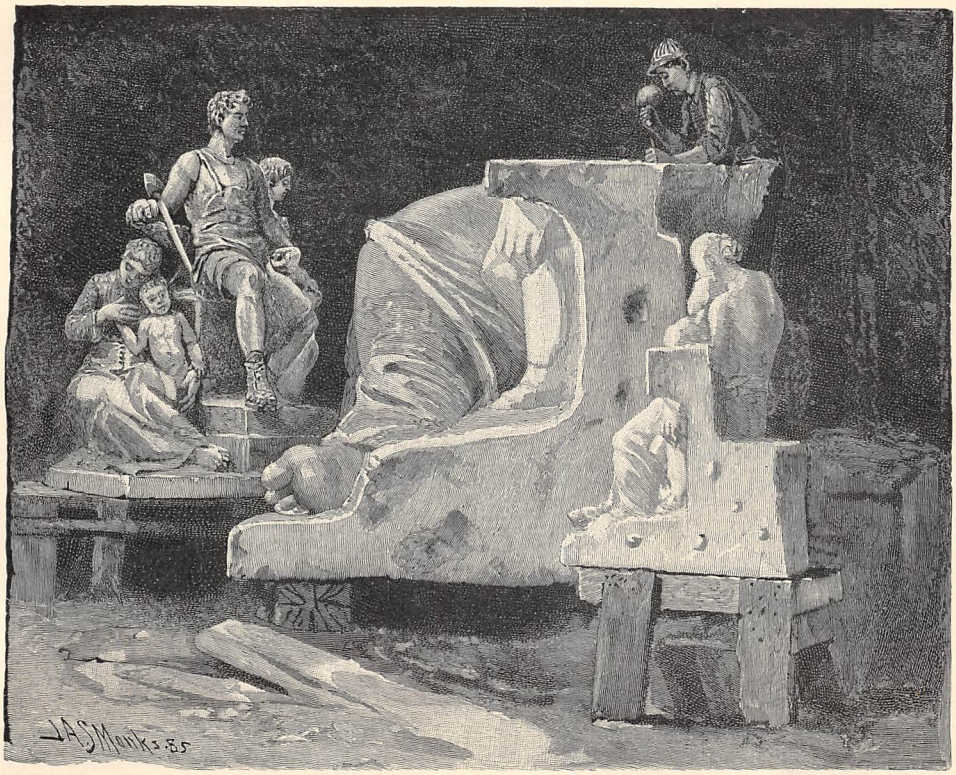
THE POLISHING BED.

biting the rock with diamond teeth, and doing the work of many men. By machines, too, much of the drilling for "gadding up" is done.

As marble of good quality is rarely found near the surface, because of the action upon it of atmospheric forces, the working of strata horizontal or nearly so at the surface seldom proves profitable; for though the outcrop may be fine marble, its exposure will have made it unsound, and the stratum beneath it may be marble of an inferior quality, or it may not be marble at all. The dip should be so great as to take the beds below the action of frost and sun. This is the case at West Rutland, where, in all the quarries worked for eighty rods along the westering hillside, the strike being nearly north and south, the dip is nowhere less than 25° E., while in one, at least, it plunges towards the earth's center at an angle of 85°. According to the "Report on the Geology of Vermont," published in 1861, the twelve beds then worked in the southernmost quarry had an aggregate thickness of forty-seven feet.

Each has its distinguishing characteristics; and beginning on the eastern or top layer, we find the name and thickness of each to be as follows:

1.	Upper blue layer	4	feet		thick.
2.	Upper white layer	3	"	6 in.	"
3.	Gray limestone layer	5	"		"
4.	White statuary "	3	"		"
5.	Striped "	1	foot	8 in.	"
6.	New white "	4	feet		"
7.	Wedged white " from 8 in. to	2	"	6 in.	"
8.	Muddy "	4	"		"
9.	Striped green "	4	"		"
10.	Camphor gum "	3	"		"
11.	White "	9	"		"
12.	Blue "	3	"	"	"



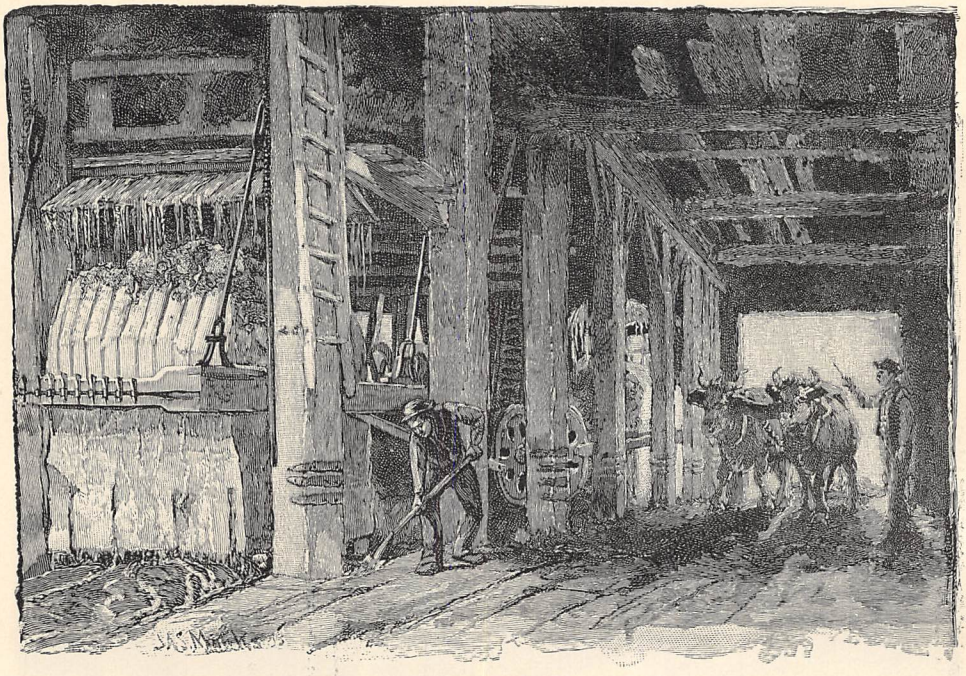
STATUE FOR THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

In the other quarries the layers are of different thicknesses, bearing various names.

About the mills and quarries one frequently sees the old-time ox-teams, that in these fast modern days have almost vanished from the farm. Here they haul away cart-loads of waste and rubbish, and drag huge blocks of rough marble into the mills, or sawn slabs and cubes from them, on those rude and primitive drags known to farm-folk as stone-boats. Passing close beside a deliberate ox-team and its bawling driver comes a puffing locomotive, tugging its long train of cars up the track among the towering piles of unhewn marble. Side by side work the old and the new, each performing better than the other could its proper task.

Governor Proctor says there has been little marble exported from this country. "We have sent several shipments to London within the last two years. What was sent to London was in slabs mostly, for mantel work, tablets in walls, and so forth. But there has been no trade established there; and there is but little chance of establishing one, because they can get mantels so cheaply from Italy that it covers pretty much all the ground. America consumes as much marble as all the rest of the world together. The amount of trade is so much less in any foreign country than it is in this that it is not worth competing for now." In a letter dated July 29, 1885, he tells me:

Our exportations are mainly to Australia. I referred to that business in the tariff commission report as of little account, but for the last two years we have sent an agent from our San Francisco branch to Australia and New Zealand, and we have got a large and very satisfactory trade in all the principal towns in those colonies. . . . We export very little marble for statuary purposes. Most of the American sculptors either reside in Italy or have their work done there, not on account of the marble, but on account of the skilled workmen; and of course they would naturally use that marble if it was as good as American. I think the best of the Italian is better for statuary that is to be kept within doors, because it is a little harder and can be cut to finer lines; but though harder than the Rutland white marble, for some cause not yet fully understood no Italian marble will stand exposure to the weather in any climate as well as the American. The Italian is about as hard as the Sutherland Falls, which is none of it white. . . . Our layers of white marble are growing harder as we go into the earth. . . . The amount of marble used for statuary purposes is very insignificant. It is of no commercial importance whatever. I presume not more than a car-load is brought into America yearly. We supply a good deal for nice work in churches, especially for the work about the altars in large Catholic cathedrals. There are in connection with these oftentimes figures and a great deal



IN THE SAWING MILL.

of work for which statuary marble is used. Mr. Mead and Mr. Powers have both expressed to me the highest opinion of Vermont marble for statuary purposes, but they must have men to do the work from their designs who have been trained to the business from youth, and they could find no such men in this country. Mr. Mead has executed some life-size statues of Vermont marble. His heroic statue of Ethan Allen in our Vermont State House is made of it.

American quarries furnish as much thin marble for furniture and mantels as do the foreign quarries. We supply more for cemetery work and an immense amount of building marble. Probably half of the total production of the country goes into building marble. "None of that," says Governor Proctor, "is brought in. That is sold here at a price that would not pay freight from Italy." The superior excellence of marble as a building stone consists in its strength and durability, its resistance to heat, and its non-absorption of water. It is also claimed by producers that building marble can now be obtained as cheaply as any other building stone. In a series of tests of building stones undertaken in the interest of the fire-insurance business Dr. Cutting found that seven varieties of marble, including all those commonly used for building purposes, are uninjured at 800 degrees. Of these, three are uninjured until the heat is sufficient to change them into quicklime, which heat must exceed 1200 degrees and be continuous for some time.

Great numbers of headstones are made here for the soldiers of the Union who fell in the late war. The stones are shaped and polished by machinery, and the lettering is done by the sand blast. Boys set the inscription on the face with metal letters fastened in place with shellac, and the miniature sand-storm rapidly cuts away the unprotected surface. In this manner the name, company, regiment, and rank of a soldier are put upon a stone in less than five minutes. Contracts have been filled by which 254,000 lettered headstones have been placed in the National cemeteries at an expense to the Government of $864,000.

Marble is as common in Rutland as bricks and cheaper stones are in other towns. There are great shining rubbish-heaps of it about the quarries and mills, and there are roadways of it, and sidewalks flagged with broad squares of it, and floors tiled with it, till one's eyes almost tire of the sight of marble. Men carry on ordinary traffic and live common lives within marble walls, and some, it is said, think marble, and talk marble, and live on marble, till they themselves turn to stone. One such perhaps I saw, for asking some questions in a marble office that stood among the quarries, what I took to be a statue writing with a stylus of steel on tablets of stone turned its hard eyes upon me for a moment and answered me, astonishing me more by speaking at all than by the manner of the reply, which if coming from

fleshly lips might have been thought rather coldly and unwillingly given.

In the great pits, yawning wider and deeper every year, men and engines, in sunshine and in storm, delve all the seasons through. When the landscape is bright under the summer sun they may be seen, like ants toiling in their cells, hundreds of feet below the surface. Now and then an ant grows into a burly, grimy man, climbing the giddy stairs; or a small water-carrier, bearing, with careful steps, his heavy bucket to the thirsty workmen, at last becomes an ant in the moving throngs below.

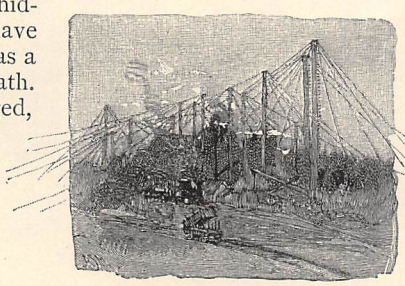
In winter, when the barbaric towers of marble piled along the quarry's brink look dingy under their whiter copings of snow, such volumes of smoke and steam rise out of the caverns that more is heard than seen of the workers and their work. It is a devils' caldron, bubbling with spit of engines, clink of drills, and murmur of smothered voices. For an instant a dark form is disclosed, as if tossed upward from the seething deep; but immediately it fades away in a vapory blur and is lost. One of these gaping caverns with glittering teeth of ice, shining cold and cruel through the curling breath of panting hidden engines, might have served the old painters as a model for the jaws of death.

That out of this jagged, murky pit should come beautiful forms seems such a miracle as the blossoming of the water-lily from the mud and ooze of a stagnant pool. As one watches the quarried blocks swung slowly up from it by the long arms of the derrick the old idea of the form imprisoned in the stone is brought to mind, and he wonders what the chisel may set free from one and another. From this clouded stone the jambs and mantel of a fireplace, or a tombstone? Shall it mark the point where human life centers, or where it finds a common, inevitable end? From that huge, rough, white cube the stern-faced warrior, or smiling girl, or gentle mother and dimpled child? One guess he may make with almost certainty of them all, that they hold in some form the idol worshiped by all mankind — the mighty dollar.

The sunset burns out behind the bristling ridges of the Taconics, and the clink of drills, champ of channeling machines, cough of engines, and shouts of teamsters cease, and there is heard only the dull rumble of machinery and the monotonous swish of saws in the mills.

The great derricks stand black and tall against the darkening sky like towering genii guarding the stony treasure that lies beneath their long, gaunt arms and giant web of iron guys. Over the scene so lately brightened by the sun and bustling with busy life steal silence, weirdness, and gloom.

Rowland E. Robinson.



ON THE SURFACE.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

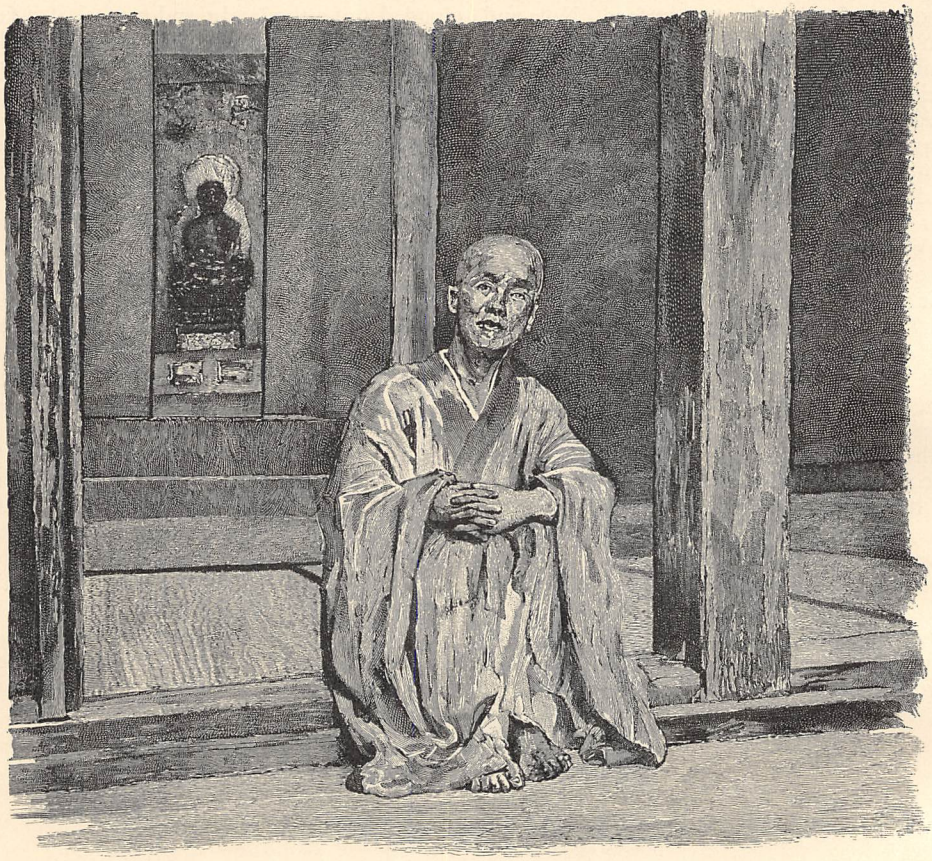
WITH PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR.

SKETCHING.

AUGUST 24.— In the afternoon I go through the little road towards the west, whose walls are spotted with mosses and creepers, and where the gutters are filled with clear, noisy torrents, echoing in answer to the general sound of waters. Rarely do I meet any one — perhaps some trousered peasant girls, drowsily leading packhorses, or naked peasants, with muscles of yellow bronze, carrying brushwood on their backs. The sun is at its hottest. Above the beat of the waters rises the perpetual, strident, interminable cry of the locusts, like the shrill voice of mourners in this abode of tombs — the voice of dust and aridity. I turn a corner of high wall and tall trees and enter, through a dilapidated gateway and up some high steps in the wall, an open space whose unknown borders are concealed behind the enormous trunks of cryptomeria. For weeks carpenters have been slowly repairing a temple building in this court, the big beams and planks of freshly cut wood perfuming the place

with the smell of cedar. In the grass and on the broken pavement lie moldering fragments of the older work, still with a waxy covering of the red lacquer which holds together the dark dusty fibers.

A little bell-tower, lacquered red, stands near the other entrance to which I pass. That one has its wall and high fence all lacquered red, and a gateway also red and spotted with yellow and gray mosses. Down its big steps I go, seeing just before me, through the gigantic trees and their gray and red trunks, the face of the tall pagoda, which flanks one side of the court before Iyéyasŭ and whose other side turns towards the avenue of Iyémitsŭ. The road upon which I come is the avenue of Iyéyasŭ. Three different slopes lead within it to the paved court where stands the high Torii of stone, through which one goes by the middle path to the high steps and the wall, the boundary of the temple. Two great banks, blocked with great dressed stones, divide the three paths — the central path being cut into wide steps which lead up to the Torii. On each of these masses of earth and masonry grow great cryptomeria trees, each of their trunks almost filling, from side to side, the entire width of the surface. They are planted irregularly. As the upper ends of the banks are less high from the ground, I climb up, and sit to sketch against one of the ragged and splintered trunks. For all these late afternoons but one all has been the same. Far above me, through the needle branches of bright or shadowy green, large white clouds roll and spread in a brilliant, blotty, wet, blue sky. The court is framed in dark green, all above dazzling in light. The great Torii stands in the half shade — the edge of its upper stone shining as if gilded with yellow moss, and stains of black and white and rusty red contrasting with the delicate gilded inscriptions incised on the lower part of the two supporting columns.



OUR LANDLORD THE BUDDHIST PRIEST.

Beyond, the white wall and steps of the temple inclosure are crowned with white stone palings and a red lacquer wall behind them, and the red lacquer and bronze-roofed gateway. Here and there gold glitters on the carvings and on the ends of its many roof beams. Near it the great gray tree-trunks are spaced, and out of

the green branches shows the corner of the stable of the Sacred Horses. Its gray walls are spotted in places with gold and color. Beyond it are the red walls of one of the treasure houses, made of beams with slanting edges; and in the gable under its black eaves two symbolic animals, the elephant and the tapir, are carved and painted gray and white on the gilded wall. At this distance the bands of many colored ornament make a glimmering of nameless color. Farther back in the trees spots of heavy black and shining gold mark the roofs of other buildings. The great trees near me almost hide the great pagoda, and I can see of it only a little red, and the green under its many eaves, which melts like a haze into the green of the trees.

All these effects of color and shape seem but as a decoration of the trees, and as modes of enhancing their height and their stillness. The great court becomes nothing but a basin with highly finished edges, sunk into the mass of mountain greenery. The Torii, alone, stands lonely and mysterious. On the space between its upper stone beams is placed a great blue tablet with gold letters that designate the sacred posthumous name of Iyéyasŭ.

It is late in the year, and the place is no longer filled with pilgrims. I look down, occasionally, on a few stragglers who come up the steps below me — a few pilgrims in white dresses; peasants, sometimes with their children; Japanese tourists, who even here, at home, seem out of place. This afternoon a couple of women, earnestly whispering, sailed across the court and turned the corner of the avenue of Iyémitsŭ — with toes turned in, as is the proper thing in this land of inversion. Their dresses of gray and brown and black had all the accentuated refinement of simplicity in color which is the character of good taste here, and which gives one the gentle thrill of new solutions of harmony. Our own absurdities were not unknown to them, for their velvet slits of eyes were partly hid under eyeglasses, in emulation of Boston or Germany. They might have been ladies; I am not sufficiently clear yet as to limits: perhaps they were *geishas*, who now, I understand, learn German and affect the intellectual look of nearsightedness. If they were, they were far above the two little creatures that posed for me yesterday — with all the impatience of girls, who, knowing what it was all about, still could not put up with the slow ways of European work, when their own artists would have been as agile and rapid and sketchy as themselves.

The *geishas* are one of the institutions of Japan; a reminder of old, complete civilizations like that of Greece. They are voluntary exiles from regular society and family, if one can speak of consent when they are usually brought up to their profession of the "gay science" from early girlhood. They cultivate singing and dancing, and often poetry, and all the accomplishments and most of the exquisite politeness of their country. They are the ideals of the elegant side of woman. Upon them is placed the entertainment of guests, and the solace of idle hours. They are the *hetairai* of the old Greeks — and sometimes they are all that that name implies. But no one has the right to assume it from their profession, any more than that all liberties are bordered by possible license.

The two who consented to pose for me, at the same price and no more than I should have paid them had I called them in to entertain me or my guests with singing and dancing, were, the one, a town, the other, a country girl; and little by little they showed the difference, at first very slight to a foreigner, by all the many little things which obtain everywhere. And it was a source of quiet amusement for me to see them posture, in what they call their dances, in the very rooms of our landlord the priest's house, where I have so often watched him sitting while his pupil bent over his writing, an antique picture, like so many Eastern scenes of the ideal of contemplative monastic study. But our little priest is away, on service at the temple of Iyémitsŭ, and his house is kept for him in his absence by some devout lady parishioner, who lent us the apartment more convenient than ours, and who undoubtedly shared in the amusement herself. And I asked myself if there had been a secret ceremony of purification afterwards.

I saw, too, lingering at the corner of Iyémitsŭ, the litter of a great lady, said to be the beauty of the court; but I was content to have her remain mysterious to me, and tried not to regret my indolence, when my companion twitted me with his presentation to her, and to associate her only with the clear porcelains that bear her princely name. And then, again, the priests of the temple of Iyéyasŭ came down to meet some prince, looking like great butterflies in green and yellow, and capped with their shining black hats. The youngest waved his fan at me in recognition, and gaily floated back up the high white steps and into the sunny inclosures beyond, more and more like some winged essence.

THE FLUTES OF IYÉYASŬ.

THEN the temple attendants brushed with brooms the mosses of the pavement about the Torii, and the gates were closed. And I listened, until the blaze of the sun passed under the green film of the trees, to the fluting of the

priests in the sanctuary on the hill. It was like a hymn to nature. The noise of the locusts had stopped for a time; and this floating wail, rising and falling in unknown and incomprehensible modulations, seemed to belong to the forest as completely as their cry. The shrill and liquid song brought back the indefinite melancholy that one has felt with the distant sound of children's voices, singing of Sundays in drowsy rhythms. But these sounds belonged to the place, to its own peculiar genius — of a lonely beauty, associated with an indefinite past, little understood; with death, and primeval nature, and final rest.

The last beams of the sunset made emerald jewels of the needles in the twigs above me — made red velvet of the powdery edges of broken bark, when the distant flutes ceased, and I left my study.

As I came out from the giant trees a great wave of the funereal song of the locusts passed through the air, leaving me suddenly in a greater silence as I came home. Then I could hear the rise and fall of the sound of our little waterfall in the garden as I stretched myself at the flattest on the mats, and Kato brought the tea and put it beside me.

SKETCHING.— THE PAGODA IN RAIN.

AUGUST 26.— This afternoon I returned to the entrance of Iyéyasŭ, and sketched under the great trees of the central avenue. The great white clouds were there again in the blue above, colored as with gold, where they showed below through the trees; then they came nearer, then they melted together; then suddenly all was veiled, the rain came down in sheets, and I was glad of the refuge of the tea booths along the eastern wall. It was late, almost evening; no one there; a few pilgrims and attendants and priests scurried away through the court, disappearing with bare reddened legs and wet clogs around the corners of the avenues. And the rain persisted, hanging before me like a veil of water. I had in front, as I sat in the booths, already damp, and gusty with drafts, the face of the tall red pagoda behind its stone balustrade and at right angles to the great Torii that I had been painting. The great trees were all of one green, their near and far columns flattened out with the branches into masses of equal values. Through them, below, in the few openings to the west, the sky was colored with the sunset, as if it were clear far over Nan-tai-san. The gold of the roofs' edges and of the painted carvings below was light and pale as the sky far away. Higher up the gold was bright and clear under the rain, which made it glisten; it glowed between the brackets of the lower cornices and paled like silver higher up. All the innumerable painted carvings and projections and ornaments looked pale behind the rain, while the great red mass grew richer as it rose, and the bronze roofs, freshly washed, were blacker, and the green copper glistened, like malachite, on the edges of the vermilion rails, or on the bells which hung from the roof corners, against the sky or against the trees. The green, wet mosses spotted with light the stone flags below, or glowed like a fairy yellow flame on the adjoining red lacquer of the temple fence, so drenched now that I could see reflected in it the white divisions and still whiter lichens of the stone balustrade. Below it the great temple wall was blotched with dark purple and black lichens, and the columns of the Torii were white at the bottom with mosses. Its upper cross-arm glistened yellow with their growths as if it had caught the sun. But the heavy rain was drenching all; and now from all the roofs of the pagoda poured lines of water, the one within the other, the highest describing a great curve that encircled all the others, and the whole high tower itself, as if with a lengthened aureole of silver drops. It was as if water had poured out from the fountain basins, one above the other, which the Italian Renaissance liked to picture on tall pilasters, even as this one was profiled against the sky and distant rain. Below, a yellow torrent covered the great court as if with an eddying lake, and its course rushed down the great steps or made a crested, bounding line along the gutters by the walls. I watched for a time the beautiful curves dropping from the roofs of the tower, until all grew dark and my coolie arrived to carry paint box and easel, and we managed to get home, with sketching umbrellas, wet, however, through every layer of clothing.

KIOTO.

SEPTEMBER 16.—We came into Kioto from Osaka, by rail, one fine afternoon. I had a half-childish hope of being surprised, a memory of days, when, a boy, I read of the great forbidden city. Only a few years ago it was still forbidden, and now the little respectable car was hurrying us there as prosily as older life translates the verse of our early dreams. We were in September heat and glare. We passed over wide spaces of plain, edged by sharp mountains, looking hot and barren; through great plantations and stretches of green, here and there a temple half hidden, and over dried river beds.

The station closed all views on our arrival, and the sudden transfer to streets showing no European influences was as if we had passed through a city's walls.

The first sensation was merely the usual one of a whirl through innumerable buildings, low, of wood, and more or less the same; extremely wide streets, all very clean; many people; a great bridge across the stony bed of a river almost dry; then some trees and little gardens and corners of temples with heavy roofs, as we turned through little roads and drove up to the gate of the hotel inclosure, which is placed on the edge of the outside hills and looks down upon Kioto. We were high up, in rooms looking over trees just below; next to us the corner of temple grounds that rounded away out of sight.

Early on most mornings I have sat out on our wide veranda and drawn or painted from the great panorama before me — the distant mountains making a great wall lighted up clearly, with patches of burning yellow and white and green, against the western sky. The city lies in fog, sometimes cool and gray; sometimes golden and smoky. The tops of pagodas and heavy roofs of temples lift out of this sea, and through it shine innumerable little white spots of the plastered sides of houses. Great avenues, which divide the city in parallel lines, run off into haze; far away, always shines the white wall of the city castle; near us, trees and houses and temples drop out occasionally from the great violet shadows cast by the mountain behind us. Before the city wakes and the air clears, the crows fly from near the temples towards us, as the great bell of the temple sounds, and we hear the call of the gongs and indefinite waves of prayer. Occasionally a hawk rests uneasily on the thin branches below. Then the sun eats up the shadows and the vast view unites in a great space of plain behind the monotony of the repeated forms of the small houses, broken by the shoulders of the roofs and pagodas of many temples. But near us are many trees and tea-houses and gardens, and we are as if in the country.

We have worked conscientiously as mere sight-seers until all is confused as with an indigestion of information. I could hardly tell you anything in a reasonable sequence, for in and out of what I go to see runs a perpetual warp of looking at curios, of which occupation I feel every day disgusted and ashamed, and to which I return again as a gambler might, with the hope of making it all right with my conscience by some run of luck. This began on our very first day, when at our first visit to an excellent merchant, for whom we had letters, we spent the hours after dinner looking at the bric-à-brac brought together for our purchase or amusement. We had had the presentation and disappearance of the ladies of the house after their customary genuflections; and a European dinner, waited upon, in part, by lesser clients of our entertainer. Meanwhile his one little girl sat beside him, half behind him, and occasionally betrayed her secret love for him by gently pressing his leg with the sole of her little stockinged foot. Japanese children are one of the charms of Japan, and this one is a type of their stillness; her sweet, patient face watching the talk of the elders, no change in her eyes revealing anything, but the whole person taking everything in — the little delicate person, which disappeared in a dress and sash not unlike her elders', except for color. Then there was a visit to another merchant, in the oldest house of the city, built low, so that none might perchance look down upon the sovereign lord's procession. Display of family relics — marriage gifts and *trousseaus* complete, of the past; marriage dresses of the same time, symbolical in color — white, red, and finally black. We are told to notice that the gold and silver fittings of precious lacquers are wanting, because many years ago some sumptuary edict of the Tokugawa government suddenly forbade the display or use of the precious metals in excess — a gradation to be determined by inspecting officials — for persons who, like merchants, should not pretend to pass a certain line.

Then, owing to other letters, we have paid our devoirs to the governor, and called, and subsequently received the polite attentions of his intelligent secretary. Under his guidance we visit the School of Art and see boys sketching, and enter rooms of drawing, devoted respectively to the schools of the north and the south.

And we visit the school for girls, where the cooking-class is one bloom of peach-like complexions, like a great fruit-basket; where the ladylike teacher of gymnastics and child etiquette wears divided skirts; where the rooms for the study of Chinese classics and history contain a smaller number of fair students, looking more reasonable and much paler; and where, on admiring in the empty painting-class a charming sketch of Kioto wharves, like the work of some lesser Rico, I am told that the fair artist has disappeared — married, just as if it had happened with us at home. But with a difference worth weighing gravely, for our guide and teacher informs me that the aim of this education is not to make girls independent, but rather to make more intelligent and useful daughters, sisters, or wives. And in this old-fashioned view I came to recognize the edges of a great truth.

Then temples, for Kioto is a city of temples; and every day some hours of hot morning have been given to visits, all of which make a great blur in my mind. The general memory is impressive and grand; the details run one into the other.

Thus we are paying dear for sight-seeing, but it is impossible to set aside the vague curiosity which hates to leave another chance unturned. And when again shall I return, and see all these again? Now, however, all is associated with heat and glare, and with the monotony of innumerable repeated impressions, differing only in scale. Still, probably, when I shall have left, I shall recall more clearly and separately the great solemn masses of unpainted wood, for which early forests have been spoiled; the great size of their timbers, the continuous felicity of their many roofings, the dreary or delicate solemnity of their dark interiors, the interminable recurrence of paintings by artists of the same schools; the dry and arid courtyards, looked at, in this heat of weather, from the golden shadows, where are hidden sometimes lovely old statues, sometimes stupid repetitions; images of the whole race of earlier Shoguns; the harsh features of the great Taiko-sama, the sleek and subtle face of the great Iyéyasŭ, or the form of Kwan-on, carved by early art, leaning her cheek on long fingers; or noble tapestried figures, rich in color and intensity of spotting, painted by the Buddhist Cho-Den-Su. . . .

I should like to describe the temple ceilings, in which are set the lacquered coffers of the war junk of Taiko, or of the state carriage of his wife. . . .

I have sketched in his reception hall, peopled to-day only by specters of the past — with gilt and painted panels on which may have looked the great Iyéyasŭ, who was to succeed him, and the blessed Xavier, and the early Jesuits, and the chivalric Christian lords who were to die on great battlefields. And close to a great room, where many monks bent over peaceful books, the little closet, with dainty shelves, in which Taiko looked at the heads of his dead enemies, brought there for inspection.

And we have gone up into the plain little pavilion, sacred to the ceremonies of tea-drinking, where the rough and shrewd adventurer offered to grim, ambitious warriors, as honorific guerdon for hard service, the simple little cups of glazed clay that collectors prize to-day.

I run over these associated details, because certainly the question of the great buildings is too weighty for my present mood. But the greater part of the romance of Japan is called up at every moment by what we see just now.

At Uji, among the tea gardens, we stopped on our way to Nara, the older capital, to see the temple of Bio-do-in and its "Phœnix hall," built in wood, that is now over eight hundred years old; its statues; its half-defaced paintings of the "Paradise in the West"; its high, dusty ceiling, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and its sweet-toned bell.

And we saw the legendary bow of Yorimasa, which you will recall with me whenever you see a picture of the bow of the moon, across which flies the Japanese cuckoo. It was here that he defended Uji bridge, with a forlorn hope, against the army of the Taira, that his prince might have time to escape; and here, at Bio-do-in, while his last followers kept off the rush of the enemy, Yorimasa ran himself through with his sword, as a final duty paid to the honor of Japan.

On this side of the bridge, as I walked up other temple steps, hedged in by trees, with our friend Oye-San, the violet butterflies and blue dragon-flies crossed our path in every bar of sunshine.

At the monastery of Kurodani, on the edge of the mountain near us, are shown the graves of Nawozane and of the young Atsumori, whom he killed in battle. We are shown the portrait of the victim, painted in sorrow by the victor, and the pine tree still stands upon which the warrior hung his armor when, tormented by remorse, he carried out his vow of never more bearing arms, and sought this place to enter religion and pray for the soul of the youth he had unwillingly slain. Strange flower of human pity, blooming out of the blood of civil wars like some story of Italy in the coeval day of St. Francis.

At that time the great war of the Genji and the Heike was devastating Japan, and in 1184, in a great battle by the sea, Yoshitsune, the hero of romance of Japan, serving his brother Yoritomo, whose story I told you at Nikko, defeated the Heike, and the "death of Atsumori" took place. This delicate boy, a prince of the Heike, scarcely sixteen years old, met in the battle the veteran Nawozane. Atsumori had fought bravely on the shore, having at first fled, and then returned, forcing his horse through the water. The greater strength of the older man prevailed, and the child fell under the blows of the powerful man-at-arms. When Nawozane disengaged his enemy's helmet, intending to take off the usual trophy of a head, the sight of the youthful face recalled his own son slain in battle, and he hesitated at inflicting on other parents a suffering like his own. But if he did not kill him others would, and his reputation would be endangered — *laudis cupido*. He killed him, Atsumori bravely meeting death, and bore off the terrible trophy. Then, in the revulsion of remorse, he vowed himself to a religious life; he restored to Atsumori's father the son's fair head and his armor, and, going to Kioto, became a disciple in religion of the holy Hōnen Shōnin, the founder of Kurodani; and there, near its lovely garden, are the tombs of the man and of the boy.

Or, while we are thinking of heads cut off, I pass again and again a lofty monument, under great trees, on a wide avenue beautifully macadamized and kept in the trim of our Central Park, along which ride officers in Western uniform, or pass the police, in a dress whose type is borrowed from at least three European states. Under this tomb are buried the ears and noses of the Koreans, slain in the wars that Hideyoshi waged at the end of the sixteenth century. They were carried here as more convenient than the heads, the usual evidence of work well done, brought by the warriors to their commander. The memory of what the great pile means serves to confuse still more my admiration of the ultra-modern success of the wide carriage drive on which it stands.

SEPTEMBER 19.—We spent the late afternoon and early evening in the state apartments of the temple of the Green Lotus, where we looked at strange dances and listened to curious music.

All was sacred and mystic, according to traditions transmitted orally from early ages, and all the more liable to disappear as the heredity of occupation which has been the mark of Japan is more and more endangered by modern views and modern "openings."

When we had wandered through these shady apartments in the long, low buildings of the temple gardens, and had seen the paintings on their screen walls, and the carvings of their transoms, we sat down in one of the largest rooms, the wall screen was removed which divided us from another, and we had then a ready-made stage before us. Light came in from the open veranda, now stripped of all screens, against whose platform many unbidden, unofficial guests, acquaintances of acquaintances, and people about the temple, leaned in a mass of heads and arms and busts. Outside the light was filtered green and orange through the trees, and caught the edges of all forms in the shade within. The orchestra of flutes and drums occupied a little recess, from behind which the dancers appeared in turn. Behind the musicians, a great violet curtain, with three temple crests in white, made a twilight background for their white and blue dresses, gilded by the lights in the tall candlesticks on the floors before them. With the sound of the instruments two boys came around the corner of the screen, and, saluting, stepped off in short, zigzag movements, evidently learned by rote, and which had a certain strange elegance. They were performing the butterfly dance, and made out very distinctly the crisscross flight of the insects. When they lighted or poised before lighting their feet struck the ground, and they swayed without stepping away. They wore butterfly-wings and wide sleeves melting into them, and their silver diadems, filled up with twigs of flowering plants, made out a faint fringe of antennæ. They wore the ugly ancient trousers of yellow silk, and long trains of embroidered green satin trailed on the mats behind them. Broad bands of blue and white across the chest, and a white belt, recalled the insect original, and the blue and white wings drooped over their wide green satin garments. Each carried a flowering branch in his hand. It was all more strange than beautiful, with a mysterious impression of remote antiquity, as if invented for some prehistoric Polynesian worship. In some of the next dances, whose names I do not remember, and which were carried out by men, the flat mask, with a wide triangle for eyes and another for the mouth, made out just this similitude. In another dance two men glided about the room, listening and finding their way; then warriors in antique Chinese costume, with great helmets and halberds, and coats of mail, and long trains, appeared singly and by twos, and marched and countermarched; and finally, standing by their lances, laid at their feet, drew and held up their swords, while each other peaceful hand was extended in the gesture that we know as the pontifical blessing; and this ended the dance of "Great Peace," probably some relic of early triumphant Chinese dynasties.

It was now evening: the blue light of the open veranda made large square openings in the golden room. Outside, against the balustrade, pressed dark forms, with faces reddened by the light inside — the outside lookers-on. Inside, the gold walls and the gilded ceiling, the great gold temple drum, the yellow mats, and the white dresses of the musicians, made a soft bloom like the hollow of a lotus, when the last performer, in rose-red and crimson, glided into the room, swinging from side to side, and brandishing a gilded scepter. Uncouth gestures and enormous strides, with no meaning that I could make out, a frightful mask that hung far away from the face, with loose jaw and projecting mane and a long red, pointed hood, made an impression as barbarous, as meaningless, as splendid, and as annoying as what we might feel before the painted and gilded idol of some little known and cruel creed. This was the dance of the "*Ra* Dragon King," and closed the entertainment.

We exchanged some words with the late performers in their insignificant everyday clothes, and rode home in the twilight through the little roads, where Kioto gentlemen were rushing their horses up and down, wrapped in wide riding trousers which fluttered along the horses' flanks. . . .

We have also given a *soirée*, that is to say a supper, with the proper trimmings of musical entertainment and dancing, and were probably the most amused of all the people there. The amusement consisted, in great measure, of our not knowing just what we were going to have, for otherwise the details were simple to monotony. We had one of the upper floors of a fashionable inn. It was very hot, and we were glad to find that we should be at supper in our loosest bath robes. There was nothing unusual — though everything is novel to us — but the extreme smallness of the many *geishas*, who sat between us at the end of the dinner, passed the *saké*, said witty things of which we understood not one word, gave us much music on the *samisen* (the three-stringed guitar) and on the flute, and sang, and gave us dances. But they were absolutely incredible in the way of littleness. It did not seem possible that there were real bones inside their narrow little wrists and dolls' fingers. What there was in most of their little heads I don't know, but I could have imagined sawdust. For the doll illusion, for the painted face and neck and lips, all done upon the same pattern from pure conventionality (not at all like our suggestive painting), and the sudden stopping sharply at a line on the little slender neck, gave me the feeling of their having artificial heads. The gentle little bodies disappeared entirely inside of the folds of the dress and the enormous bows of the sash. And when the tall youngsters, Americans, whom we had invited, began to romp with the playthings, late in the evening, I felt anxious about possible breakage, such as I remember, in nursery days, when we boys laid hold of our sisters' dolls.

But this artificial impression disappears as with all novelty in people, and when one of the youngest of these child-women, at some moment in the evening, removed the mask of the jolly fat woman (that you know by the prints), behind which she had been singing, the little sad face told its contradictory story as touchingly as with any of her Aryan sisters. And late in the evening, when the fun, I suppose, was uproarious, we went to the extreme of writing and painting on fans, and one of our merchant guests wasted India ink in mock tattooing of his bared arm and shoulder.

September 21.—We leave to-morrow morning.

This has been Sunday, our last day in Kioto. I have been trundled all day in a fearful rain, to see last sights, to look up shops for the last time. My runners have taken me to this or that place, near the great temples, where I hope finally to decide upon some little Buddha or Amida, which have tempted me among other sculptures, and I have dallied in the other shops that supply the small things that adhere to worship, and finally I have made a long visit to the good lady who has sold me pottery, and who once shocked my Western prudery by dilating upon the merits of unmentionable designs and indescribable bric-à-brac.

At length I return in the gray noon, giving a last look at each shop that I know; at the long façade of the "Inn of Great Wealth," at the signs and the flags of the theater; at the little *geishas* trotting about in couples, whom I recognize (for how can I tell them from those whom I know?); at the quaint, amusing little children, always a fresh delight; at the little pavilion near us, where the archers shoot; at the places where horses stand under the trees to be ridden by amateurs; at the small tea gardens' pretty gates; at the latticed windows which open in the dusk; and then, with their coats sticking to their backs, and wet, stained legs, my runners leave me at the gate of the hotel: final settlement of purchases in boxes, packing, and receiving visits of departure.

In the late afternoon we go to the temples on the edge of the hill near us (the temples of Kiyomidzu) with two of our good friends and their children. Our runners insist upon dragging and bumping us up many steps, and finally escort us, almost to the temple itself, in a procession of double file, which, like a long tail, halts when we stop, and again waggles after us in uncertainty when we set off anew. We walk along the ascending street and stop to bargain at the innumerable little shops, full of little odds and ends, half playthings and half religious emblems or images, which are sold certainly to the pleasure of the many children who throng the place. And I, too, feel pleased at having children with us, and at having occasionally the timid little fingers of Miss Kimí in mine. In her other small hand she holds a fan that I painted yesterday for her father, and I wonder occasionally whether she wishes me to notice her possession. I surmise that the foreign gentleman gives her sometimes a little doubtful fear, as I catch her eyes looking up cautiously from below her "bangs." We talk, exactly of what it would be hard to say, for there is not with us enough of any one language "to go round," and our interpreter has been left out; but we feel distinctly that we understand each other, and our older companions explain quite a number of things in this partnership of a few words.

We ascend the high steps on one side of the tower and pass with the Sunday crowd through the great hall, like a corridor, along which are seated on altar steps golden images of gods, in a shadow dusted by the long beams of the af-

ternoon sun, that pour across it from one open side. Through this veil of dancing motes we see the statues and the great gilded lotuses and candelabra, and the forms of attendant priests, and the crowd that passes, and that stops for a moment in prayer. The words that they repeat come into cadence with the shuffling of their feet, and the creaking of the planks of the flooring, and the sounds of the dropping of offerings.

The crowd is quiet, orderly, but amused at being out. The women smile out of their slanting eyes and walk leaning forwards, and their black hair shines like lacquer, and the artificial flowers in the great folds of the coiffure dance in the sunlight. They are quietly dressed, all but the young girls, who wear bright colors and blue satin sashes. The men slide about, also in quiet silk or cotton. A large part of them are dressed in every shade of blue; occasionally the bare leg comes out, but all wear holiday dress, except our runners or their fellows, who keep their workday looks. And the children — they are all everywhere, and all at home; they are all dressed up, with full, many-colored skirts, and showy sashes, and every little head with some new and unexplainable spot of tonsure.

Many of the crowd turn around the building, or its veranda, touching the columns with their hands and following tracks, worn deep like ruts, in the planking of enormous thickness. Oye-San points this out to me, and indicates its religious intention. Both he and our other companion clap their hands and pray for a moment. A wave of seriousness and abstraction passes over their faces; then again all is as before, and we step out upon the wide balcony, which, built upon gigantic piles, hangs over a deep hollow filled with trees and buildings, all in the shadow now. From below rise, with the coolness of the green trees and grass, the sounds of dropping waters. In time we descend the path and the steps, and drink from one of the streams which fall from gigantic gargoyles, out of a great mass of wall.

BUT it is late: we look again upon Kioto from the temple above, all swimming in light and haze, and walk back to our kurumas; a final good-by to the children, but we shall see their parents again; and then we return, and look from our veranda for the last time at the city stretched out in the evening, lost almost entirely in the twilight of a great lake of violet fog. A few shapes are just felt in the misty space, but no more than as waves in water, or as greater densities in the undulations of the colored vapor. So uncertain is everything that the nearest temple building loses its place, and floats all below its roof; but its wet tiles glitter, reflecting the rose-colored drift in the highest pale turquoise sky.

Below us, the trees make a delicate pattern of dark wet lace.

Then the rose color deepens and dulls, the upper sky becomes colorless; all floats in unreal space, and Kioto disappears from before my eyes: forever, I suppose — as the charm of this scene, which will never come again; as the little maiden whom I met to-day, only for an eternal good-by.

John La Farge.

SEPTEMBER.

MY life's long radiant summer halts at last:
And lo! beside my pathway I behold
Pursuing Autumn glide: nor frost nor cold
Has heralded her presence, but a vast
Sweet calm that comes not till the year has passed
Its fevered solstice, and a tinge of gold
Subdues the vivid colorings of the bold
And passion-hued emotions. I will cast
My August days behind me with my May,
Nor strive to drag them into Autumn's place,
Nor swear I hope, when I do but remember.
Now violet and rose have had their day,
I 'll pluck the soberer asters with good grace,
And call September nothing but September.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XVIII.

JOHN DE BURG'S FAILURE.

"Do darkness and terror plot against you?
We also plan.
They that love you are stronger than your haters;
Trust God, O man!"

"He kept him as the apple of his eye."

"Deep calleth unto deep."

EVEN in Cromwell's time the Quakers were remarkable for their commercial integrity and prosperity. They succeeded in business just as the Puritans succeeded in war. Carnal traders were as inferior to them as Rupert's dragoons were to Cromwell's Ironsides. For it is the natural consequence of a life divided sharply into two halves, spiritual and secular, to incline those who so divide it to a methodical strictness in the inferior sphere. Commercial energy and rectitude is the earthly expression of spiritual energy and sincerity; opposite sides of the wheel, truly, but having a point of union in the center.

Roger Prideaux's heart was burning with love to God and sympathy for God's oppressed children, and from this very intensity of spiritual regard sprang a solicitude and care as to their earthly welfare which was almost minute in character. The ship, the captain, the crew, the provisions, every item concerning the proposed exile, was settled with all the prudence and consideration of one who believed the steps of a good man to be "ordered," and who desired to second and follow that ordering.

God works *in* man but not *instead* of him, he said; and he had waited for the promptings of this Divine Guide, listening for direct mandates, doing nothing till "led," walking only as the way opened. His first intentions had been towards Boston, but he had seen, in a vision of fire, "the intolerant city," and heard a voice say, "Go to the southward"; and immediately, being thus warned, he had turned his thoughts to the Dutch plantation of New Amsterdam.

As far as possible all human precautions for safety had been taken. The paper which Fox had brought from Cromwell was a safe warrant to pass through the New England settlements and buy land and reside thereon, and his former business relationships had enabled him to send the main portion of the moneys belonging to himself and his friends, through letters of credit, to the governor of New Amsterdam. The western sea was infested with pirates, and with privateers little better than pirates, and he thought it well to pass through it in a condition of poverty which offered nothing to provoke their cupidity or their cruelty.

They left London on the last day of August — a company of five men and four women; the latter being Olivia Prideaux, Mary Woodhouse, the wife of the captain, and Anna Copeland, who was going on a mission as the Lord should direct her. The *Good Intent* was a stanch ship, manned by godly men, and she went gallantly out with a fair wind blowing.

For many weeks the voyage was an exceptionally pleasant one. Several of the party had just been released from dark and noisome prisons; their wrists and ankles still kept the mark of the irons, and on their bodies were the cruel tokens of the scourge. The boundless freedom, the fresh winds, the peace, the safety, the rapture of their private communion, the refreshment of their mutual worship, set every heart to a song of joy and praise; and the words of their salutation were, "It is good to be here."

Only Olivia had an occasional air of sadness. She could not forget her last parting with her lover. The noble restraint of his grief; his hopeful words; the tears that blinded his last gaze into her face; the sad smiles with which he brightened their last words; the lingering clasp of his hands; his tall, mournful figure turning so reluctantly away — all these appeals to her memory recalled a thousand other incidents still more tender.

She was very quiet, and she sat much alone. She had moments of repining at her lot, and then hours of bitter sorrow for them. She was fighting a harder battle than any of the martyrs around her had fought, for it is easier to endure than it is to resign. She believed that God had said to her, "Give me thy heart; put out of it all lesser loves"; and she was trying to obey him.

"Trust in God. He is but proving thee. At the last he will give thee the desire of thy heart." Such comfort her father offered her, but she could not take it. Olivia's aspiration of a divine obedience touched a higher key; she would not render God a resignation which was grounded upon a hope of future self-happiness. She sought after that self-abnegation which finds in the act of utter surrender its highest joy.

And when the soul is forced solely in one direction it gains new powers in that direction. Dead to earth, earth vanishes to it, and heaven is really begun. These days of calm summer sailing upon sunny seas were days of inward struggle, of spiritual defeats and victories, to Olivia. There was no wonder that she was silent, and that her soul, in the neighborhood of eternities, had a seriousness beyond the issues of time.

One day, after a week of exquisite weather, the little congregation on the *Good Intent* met on deck in the midst of a hot, languorous haze. The clouds hung low and gray. The ocean's leaden color was broken only by those long lines of pale light often seen at sea before an electric storm. The gloom of thunder was in the air. For two days a ship had been in their wake. It still hovered on the horizon, looking, through the hazy light, like a gigantic phantom in its winding-sheet. The infinite solitude of the colorless waste, the silence, the heavy depressing atmosphere, affected the most cheerful of the party. There was a dead calm. Every one was sensible of the warning written in the air, and on the seething sea, and on the brooding sky.

The captain stood by the wheel, his large blue eyes gazing steadily into the horizon. All at once, as if by magic, the wind rose, and the ship in their wake was plainly seen to be bearing down on the *Good Intent.*

"She is a slaver or a pirate," said the captain; "the kind are familiarly known to me. As matters now stand it is like to be a fight or a ransom."

"Thou knowest well we cannot fight, John Woodhouse."

"It seemeth just and reasonable, Roger, to defend the ship; not a year ago I did it, and saved many lives."

"Different now, John. Thou hast learned a higher lesson. Canst thou overcome evil with evil?"

"I have sailed my ship for fifteen years" — and he gazed sadly upwards to her tapering spars.

"John, when Christ disarmed Peter he disarmed every one calling themselves Christians. Wilt thou take a sword in thy hand when thou art forbidden even to go to law?"

About three in the afternoon the ships were within speaking distance, and Olivia, standing by her father's side, watched the movements of the men on deck.

"There is John de Burg," she said in a low voice. "It must be his ship, father. Do not leave me"; and she slipped her hand into his. "Whatever happens,— life or death,— do not leave me. There are worse things come to women than death."

The ships were now close together, and a rattling shot suddenly fired across the bows of the *Good Intent* was a command Captain Woodhouse could not mistake. He stood midship, a big upright figure in the precise plain coat and tall hat of his day, and he answered the shot by a sharp call.

"What dost thou want?"

"Alongside."

The answer was returned with a curt authority that demanded either a prompt obedience or a prompt resistance. And obedience of this kind was a new lesson to John Woodhouse. He made so little haste that the order was repeated with blasphemous force.

"Thou must submit to circumstances, John. Fear not. God will direct them."

But John looked at Roger with a resentful acquiescence. He longed for the arms he had not brought with him. In a few minutes the *Good Intent* lay alongside and the grappling-irons secured her unwilling company. As the two vessels came together with a slight shock John de Burg and his lieutenant Pastro leaped upon the deck of the *Good Intent.* John was dressed with a brutal carelessness — his legs naked to the knees, the sleeves of his waistcoat turned up to his shoulders, and his red hairy chest showing behind his open shirt. Upon his head he wore a Turkish fez, a covering familiar enough now, but at that day associated with outrage and piracy and all the crimes of heathendom.

In the act of leaping he saw Olivia, and with an insolent politeness he lifted his scarlet cap and vowed she was handsomer than ever, and that he was vastly glad to see her. And as he spoke his fierce black eyes were roving over the ship, though he was uncomfortably conscious of the resolute look with which Roger Prideaux was regarding him.

"I am truly sorry to meet thee again in such ill fashion, De Burg. I thought better of thee at Sandys."

He did not answer Roger, but, calling the captain, in an imperative voice demanded of him:

"What ransom will you pay for yourself and your ship?"

"I will ransom my whole company, or I will share their fate."

"Mistress Prideaux is beyond ransom. I have not followed her over the Atlantic to sell her. She will give me her hand, and so save the life of her father."

"Roger Prideaux will hold his life at no such shameful price."

"Roger Prideaux cannot help himself."

Then Olivia looked at him steadily. "John de Burg," she said, "once, for God's sake, we saved thy life. If thou hast forgotten the grace, God will remember."

"Ah, my sweet beauty, have you yet to learn how far off God Almighty takes himself when he is wanted?"

"He is a very present help."

"He will need to be, I assure you!"

He spoke passionately, and as he did so turned to Captain Woodhouse. "Ransom your ship at four thousand pounds, or she goes to the bottom."

"I have not four thousand pence."

"What moneys have your passengers?"

"About one hundred pounds."

"Damnation! Will one hundred pounds pay me? I trow not. I will sell all of you to the Norfolk plantation. You are felons, thieves, and the like; fit for nothing but to be flogged through the tobacco field."

"We are honest, God-fearing men; exiles for faith and conscience."

"Faith and conscience! You are a pack of rogues and scoundrels, and you shall be sold as such. Let me look at the women: reasonably pretty, eh, Pastro? We can give them a free passage, I think."

"My captain is too good to them."

Then De Burg turned to Prideaux. "Friend Roger, I hear you have the price of Sandys with you. I want it."

"I have not a penny of it by me."

"What have you done with it?"

"It is beyond thy touch."

"Have you sent it by letter?"

"Yea, by letter."

"Answer me to the purpose. For every answer that is aside from it I will fling one of your number into the sea. Pastro, the captain will go first."

Then John Woodhouse said in a clear, brave voice: "Roger, answer nothing that seems wrong to thee. I fear neither death nor what comes after death."

"To whom did you send the money?"

"To Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam."

"How much?"

"Six thousand pounds of my own money."

"How much that is not your own?"

"I cannot tell thee that."

He made a movement of his head, and Roger saw that John Woodhouse was in danger. "Stay!" he cried. "There are five thousand pounds belonging to those with me."

"Eleven thousand pounds in all. You shall give me your evidence, and you shall write a letter authorizing me to collect this money."

"I will not do so wickedly. What say you, Friends? Will you give your money to serve the devil with, and also your bodies into slavery?"

There was a momentary inquisition, and Roger saw his answer in every face.

"I will give thee no such authority."

"Then I will hang you at the yard-arm; and I will make of your daughter a thing too vile for life."

Roger turned to his daughter. Her face was lifted above its natural poise, and her tall, slight figure had a superlative dignity as she answered his look of questioning anguish: "Father, thou must do right. There is none that can make me vile."

"I will give you three minutes to decide."

During this conversation an ominous silence and gloom had been gradually gathering. The wind had fallen as suddenly as it had risen. A fierce, breathless heat brooded over the dark sea. The black clouds were like a roof of hot iron above them. The company of the *Good Intent* stood each a little apart. In that supreme moment there was only One to whom they could appeal. Olivia was at her father's side; she was holding his hand, but that was only a symbol. Through the darkness and terror she was feeling for the hands upon the palms of which her name was graven — the Almighty hands, which could bring salvation.

De Burg walked from the mainmast to the capstan, where he stood insolently, with his foot against the anchor chain. And in that interval Olivia's soul had traversed the sidereal spaces, and in a momentary calenture of faith and love refuged herself and her companions in the care of the Omnipotent.

Neither had the men Friends been indifferent to their position. A glance full of intelligence, passing like a flash from face to face, informed each soul with the same purpose. They had no weapons, they would not fight; but in the arms of every father and husband who stood there was the glow of a strength which would not suffer a finger to be laid upon their dear ones. They were ready at a word, a movement, to stand as a living wall before them; quite ready and willing to put both De Burg and Pastro back upon the deck of their own ship.

The moments so pregnant with emotion and decision to the human element were also moments of preponderating gravity for the position of the two ships. The storm was gathering with such rapidity that De Burg waited not his own span of delay. He looked imperatively

at Roger, and cried: "Go quickly! Write me the order on Peter Stuyvesant."

"I will not."

"A rope and a noose, Pastro. As for you, my beauty —"

"You shall not touch me. God is between us."

"Faith! He must step aside then."

He stretched out his arms as if to embrace her; his fierce eyes were fixed greedily upon her person; but at the same moment a flash of vivid lightning tore apart the black, low-hanging clouds, and as De Burg essayed to move he fell like one dead.

Then Pastro sprung to his side, and with a great cry lifted the limp, nerveless body and leaped with it into De Burg's own ship. Fortunately the movement was an incredibly swift one, for as he did so the sea rose, not in waves, but as if lifted bodily upward in one black, tremendous, heaving mass. The grappling-irons parted like straws. The ships were driven far asunder. Then the wind began to blow as if by signal. In a moment it was a hurricane, and the lightning flash which had smitten De Burg was but the preluding one of a storm that tore the heavens with an incessant fire; while the thunder, and the roar of the wind, and the mighty sighing of the great surges made a noise that beat with deafening reverberations.

But amid all the clamor of the elements there was peace in the little cabin of the *Good Intent.* And when the storm was over there was not a sign of their enemy. The next morning they were under blue skies, a soft wind was blowing, and the sharp savor of salt in the air was blended with sweet scents from the nearing land. That day a bird rested upon their rigging, and told them in a sylvan song that he was scarce a day's flight out of the woods. And so it proved; for within thirty hours they touched Long Island, and found a shady creek into which they entered with great joy.

The following day Roger, accompanied by John Woodhouse, went over to New Amsterdam to see the governor. They found him walking in the garden of his handsome house at the Whitehall, and easily arranged with him the business relating to the transfer of the moneys in his charge. He had no suspicion that his visitors were Quakers. Their dress was not in that day remarkable, and the use of "thee" and "thou" was familiar to all Dutchmen, who thought in Dutch and translated their thoughts into English.

But as soon as Roger began to speak of buying land and forming a settlement of refuge for the persecuted people of God, Stuyvesant answered him angrily. He was then in dispute with the New England colonies on a question of boundary and anxious to avoid an appeal to arms, and Captain Willett, a persecuting magistrate of Plymouth, was at that very time in New Amsterdam regarding the matter. Now Captain Willett had one idea in his diplomatic mission — the conversion of Stuyvesant to the cruel policy of Massachusetts with regard to the Quakers.

This policy was in direct contravention to the express orders of the colonial proprietaries and the universal feeling of the people; nor were injustice and intolerance personally besetting sins of the clever, mercenary Hollander. He had been nursed and reared in the land of religious liberty; and in his heart he was angry at the necessity for conciliating Captain Willett, and at the Quakers for being the occasion of a violation of his principles. For if a man have a conscience, he hates not only the sin he commits, but also they by whom the offense comes; and Stuyvesant, forced by political considerations into the position of a persecutor, had ended by hating the Quakers as the cause of his own injustice.

He turned with a dark face to Captain Woodhouse and said, "You have brought here a ship; that is your affair. By bringing Quakers in it you have made the ship and all the merchandise in it forfeit; that is my affair."

"Is that the law of New Amsterdam? We knew it not."

"To be ignorant of law is not to be innocent. Make short work of your departure. There are twelve hours given you for it. As for thee, Master Prideaux, mind thy own business and meddle not with our religion. Remonstrants are usually atheists. A man should be satisfied with the religion of his country; when he travels about for religion he is a discontented man who has perhaps a bad conscience. Take a glass of anise-water and be gone; you have affairs that will be better for expedition."

So the men returned to the ship too much disappointed to admire as they might have done the good brick houses, the well-paved streets, and the air of prosperity and happiness pervading the pleasant new city. On reaching the *Good Intent* they found there several visitors, Friends, who had come to give them welcome. They were chiefly inhabitants of Flushing, and all during the past year had suffered by fines or imprisonment for the faith which was in them.

Still it was believed to be only a passing persecution, induced by the zeal of the New England colonies, and Roger determined not to be driven from his original purpose until he received a clear command in the matter. John Woodhouse, however, thought it best to depart with the next tide, and the remainder

of the company went with him; some to the welcoming shores of Rhode Island, others to that beautiful isle lying in an inlet of the sea near the eastern point of Long Island which belonged entirely to Nathaniel Sylvester. Nathaniel was a devoted Quaker, and in his little domain the persecuted always found comfort and protection, so that it was known even then by its blessed name of Shelter Island.

At first Roger thought of taking Olivia there, but shelter of a peculiarly pleasant character was speedily offered. There lived then at Gravesend, on Long Island, the Countess Mordee, a noble Puritan lady much spoken of by the Dutch historian Croese. She had recently become a Quakeress, and at her house at Gravesend the meetings of Friends were held.

With this lady Olivia remained more than the first year of her exile. For Roger's intentions in the new life to which he had dedicated himself included missions, and he had been hindered in the making of his own home by an impression of religious duty to visit the Barbadoes, and also the Virginia colony. During this time Olivia had heard no voice out of her past. A Friend whom her father met in Virginia asserted that he had left several letters for her with Elizabeth Harris, who was going to Oyster Bay; but Elizabeth Harris had not been permitted to preach there, and the letters had never reached Olivia's hand. Neither had she had any opportunity of sending a word to Nathaniel or to her aunt. Many English men and women had indeed been at Gravesend, but none expected to return speedily, or, if they did, they were not going near the North Country. And this silence of the living is of all silences the hardest to bear. She sent her soul forth to seek her beloved in such eager, longing thoughts that she could not but feel sad and depressed when it always came back without any apprehension of sympathy.

But one day, nearly fourteen months after her landing, a young man called upon the countess, and he was going direct to Westmoreland. He would pass the gates of Kelderby. He would see and speak to Nathaniel. Oh, how her hands trembled as she wrote! The countess watched her speaking face with an emotion full of the memories of her own youth. She went to Olivia and kissed her.

"O Cornelia!" she answered; "to think that he will touch this paper!" And she touched with her lips the white messenger of her love.

It was one of the gloomiest days in January when it reached Nathaniel. The mountains around Kelderby stood up black and menacing against the ghastly neutral tint of the sky behind them; and the dripping crags, the sea of barren heather, and the gray stony road through it, were the symbols of the joyless ways of his own life. Down this road he saw the bearer of his letter coming, and his quick-eared spirit heard in his footsteps a tone of hope. The stranger himself had a kind of familiarity, he was like a man met in a dream, and Nathaniel was hardly astonished when he took the letter from his inner pocket and put it into his hand.

And because love has a tireless curiosity about the beloved, Nathaniel kept his guest in his room all night; and though they talked of many subjects, every one ended in Olivia. She was well, and she said she was happy. Nathaniel felt unspeakably grateful for this assurance. Also the aching silence had been broken; there was hope in the very circumstance. He was not ashamed of the tears of joy that filled his eyes, not ashamed to linger over every word, to touch the insensate paper with an almost sacred emotion, to lay it where his beating heart would be constantly and consciously aware of its presence.

Never had Nathaniel more needed the influx of some outside consolation. In Kelderby there was the gloom and shadow of coming grief. The country was on the verge of anarchy — Richard Cromwell, trembling at the dangers of his office and eager to escape them; and General Monk, with the army at his back, secretly working for the king's return.

"I shall be the last Kelder of Kelderby, Nathaniel," the baron had often said lately. "Charles Stuart is coming back, and De Burg will have his way."

It was not for himself the old man was troubled. It was for the past and future Kelders he mourned. For men in those days entertained not only a present but a reflective affection. The pictured faces on the walls had a personality to him, and he saw in Nathaniel not only the son whom he loved, but also the father of fair sons he might never see on earth, but who he believed would still be bound to him by imperishable though invisible ties. Every generation transmits less and less of this reflective love, but the men who want it are poorer in its lack than they know.

It happened that on this day the baron was so unwell that he kept his room. He was drawing nigh to threescore years and ten, and was frequently conscious of that limpness of body which, like the limp falling of leaf upon leaf in a plant, shows the decay of living power to keep all erect. Public events made him very anxious; and though he did not give Nathaniel any verbal sympathy, he saw the young man's suffering and suffered with him. Only, at seventy years of age men feel it to be impossible to force events.

In the twilight when he awakened from his afternoon sleep he saw Lady Kelder sitting by

the fire, knitting. He watched her a few minutes before she was conscious of his observation, and he saw that she was annoyed and mentally busy.

"What is it, Joan?"

She lifted her face, and the wrinkles went out of her brow, and a pleasant light came into her eyes. "Are you better, Odinel?—and as to my trouble, it is an old one, Baron. I conceive myself a tolerably patient woman, but I confess to being at this hour much moved. Here is a man from the Dutch plantation in America, with more news than is good news—a tedious, troublesome fellow mixing up his religion in all affairs, even with a subject so little worthy of it as that Quaker Prideaux and his girl Olivia."

"I remember. A very righteous man was Prideaux."

"'T is the girl concerns us. You would think that Nathaniel had got a kingdom, instead of a letter from her. Blessed be God, there is the ocean between them!"

"Olivia Prideaux is a sweet woman; very lovely, very pure and good. Forget that she is a Quakeress, and who so worthy of our Nathaniel?"

"A sweet woman—so good, so good! I have heard that Athens banished her greatest man because she was weary of hearing that he was so just, so just! I understand Athens. I am too much of a mortal woman myself to wish a daughter so good, so good! Let her be banished. America is neighborhood close enough."

"Joan, my dear heart, your words are much harder than your real thoughts."

"She maketh trouble wherever she goeth. Even at sea men must be sinning and fighting about her. In her letter to Nathaniel she tells a wondrous story of John de Burg boarding their ship, and at the last moment, when life and honor were not worth a pin's fee, John de Burg falls dead, or is struck dead by lightning, and a storm carries the wicked men away, and the Quaker saints get safely into harbor. Faith, I have no patience with such pretensions! From a very trifle the tongue or the pen kindleth a great matter. Do you indeed believe such things?"

"That, and much more, may be true. The ocean is the highway of devils, and God had need to work miracles on it. But, in truth, a great storm is no miracle; and good men have perished by his lightning, as well as evil men. Nevertheless these Quakers have a mighty faith, and miracle is the child of faith. By it we are told we can move mountains, and how much easier to move the good-will of Him whom winds and waves and the swift lightning obey."

"I have had faith all my life. Surely the Puritan has as good a faith as the Quaker, and I have asked deliverances with faith, and they have not come. Faith is a hard thing to understand, Baron; not even Minister Duttred can make a good explanation of it. Very fine sermons he has preached on faith, but I am not wise enough to understand them. And truly I think others are in the same case."

"'T is most likely; yet a Quaker lad whom I met keeping a few sheep on the fellside told me in a few words the secret. 'Faith,' said he, 'living faith apprehends God with the heart, not with the reason.' Ah! Joan dearest, as I draw near to the Invisible I think less and less of reason and more and more of faith."

She looked steadily at him. His voice, though low, penetrated to the root of her being. For the first time she realized that he was an old man, and that they might not be very long together. He lay on a large sofa covered with black sheepskins, and a rug of the same material covered him. Against this somber wrap the pallor and emaciation of age would have been remarkable but for the suffusing glow of the radiant soul behind. She went softly to his side, and put her arms under his head, and laid her face against his, and whispered words that he had taught her in the days of their youth.

And he answered her as she loved to hear him speak: "We have had such a happy life, Joan. So much in our forty years together. Of all God's good gifts to me you are best and best loved."

"And our dear son, Odinel?"

The baron's face shadowed a little. "I am grieved to my heart for Nathaniel. He suffers so much, and I suffer with him, Joan. He hath been a good son to us."

"Truly so, save in one thing."

"He carries all my cares; he bates me not one tittle of my respect; his love shields me from every small vexation; he troubles me not with his troubles; he asks nothing for himself—a noble youth, Joan. I would to God I could see him happy ere I go away forever!"

"His pale, kill-joy face is complaint enough. It offends me every day, and every hour of the day."

"Yea, he hath fallen off his flesh past belief; and he is more sad and silent than his years and affairs warrant. 'T is easy to see that he hath a heart-sickness beyond our power to cure."

"But if that Quaker girl were here he would be ten years younger in an hour. He is so distracted with love for her."

"I remember forty years ago, Joan. I was distracted with love also." His eyes sought

hers, and the memory of that dead year softened her heart, and she drew his thin face closer to her breast and kissed it.

"If you could give Nathaniel his wish in this matter, Joan, it would make my last days very happy. If he marry not this girl, he will marry none other. Is he to be the last Kelder? I am sad when I think on it."

"And 't is very cruel in Nathaniel to give you such matter for sadness. No, he is not a good son if he does all else and then undoes all by this left-handed blow."

But the baron's words had wounded her in the most secret and loving depths of her soul. That night she sat a long time musing before the fire in her room. The declining beauty of memories and regrets was on her face. She felt that the silver cord that moored her to time was being slackened, and that if her husband left this world before her she would be very lonely in life.

"He is sprung of earth's best blood, and of heaven's finest spirit," she said with a tearful pride, "and I thank God that I have been his dear wife! What if I should give him his desire? 'T would make him happy. For his sake, for his dear sake, I could — perhaps — swallow that Quaker girl — with a gulp." Then sweet memories and sweet influences gathered round her; she lost herself in a reverie of gracious recollections of the days of her youth — the holy trials and peace of its home; the father and mother whom she had so tenderly loved; the little sisters who had died when they were playing children at her side.

When Jael entered she spoke to her with a sigh of relief. It was good to have been a little beyond earth, but she was not one made for long flights. "I have been thinking of my father and mother, Jael, and of my little sisters Mary and Elizabeth. I believe they answered my thought. I felt as if they were present."

"It is a dull time, my Lady, and I would n't be welcoming any freits and fancies. I can't think the dead come back for a thought. It is n't likely."

"Thought may be prayer, Jael."

"Yes, my Lady. If you see a spirit then you know it is there; but as for feelings."

"If there is a rose in the room, Jael, though the room be dark, you know that the rose is there. If a spirit is in the room, though you see it not, you may know that it is there."

"Certainly. How does master do to-night?"

"He is better, but troubled about his son and that Quaker girl. Jael, I am afraid she will be Lady of Kelderby yet."

"We often plan things a deal worse than God ever means them to be. I would n't borrow trouble of the day you never saw, my Lady."

"A strange story the girl tells of John de Burg's stopping their ship, and of his being struck down by lightning just as her father's life and her own honor were in extremity. I make no account of such special interferences. Too far off they always happen."

"Nay, then, you should n't say that. There was Farmer Metcalf of Satterlee — that is n't far off, I 'm sure; and the judgment he brought upon himself hundreds came from east and west to see. It was in the year the king suffered, and he was a bit of a royalist, they do say. But, so or not, he had a fine field of barley as ever grew in Westmoreland. And he was standing in one of his sinful tempers looking at it when Joseph Schofield and Timothy King came by. They bid him good morning, but he was too surly to say 'good,' let alone do it; and he never answered them a word. Then Timothy, thinking to please him, said, 'You have a fine growing field of barley, farmer.' And he turned with an oath and answered, 'To be sure I have, if God Almighty will only let it alone.' My Lady, God Almighty did let it alone. It never grew another particle, and when all the fields around were ready for the sickle Metcalf's barley was not in the ear. So it drooped and withered away, for no man durst cut it down, and the farmer himself grew moping melancholy, and feared God and man, and hid himself from the sight of all who came to see the wonder. And his word was that 'God needed not to damn him, for he had damned himself there and then.' And to be sure, if all tales be true, John de Burg was fit to provoke even the patience of the Eternal."

There was a short silence after Jael's testimony to the visible judgments of God, and Lady Kelder rose and went to her dressing-table. It stood in a recess of the large window, and she drew aside the curtains and looked out. Banks of gray clouds were drifting rapidly over the gray sky; gloom, wildness, desolation, were all around. Suddenly there was a soft, sad sound of human voices. They rose and fell, and sometimes died away altogether. Jael's lips were silently moving.

"Do you hear the singing, Jael? What is it?"

"Janet Bell died at sundown. They came to Kelderby for fire and salt and candlelight. 'T is the corpse-dressers coming home, belike."

"I thought it was the death dirge."

She stood listening until the small company passed. The wild, sad notes, with their old, old words, rose and fell on her consciousness; when they were too low to be articulate her memory supplied the loss, and when they

rose in a plaintive prayer at the last line she involuntarily echoed the imploration:

"This ae night, this ae night.
Every night and a',
Fire, salt, and candlelight,
And Christ receive the soul!"

XIX.

ANASTASIA'S BEST SIDE.

"The gods deride,
Eying the boaster proud no more,
Struggling amid the surging tide;
Shorn of his strength, he yields to Fate.
The cape he weathers not, but thrown
On Justice' reef, with precious freight
He perisheth for aye."

"As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead — a living death."

EVERY one should silently bear his own burden, rather than abridge the comfort of others; and Nathaniel acted upon this principle, both before and after the receipt of Olivia's letter. There was trouble and anxiety enough in Kelderby without his adding his personal disappointments to the general ill fortune. A bad harvest and an unusually severe winter followed. Many of the fishing boats were lost at sea, and hundreds of the sheep perished in the great snow-drifts. Richard Cromwell abdicated the honors his great father left him, and Charles Stuart came back to the throne of England.

AFTER this event the Kelders held Kelderby as those ready at any moment to resign it. They were sure of De Burg's animosity; what power he had to carry out his evil desires was a thing beyond their judgment. Charles had been to his adherents in exile both notoriously prodigal and notoriously indifferent. Royalists were angry at the leniency which many attributed to good nature, but which was, in reality, the result of a selfish temperament impatient of any matters but such as related to its sensual gratification.

De Burg considered himself to have been specially neglected. Charles had made promises to him, as he had to scores of other gentlemen, which he was both unwilling and unable to perform. At first he had prospects of a wealthy office and an increase of lands and honors. But a sudden blight fell upon his hopes. The king's manner entirely changed, his friendly confidence became a freezing politeness, and when De Burg met his Majesty walking in the park with his hand upon Strickland's shoulder he understood the reason of the change. And he knew also that Charles, in the great pressure made upon his remembrance, was only too glad of excuses for withdrawing his favor.

He had hoped much from Anastasia's influence at the court. But Anastasia had worn out her influence before the king touched his scepter. Her visits to France had been too frequent. She had wronged her fair name, and won no tangible result excepting the revocation of all edicts of outlawry against her brother. Perhaps Charles considered that the pardon of so great a criminal canceled all his obligations to the lady and her father. The real cause was a deeper one. Anastasia was not a courtier. She had no control over her temper and her feelings. She lacked the little arts which gave inferior beauties superiority over her, and she was a flaming target for such women as Castlemain and Portsmouth. Their public tiffs amused the king for a little while, but they finally bored him — and when it came to that point Anastasia's day was over.

In the October following that wild May revel which had ushered in the new Stuart tyranny De Burg and his daughter returned to Kendal. Both had changed much in their absence. De Burg had grown stout, and his hair had become quite white. Anastasia had lost the bloom and elasticity of youth. Travel, anxiety, and the petty annoyances of her court life had left indelible marks, and "failure" was written broadly over all her life.

Their house had been used by Puritan soldiers as a barrack, and it was but the wreck of a once fine dwelling. A gloomy first meal the father and daughter ate in their recovered home. They had anticipated such a different return, and they were each in their hearts inclined to blame the other for the utter lapse of their claims and the sudden withdrawal of royal favor.

"I am better here, after all," said De Burg, looking round upon his disfigured dining-room. "I was an eyesore in London, but they rung the bells in Kendal when they heard I was coming back; and my old servants,—honest people,—how they trooped around my horse. You saw that I could scarce make way for them."

"You feed and clothe them—honest people."

"As for the king, he is—"

"Just what I told you, when I first went to Paris."

"Knowing him so well, then, you ought to have used him to better purpose."

"I am no courtier."

"You are a woman."

"I 'll swear you are less than a father."

She lifted her eyes so reproachfully that De Burg could not answer her. They finished the meal in silence, and then De Burg sat down to smoke on his desolated hearth. Anastasia

made no further effort to discuss their affairs. She felt sure it would end in recrimination. Listlessly she wandered about the room, noting the places on the wall left vacant by the loss of pictures; the cabinets emptied of their Indian curiosities and china; the poverty of the oak buffet, that had once shone with silver. In a corner, half hidden by a sofa, she saw something familiar lying. She stooped and lifted the object. It was her lute. Every string was broken; they hung around it rusty and tuneless forever. A few bitter tears sprung to her eyes; she winked them angrily away, and, carrying the piteous-looking thing in her hands, bade her father good night, and went slowly to her chamber.

It had suffered less than the main rooms; perhaps the rough soldiers had been touched by the many feminine appeals to their respect which it contained. That unhappy blue and white dress which she had sworn she would never wear again still hung in the awmery. There were odds and ends of ribbons and laces about. A pair of tiny bronze slippers, with faded bows of pink ribbon on them, lay before the dressing-glass. The very shepherdess hat she had worn on that fateful afternoon when she played shuttlecock with the heart of Nathaniel Kelder—and lost her game—hung on a nail by the window. Chairs had been removed, and the large cheval-glass was cracked; but the oak bedstead, with its fantastic carving and damask curtains, stood as she had seen it all her life. And it was evident the store of linen had not been discovered, for it was spread with fine sheets aromatically fragrant from their long seclusion with lavender.

The servants had forgotten a fire, but she was glad of it. A fire conduced to reflection, and she did not want to reflect. It would have increased the temperature, and she was already feverishly hot. The cool, gloomy room with its snowy expanse of sheets and pillows was more inviting.

With the force of old habit she put the candle near the dressing-mirror, and sat down before it. She had on a brown velvet dress laced in front, and she began to loosen the silken cord, which was passed round small gold buttons. She did not hurry; in fact, she dallied with the task, as if its postponement would delay some misfortune. Beneath this open front, filling in the diamond-shaped spaces made by the lacing, there was a white stomacher dotted with pearls. She began deliberately to count them, and then, swift as light, there came to her memory that wretched afternoon of her wedding-day, when she sat in the same place counting the pearls on her shoes. She had resolved not to think of the past, and there it was and would not be put away.

"And this is the end of it all," she said, glancing up at the shepherdess hat, but at the same moment taking from her bosom a letter.

It was a letter from Pastro, written in very bad English mixed with very good French. It told her that John de Burg was at Chenage waiting to see her there; also, that he was ill and needing her assistance.

"Every time I hear of John he is ill," she said impatiently. "What has come over the man? And 't is so long since I saw him. There is some mystery to be reached, and I know it will be a miserable one. What else comes to me? I have a mind to forswear the devil and live religiously."

But if she was foolishly fond of any earthly creature, she was fond of her brother; and she determined to go to Chenage early on the following day. So much must have happened during her absence, and she had heard nothing of it. Letters had indeed come, and once a very welcome bag of gold pieces, but the message was ever the same—"The Captain is sick, but will come soon."

As she turned her curls around her fingers she anticipated the happy moment when she could say to him: "John, here is your pardon for all past offenses. And here is your commission as privateer from Charles, king of England." Her next dream was to reconcile father and son. She hoped yet to see John the acknowledged heir of De Burg. In London he could now visit her openly, and as the years went by the people whom he had wronged would die, or they would forget, or their forgiveness might be purchased. She had many lovers, but no friend in whom she trusted, with whom she could throw off all disguises; and she expected in the companionship of John the satisfaction of a heart hungry for sympathy, and finding it abundantly.

When she came to breakfast in the morning she wore her riding habit. "I am going to Chenage, father," she said. "Will you find any content in going with me?"

"Go to Chenage! Not for a dukedom. Why not sell Chenage? Its price will renew and refurnish De Burg. I should not think you would have any liking for Chenage, Asia."

"Liking for Chenage! Good God! have you any liking for Appleby jail? Chenage was a prison-house, a torture-chamber to me."

"Then sell it."

"There are things to be considered. I do not know whether the man is alive or dead. He may come back."

"You know that he will never come back. I have not accused you, Asia. I have too great a sense of your misfortunes. But why keep up a pretense with me? Think on it till to-morrow."

"I may not return for a few days."

"Pray, whom do you entertain there?"

"Father, once you mistrusted me when it had been far better to have let me alone. Had you done so John had never gone to Sandys, and the Quaker had not given the king an opportunity to be virtuous at your expense. Oh, so much sorrow had been spared!"

"Peace! Are we such fools as to rake among the ashes of dead days? We have been disappointed to a degree (confound the king—'s enemies!), and 't is the part of wisdom to hide it. Sell Chenagè, refurnish De Burg, and, if you have an ounce of wisdom left, marry the young lord who has been your servant so long."

"He has an attack of virtue lately. My visits to Paris have offended him. Faith, he is so smitten with the honor of the dead Southports he has no stomach for his own happiness! I am sick of the admirable man."

"Well, as you pleased yourself in your first marriage, I have great reason to expect you will be in the humor to satisfy me in the future. But we will leave the discourse on it at the present. I find in it no entertainment. I wish you as much pleasure as you look for in your visit."

She was burning with the injustice of her father's charge, but it is sometimes impossible to answer an accusation at once brutally unkind and flagrantly unjust. The magnitude of the lie rouses a momentary storm of surprise and indignation, and its final result is a speechless contempt. Anastasia suffered her father to go without denying the imputation. She would challenge it in the future; at this hour she was glad to escape his company and espionage.

She reached Chenage about noon. There she was lady paramount, and her men and women gathered eagerly around her with congratulations and offers of service. It was her policy to treat them with a generous kindness as well as with an exacting hauteur, and she was extremely popular. She took her steward's arm into the parlor, and, sitting down with an air of exhaustion, asked after "the poor sick gentleman."

"Captain Latour? Ah, mistress! You will indeed be astonished. Such a change! Only God in heaven—"

"What have you to do with God in heaven? Be not so presumptuous. Is Lieutenant Pastro with his captain?"

"He left this morning, mistress—before day-dawn."

"In what room is the Captain?"

"In the room with the Indian hangings."

Anastasia drew her brows together. It was the master's room. She had not occupied it since his disappearance, and she was sorry John had been put there. While she sat and drank she talked over the affairs of the house and farm. A strange reluctance to meet whatever sorrow was in that room had come to her. With the goblet of wine at her lips she shivered and turned sick at heart; but she would not permit her servant to attend her there. When he was busy removing the silver she went quietly up the steep, dim stairs alone.

For a moment she stood before the closed door of the room. All was still as a grave. She heard not a movement, not even the rustle of a paper or the stir of a restless foot. The suspense was unendurable. Perhaps he was sleeping.

Softly she turned the handle, and the door moved softly inwards. A man was sitting in the chair facing her. But it was not John de Burg. It could not be John de Burg. He was shriveled, as the kernel of a nut is sometimes shriveled in its shell. He had lost his stature, as if a mighty hand had pressed him downwards. He was quite blind.

She closed the door in a breathless terror and slipped on her knees beside him. "John!" she sobbed. "John! John! Is it you, John?"

A single tear welled out from his sightless eyes, fell on his cheek, and lay there. She kissed it away. "Is it you, John?"

"It *was* me, Asia. Now that you have come I will curse heaven and earth, and die."

"I will stay with you. I will give my life to you. John, I have your full pardon. No one can hurt you now."

"No one will do me so much mercy. I am like that old murderer Cain—there is a mark on me."

"How was it, John?"

"The lightning struck me. I was after them damning Quakers. They were in my hands. Ten minutes, five minutes sooner, and all had been to my wish. The girl would have been on my own ship."

"She escaped then? O John!"

"They all escaped. I was beside myself, or I had seen the bolt above me. I would not see or hear Pastro's warnings. I had had *the dream* and *he* had warned me; but, until it was too late, I forgot all except the pleasant work I had in hand. It was so sweet I must needs dally with it. Oh, oh, the cursed fate of it!"

"John, where have you been since?"

"Ask Pastro. I can't tell you. For weeks—I don't know how many—I was like a dead man. He let no one know how dead I was. He said he got his orders from me. But at last the cowards found it out, and they would not sail with me on board. I was left at Marseilles. I was taken to Calais. I don't remember much since the blow. I can only think of what happened before it."

"You remember that?"

"Every deed, word, and look."

"John, is Chenage alive?"

"Dead and damned."

"Before you were hurt?"

"Yes; that is one thing to be grateful for. Hell would be a happy place to Chenage if he could see me here. He went first. Ha! ha! I got that advantage of him."

"Dead?"

"Aye, dead."

"Where was he buried?"

He laughed a thin, shrill, diabolical shadow of a laugh. "Buried! Do you want to put a monument in the mid-sea to his good temper and kind heart? Asia, you make me feel again. Ha! ha! Chenage's grave!"

"Well, he had one — somewhere?"

"Aye, a safe one; tons of stone could not make it safer."

She took his hand. It was shrunken like that of a very old man, brown and claw-like, but she kissed and fondled it. And he would have smiled had he been able, but his face was rigid; it looked as if with every movement it must crackle like parchment.

"You have not married again?"

"A-God's mercy I have not! I belong to you now, John. You have met ill fortune; I will help you to endure it."

"Not in this house, I pray, Asia. I don't fear devils, but I don't want their company till I am out of the flesh and a fair match for them. The nights are terrible. I see without eyes." And he shuddered visibly.

"John, I want to sell Chenage. I would have done so only I feared — I thought — if he should come back."

"The sharks ate him. Now, do you fear? Do you think he will come back?" He could not see the white terror of her face, so he went carelessly on: "He was getting very weak, and he was going mad, and the men were all a-weary of him. One day a school of these fishes of the Devil came alongside; I told him they had come for him; and they got him. He deserved his fate, all of it. You think that, Asia?"

The eagerness with which he asked the question, the desperate anxiety on his sightless face, touched the tenderest spot in Anastasia's heart. She understood that he was troubled, perhaps superstitious, about Chenage's death, and she hasted to give him such assurance as she could.

"He deserved it all, and far more, John. It was beyond mortal power to give him the punishment he deserved. He was nothing better than a human shark, and he went to his kind."

He was grateful for the strength of her assertions, though they did not really comfort him. For it is impossible to escape, even in this life, the miserable remorse that follows sins planned for and deliberately worked out, day by day, in spite of all the remonstrances of conscience and the lets and bars of circumstances. All mortals are subject to sudden temptations, to slips into sensual mire, to the ready injustice which springs from self-seeking; but it is the premeditated sins that taint the whole moral nature and make the hour of death full of horror.

In a dim way Anastasia apprehended something of what her brother was suffering. "John," she said, "you must go out of this room. Its air tastes of the men and women who have breathed it. It makes me shudder. I shall have a bed put in the dancing-gallery for you. There is plenty of morning sunshine there, and it has a door leading into the garden. You ought to be in the garden a great deal. You ought to be there now."

"I cannot walk very well, Asia."

"Then you must be helped." And she called her steward and her groom and directed them to assist the Captain. In a few minutes she had every servant at work. The best and most comfortable furniture was taken to the vacant gallery, which had been the ball-room of the house, and while these changes were in progress she watched John with satisfaction. He was evidently enjoying his walk in the October sunshine. She noticed that he was talking with animation to the men upon whose arms he leaned. He came in weary and hungry, but with a different tone in his voice, and after eating he sank gratefully down upon a large couch, and was soon in a deep sleep.

Perfect silence encouraged this rest; Anastasia forbade a movement. She sat beside him, and watched and thought hour after hour until the sun set, and the gloaming faded to darkness, and the eery feeling crept through the lonely house.

It happened that the chair which she had taken faced the blank west wall, and it was covered with portraits. Some power drew her eyes to one a little out of the direct line of vision, and on it for a few minutes they were riveted. It was her own portrait, surely. Yet the dress was antiquated; she had never worn anything like it. She went softly on tiptoes to the pictured lady, and looked earnestly into her face. What a stormy, beautiful face it was! She seemed to understand the passionate resistance in it, the fear and contempt, the wistful, hopeless glance of the eyes, full of a presentiment of sorrow which as yet they were determined to disbelieve.

"It is myself," she whispered. "When Chenage was torturing me I have looked in

the glass and seen the very face I see there." She took a footstool and stood upon it, and she found in one corner the name of "Cecilia Temple Chenage, A. D. 1600." A strange love and pity warmed her heart. She wept as the young often do weep at the image of their own fancied suffering or death. "My dear," she said, softly speaking to the picture—"my dear, if you are me, and I was you, be content. I have revenged your wrongs."

The pictures were all more or less faded, but this face had a special clarity among them. Its white oval, with some stray gleam of light upon it, had probably been the quality of its attraction. She looked at it until it seemed alive; the mouth parted, and the eyes followed her.

Then a sudden thought made her turn to its companion picture. She expected to find in it the Roderick Chenage who had been her own husband's example. The men of the house were all much alike; fine, healthy, well-grown and well-groomed animals, full of a brutal vitality. Almost any of them, painted about the age of thirty, would have passed for a likeness of Roger Chenage. When she found the one she looked for she shut her lips tightly, and said through them:

"I thought as much. You are a proper grandsire for him. You look precisely as he looked the day he brought me here. Pah! What a nest of villainy this house is! I will sell it to Mowbray of Milnthorpe. He hates me and I hate him, and it would content me to cage an enemy here. He used to be one of my humblest servants; but he is a deadly drinker, and he has grown fat, and, what is unforgivable, suspicious. He said he would bet a Cromwell fifty-shilling gold piece that I knew what had become of Chenage. I don't like him; but he wants to buy Chenage, and he shall have it."

This thought gave her mental occupation. She sat down and remained motionless, eagerly busy with plans for her own and John's future. For it never occurred to her that their separation was now possible. John had not blamed her for his evil fate, but she blamed herself. Looking at him as he lay sleeping by her side, a feeling almost motherly came into her heart. She would defend him and succor him to the last extremity. Neither for father nor for lover would she give him up.

He awoke after five hours of sound sleep, and his face at the first flash of consciousness filled Anastasia with pity. What misery there must be in that momentary recognition of all his loss and helplessness! The picture of it on his face was the revelation of despair.

"John," she said, "you have slept five hours. It is eight o'clock. Now we will have supper; and then I will sit with you all through the night, if you wish."

"If you only would, Asia!"

"'T will content me much to do so."

For many weary, awful months John had not passed a night so endurable. She told him about the Lady Cecilia, and she made much of the picture that was so like herself. Though she had never heard of the transmigration of souls, love and pity taught her the doctrine; and she made John feel that he had been the elected avenger of wrongs too intolerable to endure the grave's oblivion.

When trembling and horror and the sense of presence seized him, she gravely ridiculed the fear. "Your soul is sick as well as your body, John. Chenage here! Impossible! If he were, would I not know it? I was his murderer, you were only my knife. Let him come to me. Faith! I do not fear him without his body." But her brave words belied her. She was white with terror, and shivering through all her soul with that coldness which defies heat of sun or fire, and which gives a sense of the supernatural.

Towards morning they both slept heavily. The sun rose in a silvery haze, and streaming through the eastern windows fell upon the unconscious brother and sister. John lay on the sofa in a limp, nerveless heap, his once handsome face as placid as a child's. Anastasia sat beside him, her head against the leather-cushioned chair, her habit loosened, and her dark curls covering her white throat and bosom. She woke first, and for a few moments she looked steadily at her companion. The impulse of prayer was in her heart, but she was ignorant of its motions, and knew not its language. Yet perhaps her unselfish love and pity was the next thing to it.

She remained at Chenage until afternoon, and went back to De Burg with one settled purpose—that John should be wherever she was. She expected opposition, and she knew that in her heart there was a controlling fear of her father. Through it he had made her marry Chenage, but he should not make her desert John. The instinct of defense and protection—the mother instinct for helplessness that clings—had been born of full stature in her. It flashed in her eyes, and gave an air of defiance to her manner.

De Burg had been occupying the day in carefully examining his ruined home. He had made an estimate of the repairs and furniture necessary for each room, the offices to be rebuilt, the work to be done in the park and garden. He discovered that a farm adjoining, which he had long desired, was to be sold. The old Puritan who owned it was going to the New England colony. It could be bought for half its value, and Chenage would do all

this, and leave besides a comfortable income from the residue of ready money.

On Anastasia's return he told her with his usual bluntness the result of his investigations. He went into the statement with some particularity, but he noticed that she listened with the air of a person who had made a decision beyond argument and beyond change.

"I bless myself that things are not worse," he said; "and yet both house and land are hugely out of order. 'T will take as much as five thousand pounds to restore the place, I can assure you. Has it yet entered your mind to consider the sale of Chenage?"

"I am in the humor to sell it to Mowbray of Milnthorpe. He has offered me eighteen thousand pounds. 'T is but half its value, but 't will serve my purpose better than delay."

"In God's name, then, close with him. I shall be but very little myself until De Burg is as it should be. I will see about workmen at once."

"Take patience, sir. I give not up what I paid so dearly for unless for some small selfish consideration. I will have my room and the two rooms adjacent made as certainly mine as the abbey is your own. No one shall have power to enter them. I will entertain there for life — or for his will and pleasure — one whom I am bound to care for. Calm yourself, sir. I am not to be browbeat by your passion in this matter. The man is blind and helpless. He is dear to me. He has rights here beyond even my affection."

De Burg was staring at her with an amazement that had something of fear in it. His wit had touched the truth instantly, though he would not advance boldly to it.

"You speak in riddles, mistress, and are trying to escape obliging me by making a condition beyond all reason. Who is this man?"

"He is called Captain Latour. You need know him by no other name. He cannot see you, and you may make a point of not seeing him. I promise that I shall use all my intelligence to keep him outside your presence. I will have his room furnished to my wish. The mid-room is for his attendant. My own apartment has been much respected, and it will require but few additions. In a week I can give you one thousand pounds. I will add four thousand pounds as soon as the sale of Chenage is completed."

He was in a white heat of passion before she finished her proposal.

"Captain Latour! John de Burg, you mean. And you have a thousand pounds. Truly, you are a good daughter to hide so much gold and see your father at his wit's end for a few sovereigns."

"If you will have truth, where less than truth would be for your comfort and welfare, take it. Captain Latour *is* John de Burg."

"Then you conceive me to be a man beyond the sense of honor. Is my roof to shelter a villain and an outlaw?"

"Lord, sir! your roof has sheltered more villains than saints. And John is no longer an outlaw. He hath the king's pardon, and also the king's commission. As for the gold, 't was not mine until yesterday; and if I said a thousand pounds, 't is like enough to be much beyond it; for, though John is blind, I trow he is rich enough to buy De Burg and make a present of it to the bats and owls."

"Keep your temper, mistress. Consider what a hubbub the news would cause an it were found out. I can remember the bells of Kendal church being rung backward when his ship was seen off the coast."

"Surely you are to blame, sir, that a spirit of so much resource and bravery was not bended to nobler purposes. Trust me, in some respects others have been more guilty than he hath."

"You say that he is blind?"

"Alas! struck blind by lightning."

"And rich?"

"I think that he can pave his way into any house with gold. An you shut him out of yours, I shall keep Chenage and go to him."

"I will have time to think o'er the matter. For my life I cannot understand your infatuation. But if he is to be at Chenage as well be at De Burg. For you know, Asia, I am extremely at your mercy, loving you, as I do, with all my life."

"I have known better men than you, father, to lie about love and gold; but I will take your words and credit them. And as your anger mends not the past, why should it wrong the future? Must John's gold pass De Burg? The king has pardoned him. The lightning spared his life. Surely you, being his father, may give him shelter."

"I shall be credited with some partnership in his crimes."

"Have you so little opinion of your own standing? When did you begin to fear the 'say so' of your neighbor? But, indeed, John spoke somewhat of Southern France, and 't was only for my sake he came here; and faith! though he were beggar, as well as blind, he should not come to me for love and lack it."

"If it was I —"

"Suffering in the same kind, I would stand for you to the same extent."

"I expect no such miracle of love. 'T is a hard case. I must lose your presence and let De Burg go to ruin, or I must save both to myself by the aid and the presence of a double-dyed villain."

"As I have been told, it was so that De Burg came to us. Could John be worse than that Lord Avenal de Burg who turned out upon the snow-covered moors one hundred nuns from this house? I have heard that the rest of his wicked deeds he wrote on a parchment with his own blood. You have that record, and are proud of it. 'T is like enough that future De Burgs will make tales and songs about John. Do you believe he is worse than many others of his age and humor? As for the neighbors, do they keep your will and your opinions, and order your house? By St. George! I have more of the spirit of a man than you have."

"Mind this, Asia, I am neither to be rushed nor bullied by a woman's tongue. I will take time and thought, and I will do as seems right and honorable to me."

With that he left her, and Anastasia lifted her lips in scorn for the little bluster, which she saw through very clearly. She had now no doubt as to the result of her offer. The pinch of gold grinds to impalpable dust such fragilities as honor and good report. What De Burg mainly wished to consider was the public stand he should take; whether it would be best to bluff the truth in the face of all, or accept John as Captain Latour, and ignore all criticism on the subject.

He was much impressed by the very vagueness of John's reputed wealth. He looked at the great gray pile going to ruin for want of gold, and he determined to sacrifice the passion of hate to the stronger passions which pleaded for its restoration, and for that popularity and congenial employment which building and reordering his house would give him.

But he had not that honesty of nature, nor even that common gratitude for help, which would have led him to take his son's hand as well as his son's gold. He resolved to hide all obligation behind the figment of "Captain Latour." People would talk, and very likely would say unkind things of Anastasia, but Anastasia was able to defend her own good name. She was indifferent, also, while he was supersensitive to public opinion, and could not endure the humiliating thought of having to explain himself in the smallest matter.

He delayed his acceptance of Anastasia's terms for three days — a most unnecessary concession to a contemptible pride. For Anastasia had read his motives from the moment when, hearing of John's riches, he had descended from the plane of his own injured honor to the consideration of the hubbub his neighbors would make, and to the trifling memory of the bells ringing backward.

As soon as he had noisily shut the door behind him she began to plan for her brother's comfort. She had chosen for him the rooms he had before occupied, because they would be familiar to him. He would remember the position of doors and windows and hearth, and even of the main pieces of furniture. She had mentally selected the old woman who was to be his constant attendant, and she decided to make the comforts and perquisites of the position sufficient to secure allegiance and discreet silence.

Before De Burg condescended to advise her of his submission the rooms were so thoroughly cleaned and renovated that even a blind man must have been sensible of their atmosphere of comfort. In less than a week John was at home in them. His removal was accomplished during De Burg's visit to Milnthorpe about the sale of Chenage, and the circumstance was not mentioned to him. He asked no questions, and the few remarks made by the servants regarding the stranger were received with such icy anger that they were never repeated.

And very soon he was in the midst of a work which satisfied all his desires. John had been more generous than even Anastasia had dreamed of, and De Burg was adding a new wing, and building new stables, and laying out the garden afresh. In the course of a few weeks he had almost forgotten the humiliating condition which had made all this grandeur possible.

John's gold flowed with ready generosity, and John was never visible to him. This was partly owing to Anastasia's tact, partly to an unacknowledged but very real carefulness on his own part. He knew that on fine days Anastasia walked with her brother either in the park or upon the moor outside it, and he knew that the hour for this recreation was generally mid-afternoon, so at that time he was always with the workmen.

Neither was he sensible of any diminution in his daughter's attentions. She was ever ready to preside over his meals. She had her old-time alacrity in the discussion of their affairs. She was not a whit less disposed to differ with his opinions and to contend for her own way. She dressed with her old-time extravagance, she had many new lovers, and was apparently as eager as ever for the honors of the hunting-field and the ball-room.

But there was another Anastasia of whom the world had no conception. Only one old woman and one man, blind and helpless, knew her. As soon as she entered John's room her face, her voice, her manner changed. And yet she always brought the world in which she ordinarily lived into it. Sitting by her blind brother's side she told him every trifle that happened. He knew, through her, all the workmen, and what they were doing, and what

progress they made. He saw through her vivid words his father's importance and impetuosity, and heard his comments, and his vaunting, and his anger. She clipped none of his oaths, she softened nothing of his thrasonical braggadocio and fanfaronade. She told him all about her lovers; she mocked and imitated them; there was not a man, or a woman, or a merry-making, that he did not see through her eyes. She made him pass his hands over all her finery, and described its colors and beauty. If anything troubled her, if she received a slight, or had a quarrel, John knew all about it.

The sympathy and companionship she craved she had in entire perfection. Shut in his narrow world, with only one creature to love, John made all her feelings his own. And she was under no temptation to deceive him. He enjoyed her spite, and anger, and reprisals, and cutting words. In his lonely darkness he nursed her small social wrongs and thought out stinging revenges for her. Whatever consolation John de Burg could derive from the perfect love of a nature kindred to his own was most completely his.

So the days and weeks passed on. The winter was open, and not unfavorable for much of the work. When it was, the lower rooms were noisy with artisans busy on the carved panels of the wainscoting, or in polishing the woods for the floors and furniture. One afternoon Anastasia and her brother were walking slowly across the little strip of moor between the park and the highway. John liked to get from under the trees and feel the wind blowing freely over him. He was leaning on Anastasia's arm, his hat was in his hand, his face was lifted to catch the sunshine and the breeze. They were nearing the outermost corner of the park wall and were on the point of turning when a horseman rounded it. It was Nathaniel Kelder, and he realized in a moment not only that he saw John de Burg, but that the man was blind.

He stopped suddenly, and Anastasia also stood still. She looked into her brother's unconscious face, and then into Nathaniel's. It was a look that spoke with tongue and eyes and heart—a look rapid as thought, pitiful as prayer. It said all that words could have said in a long petition. She dropped John's hand, and stood a trifle before him—the involuntary movement of love ready to defend. The attitude gave to her anxious face a singular attraction, a power of entreaty not to be resisted.

Nathaniel lifted his hat, bowed his head, and rode on. She understood the movement; it was a promise of oblivion. She took her brother's hand again and resumed their walk; but she was haunted by the look in Nathaniel's eyes—the sudden and sad wonder, the quick apprehension, the quick pardon, the infinite pity. A moment revealed all, and she could hardly restrain the sharp cry of soul-pain that parted her lips.

As for John, he did not even ask who it was. He had once vowed, "by all the devils in hell," to take full vengeance upon Nathaniel Kelder; and Nathaniel had passed him with a prayer of pity, and he knew it not.

(To be concluded.)

Amelia E. Barr.

LOVE'S DAWN.

IN wandering through waste places of the world
I met my love and knew not she was mine.
But soon a light more tender, more divine,
Filled earth and heaven; richer cloud-curtains furled
The west at eve; a softer flush impearled
The gates of dawn; a note more pure and fine
Rang in the thrush's song; a rarer shine
Varnished the leaves by May's sweet sun uncurled.
To me, who loved but knew not, all the air
Trembled to shocks of far-off melodies,
As all the summer's rustling thrills the trees
When Spring's suns strike their boughs, asleep and bare.
And then, one blessed day, I saw arise
Love's morning, glorious, in her candid eyes.

John Hay.

HOW CALIFORNIA CAME INTO THE UNION.

FORTY years ago in this month of September, California was admitted into the Union. The rounding out of four decades of State life will be the occasion of a great celebration at San Francisco on the 9th of this month, in which an effort will be made to restore and to make real to the generation of to-day the hardy pioneers and gold hunters who founded in this far western land as genuine an American commonwealth as Massachusetts or New York. It will help the young Californian of to-day to appreciate the services of the men who, despite many errors, laid firmly and well the foundations of the chief State on the Pacific coast.

The philosophic historian, with a perspective of forty years, is apt to look back with a certain polite condescension upon the leading events of early Californian history, and especially upon the Bear Flag movement.[1] He condemns it out of hand as unnecessary, impolitic, and the work of men who had sinister or selfish motives. But the historian is unable to put himself in the place of the men who were the chief actors in that episode as in the other stirring events in California that crowded the ordinary normal development of a century into a decade of strenuous life. To get the full measure of this early Californian life one must have shared in the experiences of the pioneers, or have heard the story of their perils and privations from the lips of survivors. Their stories furnish the best answer to the historian's strictures that the policy of the American settlers in California, just before the cession of the territory to the United States by Mexico, was uncalled for and unjustifiable.

It is impossible to get a correct idea of the period without a clear knowledge of the environment and without some sympathy with the actors. The California pioneers were made heroic by the deeds which they performed. In part, they had greatness thrust upon them, for the very stress of circumstances developed those qualities which enabled them to bring order out of chaos and to solve questions in government and social order that had never been solved before in this country. Yet they were only plain Americans, many of them as rude and uncouth as Lincoln in his rail-splitting days, but all had that fund of sound common sense which is born of hard experience and that ready adaptability to a new land and new customs that makes the western pioneer the ideal colonist. They brought with them across the plains in their huge wagons, that have been so aptly termed "ships of the desert," that passionate love of freedom and of individual rights that colored all their life in this far western land. They found a pastoral people living a life as gracious as their climate. The two elements refused to mingle, and the stronger at once asserted itself. That the conquest was made with so small a loss of life and so little personal suffering is greatly to the credit of the more aggressive race. With Englishmen in the place of the American pioneers the first sign of restiveness on the part of the weaker race would have been the signal for hostilities that would not have ended in a well-nigh bloodless revolution. What the conquest of California proved above all other things was the rare self-control of the men who were gathered from all parts of the country. Down-east Yankee lawyers and Missourian backwoodsmen fraternized and made common cause in the effort to plant American institutions in this new land. This work was marred by occasional outbursts of race prejudice and by undue haste in executing punishment, but these exceptions

[1] The revolution against Mexican authority in California, known as the Bear Flag movement, will be fully treated of in future papers of the series on the Gold Hunters of California, to which the present paper is preliminary, being here printed out of place chronologically by reason of its appositeness to the anniversary of the admission. It is enough for the purposes of the present paper to say that the movement was the result of friction between certain American settlers in California and the Mexican authorities, and that it was more or less intimately connected with the misunderstandings between General Castro, commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces, and Captain Frémont on the occasion of his visit to California with an exploring expedition in 1846. As a symbol of revolt the flag, of which the cut on page 784 is a representation, was hoisted at Sonoma on the 14th of June. The capture of Sonoma was effected, without resistance, by thirty-two of the settlers under command of Ezekiel Merritt; and General M. G. Vallejo, Colonel Victor Prudon, Captain Salvador Vallejo, and Jacob P. Leese, brother-in-law of the Vallejos and an American who refused to join the rebels, were taken to Sutter's Fort as prisoners. Merritt was succeeded in the command of the insurgents by William B. Ide.—EDITOR.

only prove the essential justice and fairness of the work of the pioneers.

It is not in the province of this article to discuss the Bear Flag episode. Only a brief summary of the salient events that led up to the cession is necessary to comprehend the curious tangle of political interests in California that was destined never to be unraveled but to be cut by the hand of war. The conquest of California would probably have been pushed resolutely by the settlers had not the Mexican war broken out, since the raising of the Bear Flag and the declaration of the independence of California made it impossible for the actors in this revolution to recede from their position. Four years before, Commodore Jones had taken possession of Monterey and hoisted the American flag on the report that Mexico had begun hostilities. He made a formal apology when he discovered his mistake, but it is very unlikely that Frémont would have apologized for his part in the Bear Flag revolt, or that Mexico would have accepted any explanation.

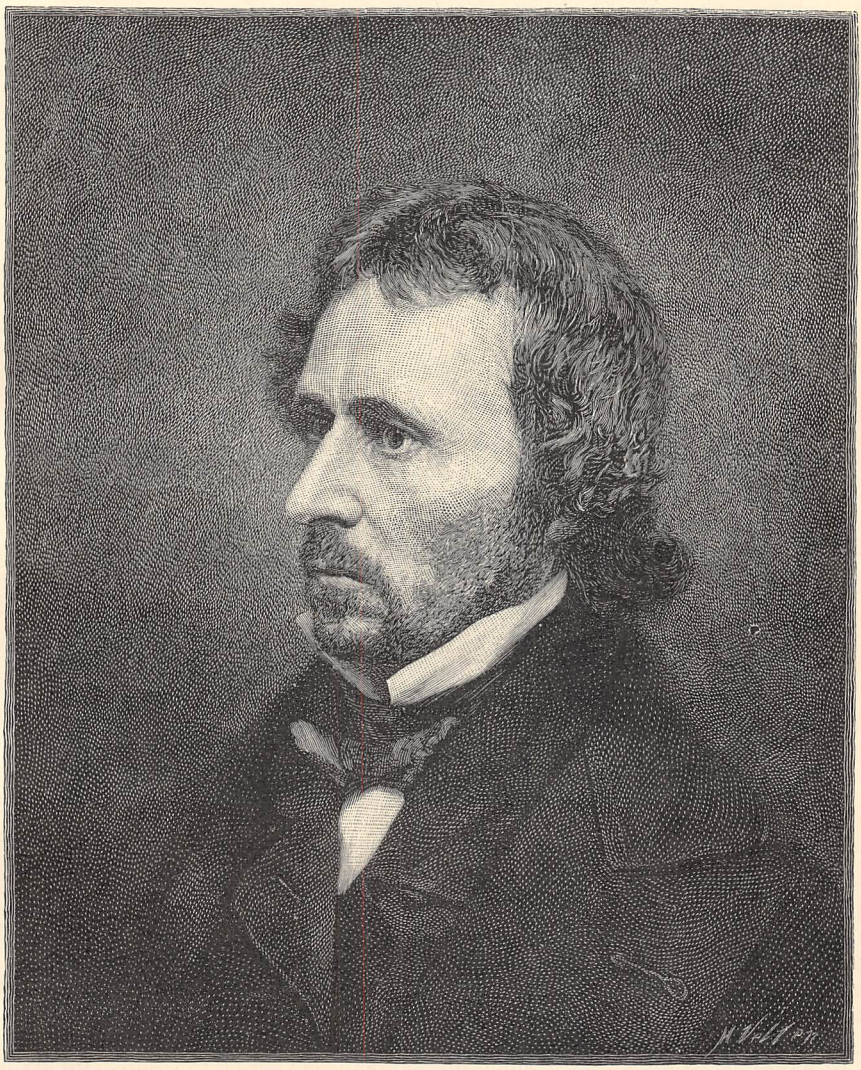
All the actors in this period with whom I have talked declare positively that the settlers were convinced that the occupation of Upper California by the Americans would be a question of only a few months. They all felt assured that the United States was prepared to seize the country on the first sign of hostilities on the part of Mexico. And their position was rendered the more difficult by the constant fear of English annexation. The historians who have made the most careful study of this period look upon this fear of England as a bogy, but survivors of those days declare it was real and had no small part in influencing the acts of the settlers. Whether England had any intention of appropriating the territory is a point which will probably never be satisfactorily determined. Although there was nothing stronger at the time than rumors of English designs on California, it is only natural that men who had a vivid recollection of the war of 1812 should suspect the motives of England. She possessed British Columbia; she claimed all territory north of the Columbia; she had not even relaxed her grip on Oregon. Here was a magnificent stretch of territory, with the finest harbor on the Pacific, that could be gained should the United States be found napping. It would have been against human nature for the settlers at the time of the conquest not to suspect England of lusting after this fair domain. It was known to a few also that the British vice-consul in California for several years had been trying to induce his government to intervene and establish a protectorate over the territory, which in English hands could so easily be transformed into actual possession.

About the time that the Bear Flag party were getting ready for action in Sonoma the American naval commander in charge of the Pacific squadron was at Mazatlan. Commodore Sloat had received the most specific orders to occupy California at the first outbreak of hostilities with Mexico. In the harbor of San Blas was the English admiral Sir George Seymour on board the British frigate *Collingwood*. Sloat feared that Seymour might receive the first news of the Mexican war and thus anticipate him in seizing Monterey; so as soon as he obtained positive proof of the capture of Matamoras by General Taylor he sailed for California. Our navy was then a fair match for the British, especially in speed, and the *Savannah* could easily outsail the *Collingwood;* but Sloat took no risks, crowded on all sail, and reached Monterey on July 2. He had the sloops *Cyane* and *Levant* at Monterey and the *Portsmouth* at Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and no British sail had yet appeared.[1] Sloat was a man who dreaded responsibility. He expected to find California peaceful; he even hoped to meet small opposition in raising the American flag. But what was his astonishment to learn that the native Californians were bitterly opposed to any change, and that they were in a red heat of resentment over Frémont's action. He found the British vice-consul, Forbes, supporting General Castro and Governor Pio Pico in their diatribes against the American adventurers, while the Spanish vice-consul, Lataillade, surpassed all the others in his condemnation of the Sonoma revolution. Sloat accordingly hesitated five days before taking possession of Monterey.

On July 7, 1846, Commodore Sloat took formal possession of California in the name of the United States. After making a formal demand for surrender upon the Mexican commandant, which that officer evaded by disclaiming authority to act for Castro, the commodore prepared for action. He issued orders warning the men against plundering or maltreating any of the natives. Under Captain Mervine a force of two hundred and fifty seamen and marines was landed and marched up in front of the old custom-house, which usually bore the Mexican colors. There is a conflict of authority as to whether the flag was flying on this day. The people crowded about, eager to see the spectacle, but there was no hostile demonstration. The commodore's proclamation to the people of California was read. It declared that he proposed to hoist the American flag at Monterey and to carry it

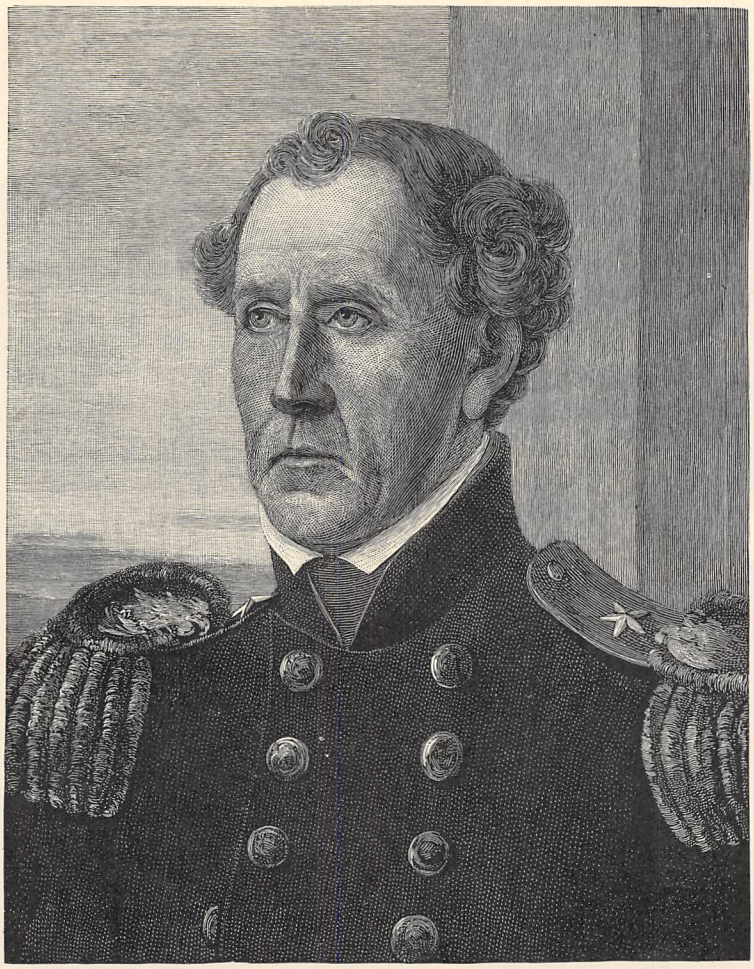
[1] We give place to this widely received version of Commodore Sloat's action; but see the article in "Californiana" in the present number by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard University.— EDITOR.

throughout California. It was Greek to most of the spectators, who understood Spanish only, and was received in silence. Then the Stars and Stripes were run up, three roaring cheers were given, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and California thus passed into the hands of the Americans. On the following day the proclamation was read on the plaza at Yerba Buena, and the Mexican colors were supplanted by the American flag. At the old presidio, near the Golden Gate, was the dilapidated Mexican fort with its rusty and useless guns; but over these also the Stars and Stripes were raised — an earnest that this main gateway of the Pacific would now be held against all comers. In the other towns where the American flag was raised there was unbounded enthusiasm on the part of the settlers. The native Californians looked on in apathetic silence. It may be that they counted on British interference; but when Admiral Seymour arrived in Monterey Bay he courteously accepted the announcement of American possession, as did also the captain of the British war ship *Juno*, which visited San Francisco Bay two days after the flag was raised.



JOHN C. FRÉMONT. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN ABOUT 1850; LENT BY GENERAL FRÉMONT.)

This bloodless transfer of authority could probably have been the beginning and the end of the conquest of California but for the enmity aroused by the Bear Flag uprising and the feud between Frémont and Castro. As it was, the subsequent events of the conquest



COMMODORE SLOAT, U. S. N. (FROM A PORTRAIT IN OIL PAINTED AT PANAMA IN 1846. PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HIS GRANDSON, J. B. WHITTEMORE.)

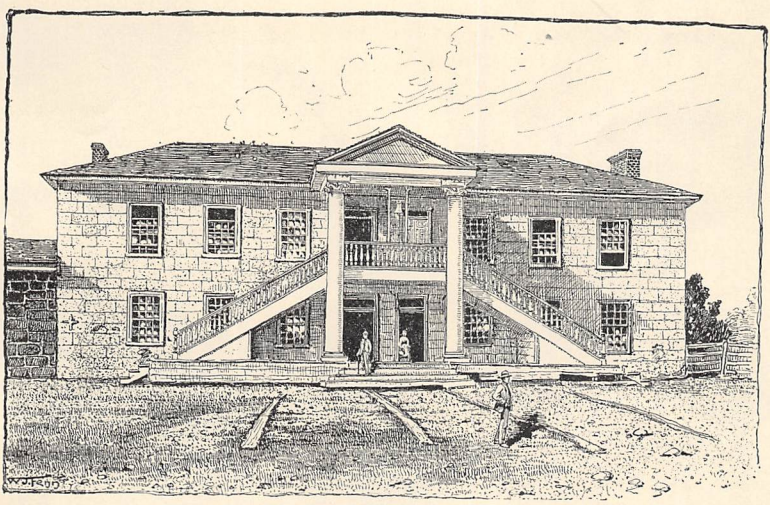
may be put in a paragraph. Sloat declined Frémont's offer of his Bear Flag battalion; but the chagrin which this caused was speedily forgotten, for Sloat, ill in body and weary of responsibility, turned over his command to Commodore Stockton and departed for the East. Stockton was the exact antithesis of Sloat. Responsibility did not worry him; in fact, he enjoyed it. He promptly accepted Frémont's troops and issued orders for their prompt organization into a regiment. He pushed the campaign vigorously against the native Californians, who were massed at Los Angeles; but when he reached that city he found everything quiet, took possession, and declared the war at an end. He had only just reached Monterey on his return when he was informed that all the south was again in arms. It required six months to subdue this revolt; but the power of the insurgents was broken by General Kearney, who arrived overland from New Mexico, after one of the severest marches on record. He coöperated with Stockton's marines, and finally the Californians gave up the fight; and the treaty of Cahuenga on January 13, 1847, ended the last stand made by the natives for control of the territory. The Californians surrendered to Frémont probably because they counted on getting better terms than from Stockton; and this expectation was fulfilled, as unconditional pardon was granted to all who had borne arms, with freedom to leave the country, and full rights of citizenship to those who chose to remain.

There was a strong element of *opéra bouffe* about the conquest. Seldom did the opposing forces number over five hundred men, and even the engagements at San Pasqual and San Gabriel were little more than skirmishes. But it is undeniable that much hard work was done by Stockton, Frémont, and Kearney.

The ensuing five months before the cession

were filled with controversies between Stockton and Kearney, and then between Kearney and Frémont. They resulted in the departure of all three to the East and the succession of Colonel Richard B. Mason to the position of governor of the territory and commander of the United States forces. The country was disquieted by rumors of an expedition from Mexico to reconquer the territory, and by reports of strong disaffection among the native Californians in the southern counties, where few Americans had settled.

All doubts and fears were ended, however, on August 6, 1848, when news of the ratification of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was received. The territory ceded by Mexico included not only California but Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. One year's time was given to all residents of this territory to decide whether they would remain as United States citizens or depart for Mexico. Property rights and Mexican grants and titles were to be fully respected. Governor Mason issued a wise proclamation, in which he assured all the old inhabitants that they would be protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property. But hard-headed American pioneers demanded a better system of government than the Mexican law gave them.

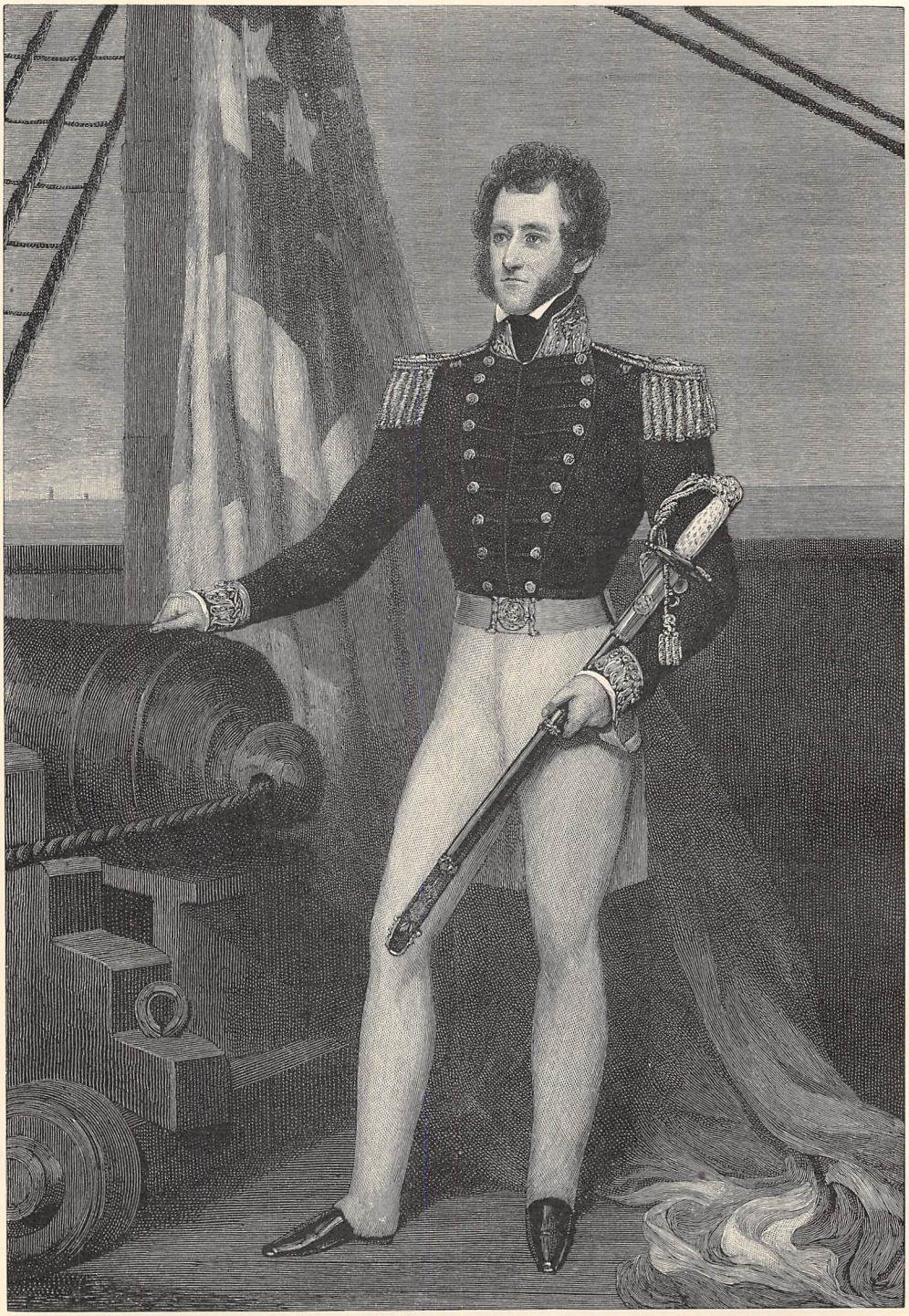


COLTON HALL, MONTEREY — SCENE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

Under this system the alcalde, or district judge, was given more power than the Supreme Court enjoys to-day. There was no appeal from his decisions; and though this system might suit a primitive pastoral community, it was as obsolete for Americans as the laws of feudal England.[1]

The urgent necessity for a stable government led the California settlers to believe that Congress would not adjourn without providing proper officers for the new territory, which was now American in name as well as in fact. President Polk, in a special message to Congress on July 6, 1848, called attention to the peculiar situation in California and urged Congress to establish a territorial government. At this time it began to be foreseen by the friends of California that a hard struggle was before them, but it is doubtful whether any one suspected that the fight over California between the two sections would become so bitter as to threaten secession and civil war. Extension of slavery and maintenance of the slave-holding power in Congress were the great issues. The admission of Iowa and Wisconsin had neutralized the South's advantage in securing Texas. Thus the lines were evenly drawn in the Senate,—fifteen States on each side,—and the Southern leaders saw clearly that unless they obtained control of the new territory ceded by Mexico all the fruits of the Mexican war would be lost to them. For three years the power of the free States had been growing at a rate which threatened speedily to place the slave States

[1] Governor Mason had received no instructions, but as military governor he wisely determined to make no change until Congress provided a territorial government. The situation was anomalous. The treaty of peace with Mexico left California with no other than a *de facto* government. Mason frankly admitted that he had no authority to collect duties should merchants refuse to pay them, and he expressed the fear that the rapid desertion of troops would leave him without any military backing; yet he declared he would exercise control over the alcaldes appointed and maintain order if possible. He held that no one had any right to move in providing a better government until Congress should act in the matter. Directly opposed to his assumption of power were the majority of the American settlers, who held that they had a perfect right to establish a government so long as Congress failed to make California a territory and provide a suitable government.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

COMMODORE ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON.

(FROM A PAINTING ON IVORY OWNED BY HIS SON, HON. JOHN P. STOCKTON.)

in a feeble minority. The struggle over the Wilmot proviso — which prohibited the introduction of slavery into the territory to be acquired by the Mexican war — was an earnest of the savage political warfare that was to follow. The pioneer effort for compromise on California was made just after the treaty with Mexico. This was the reference of the subject to a committee of eight from the Senate, which decided to admit Oregon, California, and New Mexico as Territories, but to refer the slavery question to the Supreme Court. This satisfied the Senate, but the House promptly refused to adopt it.

While California thus served as a bone of contention in Congress, an event occurred that gave an enormous impetus to the movement in favor of State government. This was the discovery of gold by James W. Marshall in Captain Sutter's mill race at Coloma on January 19, 1848.[1] Most significant of all dates in California history is this, for the gold discovery has colored every phase of social and political development in the chief State of the Pacific coast. Yet, to the men who preceded the gold hunters we must look for the impulse towards a sound government. The Forty-niners aided the movement by sheer force of numbers, but the yeoman's work was done by the many able men who had helped to conquer California or who came in from the adjoining Territory of Oregon.

One of the anomalies of the gold discovery was its slowness in reaching Americans in California. It was midsummer before the news was generally credited in California and Oregon. Then, when people became convinced that the reports were true and that fortunes could be made in a few months in the Sacramento Valley, there was a rush such as was never before known in history. Of course the California settlers had the great advantage of proximity to the new El Dorado. Next, perhaps, came those in Honolulu. The Oregonians obtained their news by way of the Sandwich Islands and Fort Vancouver. These hardy pioneers had just emerged from a long struggle with hunger, the wilderness, and the Indians. They were poor, and they saw in the future only a vista of weary work with small profits, as they had no market for their produce. Suddenly the scattered settlements were electrified by the news of the gold discovery. Those who took part in the rush declare that not less than two-thirds of all those capable of bearing arms swarmed over the Siskiyou Mountains and came down to the gold fields of the Sacramento. In the mean time the news had spread to the East, to Australia, and to South America. From all quarters came young men as eager for adventure as for gold. Not one in a thousand had any practical knowledge of mining or any plan of remaining in the country after a fortune had been made. Eighty thousand is a conservative estimate of the number of gold hunters who flocked to California in the first twelve months that followed Marshall's discovery. The great majority of the gold seekers were crowded into the Sacramento Valley, where the richest placers had been found on the Sacramento, Yuba, American, and Feather rivers. Sacramento City had been founded on the river hard by Sutter's historic fort, and was the chief town in the valley. The American passion for corner lots developed early among the miners, and to record transfers some legal officers were required. In January, 1849, the people of Sacramento accordingly elected a first magistrate and recorder for the district. In San Francisco and San Jose the same trouble was experienced and the same desire was felt for a suitable government. Meetings were held in the three cities, and it was decided to elect delegates to a convention for forming a provisional government. San Francisco was in the most grievous plight because of conflict of authority between the provisional officers. In August, 1847, Governor Mason had sanctioned the election of a town council, but this went out of existence in December, 1848. An election for a new council was declared invalid through fraud. San Francisco differed from nearly every other large town in California in that it had no basis of native inhabitants. It was almost purely American, and the national desire for self-government led to the election of a legislative assembly and three justices of the peace. The old office of alcalde was to be abolished. This programme was carried out, but the alcalde refused to give up his office. Finally the offices of sheriff, register, and treasurer were added, and the alcalde was legally ejected. Yet none of the acts of this improvised body was ever legally sanctioned. General Persifer F. Smith had succeeded Mason as military commander, and General Bennett Riley had been appointed military governor. Smith's duties were to defend California and Oregon from attack and to preserve peace. To Riley was intrusted the difficult task of administering the civil affairs of a land which was neither an acknowledged Territory nor a State. Two months before Riley's arrival the delegates elected to the convention decided to postpone this meeting until August. If by that time Congress had taken no action, the delegates were to meet at Monterey and draft a constitution to be submitted to the people.

[1] This is the commonly accepted date, but Mr. John S. Hittell has demonstrated in the "Overland Monthly" that the actual date was January 24.— EDITOR.

PETER H. BURNETT, FIRST GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

Old Bennett Riley was perhaps the best man who could have been selected for governor, as he was the embodiment of all that was just and impartial in the military system. He had strong convictions; but, unlike most of the military men who came into prominence in California, he was not prejudiced or vacillating. He made a thorough study of the situation, and when he had once become convinced of the soundness of his position, neither coaxing nor bullying could move him one jot. His arrival in May brought to a head the whole question of the government of the new territory. There was absolutely no precedent for the cession of the territory, and the neglect of Congress to provide territorial officers left California in the unique position of a land without a government. Two opposing theories of the status of the country were held, one by the settlers and the other by the military governor; yet, though the settlers prevailed, the legal question was never referred to a competent court, and remains undecided to this day.

Many of the settlers who were most active in demanding that the people should elect their own officers came from Oregon. They were gold hunters, but they had had valuable pioneer training in redeeming Oregon from the wilderness and in working out unaided the problem of self-government. At their head was Peter H. Burnett, a Tennesseean who migrated to Missouri and started for Oregon in the summer of 1843. He was a lawyer, and did good work in the legislative committee of Oregon which drafted a good constitution and established an efficient government. Burnett, who was destined to play an important part in the movement for statehood in Cali-

fornia, is a fine specimen of the Western pioneer; for he is still alive, in full possession of his faculties, at eighty-two years. He had done his part in Oregon, and now he saw the same necessity arising in California that he had aided to meet and satisfy in the neighboring State. He presided at the first meeting held in Sacramento to devise plans for a provisional government, and in June, 1849, he became a member of the legislative assembly of San Francisco, and at once took an active part in the movement that resulted in the calling of a constitutional convention.

Early in June, Riley issued two proclamations. One, addressed to the people of California, gave a clear summary of the situation and announced a special election for delegates to a convention which he called to meet at Monterey in September for the purpose of forming a territorial or State organization. It also included a list of officials, adapted from the Mexican system, to be elected. The second proclamation, issued a day later, was a formal declaration that the legislative assembly of San Francisco had usurped the powers vested only in Congress. It fell to Burnett to head the settlers' party in its opposition to the claims of General Riley. The situation was unique in American politics. Riley's position may be briefly stated as follows: The laws of California, he held, must continue in force until changed by competent authority. The power to replace these laws by others is vested in Congress. The situation differed from that in Oregon, for Oregon was without laws, while California had a complete system, which, though defective, must continue in force until repealed by valid legislative power. California, in fine, resembled Louisiana after the purchase; and the decision of the Supreme Court recognizing the validity of the laws of Louisiana under French rule formed a safe guide in the present case. Thus, according to Riley's logic, the San Francisco legislative assembly had usurped powers belonging to Congress, and had absolutely no right to call a convention.

The position of the settlers may be summed up in a few words. The moment the treaty took effect, according to their view, the United States Constitution and American laws superseded in California the Mexican civil law; while Congress refused to legislate for California, the people had the right, under the Constitution, to exercise that power; a subordinate military officer could not fill the office of governor; it was not common sense to expect Americans, unfamiliar with Spanish, to administer the Mexican law, which they did not understand, and which had no bearing on practical life. Finally, a temporary exercise of legislative power by the people was not in violation of the Constitution, but only the practical application of the rights of American citizens.[1]

Political excitement ran high when General Riley's two proclamations reached San Francisco on June 9. It had been an eventful week. On the 4th the long-expected steamer arrived from Panama. As she came into the harbor the wharf was crowded with men, eager to learn the news of the action of Congress. The majority were confident the new territorial officers were on board, empowered to provide for some representation of California in Congress. Deep was the disgust when it was found that Congress had not only failed to make any provision for the government of California, but had actually voted to extend the revenue laws to the new territory and had sent a collector to levy the duties. The resources of Californians in picturesque profanity were sadly taxed on that day. The Plaza, the streets, the saloons, the gambling palaces, echoed to the indignant protests of men who felt the injustice of taxation without representation as keenly as their forefathers smarted under the measures of Lord North. The excitement

DR. W. M. GWIN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.)

[1] See article by Francis Lippitt in "Californiana" in the present number.—EDITOR.

J. ROSS BROWNE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.)

found vent in a great mass meeting on the Plaza, or Portsmouth Square — the scene of most of the stirring events in early San Francisco history. Resolutions, written by Burnett, expressed in no uncertain language the feelings of the people. They declared that both parties in Congress evidently expected California to settle the question of her admission, which hinged solely on slavery, and that the quicker this was done the better. They recommended the immediate election of delegates to the constitutional convention.

The scenes in Congress during this second struggle over California were intensely exciting. When the second session of the Thirtieth Congress met on December 5, 1848, President Polk again presented the claims of California, fortified by Governor Mason's report, and by letters of Thomas O. Larkin, United States consul at Monterey, detailing the importance of the gold discovery and the certainty of an enormous immigration into the new territory. Stephen A. Douglas, who was eager to prevent an open rupture between the two sections, drafted a bill for the admission of all the new territory as the State of California, with the proviso that Congress divide it, after admission, into other States. The judiciary committee pronounced this unconstitutional, and recommended the making of two new Territories out of the ceded domain. The Congress that discussed this question included some of the ablest of American statesmen, yet not one appeared to foresee the importance of California or the significance of the gold discovery. Several of the schemes proposed were puerile and senseless. A motion was even adopted by the committee of the whole to cede back to Mexico all of California except the port of San Francisco, which would then have been for this country what Hong Kong is for England on the coast of China. The quarrel over California grew more and more envenomed as the session proceeded, until finally a deadlock resulted. Amendments providing for revenue laws in California had been added to the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill. The followers of Calhoun denounced this as an invidious scheme on the part of the Northern faction to force the issue over California, and they threatened to defeat the appropriation bill and thus leave the Government without funds unless the California section was withdrawn. Congress expired by limitation on Saturday, March 3, at midnight, but the new President, General Taylor, was not to be inaugurated until Monday. The Southern senators filibustered in the hope of killing the bill, and with it any recognition of California. The Senate Chamber has witnessed many exciting scenes, but none perhaps ever equaled the storm that raged on this night as the hands of the great clock neared the midnight hour. The Southerners insisted that the session ended at midnight; but the logic of Webster, who held that the legislative day ended only with the sitting, at last prevailed. All through the night the fight went on, but just before daybreak the Southern forces weakened and the bill was passed.

The steamer which bore this news of congressional inaction brought to California two men, one destined to prominence in the first ten years of California's stormy political life, the other to brief notoriety, due as much to his eccentricity as to his official position. The first, who showed from the outset his dominating mind, was Dr. William M. Gwin of Mississippi, who had served in Congress, and who came to California with the purpose of becoming the first United States senator from the new State. He

THE BEAR FLAG HOISTED AT SONOMA JUNE 14, 1846; FINALLY LOWERED AT SAME PLACE JULY 11, 1846.
(FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SAN FRANCISCO.)

was an ardent disciple of Calhoun, and was counted upon to do all in his power to throw California into the slave-holding ranks. The other was Thomas Butler King, a Georgia congressman, sent out by the Taylor administration to advocate the admission of California as a State. Both spoke at the mass meeting in San Francisco three days after their arrival. In several other towns meetings were held approving the San Francisco resolutions, and one assemblage on Mormon Island, in the Sacramento River, pledged itself to discountenance any effort towards secession from the Union. The report of this meeting, with vague rumors of the growing discontent, appeared to confirm the suspicions of General Riley that there was a real plan to form an independent government. He thereupon issued a third proclamation, denouncing the scheme, and asserting that recent orders from Washington confirmed his previous views that the plan of establishing an independent government could not be sanctioned. Burnett at once replied, showing the absurdity of the suspicion that the settlers wanted independence, and making a strong plea for the wisdom and justice of the course the people had been forced to adopt. That there was no intention wantonly to antagonize General Riley was proved by the action of the delegates in agreeing to hold the convention at Monterey on the day fixed by the governor.

Having decided the important question of the calling of a convention, the California settlers returned with renewed zest to the business of gold-hunting and money-getting. In this interregnum of two months about the only incident worthy of note is furnished by Butler King, President Taylor's ambassador to the new territory. In July he made an official tour of the mines. He traveled in state, being escorted by General Smith, Commodore Jones, and a body of cavalry under Lieutenant Stoneman, afterwards prominent in the war and lately governor of the State. It was the height of the dry season, when the wide plains of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin glowed under the fierce heat of a semi-tropical sun. Only men in search of gold could be induced to work under this sun during the middle of the day, because of the danger of fever from overheating. Even hardy frontiersmen, when passing through the great California valleys in summer, rose early, and adopted the native custom of a long siesta at midday. King, however, rose superior to the climate as well as the customs of the far West. He kept precisely the same hours as when in Washington — rose at eight, dressed himself with extreme care, had his boots polished, took a leisurely breakfast, and then set out on the day's journey, when the sun was high in the heavens, and the mercury far up in the nineties. The spectacle of a modern "dude" among the red-shirted miners of Leadville ten years ago, when the silver fever first broke out, was not more irresistibly comic than this picture of the old-time Southern exquisite arrayed like a bridegroom for a long, hot, dusty ride through the plains of the San Joaquin. General Smith protested, but to no avail; yet he had the satisfaction of seeing his prophecies fulfilled when King, on his return, was stricken with fever that came near ending his eccentricities.

The Whig administration that sent out Butler King to smooth the way for statehood in California blundered in this as in most of its other acts. It was vitally important that the man selected for this work should be quick to see the spirit of the people; but King tried to mold this Western life, which he never comprehended, to fit his orders, and the result was that he played directly into the hands of the men who came so near to securing the greater part of the new territory to the slave-holding States. Gwin used King as he used others, to carry out his scheme, which was only thwarted by the shrewdness of a few antislavery men in the convention. During the two months before the convention met Gwin had strongly impressed his personality upon California public affairs, and secured election as a delegate to the convention. Although when the convention opened he had been in California only four months, he had managed by his skill and address to become possessed of all the political influences at work and to gauge accurately their strength and importance. The result of the election of delegates was to give the pro-slavery men the predominance, although later, when additional delegates were admitted to form a quorum, the Northern men numbered 22, against 15 from the slave-holding States, 7 native Californians, and 4 of foreign birth.

The convention met on September 1, but was not organized until two days later, for lack of a quorum. The meeting-place was Colton Hall, in Monterey, which had the distinction of being the only plastered house in the new territory. Considering the haphazard way in which the delegates were selected, the convention was an able body. The curious mingling of races in California, as well as the youth of the pioneers, was seen in its composition. Of the 48 members 36 were Americans; New York furnished 11, New England 6, and Maryland 5. Of native Californians there were 7, while 5 delegates were of foreign birth. Only two of the native Californians spoke English with any fluency or understood it easily; hence it was necessary to employ an interpreter, and the proceedings were recorded in English and

Spanish. It was probably the most youthful legislative body that ever met; 9 men being under thirty, 23 over thirty but under forty, 12 between forty and fifty, and only 4 over fifty years of age. Four members had been in California only four months; nine had been there one year or less.

There is pretty good evidence that Gwin went to the convention with the purpose of becoming its president and thus guiding its deliberations, but the native Californians and several of the pronounced antislavery men had strong prejudice against him, and Robert Semple, a typical Western backwoodsman, who was equally ready with the rifle and the printer's stick, was chosen to preside. Captain Marcy, who had arrived with Stevenson's New York regiment, was elected secretary, and J. Ross Browne, who in later years gained fame on the coast as humorist and traveler, was appointed official reporter. Of all the members Gwin easily occupies the foremost place. He did not speak so often as many others, but, like Halleck, what he said had great weight, and in nearly every controversy he either carried his point or effected a compromise well-nigh as advantageous as a victory. A master of the arts of the parliamentarian, Gwin was constantly called upon to exercise his skill, and it is no exaggeration to say that his readiness, courtesy, suggestiveness, and persuasive powers have rarely been surpassed in a deliberative body. A careful reading of the debates in this convention, aided by the suggestions of survivors, proves conclusively that Gwin had the settled purpose to secure so large a territory for California that Congress would feel bound to divide it. He was too shrewd a politician to hope to commit the new territory to slavery. The spirit shown at public meetings of settlers and miners which he had attended proved that slavery would not be tolerated. Hence instead of pressing the slavery issue, he devoted his energies to securing the best ultimate advantages for the slave-holding States. California had a coast line of over five hundred miles, and her territory was popularly supposed to extend to the Rocky Mountains. What was more simple and logical than to secure the admission of this immense domain as free territory and then persuade Congress to divide it, giving the southern half — the lion's share — to slavery? Division on no other than lateral lines seemed feasible at that time, as the great central region was regarded as a desert. A new State must possess a coast line, and the most natural division was on the historic parallel of 36° 30′ — that color line that was drawn with such monotonous regularity by Calhoun and his followers. In this work Gwin betrayed masterly political manipulation. He made an easy conquest of Butler King and Halleck, and these allies he used to win over the suspicious native Californians. It was not difficult to prove to them that they would be benefited by the erection of Southern California into a new territory, distinct from the North. Then, as now, it was a plausible argument that the southern half of the country differed so materially from the northern part as to demand a separate government. The Californians were quick to see that in the North their political supremacy was clear gone — swept away by the thousands of gold hunters. Gwin shrewdly intimated that the policy backed by the representative of the Administration must be the winning one, and that the men who aided King and himself in getting the admission of the whole Western territory could depend upon recompense in legislation that would lighten the burden of taxation and secure them in possession of their royal grants of land, measured not by miles, but by leagues. The Californians had everything to gain by this alliance, while on the other hand the settlers who opposed the admission of so vast a territory had nothing to offer them. It was to the strongest sentiments of human nature that Gwin appealed, and his success seemed a foregone conclusion. That he failed to carry his point in the convention was due mainly to the superb fight made by Charles T. Botts, a Virginian, aided by the firm backing of the old settlers, Semple, Hastings, Shannon, McDougall, Snyder, and others. Twice Gwin obtained a majority for his plan. On the second occasion, when the measure passed the house, having been previously adopted in committee of the whole, the most exciting scene of the convention ensued. McCarver, an old Oregon pioneer, moved for immediate and final adjournment, crying out passionately, "We have done enough mischief." Snyder shouted, "Your constitution is gone! Your constitution is gone!" For a few moments it looked as though the convention had hopelessly split upon this rock, but finally an adjournment was secured to the following day, when, after long debate, the boundary was fixed as it stands to-day, with the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado as the eastern line, with the great central desert, to be formed later into Nevada, Utah, and Arizona.[1]

The constitution adopted by the convention was one that did good service for thirty years, until the Kearney agitation swept it away in a great outburst of popular feeling against railway and land monopolies, which, gathering force for years, was brought to a head by the cynical defiance of a few powerful corpo-

[1] For an account of how this was done see "Californiana" in this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

rations and a small clique of millionaires who fancied they owned the State. The constitution was largely drawn from that of New York, with some provisions by the then recently adopted constitution of Iowa. What will strike any reader of the debates is the strong desire of the members to secure the rights of settlers and the equally strong wish to make education as free and as thorough as possible. Two sections in each township were set apart as school lands, seventy-two sections for a university, as well as five per cent. of the proceeds of the sale of all public lands. Semple and McCarver, both self-made men, who came up from the people, and who therefore placed a high value on free education, made eloquent pleas for a liberal school fund. Semple argued that California could have a university equal to any abroad, as she had the gold-dust to pay for "talent," and he naïvely added, "We can bring the president of Oxford University here by offering a sufficient salary."

Another amusing feature was furnished by the discussion over the seal of the new State. Every interest wished to be represented, but the old settlers were determined to have the grizzly bear in the foreground. This naturally excited Vallejo, who had suffered at the hands of the Bear Flag party, and he grimly suggested that Ursus of the Sierra have a lasso about his neck. The debate ended in the adoption of the well-known design — Minerva, type of the entrance of California full grown into the Union, with the grizzly at her feet; wheat-sheaf and vine, the miner and his tools, represented the leading industries; while the background was the bay of San Francisco framed in by the Sierra Nevada, and over all the magic word, "Eureka."

One of the men who worked hard in the convention, but who has received little credit for his labor from the historians, was Captain Halleck, the governor's secretary and his representative in the debates. Governor Riley made no attempt to influence the convention, but Halleck was tacitly understood to speak for him. Halleck had great legal ability, and he drafted the excellent public papers that Riley issued. He also prepared an excellent digest of the Mexican laws for the use of Americans. He spoke frequently in the convention and always to the point, and no survivor of that body fails to declare that his judgment was sound and that his services were invaluable because of his intimate knowledge of the country. Some recognition of his merit has been made by the erection of a statue to his memory in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Of the native Californians in the convention, Carrillo, who had been a valued adviser of Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, was the ablest. He made the best speeches, and seemed to have the clearest apprehension of the great change that had come over the country and of the new measures that were needed. More popular than any of his Californian associates was General M. G. Vallejo, the lord of an enormous estate in the Sonoma Valley, stretching from San Pablo Bay for forty miles up the beautiful valley. His sister had married Jacob P. Leese, an early pioneer, and Vallejo always professed the warmest admiration for the Americans. Even the rude treatment he received from the Bear Flag party did not sour his temper. Like Sutter, he had a magnificent opportunity to take a foremost place in the affairs of the new territory; but he was formed for the life he had led for forty years,—the pleasant life of a landed grandee,—and he had neither the energy nor the mental suppleness to adapt himself to the new régime. To Vallejo, however, belongs the great credit of using his large influence to persuade his fellow-Californians to accept the new government cheerfully, and to do all in their power to strengthen the hands of the conservative men who he saw clearly formed the only hope of safety from wholesale spoliation of land and herds.

Long before the convention was over candidates for office had announced themselves, and the first political campaign in California had begun. From all accounts it was as unique as the other features of State-making. Peter H. Burnett, who was then Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court appointed by General Riley, was the most prominent candidate for governor, his opponents being W. S. Sherwood, a New York lawyer; Captain Sutter; Geary, the popular last alcalde of San Francisco; and William M. Stewart, who had been prominent in the work of securing a State convention. Gwin and Frémont were the leading candidates for the United States Senate. All started out on electioneering tours that extended into many of the new mining camps. The Argonauts of 1849 in the remote camps had cavalier methods of settling the claims of candidates. A man who "put on style" was sure to be defeated. A "boiled" shirt could be tolerated, but not a silk hat, and there were grave doubts about the honesty of a candidate who did not chew tobacco or take his liquor like a man. Burnett's great claim to popularity lay in his championship of the settlers' rights, his rigid honesty, and his knowledge of the law. He had some amusing adventures on his tour of the mines that would have discouraged any one except a pioneer. At Mud Springs, in the heart of a rich placer-mining country, the proprietor of the canvas hotel honored his guest with the best

bed in his big lodging-tent, and the weary candidate hoped for sweet and refreshing sleep, but during the night rain fell in torrents, the wind arose, tore away the fastenings of the tent, and the structure collapsed. The guests were forced to hug the main pole with the loose canvas flapping about them and the rain beating without. Of this unhappy town the writer has a vivid recollection in 1857, when very heavy rain swelled the creek that formed the center of the main street, and the floors of all the shops and houses were two feet under water. Many of the miners regarded the election as a huge joke. A typical instance of the way miners voted was recorded at the lower bar of the Mokelumne River. One fellow, who had voted a straight ticket, gave his reasons over the bar in the saloon in this original fashion: "When I left home I was bound to 'go it blind.' I did go it blind in crossing to California, and I 'm not going to stop now. I voted for the constitution, and I 've never seen the constitution. I voted for all the candidates, and I don't know a d——d one of 'em. I 'm going it blind all through — I am!"

The first election resulted in a small vote. Three-quarters of the American miners did not leave their tents to go to the polls. The Mexicans and native Californians took considerable pride in casting their first ballot, though in later years they have not betrayed any keen interest in politics, and they have never held the balance of power which early observers feared because of their numerical majority. Burnett was elected governor, receiving 6716 votes; his next competitor, Sherwood, getting 3188, and Sutter 2301. On the 15th of December, 1849, the first legislature met at San Jose, that city having secured the honor of the State capitol by guaranteeing to furnish suitable buildings. The conditions were found even more primitive than at Monterey. The Capitol building was a rude, unfurnished wooden structure. The Assembly, composed of thirty-six members, succeeded in using the large upper chamber, but for several weeks the sixteen senators were forced to meet at a private residence. Five days after the first meeting Governor Burnett was installed, General Riley having on the same day resigned his powers as governor. Despite the discomforts and the lack of all the usual facilities, this first California legislature went to work manfully. Again was seen the triumph of the pioneer over circumstances that would have paralyzed an older community. The first business was the election of United States senators, for it was wisely urged that the presence of these men at Washington would hasten admission of the State. Among the candidates were Butler King, the eccentric Administration agent; Frémont, about whom was the glamour of border adventure and who was generally regarded as the Bear Flag hero; Gwin, whose ability had been proved in the convention; Geary, the San Francisco alcalde; Halleck, whose friends claimed this reward for his services; and Semple, whose aspirations were as lofty as his stature. Frémont was the most popular, partly because of his prominent part in the conquest, and partly because he was known to have behind him Senator Benton, a political power who could do much for California. Frémont was elected on the first ballot and Gwin on the second. George W. Wright and Edward Gilbert had been elected representatives.

It has been common for Californians to regard this first legislative body as a roistering crowd that drank and swore like the troops in Flanders. But it must be said that these pioneer legislators proved far more industrious than any of their successors. They framed in a few weeks an excellent body of laws. Although they included a few rampant proslavery men, they were mainly the old settlers who had worked for a State government. One man by his horse-play gave to the body the unsavory but picturesque title of "The legislature of a thousand drinks." This was Thomas Jefferson Green, a professional politician who was attracted to California, like Gwin, Butler King, Geary, Broderick, and others, by the hope of a good office and political influence. Green seemed to look upon the session of the legislature as a picnic. He had a room near the State House liberally supplied with all kinds of drinks, and after every adjournment his sonorous voice was heard crying, "Come, let 's take a thousand drinks!" Survivors of this legislature declared that Green was a seasoned vessel, and seldom appeared the worse for potations that would have put Squire Western under the table before midday. Even with the inducement of free liquor always on tap the drinking was not general. The little coterie that Green gathered about him had no influence upon the working members. Well would it have been for California had every succeeding legislature been as honest and as efficient as this pioneer body. To these men lobbying and the huckstering of votes were unknown. They felt deeply their responsibility to constituents, and they would have regarded the methods of legislative politicians of the present time as an insult to common decency.

While the first California legislature was wrestling with a code of laws for the new State the fight over California was renewed in Congress with greater bitterness than before. President Polk in his message made a strong plea for the admission of California. He set

forth briefly the causes that led the people to decide to form a constitution, declared there was reason to believe they would soon apply for admission as a State, and warned Congress against introducing sectional issues that were dangerous to the Union. Towards the close of January, 1850, Henry Clay introduced his compromise bill for the admission of California, which, though greatly modified, formed the ground on which an agreement was finally reached after six months of debate. The main feature of Clay's plan was that California be admitted with suitable boundaries and without slavery. A sop to the South was a resolution that the remainder of the land ceded by Mexico should be erected into territorial governments unhampered by any restrictions on slavery. He also introduced clauses forbidding the interference of Congress with the slave-trade between the States, and calling for more effective enforcement of the fugitive-slave law. Clay's compromise, though artfully devised, did not accomplish the desired object of placating the Southern leaders. Debate began immediately upon their introduction. Conspicuous among the proslavery men were Jefferson Davis and Foote, who argued that the Missouri Compromise line should be recognized throughout the new territory and that slavery should be valid below that line. Clay vehemently opposed this, holding that the people of the Far West should decide for themselves whether they wished to establish slavery; if they chose to introduce it, then he would favor the admission of California and New Mexico with such slavery provisions in their constitutions.

It was at this critical period that Gwin and Frémont and the California representatives arrived in Washington. They brought the new constitution of California, which President Taylor transmitted to Congress with the notification that the State would soon apply for admission to the Union. A motion was made to refer the message to the committee on Territories, but this procedure was more than Calhoun could endure. He was greatly incensed over the action of the Californians in prohibiting slavery, and though merely the shadow of his old self, with strength so spent that he could not speak in the Senate, he prepared a speech against the admission of California. It was read by Mason of Virginia. The gist of this address, which proved to be the dying utterance of the great proslavery leader, was a vigorous attack on the admission of California, because its people in assuming to meet in convention and adopt a constitution had been guilty of a revolutionary act. He held that there was no excuse for such open defiance of Congress, and hence he suggested that California be remanded to the condition of a Territory. To admit her as a State, with this constitution just adopted, would be to bar out the South from the territory acquired from Mexico and imperil the political equilibrium of the sections.

Webster followed in his great speech of March 7, second only in its impassioned passages to the reply to Hayne. Any paraphrase of its majestic language is flat and commonplace. It was an eloquent appeal for the freedom of the new territory which the South had vainly struggled for in the interests of slavery. He closed with the passage against "peaceable secession" which has become a classic in American literature.

The California senators, of course, were appealed to by the rival leaders. Frémont was in favor of anything which Benton championed, and Benton was determined to see the new State admitted, even if it led to the civil war that Calhoun and Jefferson Davis predicted. Gwin was placed in a very embarrassing position, as to carry out the desires of his constituents he must oppose Calhoun and his party. He had a stormy interview with President Taylor, who declared that whether California was admitted or not he intended to drive the Texan authorities out of New Mexico. Gwin refused to cooperate with Taylor, which aroused the wrath of the old soldier, and the conference ended in anger.

Gwin also had a conference with Calhoun, his old master in political arts, who roused his dying energies to try to convince his friend that the admission of California as a State would result in the supremacy of the North and the rupture of the Union. Gwin was greatly impressed with the earnestness of the dying statesman and the gloomy prophecies that he made, but he refused to adopt the policy decided upon by his party in Congress. To escape from his embarrassing position he went to New York, but after a short stay he was sent for by Henry Clay. In some unpublished memoranda Gwin has left an interesting account of this conference. It throws so much light on the causes that led to Clay's compromise bill that I give a portion of it entire. He says:

> When the California delegation reached Washington and asked for the admission of the State into the Union, I was in favor of its being acted on as a separate and independent measure, and with the least practicable delay. I found Mr. Clay, General Cass, Mr. Webster, Judge Douglas, and others who were the great leaders in Congress at that time, in favor of this policy. But afterwards they changed their views and I was sent for by Mr. Clay, who gave me the reason. He said he had been called upon by members of the House of Representatives

and informed that a sufficient number of the members of that body from the Southern States to control its action had entered into a solemn compact, which they would execute at the risk of their lives, never to permit a bill to pass the House admitting California until the right of the South to carry their property to the Territories of the United States was first guaranteed by law. Mr. Clay was incredulous; he thought it impossible for such a body of men to come to so desperate a resolve — which was revolution itself. He called for facts, which were furnished him; names also were given, and, if necessary to remove all doubts from his mind, it was proposed to bring each member who had entered into this league to his room to make the declaration to him in person. Mr. Clay said that then, for the first time in his life, he thought the Union in immediate peril, and that the short remnant of days left to him would see it destroyed. He at once determined upon the course he would pursue, and the first person he consulted was Colonel Benton — with whom he had been up to that time acting in full concert for the immediate admission of California into the Union — and my colleague, Colonel Frémont. The interview lasted for an hour, and he exerted all the powers he possessed to induce Colonel Benton to join him in postponing the admission of the State until the question of the territorial government was settled, but in vain. Colonel Benton sternly refused, and Mr. Clay confessed to me that he did what he had never done before in his life — he implored a fellow-man to do his duty, but all to no effect. That was their last interview and intercourse in life. Mr. Clay then sought the interview with me; and, after stating the case fully, I had no doubt of the facts, and told him that I never wished to see California *forced* into the Union in a revolutionary way which would destroy its existence, and that I was willing that the admission of the State should be considered in connection with all the questions that were then agitating the country.

In the great debate on Clay's compromise, Seward, then coming to the front as a leader, made one of the most vigorous speeches. He declared that the settlers had shown the proper spirit, and that if not granted admission to the Union speedily California would be perfectly justified in founding with the other Pacific coast States an independent nation. Four days after Webster's speech the California delegation, in response to a demand, presented a memorial which reviewed in detail the work done in the new State, its great resources, and its urgent need of admission to the Union. This memorial ignored the slavery issue, but it simply added fuel to the partisan flame. To Clay's compromise measures were added others by Bell of Tennessee, and both sets were referred to a special committee. The result was the omnibus bill of which, aside from the compromise features, the admission of California was the chief proposition. Again the partisan debate broke out with increased rancor. Four months of wrangling ensued, ending finally in the passage of the bill for the admission of California, separated from the compromise resolutions. On August 13, by a vote of thirty-four to eighteen, the Senate passed it. Jefferson Davis, Mason, and others could not see it adopted without a last word, so they issued a protest which summed up all the Southern hatred of national sanction of the free constitution of the California settlers. This protest had no effect on the lower house, which on September 7 also passed the bill, by one hundred and fifty to fifty-six. On September 9, 1850, the act was formally approved by President Fillmore, and within the next two days the California delegation was sworn in — not, however, without objections from Jefferson Davis and his small party of irreconcilables. The South had been worsted at every point; but it was a costly victory for the country, for a decade later burst out the pent-up fires of partisan hatred, whose lurid gleams were seen during this long struggle over California.

The California legislature adjourned in April, but it was the 18th of October before news came of the admission of the State. These six months of waiting tired the souls of impatient Californians more than all the previous period of doubt and uncertainty. Complaints came from several of the southern counties of burdensome taxes that would fall upon them should Congress admit the whole of California as a State. Among Americans, however, the desire for statehood was so strong that many openly advocated separation from the Union. In no other period of their history, perhaps, was the self-control of the Americans in California more thoroughly proved than in these dreary months. Climate and life, then as now, conspired to rob the settler of patience. He yearned to gain fortune or to compass any purpose at a bound. With a people of less moral stamina disunion influences would have prevailed and the world would have seen the fiasco of an independent state on the Pacific coast. But that rare judgment and foresight which comes with the Anglo-Saxon strain in American blood again prevailed. Some of the old Bear Flag party emerged again and gave vent to their anger in violent language; but these manifestations were merely the froth on the surface. Loyalty to the Union before they formed an actual part of it was as strong as it was eleven years later when Sumter was fired on.

Five weeks after California became a State the news reached San Francisco. The Panama mail steamer *Oregon* was sighted one October morning by the lookout on Telegraph Hill. He rubbed his glasses to make out what had transformed her familiar lines. Surely she was dressed in all her bunting, and now as she entered the harbor the rapid discharge of her

gun conveyed the long-expected news. Old pioneers cannot speak with unmoistened eyes of the scene that followed. Nerves had been strung to so high a tension that the rebound demanded violent exercise. The whole city swarmed to the water front and the hills around it. Merchants rushed to close their stores as they did on that other day, sad and long to be remembered, when the news came over the wires that Lincoln was assassinated. By a common impulse every one ran to the old Plaza. There were cheers, shouts, ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, and booming of guns. Provident passengers who brought copies of New York newspapers sold them readily for five dollars a copy. At night the young city was ablaze with bonfires, illuminations, and rockets.

By steamer, stage, and pony express the news was carried to all parts of the State. On many roads there was keen opposition between rival stage lines, and this led to lively races to see which should be the first bearer of the welcome news. Crandall was one of the pioneer stage drivers who with Foss and "Hank" Monk made a reputation for dare-devil skill in handling six-horse teams on bad mountain roads. He started for San Jose, the morning after the news reached San Francisco, with his coach decked with flags. Governor Burnett was beside him on the box. Down they dashed through the level Santa Clara Valley, then one wide tawny plain, unbroken by fence or farm-house. Behind them came the rival stage, its driver urging his Mexican mustangs to their utmost speed. As Crandall's coach passed the houses on the road all on board swung their hats and shouted "California is admitted to the Union!" and the cheers that rounded out this shout were taken up by the delighted people. Ex-Governor Burnett is an old man now, but he grows young again when he describes this race, full of excitement to the very end, when Crandall dashed up to the main hotel in San Jose in a cloud of dust, like one of the Homeric heroes, the victor in one of the hardest stage races ever run in this country.

The formal celebration of the admission was held on September 29, and was the first of the annual commemorations of the birthday of the State that have become a feature of California life. San Francisco was young, but it showed then that passion for picturesque street spectacles which has made its parades unique and noteworthy. The place of honor in the procession was given to the native Californians, who had come so cordially under the new régime. They were well represented by a band of young men, superbly mounted and richly dressed, who carried a blue satin banner with the inscription in gold letters, "California: E Pluribus Unum." Then came the pioneers; not old and bent as to-day, but in the full strength of young manhood. They bore a banner with the State seal and the inscription, "Far West, Eureka, 1846. California Pioneers, organized August, 1850." The banner also bore a device of historical significance — a typical Yankee stepping ashore and meeting a native Californian, with serape thrown over his shoulder and lasso in hand. After the army and navy officers, the Mexican war veterans, and the civil dignitaries came the unique feature of the parade — a large company of Chinese in gala costume of sky-blue, yellow, red, and brown silk blouses, with flowery skirts such as are worn at their annual New Year ceremonies, and carrying a blue silken banner with the legend, "The China Boys." Following them came a large car in which were seated thirty boys, each representing a State, while in the center was a white-robed girl, like a fairy in the Christmas pantomime, upon whose gleaming breastplate were the words, "California: the Union, it must and shall be preserved." The volunteer fire department, that had already had one great battle with a fire that well-nigh swept the city off the sand dunes, turned out in great force on the Plaza. There were the usual exercises — an oration and a poem that fired the patriotic heart.

Forty years seems a brief period in pastoral California, where the hand of time moves as slowly as in the land of the Aztecs; but in California as a State it has seen marvelous changes. The young Californian has been accused of lack of reverence. The climate makes him precocious, and he has a keen eye for the material side of life; yet withal he has a large fund of sentiment, and no South Carolinian in the days before the war was ever prouder of the Palmetto State than is the youthful Californian of this commonwealth, whose birth marked a period of national travail that ended only with the freedom of four million slaves. A touch of provincialism there is in this State pride, for to most of these younger men the blue line of the Sierras is the eastern boundary of the only world they know; yet their perfect confidence in everything Californian is, in its way, a source of strength. To General A. M. Winn first came the idea of a union of the young men born in California, in order to perpetuate the memory of the founders of the State. The society, formed at his suggestion in 1875, under the rather florid name of "Native Sons of the Golden West," began with a roll of twenty-one members. Its purposes found favor; the 9th of September — the anniversary of the admission of California to the Union — was made a legal holiday through-

out the State; every year has seen it observed by the Native Sons, who have increased in fifteen years to 8000 members.

The New England Society of California Pioneers visited San Francisco last May, and the old men looked vainly for landmarks that they could identify in a city which has sprawled over miles of sand dunes and has neared the Golden Gate. San Francisco's growth in these forty years is typical of the enormous progress of California. Changed is the old order of mining life, gone forever the supremacy of the pioneer gold hunter with pan and rocker; but in his place is the scientific mining engineer, using machinery that is the wonder of the world; the wheat-grower, whose steam plow turns a mile-long furrow and whose harvest hands camp at night in the vast fields over which they move; the fruit-grower, who has made the level valleys and even the steep foothills smile with fruitage of orange, lemon, fig, grape, and apricot; and, best of all, the tiller of small farm and orchard, who is proving that in this Italy of the far West may be seen the ideal country life, with work out-of-doors which refined women may share in without risk of coarsening their hands or their natures. California to-day, with its thoroughly American people, of tireless energy and equally great self-control, is the best monument to the wisdom of the pioneers who laid the foundations of its statehood.

George Hamlin Fitch.

CALIFORNIANA.

Light on the Seizure of California.

WITHIN the last few years much has been done by local historians, notably by Mr. H. H. Bancroft's collaborators, to clear up the mysteries that used to obscure the story of the seizure of California by our naval forces in 1846. The present note intends to offer one additional scrap of information bearing upon the matter. By way of introduction I shall venture to summarize, in unoriginal fashion, the now well-ascertained facts concerning the naval capture of California, leaving aside wholly any detailed discussion of evidence until I come to my one additional piece of evidence itself.

The Polk Cabinet, as is well known, planned the Mexican war for some time before it broke out. They devoted, of course, much attention to the best way of obtaining possession of the Mexican "Department of Upper California," a province which was not only very sparsely inhabited, but which also had a very loose connection with the mother country, and a very imperfect sense of loyalty to the central government, so that its seizure, whenever hostilities should break out, seemed to be no very difficult matter. In the Sacramento Valley were already a few hundred American settlers. Our recently appointed consul at Monterey, Thomas O. Larkin, a shrewd Yankee trader, who had done business on the coast for a number of years, was in intimate personal relations with several prominent public men among the Californians. He wrote frequently and voluminously to the State Department, trying to convince his official chiefs that the Californians were distracted by their own petty provincial political quarrels, that they had little feeling for the central Mexican government but jealousy or dread; and that, with some care, the land could be won away from Mexico, on the breaking out of the war, by the consent of the Californians themselves, and without bloodshed. In consequence of these representations the Cabinet instructed Commodore Sloat, in command of the Pacific squadron, to hold himself in readiness for the first news of hostilities, and then, without delay, to proceed to California, to seize Monterey and San Francisco, and to invite the Californians to change their allegiance. Beyond the actual seizure of the defenseless ports, which his overwhelming force might be expected to accomplish without any collision of arms, he was instructed to show no violence, and to do everything in his power to conciliate the inhabitants, and to "encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality." "It is rumored," said Secretary Bancroft in one later communication, "that the province of California is well disposed to accede to friendly relations. . . . You will take such measures as will best promote the attachment of the people of California to the United States."

Meanwhile, with the same purpose in mind, the Government sent to Larkin, in October, 1845, a secret despatch, which was committed to memory by a special agent, Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie, and so carried by him across Mexico for oral delivery. A written duplicate of this despatch was sent around the Horn on one of the naval vessels bound for the Pacific. Both Gillespie's oral version of his secret instructions, as taken down from dictation at Monterey, and the duplicate afterwards received by Larkin, are now extant, and agree down to one or two very slight verbal differences. The despatch instructed Larkin and Gillespie to coöperate in an intrigue intended to win over the Californians, who, even in case the outbreak of the war should be delayed, were to be induced, if possible, to declare their independence of Mexico, and were to be assured of the support of our Government in any such action.

It is perfectly sure that the instructions of the Government in no wise contemplated or authorized any revolt of the American settlers in the Sacramento Valley against the Californians, or any employment of force beyond the already mentioned seizure of the wholly defenseless ports by Sloat upon the receipt of news of actual war. As is well known, however, Captain Frémont's exploring party was at the time of Gillespie's arrival still within the territory of California. Frémont had come during the winter, and had requested permission of the authorities at Monterey to rest his party "on the frontier of the department." A controversy which had grown up out of this request, and which had been in large measure provoked by mem-

bers of Frémont's party, had led Castro, as Prefect of Northern California, to order Frémont out of the department altogether. After considerable waiting and defiance Frémont had begun to obey the order, going northward through the Sacramento Valley. Gillespie arrived at Monterey on April 17, 1846, and after delivering his instructions to Larkin proceeded to follow up Frémont, in order to acquaint him with the Government plans, and to deliver to him private letters from the Benton family. Gillespie actually overtook Frémont in the Klamath region. This act of Gillespie's was indeed part of his official mission, but there can be no doubt that the only instructions which he had to convey to Frémont were the ones already made known to Larkin, namely, to coöperate in a peaceful intrigue for the purpose of inducing the Californians to leave the Mexican allegiance, and be ready for our formal seizure of the territory.

Frémont, however, who had his own personal interests to consider, and who had already quarreled with Castro, now unfortunately decided upon a course of action directly contrary to the instructions, trusting apparently to the nearness of the Mexican war itself to shield him against all the consequences of his disobedience. His trust was well placed; for he has ever since been popularly regarded as the chief servant of his country in the winning of California. He even induced Gillespie to coöperate with him. What they did was to return southward into the Sacramento Valley and stir up the American settlers to the well-known "Bear Flag" revolt, a movement which was brought about through flagrant misrepresentations of the purposes and hostile preparations of the Californian leaders, and which was a wholly unprovoked assault upon a peaceable people. That it led immediately to but little bloodshed was due to the fortunate fact that, before it had gone far, Sloat appeared at Monterey with news of the outbreak of war and seized the ports. Meanwhile it is certain that the whole Bear Flag affair was a distinct hindrance to the successful seizure of California, and to the later pacification of the province; and that the chief mover in this affair, in all his hostile acts up to July 7, when Sloat raised the American flag, is to be credited only with having wrought mischief, endangered American interests, and disobeyed his instructions.

Sloat, meanwhile, who had been waiting at Mazatlan for news of the outbreak of war on the Rio Grande, went through a series of experiences which have since led to numerous legends. Near him, on the Mexican coast, was the English flag-ship *Collingwood*, with Admiral Seymour on board. An understanding grew up among the American officers, either at that time or later, that Seymour was waiting, like Sloat, for news of hostilities on the Rio Grande, and that he no doubt had instructions "to take California under English protection," as the thing is usually stated, as soon as war should break out. When Seymour appeared in Monterey Bay, some two weeks later than the date of Sloat's arrival, and when after one week's stay, and after the interchange of the customary courtesies, the English flag-ship sailed away again, the tradition gained ground that there had been a "race," and that, in case Seymour had come in first, the territory of California would have passed into English possession. For this whole tradition no reasonable and truthful evidence has ever been advanced, except the actual presence of Seymour on the coast as described. Numberless are the mutually inconsistent and wholly worthless tales that have been told about incidents before, during, and after the "race." Many of these tales are ordinary family legends, narrated by relatives of this or that officer concerned. A decidedly careful examination of several of them has convinced me, as it would convince any impartial person, of their insignificance. They are usually in the most obvious conflict with known dates and with known events.

The facts themselves, so far as they are known, are as follows (compare the account written by one of H. H. Bancroft's ablest collaborators, Mr. Henry L. Oak, in Bancroft's "California," Vol. XVII. of the "History of the Pacific States," p. 205 *seq.*): Sloat heard of hostilities on the Rio Grande as early as May 17. But the commodore showed himself throughout this whole affair a timid and irresolute man, so far as concerned the fulfilment of his very explicit instructions; for he waited in entire inactivity until May 31, when he heard further news, this time of General Taylor's battles of the 8th and 9th. He then decided that this must mean that "outbreak of war" which his instructions contemplated. He accordingly wrote to Secretary Bancroft, "I have received such intelligence as I think will justify my acting upon your order — and shall sail immediately to see what can be done." Hereupon, however, Sloat actually did nothing, and remained where he was until June 5, when the news came of the capture of Matamoras. Even such startling evidence of the reality of the war only led Sloat to write on June 6 to Bancroft, "I have upon mature reflection come to the conclusion that your instructions will not justify my taking possession of California, or any hostile measures against Mexico." And, to cap the climax of this irresolution, the log of Sloat's ship, the *Savannah*, contains as the entry of the next day, "June 7.—News received of the blockade of Vera Cruz by the American squadron; at 2 P. M. got under way for Monterey."

Nor was Sloat's mind much relieved when, on July 2, he reached Monterey. Here, of course, he learned how the Bear Flag had thrown everything into confusion in the north. Both Larkin, who was perplexed by Frémont's disregard of known instructions, and Sloat, who was now looking to Larkin's instructions for new light, were for some days in doubt as to what was to be done. At length, July 7, Sloat made his decision, landed his forces, and took possession of the port. The seizure of San Francisco Bay and the occupation of several points in the interior immediately followed. Commodore Stockton, arriving July 15, relieved Sloat at the latter's request, and after an interview with Frémont, who reached Monterey with the "Bears" on July 19, the new naval commander decided to seize the southern towns and harbors as well, and to proceed, in as imperious and hostile a spirit as possible, to the entire subjugation of the country. The result of this new policy of official hostility to the very inhabitants whom all the American officers had been instructed to "conciliate" was the arousing of such bitterness that in the following winter a revolt occurred in the south, much unnecessary blood was spilled, and the seeds of permanent hatred between the Californians and their conquerors

were sown. But of the events later than July this note need not further treat.

We have now seen how speedily Sloat did his share of the "racing" with Seymour. It remains to examine Seymour's share in the same international contest. In favor of the supposed English scheme for the seizure of California in 1846 there is, as I have said above, no known evidence whatever, except the actual presence of Seymour on the coast. I say this after long and diligent search for such evidence, and I venture to defy any one to produce any other but legendary testimony for this favorite element in all the legends of the conquest of California. Seymour was probably on the Mexican coast to watch our fleet with special reference to the Oregon complications, whose settlement was not made known in these remote regions until a time later than this. The stories have placed the *Collingwood*, during the time of waiting for the "race," sometimes at San Blas, sometimes at Mazatlan, where she lay "alongside" Sloat's *Savannah*. Anxious to get what information I could about the *Collingwood's* actual movements, I sometime since asked Mr. Clements R. Markham, the well-known traveler and historian, to give me further advice. He courteously took considerable trouble to aid me. Why he could do so with particular success will appear from the following letter, which, with his inclosure, I now print as my additional piece of evidence. It has before been referred to by me in an article in the "Nation," but has not before been quoted in full.

21 ECCLESTON SQUARE, S. W.
LONDON, 20 MAY, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. ROYCE: I have just finished reading your "California." . . . I was particularly interested in the pages devoted to a discussion of Admiral Seymour's proceedings at Monterey, because, as I think I told you, I was then serving as a very young midshipman on board the *Collingwood*. I believed your conclusions to be correct; but, to make certain, I referred the matter to the present Admiral Lord Alcester, who was then Lieutenant Beauchamp Seymour, and flag-lieutenant to his uncle on board the *Collingwood*. I inclose a copy of what he has written to me on the subject, and which he says you are at liberty to make any use of you see fit.

Ever yours, very truly,
CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

[Inclosure.]

FROM ADMIRAL LORD ALCESTER TO MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM.

19 MAY, 1887.

Mr. Royce . . . . is perfectly correct in his surmises. There is not one word of truth in the statement to which he alludes, for I know for certain that Sir George Seymour never had orders to hoist the English flag in California, or to assume the protectorate of that dependency of Mexico in 1846, or at any other time. Neither was there a race between him and Commodore Sloat as to who would reach Monterey first. If we had wanted to precede the *Savannah* there we should not have begun by going in an opposite direction for several days. For I see by my journal that we left Mazatlan (where the *Savannah* was) on the 24th of May, 1846, arrived at San Blas, which is to the southward, on the 27th, did not leave San Blas until June 13, and arrived at Monterey on July 16. Sir George Seymour treated me with confidence on public matters, and I was completely *au fait* of all questions with which he had to deal, and of the orders he received.

We went to California to protect English commerce and interests, having heard of the proceedings of the party which hoisted the so-called "Bear Flag." As to what Sir George Seymour is suggested to have said to American naval officers as a harmless jest after dinner, it is simply impossible. Fancy him, of all men in the world, a *preux chevalier* of the old school, and who was sobriety itself, taking American officers into his confidence and telling them what he never would have told to his own captains even.

As for what the foregoing letter proves, it must be remembered that when the *Collingwood* left Mazatlan to sail south, on May 24, news of the first hostilities had been in Sloat's hands for one week, and that when Seymour left San Blas, June 13, Sloat was already six days out of Mazatlan. It is impossible that Seymour should not have been advised of the hostilities on the Rio Grande before so late a date. Lord Alcester uses terms in his, not in our sense, when he calls the news that decided Seymour to go north news of the "Bear Flag" party. This news must have referred to the earlier quarrel of Frémont and Castro, which, of course, an English observer would not easily distinguish from the American settlers' revolt that followed.

I need hardly say in closing how much I feel indebted to Mr. Markham for this piece of information, which would have saved us many false reminiscences if it had been known to our own histories thirty or more years ago.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *Josiah Royce.*

The California Boundary Question in 1849.

UNDERSTANDING me to have been personally connected with the organization of the State government of California, THE CENTURY has honored me by asking whether I could furnish any fresh matter "from the inside" relating to that important event.

My connection with it was simply as a delegate from San Francisco to the Constitutional Convention held at Monterey in July, 1849, under a proclamation issued by Brigadier-General Riley, U. S. A., the acting governor of California. Most of the important debates were in committee of the whole, in which I usually presided as chairman, and, in that capacity, I had the honor of putting the question on the clause prohibiting "slavery or involuntary servitude" in the new State, and of announcing a unanimous vote in its favor. Some of the delegates were from Southern States; but Dr. William M. Gwin, from Mississippi, under whose guidance they evidently acted, and who had openly proclaimed his intention of being elected a United States senator from the new State, was too shrewd a politician to risk, by a pro-slavery vote of himself or of his friends, a defeat in his senatorial campaign. A decided majority of the people on whose votes he depended had come from Northern States, and would presumably oppose the admission of slavery.

I regret to state that, owing to the constant pressure of professional business in San Francisco from 1848 to 1853, I had no time or opportunity to inform myself as to any of those "inside" facts and influences that go to make up *l'histoire inédite* of every important political event; but I recollect distinctly one incident which, though in some degree personal to myself, may be thought to be not devoid of interest.

It was in the last days of the Convention. Every clause of the constitution had been fully debated and agreed to in committee of the whole and reported to the Convention, where the entire constitution had been read twice and finally adopted on the third reading.

But a terrible blunder had been committed. California, as part of the territory of Mexico, extended to

the Rocky Mountains, and the last article of the constitution had made the Rocky Mountains, instead of the Sierra Nevada, the eastern boundary of the new State. This extravagant claim had not been started until a short time before the close of the debates, it being apparently taken for granted that the State would claim only to the Sierra Nevada. Before the final vote on the Rocky Mountains boundary line, the article had met with vigorous opposition on the part of some of the wiser heads in the Convention, but it had passed, nevertheless, by a decided majority. I was afterwards informed that this boundary line had been adopted at the instigation of the clique of members from the Southern States, with the view to a subsequent division of California by an east-and-west line into two large States, each having its share of the Pacific coast; and further, to the future organization of the southern of these two States as a slave State — an event that would be quite certain, inasmuch as most of the settlers in that part of California had come, and would continue to come, from the South or Southwest. Thus the new free State would be offset by a new slave State.

But the deed was done, and it was apparently irrevocable. The final vote on the boundary article had been taken and it had become a part of the constitution. No member that had voted with the majority had moved for a reconsideration, and no one of the minority had thought of changing his vote in order to enable him to move for such reconsideration. What was to be done?

For a considerable time I had been subject to periodical attacks of nervous sick headache caused by malarial exposure during the Mexican war. For three days I had been ill in bed with one of these attacks, which was of uncommon violence, when, to my surprise, I was visited by two members of the Convention, with a message that I must go there without a moment's delay, as another and decisive vote was about to be taken on the boundary question. I protested in vain my inability to do any speaking, or even to rise from my bed. They insisting, I swallowed a formidable dose of laudanum, and in a few minutes its quieting effect enabled me to rise and dress and accompany them to the Convention. On the way I was informed that the friends of the other boundary line had hit upon an ingenious device by which the battle might still be won, and which was this: the Rocky Mountains boundary article, it was true, had had its final passage on the third reading, *but the vote to engross it had yet to be taken*. In other words, substantially, the convention had not yet voted to *authenticate* the article as a part of the constitution, without which vote it would have no practical operation. It is true that when a bill has been passed on a third reading the vote to engross usually follows, of course, as a mere matter of form. But the ground was taken that it is not necessarily so, and in the present case there was some hope that were the motion to engross opposed, the sober second thought of some of the more intelligent members that had voted for the article would impel them to come to the rescue and help to defeat it. The Convention on our arrival was in the midst of a very excited debate, but I was soon able to obtain the floor. As to what I said I have not the slightest recollection, except that I dwelt earnestly on the improbability of the admission of a new free State covering such an immense territory as the Rocky Mountains boundary would give us, in view of the fierce and persistent opposition it would encounter from the Southern members in Congress. I was afterwards warmly complimented for my speech; but I have never taken any credit to myself for it, well knowing that whatever there may have been effective in it was due to the influence of the narcotic I had taken.

To conclude: the motion to engross was defeated, and Article XII. as it now stands, making the Sierra Nevada substantially the eastern boundary of the State, was afterwards introduced and adopted.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE read carefully, and with great interest, the article by Mr. G. H. Fitch entitled "How California came into the Union," and can vouch for its general accuracy. Of most of the facts stated I had personal knowledge. But in justice to the "Legislative Assembly of San Francisco" (*quorum pars fui*) let me add a few words.

It is true, as stated, that General Riley issued a proclamation declaring it to have "usurped powers vested only in Congress."

Under Mexican law, the pueblo of San Francisco extended from San Francisco to San Jose, a distance of fifty miles, more or less, and its governing body was the "ayuntamiento." In the spring of 1849 there were two distinct ayuntamientos, each claiming to be the rightful one. The result of this state of things was, of course, virtual anarchy. There seemed to be no near prospect of any action by Congress to give us a legitimate government. Under these circumstances the people of that district, not recognizing any *civil* authority as residing in General Riley, deemed themselves entitled to frame some sort of a government for the protection in the mean time of their lives and property. They accordingly established a provisional one, consisting of a legislative assembly (in which I had the honor to preside as speaker), three magistrates, a treasurer, and a sheriff. The leading and most able member of the assembly was Judge (afterwards Governor) Peter H. Burnett, one of the purest of men, as well as a sound lawyer. The instant General Riley's proclamation was received, calling for a convention for the formation of a State constitution, the assembly issued an address to the people of California recommending them to obey it, and then, by its unanimous vote, the provisional government was dissolved.

On these facts I leave it for your readers to decide whether the Legislative Assembly of San Francisco "usurped powers vested only in Congress."

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Francis J. Lippitt.*

The Date of the Discovery of the Yosemite.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY OF DISCOVERY.

IN an article written in Mariposa, California, for "Hutchings' California Magazine," at an early day, when the events to which the paper related were fresh in memory, I stated that the Yosemite Valley was discovered in March, 1851. I did not fix the day of the month, but remembered that the discovery occurred during a long-continued rain and snow storm at about

the time of the vernal equinox. That statement was verified in writing at the time by James M. Roan and George H. Crenshaw, two comrades who with the writer were the first white men to enter the valley, and who were then members of the California legislature. The few members of the Mariposa Battalion who were on the first expedition to the mountains and the valley were not likely to forget the snow-storms encountered, nor the very deep snow through which they passed. Major Savage, our commander, had waited at our camp in the foothills, knowing that rain below indicated snow in the mountains, and that by marching in and through the storm we would be most likely to surprise and capture the hostile Indians. We made a night march to the south fork of the Merced River, and at the summit of the Chow-chilla Mountain pass found the snow at least four feet deep, but as we descended through the dense forest to the stream the snow lessened to a few inches in depth. At daylight the storm had ceased, but it was renewed at intervals for several days in succession. Fortunately we had provided barley for our animals, and they did not suffer for lack of forage.

We captured one Indian village on the left bank of the south fork, and crossing over to the right bank assembled on a river table now known as Bishop's Camp, named for Sergeant Samuel A. Bishop, of San Jose, California. This table has a southern exposure that does not allow the snow to remain long, but at that time, while in camp, the snow covered the ground to a depth of three or four inches.

By advice of Pon-wat-chee, chief of the village captured, Indian runners were despatched to bring into headquarters the Indians in hiding; but no response was made by the Yosemites. Upon a special envoy being sent, Ten-ei-ya, their chief, came alone, and stood in dignified silence before one of the guard until ordered into camp. Ten-ei-ya was immediately recognized and was kindly cared for, and after he had been well supplied with food Major Savage informed him of the orders of the Indian Commission, under which we were acting. The old sachem was very suspicious, but finally agreed to conduct an expedition into his beloved valley.

Only a few men were required for this service, though all volunteered, notwithstanding it had been represented that horses might not be able to pass along the rocky trail. Finally a foot race was ordered to determine the fleetness, and consequent fitness, of those most anxious to go; some, in their anxiety to win the race, ran barefoot in the snow.

Led by Ten-ei-ya and Major Savage, the expedition started next morning on a trail of lowest altitude, but we were compelled to pass through snow from three to five feet deep in places, and in a few instances, where the snow had drifted, even of greater depth. Only small detachments were finally taken by the commanders of Companies B and C, Boling's and Dill's, as the trip was looked upon as likely to be only an exploration of some mysterious cañon. The importance of recording the date of the discovery of the Yosemite did not impress itself upon my mind at the time, for I became completely absorbed in the sublimity of my surroundings. It seemed to me that I had entered God's holiest temple, where were assembled all that was most divine in material creation. For days afterward I could only think of the magnificence, beauty, and grace of the waterfalls, and of the mountain scenery; and an almost total lack of appreciation of the event on the part of Major Savage caused me to think him utterly void of sentiment.

Such experiences were not likely to have been soon forgotten, and hence my surprise when I saw in print the statement that the Yosemite Valley was first entered by the Mariposa Battalion on May 5 or 6, 1851, when the rainy season would have been past. This statement is said to have been officially made by our adjutant, and, if so, must refer to the date of our second entrance, as our adjutant was not with us on our first entrance, or discovery. I have never seen the report referred to, but will suggest that if made by our adjutant there should have been no doubt left as to whether it was the 5th or 6th of May when he first saw the Yosemite, for an adjutant's report, like a ship's log, should be accurate. I do not wish to call in question the motives of our officers, but our little squad who first entered the valley should have the credit of the discovery, let it be what it may.

The cliff now known as El Capitan had been seen by the writer from Mount Bullion as early as 1849, but nothing could be learned concerning it. After the discovery we were most positively assured by Ten-ei-ya and by other Yosemites that we were the very first white men who had ever entered this valley, and that it could not have been entered without their knowledge. Subsequent observations of Indian methods of placing sentinels and wafting signals by smoke confirmed the old chief's statements. Owing to a slight fall of snow during the second night of our encampment in the valley, we left in the morning, fearful of being cut off from our base of supplies.

After a campaign against the Chow-chillas, on the San Joaquin, of about six weeks duration, we returned to the Yosemite under command of Captain John Boling, with a part of Captain William Dill's Company C added to our own. Upon this occasion, about the 5th of May, 1851, we made the valley our headquarters until after the recapture of Ten-ei-ya's band at Lake Ten-ei-ya on or about June 5, 1851. After his surrender in March Ten-ei-ya had escaped. Upon our return to the Fresno I accompanied Captain Boling on his way with despatches to Colonel Frémont and the Indian Commission, who in the mean time had finished their work in the San Joaquin Valley and had gone to Los Angeles. Colonel McKee of the Commission asked the writer concerning the heights of cliffs and waterfalls, and when I gave the most moderate estimates my judgment would allow, his pitying look for my lack of judgment warned me not to invite the world's scorn. I had estimated the altitudes far below the reality.

The lapse of time intervening before the public would believe in the unique character of the Yosemite discouraged effort to inform the literary world, and the data preserved were for the most part withheld from publication.

Angivine Reynolds, of the Mariposa "Gazette," published in the county in which the Yosemite Valley is situated, once wrote me, asking concerning its discovery, saying, "Can you give me the date?" I of course could not. Hoping to obtain something definite, I wrote to S. M. Cunningham, then guardian of the Big Tree Grove, who had in early days been a business asso-

ciate of Major Savage, and his reply only serves to show the errors into which the old pioneers had been led. Mr. Cunningham said, "Boling's and Kukendall's company's first trip to Yosemite Valley, according to Mr. M. B. Lewis's adjutant's report, was early in April, 1851." The fact is, Kukendall's company was never in the Yosemite, but was on duty on King's River and in the Kah-we-ah, or Four Creeks country. I had, previous to this correspondence, been induced to take up the subject of the discovery by seeing numerous errors concerning it, and had written to Adjutant-General L. H. Foot of California for any records in his possession. The reply of General Foot was, "The records of this office, both written and printed, are so incomplete that I am not aware, from consulting them, that the organization to which you allude [the Mariposa Battalion] had existence." This reply decided me to record the events which led to the discovery of the valley, and my book, "The Discovery of the Yosemite," is the result.

In his valuable work, "In the Heart of the Sierras," Mr. J. M. Hutchings, after giving me full credit in the preface, says, "I have been able to supply the missing links needed for the completion of the historical chain of events so much desired and so unavailingly sought after by Dr. Bunnell concerning some of the valley's earlier history." Mr. Hutchings then introduces some valuable documents obtained from the journals of the California legislature, and quotes from Elliot's "History of Fresno County," with the idea of being accurate in *his* historical work. On page 56, referring to our first entrance into the valley, he says, "This was on May 5 or 6, 1851, although Dr. Bunnell incorrectly gives the latter part of March as the date."

An old California pioneer, as Mr. Hutchings is, should have remembered that the rainy season is over by May 5 or 6, and that with the exception of mountain storms no severe or long-continued ones occur so late. Our waiting on account of the rain at our camp in the foothills below Mariposa could scarcely have occurred in May, or have been forgotten by any of the expedition. Our major was talented, but unlettered, and was dependent on his adjutant for all written communications, and these were frequently made long after the events to which they related. At the date of the discovery of the Yosemite our adjutant was not with us. As we were broken into scouting squads, an adjutant would have been no more useful in hunting Indians than would have been a drum-major, and consequently he was left at headquarters. Viewing the valley under snow and through a clouded sky, disappointed in his search for Indians, the only one found being an old squaw, our major seemingly had no appreciation of the Yosemite. Adjutant Lewis was a most genial, kind-hearted gentleman, but I never knew of any duties he performed in the field. The character of Major Savage's reports may be judged by his official estimate of the number of Indians engaged in hostilities (23,000).

Mr. Hutchings says, "The Mariposa Battalion was mustered out of service July 1, 1851." I have, however, an official statement from the War Department, Washington, D. C., that it was mustered out of service on July 25, 1851.

On page 272 the Mariposa Indian war is represented as the war of 1851–52. The first attack upon James D. Savage was made in May, 1850, his men were killed at the Fresno, in December of that year, and hostilities ceased with the capture of Ten-ei-ya and his band in June, 1851. Lieutenant Treadwell Moore, U. S. A., caught and executed five Yosemite murderers in 1852, but no war followed.

Comrade Starkey, of our old battalion, was murdered in 1853. His murderers were pursued by Under-sheriff James M. Roan, also a comrade, and when overtaken three of them were killed, and the others put to flight. Mr. Moore was compelled to notice the criticisms of the press, and in doing so, in 1854, became the first to draw attention to the wonderful character of the Yosemite scenery.

In 1855 Mr. Hutchings first visited it, and since that date has done more to bring the valley into public and appreciative notice than any other man.

HOMER, MINNESOTA. *Lafayette H. Bunnell.*

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Amateur Management of the Yosemite Scenery.

THE articles by Mr. John Muir in the present and preceding numbers of THE CENTURY on the Yosemite Valley and the proposed National Park will have failed of their natural effect if, in addition to exciting the wonder of the reader at the unique beauty of waterfall and cliff effectively portrayed in Mr. Muir's picturesque descriptions, they do not also stimulate the pride of Californians to an active interest in the better discharge of the trust assumed by the State in its acceptance of the Yosemite grant.

Mr. Muir shows abundantly how desirable it is to reserve for public use, under national supervision, contiguous lands, only less rich in natural wonders than the Yosemite. The reservation is not only desirable for its intrinsic value, but also because incidentally it will attract attention to the valley itself, and especially to the dangers to which it is exposed from the lack of skill and knowledge in the commission which should be its most intelligent guardian. On this point Mr. Muir, who in California is recognized as the best authority on matters relating to the Sierra, adds his testimony to that of many other unprejudiced observers and lovers of the valley. He says:

> Ax and plow, hogs and horses, have long been and are still busy in Yosemite's gardens and groves. All that is accessible and destructible is being rapidly destroyed — more rapidly than in any other Yosemite in the Sierra, though this is the only one that is under the special protection of the Government. And by far the greater part of this destruction of the fineness of wildness is of a kind that can claim no right relationship with that which necessarily follows use.[1]

One might multiply testimony as to the injury already done to the floor of the valley were not the later boards'

[1] See p. 667 of the present number of this magazine; also "Destructive Tendencies in the Yosemite Valley," THE CENTURY for January, 1890.

lack of respect for the plainest principles of the treatment of landscape already notorious in California through testimony before an investigating committee of the California legislature — testimony abundantly supported by photographs of the injury done.

These later sins of commission might long ago have been avoided were it not for the sins of omission of earlier boards. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the distinguished landscape forester, and a member of the first Yosemite Commission, was once officially invited to suggest a plan for making the valley available to the public. Mr. Olmsted's suggestions contemplated as little alteration to the natural growth as would be consistent with a public use which would not impair the sentiment of wildness and grandeur characteristic of the valley. His suggestions, however, though formally presented, were not only not adopted, but were never even printed in full. Had these been followed, visitors to the Yosemite in the past few years would not annually have seen the spectacle of the most phenomenal of the national pleasure grounds ignorantly hewed and hacked, sordidly plowed and fenced, and otherwise treated on principles of forestry which would disgrace a picnic ground.

Following Mr. Olmsted, another distinguished member of the first board, Prof. J. D. Whitney of Harvard University, for several years State Geologist of California, made further efforts to place the valley under systematic and proper supervision. Of his success Professor Whitney has lately written:

> As chairman of the executive committee of the Yosemite Commission for several years, thwarted in every effort to carry out liberal, honest, and Christian ideas in regard to the management of the valley, finding my path blocked at all times by legislatures and courts, I have no confidence that anything could or would be gained by making any further conveyance of United States property to the State of California. If the Yosemite could be taken from the State and made a national reservation I should have some hope that some good might be accomplished. I have no idea that the State will ever manage the matter as it ought to be, and I should regret to see the limits of the grant extended.

A member of the present commission made very clear the issue between the friends and the enemies of reform when he said that he would rather have the advice of a Yosemite road-maker in the improvement of the valley than that of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. Since the Yosemite is unique among pleasure grounds, it is at one time assumed by this commissioner that Mr. Olmsted would make the valley a marvel of potted plants, and at another time that his love of wildness would lead him to import decayed and picturesque tree trunks; the fact being that no member of the commission has shown any conception of the principles upon which the modern treatment of nature in making it available to man is professionally carried on. The protest of the friends of reform is clear enough, and is not capable of being mistaken. It is simply that the Yosemite Valley is too great a work of nature to be marred by the intrusion of farming operations or of artificial effects.

Judging from the published reports of the meeting of the Yosemite Commission in the valley in June of the present year, steps are now being taken to put into operation a scheme to uproot and destroy the undergrowth, brush, and trees of the last forty years — a policy which Mr. Olmsted has declared would result, if carried out, in "a calamity to the civilized world." It is difficult to believe the commission sincere in the exaggerated fear of a conflagration in Yosemite, which is given as the reason for this policy; for, as the reader will see by reference to the illustrations of Mr. Muir's article in THE CENTURY for August, there has been permitted a pernicious system of trimming up the young conifers to so considerable a height as to destroy the beauty of the trees, while the dry brush and the lopped limbs have been left lying upon the ground, where the writer of this article saw them in June, 1889. Assuming the danger from fire to be an actual one, it would seem to be better to spend one's energies in preventing the beginning of a conflagration than to destroy the beauty of the valley by cutting out what at most would be but a small part of the combustible material. But even if it were necessary to make extensive alterations by means of the ax, does this lessen to any degree the necessity for expert knowledge in the operation? Members of the commission have publicly discussed the matter as though the question to be considered were the stoutness of the axman, and not the effect of his work to the eye. After this, the qualifications of the "experienced foresters" whom they expect to consult in their avowed policy of slaughtering the young growth in the valley may easily be imagined; they are certainly not such as will commend themselves to the respect and confidence of the public.

So far THE CENTURY has confined its protest against Yosemite management in this matter solely to the lack of expert supervision of the scenery. As to the causes which lie behind, and have for years preceded, the lamentable condition of affairs in the valley, Californians have every reason to be intelligent. It is devoutly to be hoped for the good name of the State that it will not be necessary to transfer to the halls of Congress the scandals of California's capitol. If this shall not be necessary, it will probably be due to the fact that the next legislature of the State will be awakened to a sense of its responsibility in the matter. Meanwhile it is easy to see that the fire which endangers the Yosemite is not so much the unextinguished embers of the wandering camper as the all-consuming flame of politics, which nowhere burns with a fiercer or more withering heat than in the noble State of California.

Misgovernment of Cities.

WHY are American cities so generally misgoverned, and what is the remedy? These are questions which have been discussed almost constantly for many years, and the discussion has produced many plans for reform, some of which have been tried, but none of which has resulted in the establishment of anything more than a temporary and limited improvement. One set of reformers has maintained that the only way by which approximately good government could be secured was by the concentration of power in the hands of one executive, or at most of an executive and a few heads of departments. Another set has maintained that such concentration would lead surely to an aggravation of all our worst evils, and that the only road to reform lay in division of responsibility and power among the executive and legislative and administrative branches. Others have maintained that local rule was bad under

any conditions, and that the only way by which honest government could be secured was for the State to take virtual control and rule the city through its legislature. Still others have advocated some system of minority representation as the only infallible panacea for all municipal ills.

Of course the primary end of every reform system is the getting of fit men into the offices, and the fundamental reason for the common failure of the systems which have been tried is that they have one and all failed in accomplishing this purpose. Occasionally one of them has succeeded in doing it at one election, but the gain has been only temporary. The question naturally arises, Is there any system to be discovered which will infallibly put the right men in office and keep the unfit men out? If not, is it not time that we looked for relief in other directions?

We are sure that many of our readers remember the valuable article by Mr. Albert Shaw upon the government of the city of Glasgow which we published in the March CENTURY. He gave us in that a picture of a model city government, and also the reasons why it was so. Its town council, which rules it, is composed of members, he said, who "come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citizens"; they serve without salary; the office is deemed an honor; "party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections. An efficient councilor may, in general, expect reëlection for several terms"; and "the seat of a satisfactory man who asks reëlection is in a majority of cases not contested at all." All the great departments in the Glasgow administration, that of public buildings, that of health, that of street cleaning, that of law, are occupied for life by men who are among the highest authorities on their several subjects that are to be found in the British Empire. A government thus constituted gives the city precisely the kind of administration which the same men would furnish were they placed at the head of a great private enterprise, and the result is a well-paved, clean, orderly, handsomely built city, with the rights of every citizen protected at every point, economical to live in, with cheap gas and water, low rents, and no breath of scandal throughout all its departments. Is it the system which does this for Glasgow, or the men who administer the system? Would Glasgow under the same system have a model government were its offices to be filled with such men as we put in charge of our American cities? Again, if the Glasgow system were to be adopted in any great American city, would it of itself result in the election of the kind of men who hold the offices in Glasgow?

There are other European cities which can give us light on these points. Berlin, Birmingham, and Manchester are as well governed as Glasgow, but none of them has the same system. The first has for the foundation of its administration a great municipal assembly of 126 members, while Birmingham and Manchester have a form of town council similar to that of Glasgow, but not identical. The one peculiarity which all have in common is that they put the best men attainable into office, without regard to their political affiliations. There is not one of them which depends for the success of its system upon the system itself. First of all it looks to the character and fitness of the men who are to administer the system. Does anybody doubt, if this example were followed in America, that we are capable of producing the same results? Are we less honest, less intelligent, less fitted for self-government, than the people of foreign cities are?

It cannot be denied that our unrestricted suffrage makes the problem more difficult here than it is abroad; but the difficulty is not insurmountable, and it is not, as it is often claimed to be, the chief cause of our troubles. We are in the habit of charging all our worst evils to the combined ignorant and corrupt vote, but there is not a city in the land in which that vote is not many thousands less than the combined intelligent and honest vote. The trouble is that the latter vote, misled by party names and party issues which have no bearing upon questions of municipal rule, is about evenly divided in most municipal elections, and is thus deprived of nearly all its influence. When the happy day shall come that the respectable voters of our cities join hands and say that henceforth they will know no politics in the administration of city affairs, and will only ask of a candidate whether or not he is fit and honest, then there will no longer be any danger to apprehend from the combined ignorant and vicious vote. It will make very little difference what kind of a system we have upon which to govern the city when this spirit shall have entered into the election of its officials, but until we can secure that spirit in the elections it will be useless to hope for reform under the most perfect system which the human mind can devise, for an ideal system administered by ignorant and corrupt men cannot produce intelligent and honest government without performing a miracle.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reflections.

A MAN on the point of doing a wrong thing should ask himself, not what will other people think of him, but what will he think of himself.

THE poorest mathematicians are the quickest ones to contradict the multiplication table.

NEVER judge a person hastily. Even the dog in the manger may have been a nervous animal that needed rest and quiet.

IF you must leave footprints on the sands of time, let your toes point in the right direction. Too often it happens that one's footprints abide as accusing witnesses.

THERE are many forks in the road to a success, and the wise man will not rely on guessing to find out which way to go when he comes to a bother.

BOTH in art and in practical life one should avoid a blind worship of the extraordinary; we too often bestow admiration when only curiosity is called for.

J. A. Macon.

Before the Baby Came.

(*Aggrieved Husband.*)

THERE was a time when my discourse
Was wrenched not out of joint;
I did not shout till I was hoarse,
And point out every point;
Nor thrice the same joke try to tell,
And mangle it and maim —
My wife had time to listen well,
Before the baby came!

There was a time when here and there
I flitted like a bird;
My wife went with me everywhere,
Just when I said the word:
We saw the boat-race and the play,
We watched the base-ball game —
We had a free foot, as they say,
Before the baby came!

There was a time when I alone
Was by my wife adored;
I sat on the domestic throne,
The sole and sovereign lord.
My crown is gone. Without a thank,
He takes my very name —
I 've not a vestige of my rank
Before the baby came!

Fannie Windsor.

Plaint.

"ALAS, how easily things go wrong!"
A verse too much, or a page too long,
And you find you 've expended your soul in vain,
For back your manuscript comes again.

"Alas, how hardly things go right!"
You are either too heavy, or else too light;
You 've too little, or else too much to say —
And it 's "not available" either way!

Margaret Vandegrift.

Going for the Cows.

COME, Jennie, to the pasture lot
With me to bring the cows,
Just o'er the hill, a pretty spot,
Where Blink and Brownie browse;
The brook is glad; near by it grows
A lily here and there;
Beside it, too, there 's bud and rose
To wear upon your hair.

The sun is going slowly down,
But there 's no dew as yet;
No need to lift your Sunday gown
For fear of getting wet.
The thrush will sing his vesper song,
The blackbird spread his wings,
The swallow dip and fly along
The brook that for him sings.

We 'll walk so light and talk so low
They 'll never know we 're near;
I 'll at the bars the toll forego —
If that 's the thing you fear!
So, Jennie, come this once for me,
Nor purse your dainty lips
To make the bud that tempts the bee
And blushes when he sips!

W. S. Snyder.

The Constant Lover.

(SUGGESTED BY HAFIZ.)

SELEIKA'S were the rosy lips,
And Zeyneb's were the lustrous eyes,
And Fatima more sweetly sang
Than nightingale in Paradise:
Zobayda, she was shining tresses,
And Leila, she was dove-caresses —
Dove and serpent, love and lies.

Amima had — but I forget
If she was fair, or simply true;
Suleima's kisses were the best
Till I Zarifa's kisses knew —
Zarifa, maid of tears and laughter,
Swift summer clouds and sunshine after,
Tears and kisses, sweet as dew!

O roses, roses of my youth,
I wonder are ye withered now?
Nay, be not jealous of those buds,
Shirîn, my soul's sultana thou!
For they were but a May-day pleasure,
While thou art mine eternal treasure:
All my love to thee I vow.

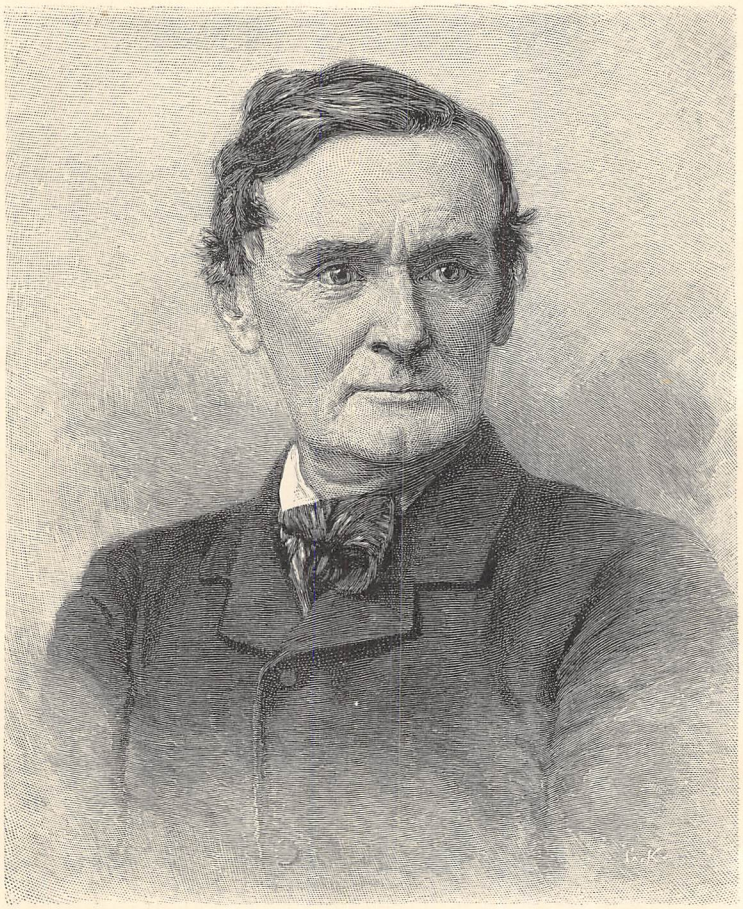
William R. Thayer.

Repartee.

"I WISH you sweet dreams," she said on the stair,
As he gently bade her good-night.
"Thanks for permission to dream of you, dear!"
He replied as she vanished from sight.

William Frederick Dix.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

Faithfully Yours

J. J. Ingalls

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. OCTOBER, 1890. NO. 6.

OUT-OF-THE-WAYS IN HIGH SAVOY.

"*Mais vous êtes drôle!*" The wife of the keeper of the dirty little inn at Bioge was a stalwart specimen of the Savoyard peasant woman, quite overtopping our young professor, who was essaying to know in advance what we should have to pay for a lunch for four of us. The professor is a member of the Alpine Club, and the Alpine Club men have learned by experience the propriety of knowing beforehand the charges of an innkeeper. We had walked from Thonon on Lake Geneva since eleven o'clock,—it was now two,—and the journey between the picturesque cliffs, where breezes do not blow, had made us hungry, else we should never have invaded the uninviting tavern at Bioge with a request for dinner.

"What will you charge for a lunch for these two young ladies, this gentleman, and myself—four of us?" said the professor, walking boldly into the sanctum of pots and kettles, where stood the rugged woman with a copper ladle held like a club ready for use.

"But you are a queer one!" she cried derisively. "How can I tell how much you will eat?"

For a moment I feared that my companion would receive from the ladle a blow on the side of his head. He stood his ground manfully for a while against the giantess, but we were obliged at length to take our bread and eggs and goat's milk without knowing beforehand what they would cost. The milk was foaming fresh from the goat and innocent of all pharisaical straining, which in that place was better. When we had exhausted our pitcher of it I asked the solemn landlord, whom the young folks had dubbed "The Sexton," if there was yet another goat; whereupon he smiled reluctantly and went for a second pitcherful fresh from its source. We ate and drank merrily, paid our three francs, wished the surly landlady a good morning, and started on up the eastern branch of the Dranse, through cliffs that were wild indeed and where there were no roads as yet for wheels. We were now off the lines of travel and fairly away from guidebooks.

We passed engineers and workmen building a road, and if the tourists do not learn to drive up this valley after the road is completed it will be only another illustration of the dullness of the traveling public. This first dash into the out-of-the-way mountains produced a great exhilaration; we strolled on through glens and gorges, stopping now and then to roll rocks into the stream, or resting by some brook that tumbled down towards us in pretty cascades, and we were inclined to call this Valley of Abondance the finest walk known. But the following days quite effaced this impression by giving us even nobler glens.

A heavy rain drove us into a sort of chalet, the human quarter of which was but one small room; the rest belonged to the "gentlemen that paid the rent," as we discovered by the sounds that reached us. A woman and a strange-looking little girl were eating bread in goat's milk upon our arrival, and space was made for us on two stools and a bench. The Savoyard is hospitable, will share his bench or his loaf with you, but he wastes no force in efforts at suavity. His speech is rude and brusk, he uses the French with some reluctance, and likes better to talk to one of his own kind in

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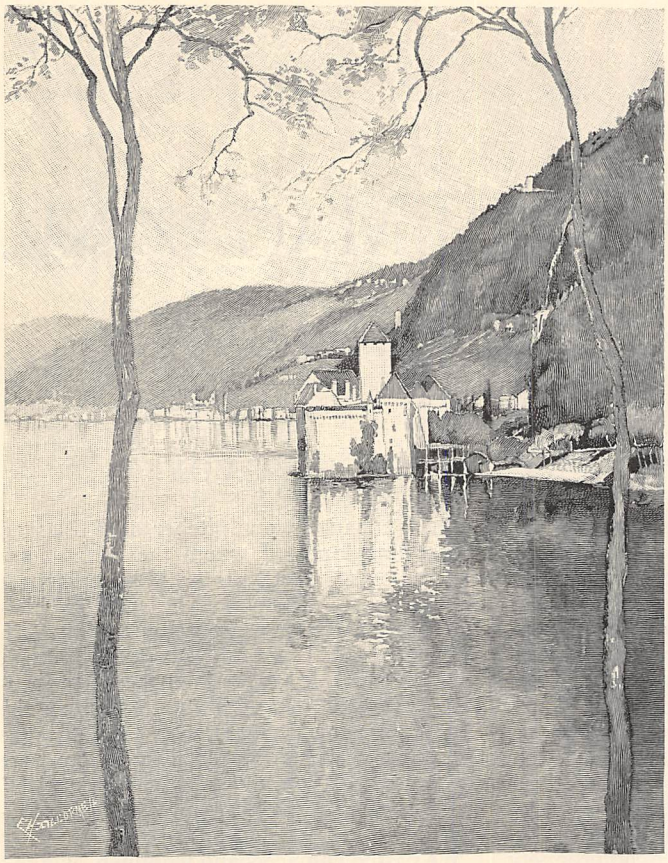


CHILLON FROM THE BALCONY WHERE THE AUTHOR WROTE THE ARTICLE.

the familiar patois of his mountains. The woman preferred to stand up that the strangers might sit, but she answered our questions with reserve. The child had the appearance of being not more than three or four years of age, but she was eleven — a stunted creature who was not able to talk until she was nine, and who was now learning her alphabet. When one reflects on the cretinism of the higher valleys, and sees the hard-toiling peasants whose minds are stunted domiciled under the same roof with their cattle, one cannot but think that there is a level above which man does not flourish. This child was exceptional, but such exceptions are often seen when one gets above the true man-level.

Contrasting strangely with the extreme bareness of everything else in the chalet was the high old clock in the corner — evidently no ordinary timepiece, for it had a dial in the pendulum for telling the day of the month, and was generally a most aristocratic and learned piece of furniture. Poor old clock, with its air of having graced some venerable mansion, by what rude fate did it get into a chalet, doomed forever to look down upon this pine table and dirty bed; this yellow dog and scurvy cat; this square-built and ill-mannered woman; and this dull-eyed, brute-faced child? — doomed to hear a hard patois and the lowing of cattle, when it was meant for the library of a scholar, or the quiet, rug-covered chamber of some valetudinarian old lady? We could not find out its history, for the Savoyard is as secretive as he is brusk. But the professor whisked out his memorandum book and lead pencil, and A—— took her seat in an unsavory corner of the chalet and put us all in a picture — travelers, peasants, dog, cat, and clock.

When at last the rain was over we trudged on wearily through the mud to the village of Chevenox. The "Hôtel aux Moutons" had a little sign with a sheep on it swinging in front. We had been warned against this place, but so we had also against all the inns between this and Abondance, and it was now eight o'clock in the evening with Abondance a good nine miles away. There was nothing for it but to stop at the Sheep Hotel.

As the cows had by this time been sent up the mountains it was impossible to get any butter except *beurre fondu* — butter which has been melted to keep it for cooking, and which is quite unpalatable. At the Sheep Hotel one cow remained; and though we had no butter we had cow's milk at night, and by the help of a good appetite we ate our supper. As for sleeping, it was quite out of the question. There is in the mountains a tree-level and, as I have said, a man-level, but I have never yet discovered any limit of altitude for the flea. This cheerful insect is ever with the mountaineer; in the valleys in winter and in the high chalets of the summer he fulfils the end of his creation in laboring to overcome the sluggishness of the peasant. The young girls of the party sat up with their heads on a table, the professor slept the sleep of the Alpine Club, but I meditated all the long night on that hardshell preacher who found edification in reading from his Bible, "The wicked flea whom no man pursueth."

Just at daybreak, when the sleep of exhaus-

THE MOUNTAINS FROM VILLENEUVE.

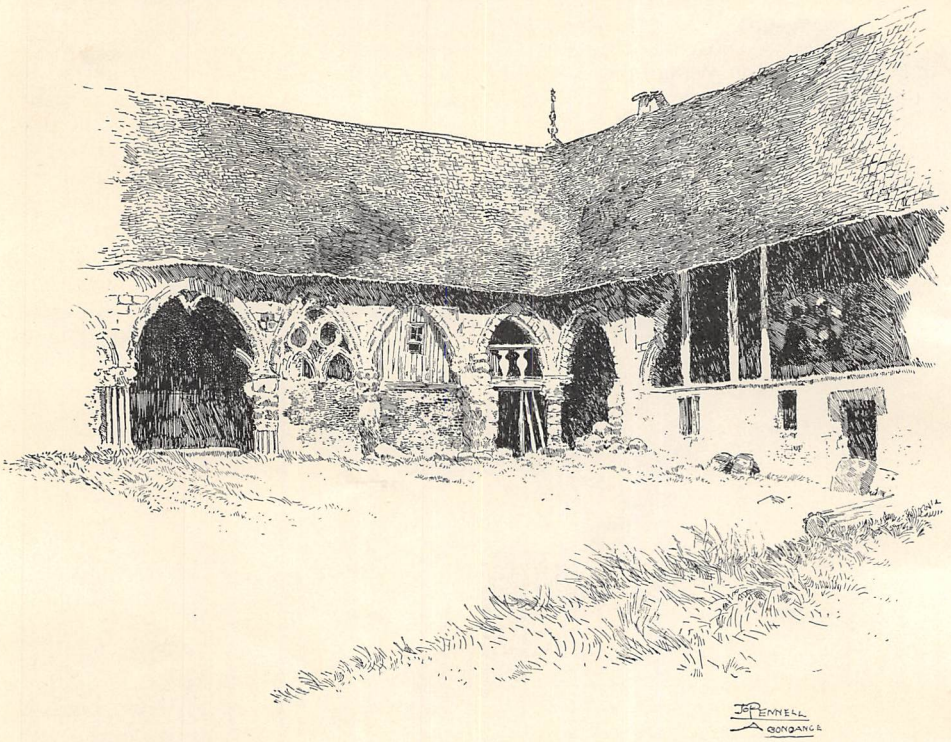
tion began to come over us, two children, come down from the mountain perhaps, began to call outside the house: "Louison! Louison! O Louison!" For more than an hour this call for "Louison" was kept up. They even got a pole and knocked on the windows of the room occupied by the young ladies and the insects, calling always, "Louison! O Louison!" The landlady woke up and scolded them, whereupon they lowered their voices to an insistent stage whisper and cried still for Louison. Who Louison may be I know not, nor why she was wanted at that unearthly hour, but I know that they did not find her. She has no doubt gone with Poe's loved and lost Lenore, for after their long calling the children shuffled away again into the unknown regions whence they had emerged.

The next forenoon brought us a walk through a lovely open valley, showing great green slopes of pasturage dotted with chalets far up the majestic mountain sides. As the season advances the peasants drive their herds farther and farther up, until in midsummer the highest pasturage is reached. The peasant himself migrates to the high chalets with his horses and cows, and then later in the season, as the uppermost grass is exhausted, he retreats terrace by terrace until he reaches his sheltered home in the deep valley, where the avalanche shall not find him, and where the grass has been made into hay and stored in the loft of his habitation by being carried in on the backs of women in huge *hottes*, or baskets worn like knapsacks. Family and herd live under the same roof—it is house and cheese-factory, stable and barn. The peasant is essentially a nomad; living with and moving with his herds, he sells his cheese and his cattle to buy bread. There is nothing very poetic about his life: his chalets are only stationary tents, and he is but another sort of Arab, fencing against frost and mountain snows, while the Bedouin fights against heat and sandy plains. I have heard that the cattle

like their high pasturage well, and it is quite difficult to persuade them to descend until the grass is exhausted by much grazing and summer drought. Then, as though frightened by a famine specter, they go down with irresistible eagerness.

Our road led us through Vacheresse ("Cow-town") and on along the loveliest of mountain sides. We were now on the main road again, and we found these green mountain-flanks well peopled, though most of the peasants had gone far up with the cattle. We asked our way now of a polite country priest, now of modest little girls, and again of women suffering the awful scourge of goiter; we paused to look at the votive wreaths and knickknacks deposited before the ghastly images of Mary holding a baby Christ, or of a dead Christ, in the little shrines by the road-side; we read without devotion the lavish promises of indulgence which Monseigneur the Bishop of Annecy had made, by means of little tin signs, to all such as should say a given number of paternosters and Ave Marias before the ugly road-side crosses. To live with the beasts of the field and to go on all fours before a despotic but easily cajoled Deity is the hard lot of the Savoyard. A Protestant polemic might maintain that when St. Francis de Sales arrested the progress of the Reformation in these mountains he put the human spirit into a jug like the giant in the Arabian story, and sealed the vessel with a veritable Solomon's seal, which no man has since known how to break. But the stupor of the mountains is not confined to Catholic regions.

We reached Abondance a little after midday and staid until the next morning. After our experience with "Louison" we were only too happy to find good eating and good sleeping. The professor and the young ladies went fishing and did about as well as the enthusiastic native fishermen in the Alps do; that is to say, they caught nothing at all. You see many fishermen in these mountains, but you are happy if you see one fish to a hundred fishing-rods. Yet we did eat trout at Abondance. There came up a shower and the fishing party fled into a chalet, where A—— got a sketch of the picturesque interior, and where the peasant confided to the professor his purpose to emigrate to America, about which he held very confused notions, as that the language spoken there was Italian. But he was not much more ignorant of America than many of the English and Scotch tourists that one meets.



COURT OF THE MONASTERY AT ABONDANCE.

Abondance was once the seat of a Dominican abbey; the town was a mere dependence of the abbey, indeed. The monks were driven out in 1793, but the building still stands

and is in use for communal purposes. The curé's residence and the *mairie* are in parts of it. But its beauty has been sadly spoiled. The lovely marble pillars and the exquisite arches of the cloisters have been broken and carried off one by one to prop a stable or to finish a wall. This destruction was arrested when the building was devoted to public uses, and enough remains to show how excellent the whole must have been. They were rich, these monks, and had more than one monastery in these fertile valleys; and if they lived well and had great cellars full of wine, they served a purpose in keeping alive a love of the arts and letters in a besotted age. France gained much by sending them off in 1793; but something was lost, too, as must always be the case in a revolution. It is a hard necessity that obliges us to tear down the old because the foundations are rotten. No better work has been done in America than the abolition of slavery; and yet when I remember the exceeding grace of the old Virginia country gentleman's life, as I saw it a generation ago, I cannot but feel the hardness of the necessity that obliges a revolution to go to the root and to overthrow all the grace and dignity that has grown upon a false or antiquated foundation, leaving nothing but a rubbish-heap for a new beginning. The new structure will have its beauty, more excellent than that of the old, no doubt, but never just the same. Nothing is more admirable than a brave and necessary iconoclasm, clearing the field for human progress, but nothing is more saddening.

With the early morning knapsacks, alpenstocks, hob-nailed shoes, and all the other appurtenances of an alpine party are mustered, and we are off for the Col d'Ecuelle. Mont la (or le) Grange lifts its great barn-like ridge to the sky; the rising mists unveil many fine peaks, among others the Cornettes de Bise, or Horns of the North Wind, in plain sight as we take our march up the sides of the valley leading towards the *col.* A little girl leaves her goats in the valley to show us the path up the mountain.

Two hours of hot climbing bring us to a high chalet in the upper pasture grounds. When we four have drunk two quarts of cream and offer to pay, the woman will not name a price. For an experiment, to see how little she will take, I offer her a fifty centimes piece, equal to our dime, but she protests that it is too much, and is with difficulty persuaded to accept it. These are the yet unspoiled peasants, who have never seen a tourist and to whom a franc is a fortune.

We observe that our little goatherd climbs even on moderate and grassy slopes in zig-zaging; it is the art of the mountaineer, and it is thus that the paths are made. This little girl seems to be uneasy about her goats; she wishes to return. We take directions as to our way, and I find on examination that all the small change in my pocket is equal to about nine cents of our money. Considering that she has climbed two thousand feet with us, this seems little enough. I pour the coppers into her hand, but she makes great eyes and protests that I must not pay her, at least not so much. Once assured that it is all right she hies swiftly and without zig-zags down the mountain, eager, perhaps, to tell of her good fortune.

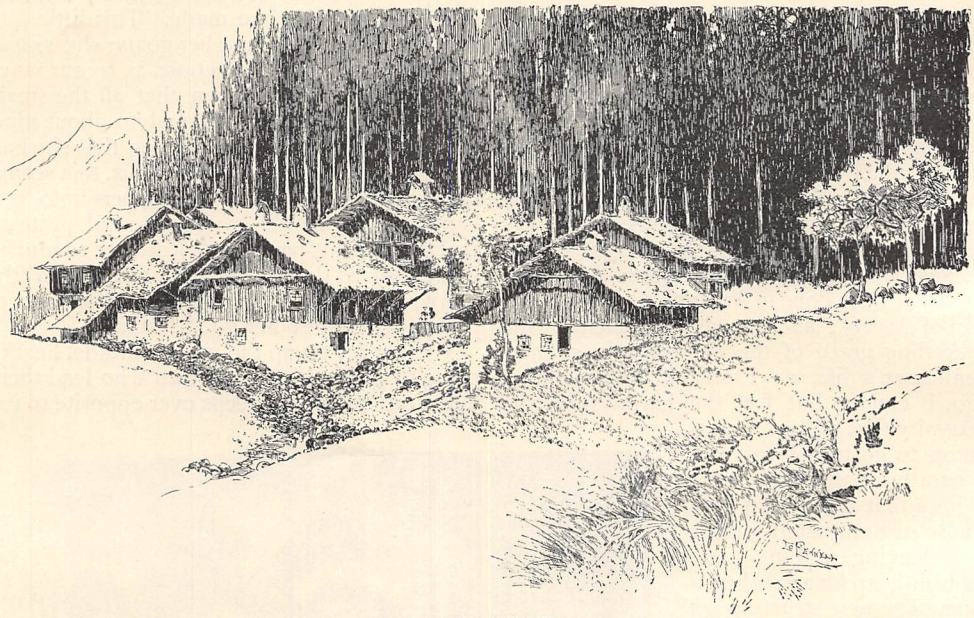
We journey on up the mountain side, hearkening to the yodling of women who lead their flocks on the grassy steeps over opposite to us.

AN INTERIOR AT BIOGE.

The goats first and then the cows hasten to follow when these young women call them with this inarticulate song. Oh, it is not love of music, nor sentimental attachment to the shepherdesses, that sets every little goat-bell a-tinkling and every sweet-toned cow-bell a-ringing when the yodle is heard. The prudent herdswoman appeals to mercenary, and as one may say culinary, motives. When once the herd is close about her she takes some lumps of rock salt from her pocket and gives the cows and goats a little treat from her hand, knowing that this

will make the yodle sweet to their ears the next time. Some of the cows wear bells of elegant workmanship, the poor peasants spending often as much as sixteen francs for a fine-toned bell wrought with *fleur-de-lis* or other emblems. The very cows grow proud of their bells, and I have heard that when the bell is taken off the cow will sometimes refuse to walk at all.

We are too hungry to stay long in the ruins; at the tavern in the pretty village beyond we get a substantial dinner, and have yet some hours of daylight. When I have written a letter I stroll down to the abbey in the evening light. I find one of my daughters perched high on a broken wall, making a sketch, while the other rests in the grass, watched curiously by



A HIGH VILLAGE.

It was just at noon-time that we reached the very summit of the *col*. The red sashes which relieved the dark-blue flannel of the feminine walking costumes had been removed and the broad red flannel collars turned under, lest some monarch of the herd should take umbrage at the bright colors. But we had no trouble: the friendly women whose cattle grazed on the summit gave us milk, the one holding the cow by the horns while the other milked it; and the cows troubled us only by overfriendliness, snuffing our clothes and smelling of the little portable pot in which the professor was boiling some chocolate. There is no better place for lunch than the summit of a col, or pass, where the cool breeze blows between the peaks, and where familiar valleys and mountains lie behind, ready to disappear at your next advance, while a new system as yet unexplored is in front.

Lunch ended we descended the steep lateral valley, over rubble-stones and morasses, until we debouched at last, tired but cheerful, into the central valley of the Dranse just where it forms a pretty amphitheater, and where stand the picturesque ruins of the once rich Abbey of St. Jean d'Aulph.

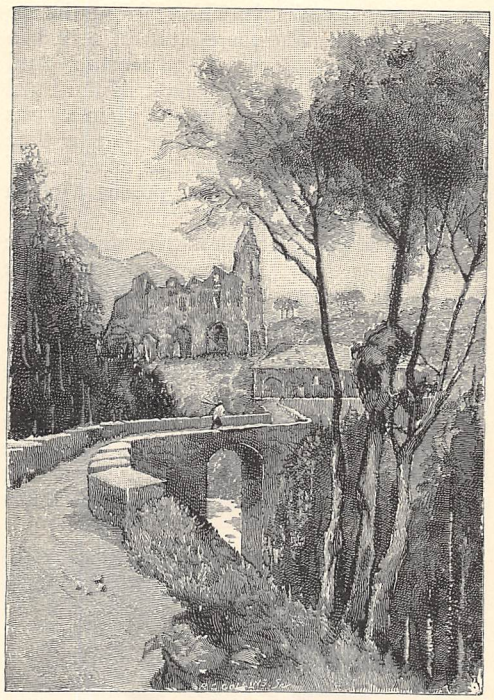
the peasant children. The never weary professor has gone on a full run many miles down the central Dranse to explore its rocky gorges. Certainly the side and end walls of the abbey which remain are worth a day's walk to see: the gothic window is always best when one sees it in a ruined building, framing a bit of mountain or sky, and especially when one sees it in approaching twilight. This abbey has been quarried away to furnish materials for the village church, and for other buildings. The devastation is now arrested, and the walls that remain will not be disturbed. There are enormous wine vaults below, and you may easily trace the limits of the garden in which the monks walked and ruminated after dinner.

Our next forenoon brought us to one of our objective points, the little Lake of Montriond, which lies in a lateral valley at the base of cliffs fully two thousand feet high. Here we eat our eggs and drink from a bottle of cold coffee, while we watch the brooks on the other side tumbling headlong down these great cliffs. Some go down diagonally, falling now hundreds of feet and then making shorter leaps, thus forming many cascades between the summit and the bottom. There is one that breaks

into spray in its great fall and is quite blown away by the wind. The lake is low and nowhere presents so striking an appearance as Lake Taney, which we reached on another expedition a week later after a good climb from Vouvry. We went directly over a high ridge so as to see Lake Taney first a thousand feet below us, almost entirely shut in by high peaks and walls of rock. But Lake Montriond, though it has cliffs on but one side, is quite worth a visit, and it may be easily reached in a day and by carriage, following the valley of the central Dranse all the way from Thonon.

It was not in our plan, however, to adhere to carriage roads. We had heard that there was a pass at the head of this valley by which one might reach the Val d'Illiez; and assured that it was not much traveled, we felt all the more eager to cross it. But we could find no one who had crossed to Champery by this route, and this fact, after many inquiries, became ominous. We did not want to go away around by Morzin, and over the well-worn col, so we pushed on rather blindly up the precipitous valley of Montriond.

However charming cascades may be to the traveler who cools his heated face in their spray and rejoices his eyes with the rainbows at their feet, they are tiresome to the reader, who neither feels the spray, nor sees the rainbow, nor hears the sound. We paused long to enjoy some of them, though, tramp-like, we did not know where we could find a place to rest at night. We passed a village of twenty-five chalets quite deserted; the houses with home-made wooden locks. In another village there was an old woman with a distressful neck left as guardian of houses and cabbage-patches. Now and then we met a boy carrying something in a *hotte* on his back. He had come down from the village above to sell some butter perhaps, or maybe to bring some smuggled tobacco, for there are the roads of the smugglers. In response to all our inquiries we received for answer but one reply — we must rest in the chalets of Lynderet; the col was very high and could not be passed that evening. So, beating steadily up the mule-path, we yielded to the conviction that we must camp in the chalets, to the great delight of the novelty-loving young folks, to the great disgust of an old stager such as I have come to be. Have I not slept in the straw for a week in the Green Mountains, in the spruce boughs many a night in the north woods, on hard floors



ABBEY OF ST. JEAN D'AULPH.

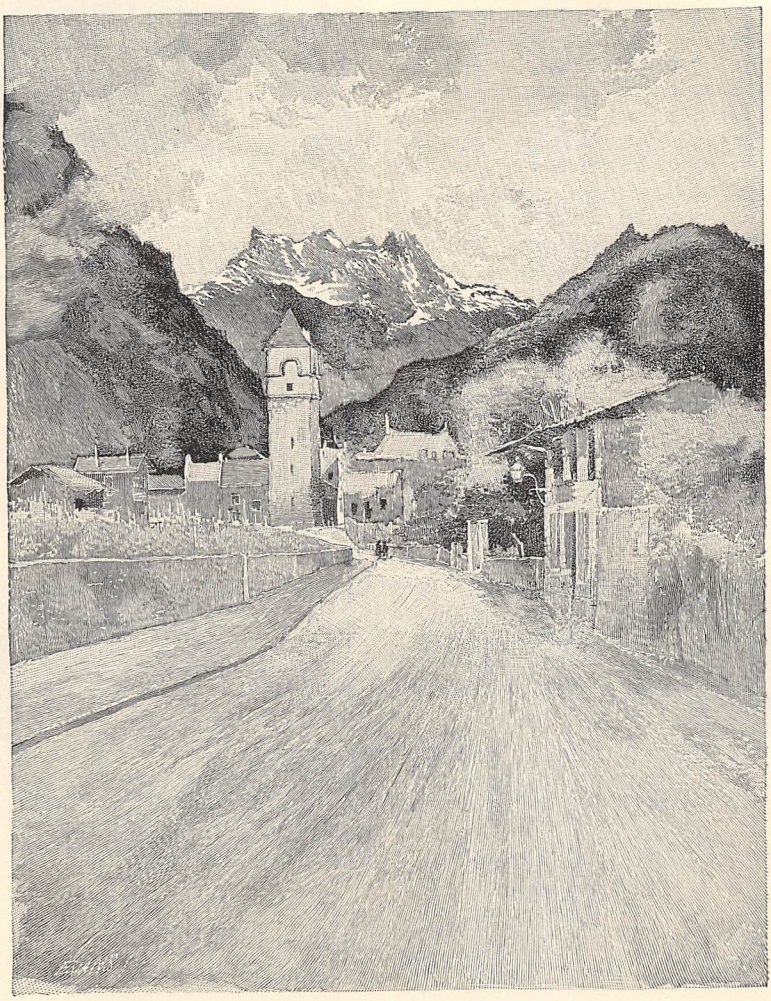
TOWN OF ABONDANCE.

on the frontier, under the "blue lift" on the top of Ascutney and elsewhere, and on a buffalo robe on the Red River of the North? And did I not pass one awful night in the hotel in Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, when I was a lyceum lecturer? But there comes a time in a man's life when the fun has gone out of discomfort, and when a man prefers a clean bed to one of the other sort.

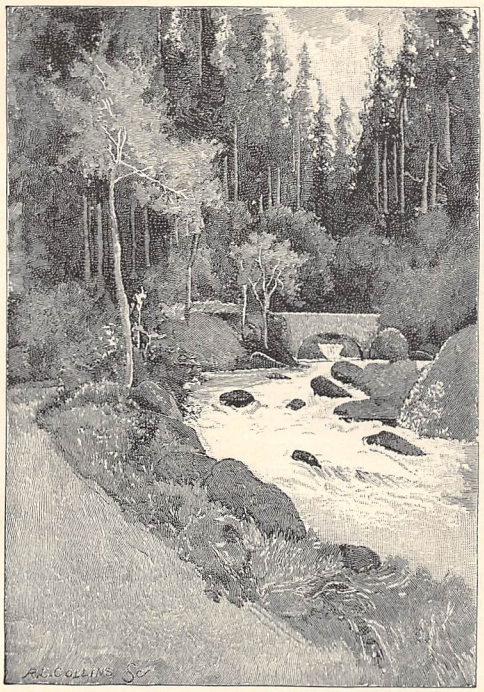
We passed yet one other hamlet where there was no living thing. All the people and cattle had moved a week before to the high village of Lynderet, the low-browed chalets of which we could now see far above and ahead of us. When at last we entered the lofty village, in the late afternoon, we paused, as we had been directed, at the first chalet, where some little necessary things were kept for sale, and where half a dozen of the village gossips sat sewing on stools and logs in front of the door. They scanned very curiously our walking costumes, especially the knickerbockers and long hose of the professor, and the blue flannel "sailor suits," trimmed with red, of the young girls. They did not try to restrain their laughter as we explained that we wished to sleep in some hay-loft; they offered to find beds for us that were *très propre* (very clean), but beds we did not dare accept. Finding the women very frank in speech, I bluntly told them that we were afraid of fleas and would like to find a place free from them.

"Oh, we have only been here eight days," answered the mischievous spokeswoman of the party, "and the fleas have not yet had time to come to life. But if they trouble you the only way is to feed them!"

Some of the women looked dull and overworked, but the one who did the talking was bright in looks and speech; and there was one



ON THE WAY HOME, VILLENEUVE.



VALLEY OF THE DRANSE.

other, with a round, sensuous, Italian face and very curly hair, who seemed of a race different from the rest. There was a coquettish toss to her head; she was pretty and had been prettier, and she kept looking out of the corners of her eyes to see whether she attracted the attention of the strangers.

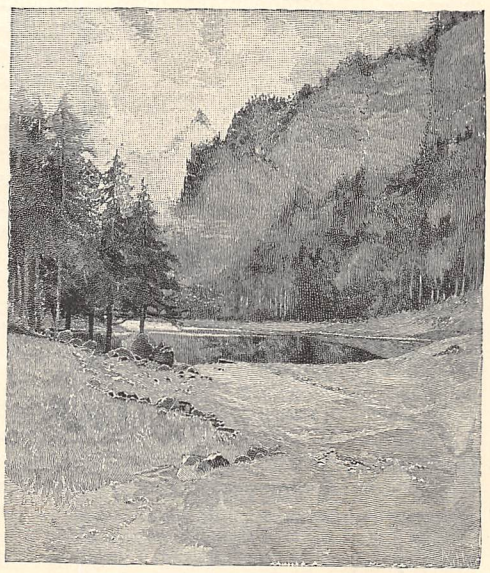
When we objected to the first chalet shown to us the spokeswoman chaffed us with being hard to suit, and reminded us that we were in the mountains. It is the universal apology for all filth and discomfort. I do not remember ever to have entered a chalet, black, dirty, and smoky as all of them are, without hearing the apologetic remark, "*Voilà les montagnes*," or something equivalent to it. But we found a hay-loft at last that seemed passably clean.

The professor treated the master of the first chalet to cigars and his children to bits of chocolate. We sat down in the floorless room and ate a supper of black bread, very black and heavy, with coffee and a sort of omelette. We had large soup plates of earthenware for our coffee. We were obliged to finish this in order to make room on the same plate for our greasy omelette.

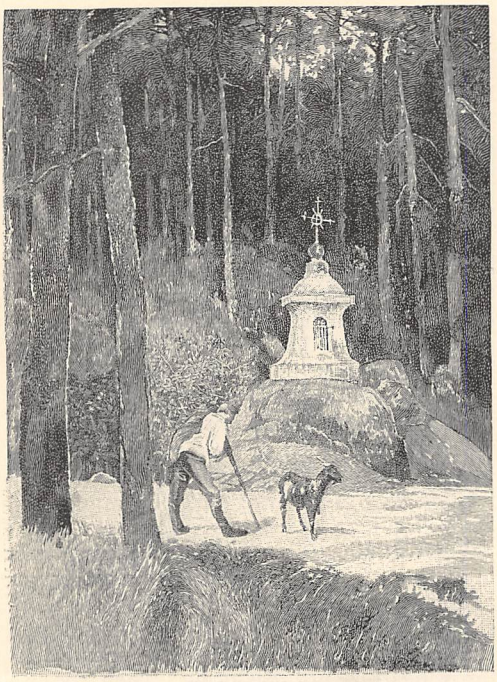
From this room opened a door into the stable where the cow-bells were tinkling; in one corner of the room the fire burned on the ground floor. There was no hearth or fireplace; the smoke ascended lazily to the ceiling, through which it passed into a chimney. A large wooden crane served to swing the great black kettle used in making cheese. This kettle was stirred from time to time by man or wife, and the short wooden ladle floated around on the milk when not in use. A second room in that part of the chalet which stood on posts or legs above the ravine, as many of these houses do,— a survival perhaps from the old lake dwellings,— was floored and contained two beds, besides a trundle-bed, one of them covered with a bit of rag carpet. We soon found that the fleas were not quiescent, and so betook ourselves to our hay-loft in another chalet.

We slept but little. We were in a high, lonesome village; no friend of ours knew where we were, and from the sinister hints of a young man who taught the little public school in the place it was evident that we were in a village given to smuggling. The high col which we were seeking was the frontier between France and Switzerland, and particularly favorable to this unlawful trade. Just as we were making nests in the hay to keep warm, a stone was thrown against the chalet, which had no other occupants than ourselves. The darkness, the prevailing rain-storm, the mischievous stone-throwing, were not reassuring. Then, too, we had been warned not to descend from the loft during the night for fear of a dangerous stallion in the lower part of the house. When a father has daughters in charge he has at least a sense of responsibility. But a philosophical spirit is always good. There were for armament four stout, sharp-pointed alpenstocks, and as we were in for it, there was nothing but to risk robbers and fight fleas as cheerfully as possible.

Tavernier, our host at the chalet where we



LAKE MONTRIOND.



WAYSIDE SHRINE.

got our black bread and coffee, was a rather handsome, half Italian-looking fellow, with large, round, inexpressive eyes, that suggested either entire naïveté or a bandit-like secretiveness. From the droll allusions made by the schoolmaster in Tavernier's presence to the business of smuggling as carried on over these mountains, and especially from the latter's round-eyed, bovine expression of ignorant indifference, I became sure that he was the chief smuggler of the place. The next morning, satisfied perhaps that we were no spies of the Government, he became more communicative than he had been, though evidently a little at a loss in using French, which he jerked out in irregular spurts. The patois in these valleys is rather more like Italian, I believe, than it is like French; and even the French which the peasants learn is modified by the accent of the patois. For example, the French word *sentier* for path is always pronounced with an *sh* sound like the soft *c* in some Italian dialects. I asked Tavernier what that hole in the wall behind the flue was for.

"*Pour les chindres* [*cendres*]."

I cite his answer to illustrate his accent. Very likely the hole in the wall is a convenient place to throw the ashes which accumulate on the earth floor, but if I were a detective I should examine the contents of it.

The peasants in Lynderet, coming from the lower villages of this narrow valley, are all complexly related one to another. Shut in by high mountains on each side, they have naturally married in and in for generations. I have not heard that medical men have ever asked whether cretinism and goiter — which certainly do not come from the water, as once believed — may not spring from these marriages of consanguinity. The restraints of the Catholic Church work very beneficially in such communities, for the Church discourages marriages with first cousins, and our smuggler, who was a pious man, assured me that such marriages rarely took place. But as the relationships are intricate, a double second cousin, with several other strains of kinship, might aggregate more consanguinity than a first cousin.

The next morning, which was Sunday, was rainy in that saturating way which one finds only in places of great altitude. Lynderet was a village in the clouds this morning. It was quite out of the question for us to spend another night here; so we resolved, at all hazards of rain and slippery precipices, to cross the pass, which, if a fog should rise, would become dangerous. We had intended to take a lad for a guide, but found that there were few persons even in Lynderet who knew the way; one of these was our host. It dawned on us slowly that the pass was quite untraveled except by smugglers, and that of these the mild-eyed Tavernier must be chief. All the town was going to church at Montriond, in the valley of the Dranse, several thousand feet below, but Tavernier offered to put us in the path before he started. Innocent man! He knew as well as we did that such a pass as the Col du Cuboret could never be crossed by strangers without a guide on a bad morning, and he only waited the mention of pay to relinquish his pious intention of going to church.

After a very light breakfast of very black bread and coffee we set out and climbed steadily upward for two or three hours. One of the most perpendicular mountains in sight was covered with grass all the way up its steeps. It is in these places, where the grass grows horizontally out of the mountain side, and where neither cow, goat, nor man can find a foothold, that the chamois flourishes. On that very mountain side, at the north, the wily Tavernier had shot two chamois last year.

The immediate walls of the pass of Cuboret are high, perpendicular, rocky cliffs from which the peasants gather *jenipi*, some plant, I know not what, which the pharmacists buy for two francs an ounce. Tavernier, with characteristic love of daring and larger gains than the common, has gone over these cliffs at the end of a rope many times in search of jenipi. Only a year ago a poor fellow fell down the dizzy cliff at the left and lost his life in the search for the highly prized plant.

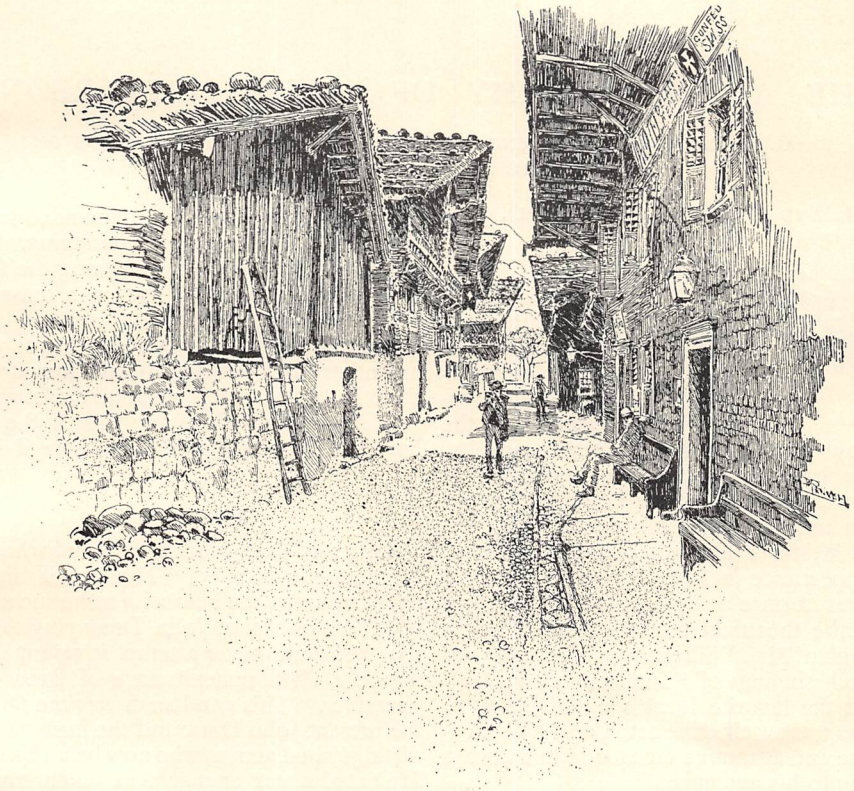
When in the chill airs of the higher ground we had drunk some cold coffee from the professor's bottle, and eaten some bread from the knapsacks, and had made the guide participate in the refreshments, Tavernier, walking by my side, let out the fact frankly that he had once climbed from the Swiss side of this pass laden with two bags of contraband tobacco.

"Just here," he said, "my companion and myself met two *gens d'armes*. We ran, but the gens d'armes were light and we were burdened. I threw away one bag of tobacco and escaped across the frontier, and passing round the mountains came in by the frontier of Morzin. It was a great loss to me — thirty-five francs' worth of tobacco." And the poor fellow's voice fell into a plaintive key, but I could not detect the least sense of culpability. Smuggling is to him only a dangerous pursuit, like chamois shooting and the gathering of the jenipi harvest.

I do not know how high the Col du Cuboret is. If one may trust the marking of some maps it is 7550 feet, say 1300 feet higher than our Mount Washington. Certain it is that on the day of the summer solstice we found great beds of snow filling the depressions, and we many times sank to our knees in its surface, softened as it was by rain. The guide trod the soft snow down so that the girls might follow in his tracks without sinking. I plucked violets not far from the snow, and found the hardy little *Soldanella alpina*, which blooms only on the high mountains where the snow is melting. My specimen I plucked within two feet of the snow.

That which we feared came upon us. As we reached the summit the clouds creeping up from the Rhone Valley covered the pass. We were obliged to descend the dangerous steep in the fog. Hardly were we all on the grassy and slippery precipice, where the path is only a foothold in the herbage and where the mountain is virtually perpendicular for hundreds of feet, than each was seized with a fright about the others. I, clinging by hobnails and alpenstock to the dizzy side, was in terror lest the girls should fall; they were frightened lest a vertigo should seize me; and the professor was panic-stricken for us all. Such shouting to and fro, such cautions, directions, reproaches, and coaxings! Only the guide was impassive as ever. His round, bland face looked as calm as it will look on the scaffold if he ever should be guillotined for shooting one of the gens d'armes.

After a while our descent became less pre-



MAIN STREET OF CHAMPERY.

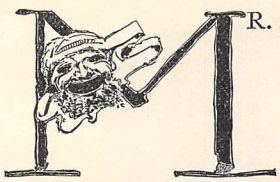
cipitous, and we presently emerged from the cloud at the Chalet de Pas, where we found many cows, and much cheese-making, and all the women wearing trousers. These were not compromises like the "bloomers" of our reformers of forty years ago, but the real Swiss peasant trousers bagging at the sides into pockets large enough to contain each a bottle of wine. It is the custom in some parts of the canton of Valais for the women to wear trousers, not from any reformatory sentiments, but simply because it is impossible to go about the morass of a barnyard in which their chalets are situated in any other clothes. These were more than usually intelligent, pleasant-faced peasant women, and they gave us white bread, which, after our morning walk, was gladly received. That afternoon we reached Champery wet, weary, muddy and hungry, and a beautiful walk down the Val d'Illiez the next forenoon brought us to the railway, and thus to the end of our delightful journey, namely, to this quaint old "*le clos*," near Villeneuve, on Lake Geneva where I write, looking out of a wide gallery at Castle Chillon, and round about me at a vineyard of white grapes planted centuries ago by the Knights Templars.

Edward Eggleston.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

FINAL INSTALMENT, INCLUDING THE AUTHOR'S LATEST REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF ACTING.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.



R. and Mrs. Barney Williams attracted much attention, shortly after their marriage, as American stars. The association of the Irish boy and the Yankee girl was a novelty, and as a dramatic feature strong in contrast.

Williams had been quite popular even before his marriage, and his union with Mrs. Charles Mestayer (also very popular), and their joint appearance in Irish drama and musical farce, was at once a success and placed them among the theatrical attractions of the day. The laugh of Mrs. Williams was infectious, and her droll singing of "Independence Day" made it the favorite local song of the time. Williams was an effective actor, and his graceful figure and attractive face made him always welcome to his audiences.

Barney and I were once walking together in a heavy shower of rain, and were near his own house, where dinner was awaiting us. As we reached the gate the Irish girl was discovered watering the flower-beds in the garden. She, like ourselves, was sheltered from the storm by an ample umbrella; but a high wind had turned it inside out. With the now useless shelter in one hand and the watering-pot in the other she was whirled about like a weather-cock in a stiff breeze, and in this helpless condition was pouring an auxiliary shower on the already drenched and dripping plants. Barney hailed her reprovingly and demanded to know why she was doing such a stupid thing. "Sure, sir, ye told me to be after watering the flowers every day." "Yes, but not on a rainy day," said the master. "Sure, sir," said Biddy, "I thought a rainy day was every day as well as any other day." "Why, you are drenched with the rain," said Barney; "go into the house." "I will, sir, indeed," said she; "for if the posies have had enough of it, I am sure I have."

JOHN DREW.

It is said that John Brougham, who wrote the domestic drama of "The Irish Emigrant" and had acted the hero with some success, declared upon seeing John Drew play the part that he would never attempt it again. I have myself a vivid remembrance of Drew in this character. (This gentleman was the father of the present John Drew and the husband of the distinguished actress who now bears his name.) He acted a star engagement under my management in Richmond, Virginia, in 1856, appearing in a round of Irish characters with marked success. I saw him as *Handy Andy*, *O'Flanaghan*, and the *Emigrant*, and his entrance in the last-named character was one of those simple, bold, and unconventional effects that invariably command recognition from an audience, be they high or low, rich or poor, intelligent or ignorant. A simple figure passes an open window and pauses for an instant to look into the room; then a timid knock. "Come in!" The door slowly opens, and upon the threshold stands a half-starved man,

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hunger in his gaunt form and hollow cheeks, but kindness and honesty in his gentle eyes. What a pathetic sight is this! As the character is developed through the incidents surrounding it you see always the same man, changed only as he would be by the circumstances through which he passes. There is a sincerity in this kind of artistic treatment that wins for it a lasting remembrance in the minds of those who have witnessed it. To do bright and sparkling things that for a moment trick an audience of its applause, though they be entirely out of keeping with a character, is a grave error. With whatever variety a character may be treated, the audience should feel that it is the same man whose different moods are developed by the change of his position in the story. I think it has been generally conceded that since Tyrone Power there has been no Irish comedian equal to John Drew. Power, as a light and brilliant actor, with piercing eyes, elegant carriage, and polished "school," dazzling his audiences like a comet, was undoubtedly unparalleled in his line, but I doubt if he could touch the heart as deeply as did John Drew.

We were afterwards together in Philadelphia; he played *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* with me in "The Rivals," Mrs. Drew appearing as *Lydia Languish*. There was one part that he acted during this brief engagement which made a strong impression upon me, and revealed his versatility perhaps more than any other character I had seen him in. It was that of a young English squire, gay and desperate, warm-hearted and profligate, whose condition changed from wealth and station to poverty and almost to degradation, from the bowling-green of the quiet village to the gambling-hell of a great city — these vicissitudes of fortune being brought upon him by his own careless nature, which passed from gay to grave, deeply touched by the misfortune of others and reckless of his own. Drew's treatment of this character, though it was not widely known, won for him great admiration from his artistic comrades.

BARNEY WILLIAMS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.)

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

MISS CUSHMAN was a prominent figure in the dramatic history of her day — tall and commanding in person, with an expressive face whose features might have been called plain but for the strength and character in them. She was self-educated, and had consequently stored her mind with just the sort of material that would serve to develop it. The most cultivated society of England and America delighted to entertain her, and her hospitality and kindness to Americans who visited her during her sojourn in Italy won for her the esteem and gratitude of many rising young artists, whom she took great pleasure in bring-

ing into notice. Her dramatic career was a long and brilliant one, and in the legitimate drama she was more prominent than any other actress of her time.

The nearest approach to Miss Cushman was Mrs. Warner. Her face was classic and there was a grace and majesty in her presence that was very charming, but in force and fire Miss Cushman far outshone her English rival. She had great tact in society, being perfectly at ease and making every one else so. Her faculty for either entertaining or being entertained was remarkable. She could do all the listening or all the talking, whichever was the most agreeable to her guest. As *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Catherine* she was regal from head to foot, but her most popular character with the public was *Meg Merrilies* in "Guy Mannering." As Scott's heroine critics objected to her extravagant acting and the liberty she took in standing aloof from the character in the novel, and in her re-creation of the *Meg*. As I have been guilty of the same thing, it will not do for

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.)

me to complain. But be this as it may, her acting was amazingly effective, and that quality covers a multitude of dramatic sins. She was witty and agreeable, with an immense flow of animal spirits, and I never met her without having a good laugh, either at our own expense or that of somebody else. She had a warm heart, and her charities were very numerous.

MRS. DRAKE.

BEFORE Charlotte Cushman reached the height of her popularity the leading tragic actress of America was Mrs. A. Drake. She was an accomplished woman, and during her whole life held an enviable position both on and off the stage. When a boy of sixteen I acted with her the page *Cyprian Gossamer* in "Adrian and Orrilla." She taught me the business of the part with great care, coming to the theater an hour before the rehearsal so as to go over the scenes with me before the actors assembled. She had a queenly bearing, and was, during her dramatic reign, undoubtedly the tragic muse of America. Her son, some years ago, knowing that I had a great regard for his mother, gave me three letters which relate to theatrical matters in general, and to Mrs. Drake in particular. I shall therefore take the liberty of inserting them here. They have never been published before; and as two of them are from John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and the other is from Washington Irving, they cannot fail to be interesting. One of Mr. Payne's letters is to Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish statesman, introducing Mrs. Drake to his notice.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, Sept. 4, 1832.

JOHN MILLER, ESQ.,

Agent for the American Legation, London.

MY DEAR SIR: As you are well versed in theatrical affairs, I would ask your advice and services for Mrs. Drake, an American lady who is about to try her fortunes on the London boards. You may already have heard of her success in the United States. I have merely had the pleasure of witnessing her powers one evening, in the *Widow Cheerly* ("The Soldier's Daughter"), and the part of *Mary* in the "Maid of the Inn"; but from those specimens am led to form a very high opinion of her talents both in the serious and comic lines of the drama. I cannot but think that, if she has a fair chance, she will make a very favorable impression on the London public.

A personal acquaintance with Mrs. Drake has still more interested me in herself and her fortune; and I shall feel it as a kindness to myself if you would do anything in your power to facilitate her views in England.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Miller,

Yours very truly,

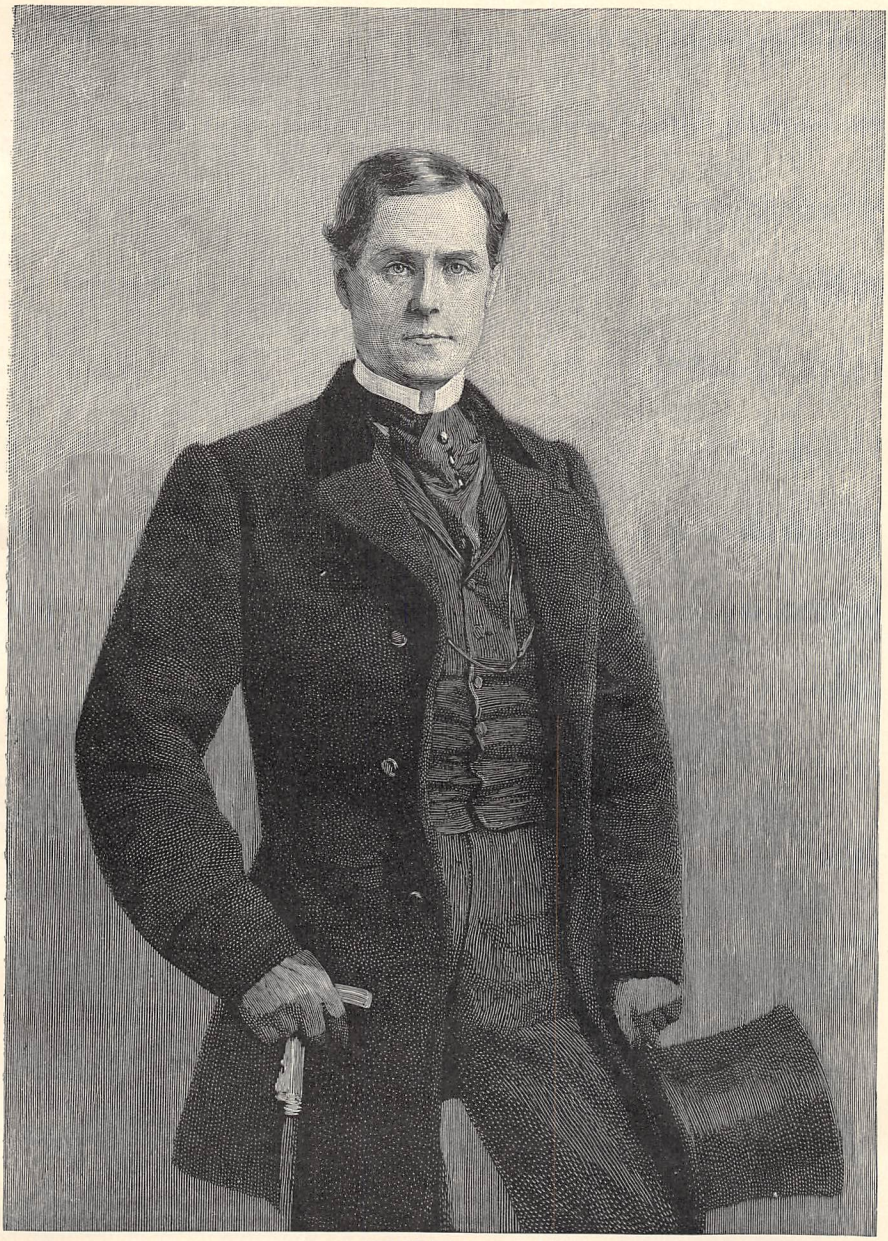
WASHINGTON IRVING.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1833.

DAN'L O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P., London.

(Hand by Mrs. Drake.)

MY DEAR SIR: A lady of the highest standing both as a gentlewoman and an actress — Mrs. Drake of the Western region of our Western World — visits Europe and intends to make a professional experi-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JOHN DREW. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ment in London. I have thought I could greatly serve her and gratify you by making you known to each other; and as Mrs. Drake will probably visit Ireland, I shall consider any attention she may receive there through you as a compliment from you to our republic, as will my countrymen. Mrs. Drake is one of the few among us who are allowed by Mrs. Trollope to possess first-rate talent; and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in his Travels, speaks of her with more enthusiasm than even Mrs. Trollope. I prefer, for reasons which I need not name, giving you upon this subject the opinions of foreigners, especially of such as are supposed to be rather prejudiced against us.

I write in great haste, being apprised of the departure of Mrs. Drake for England only as I am myself departing for the Southern States of America. I can only add how infinitely I shall feel obliged by any attention it may be in your power to offer Mrs. Drake. She travels in company with a particular friend of hers, Mrs. White, who (with her husband, a member of the United States Congress for Florida, Colonel White) is desirous of seeing Europe. Should you meet them you may

wonder a little that a part of the world so recently a wilderness should produce such poor specimens of savageness and unrefinement.

With best and most grateful remembrances to Mrs. O'Connell and all your family who may still bear me in recollection, believe me, my dear sir, with great respect,

Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

NEW YORK, 67 Varick St.,
Hudson Square, Oct. 20, 1833.

MY DEAR MRS. DRAKE: You will doubtless think me most ungallant in having so long omitted to answer your kind letter of July 1. But be assured the neglect has not been of the mind, for I have often thought and spoken of you and always intended to write to you — to-morrow. The to-morrow is now here; but whether it will guide my remembrance to you is a question which it would delight me to find answered speedily in the affirmative by your own fair hand.

My attention since I heard from you has been entirely taken up by the project of a new periodical I am preparing: Mr. Hyde, of Schenectady, obliges me by conveying you a prospectus. I must have five thousand subscribers before I can start, and as yet the names come in slowly. People seem astonished by the plan, and still more by giving two guineas for literature! I have only about 230 of the five thousand as yet, but I mean to persevere. I have great hopes from the Western States, and should be most happy to confer with you upon some plan for taking the warm hearts you tell me of there by storm. The scheme is one I am much devoted to, and surely a nation like this ought to yield from her whole population five thousand supporters for such a project. I mean to travel through the United States myself, and in each place send out a person to solicit names. It is humiliating enough to have to *solicit* even by a second person; but if no other names offer, I will do it by myself rather than fail. I shall take Albany, of course, on the way; but when, is yet uncertain. I am very desirous, however, of ascertaining as early as may be what chance that good city offers me; and Mr. Hyde, who is a worthy and enthusiastic young man, a student of Union College and the editor of a magazine published there, has most handsomely undertaken to try what he can do towards the increase of my list. I have desired him to see you, and to get your advice. The ladies are the best friends, after all, and not only know how these things ought to be managed, but can point out the readiest way of giving their knowledge effect.

May I hope you will favor me with a line very soon, mentioning what you are about and whether I can be of any use to you in return for the commission with which I am troubling you.

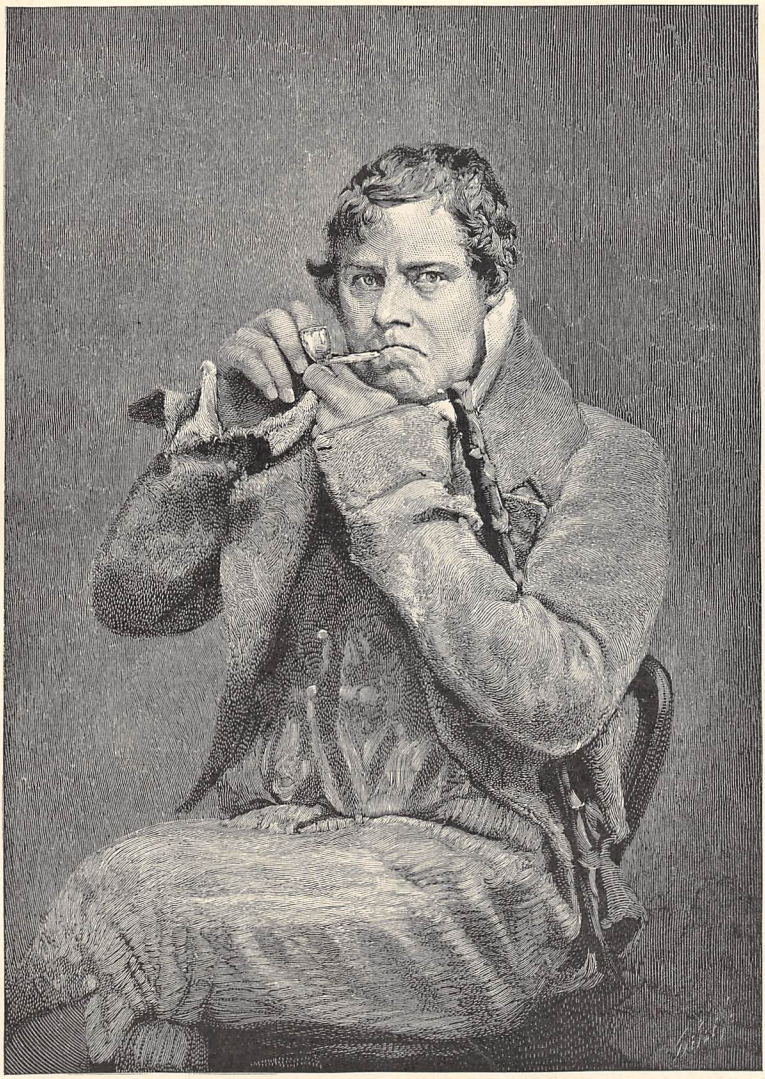
Yours in haste,
Most faithfully,

MRS. DRAKE. J. HOWARD PAYNE.

JOHN DREW AS "THE IRISH EMIGRANT."

These simple letters from two gifted and delightful men attest not only Mrs. Drake's dramatic qualities but her private worth. And it is a pleasure and a privilege to publish them, and so revive the memory of an honorable and talented lady. Had they been commonplace letters of introduction from unknown people I should not have intruded them on the reader; but as it is I feel sure that no apology is needed for their insertion.

A little incident connected with the meeting of Mrs. Drake in Louisville has been brought to my recollection while I have been writing of her. There is nothing particularly interesting about it except that it has a humorous side, and I cannot resist the temptation of noticing it here.

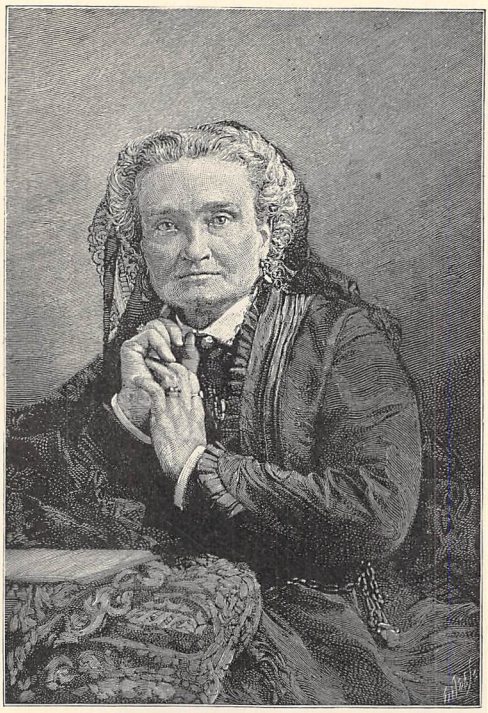


JOHN DREW AS "HANDY ANDY." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

We had at that time a lady attached to our company who was a great character. Her thirst for autographs was unquenchable, and I have never seen a more perfect specimen of the female lion-hunter. She knew most of the celebrities in the country, and always kept on hand a large assortment of introductory letters ready for presentation at the shortest notice. This is an innocent kind of pastime, and if it does no good it certainly does no harm. This lady had a weakness for not remembering names. This was singular, too, as half her time was employed in the work of collecting them; but they seemed to revenge themselves for their imprisonment in her album by escaping from her memory, and it was comical to observe the woe-begone expression of her face when she related some of her unfortunate mistakes. "It is so dreadful, my dear," she would say, "to commit these blunders; and there is no excuse for them. Just imagine my being introduced to a gentleman by the name of Smith and calling him Mr. Montgomery five minutes afterwards."

Of course she was anxious to meet an interesting lady like Mrs. Drake, and, armed with an introduction which I gave her, called on the retired actress, hoping that she would be able to collect some theatrical matter for a book that she was writing, and desiring to get the much-prized, but rather conventional, actor's autograph with a Shaksperean quotation.

In due time Mrs. Drake returned the call



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

and was ushered into the large parlor of the Galt House, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled to pay their respects to the lion-hunter. Mrs. Drake was distinguished for a majestic bearing at all times, and any ceremonious occasion would naturally intensify her dignity. The tragedy queen was therefore with more than usual loftiness led into the center of the apartment and introduced by her hostess as Mrs. Duck. A slight titter of quiet mirth rippled over the assembled company as Mrs. Drake glared with a reproving "Lady Macbeth eye" at the nervous little hostess, who was so overcome with mortification that she burst forth with, "Oh, I beg your pardon; I mean Mrs. Goose." This of course settled it.

In dealing freely, and I hope fairly, with the players of the past, I have, for obvious reasons, refrained from passing judgment on the actors of the present. I belong to the latter group, and have therefore no right to criticize it.

There are many both in England and America that I would be pleased to praise and praise highly, but in doing this I should tacitly censure others, and this is not my mission. The first group has passed by, but *we* are before the public, which alone has the right to pass its judgment. Besides, actors are not by any means the best judges of acting: we have our prejudices, which naturally bias fair criticism; and in referring to the past history of the stage I find that all actors of genius and originality have given great offense to the conventional school that their brilliancy disturbed. Quin said of Garrick, "If he is right then we are all wrong"; the Kembles were shocked at the fire of Edmund Kean; and so it has gone on, and will continue in the future.

Original painters seem to suffer still more than actors, and I honestly believe it is because artists are at the heads of the academies, where they sit in judgment and at times denounce the work of an original painter, refusing to hang his picture because he has had the courage to be unconventional. Corot and Millet were for years refused admittance to the Salon, and are striking proofs of the unfairness or prejudice of their brother artists; and it is quite likely if actors and authors sat in judgment on their kind that many original actors and authors would be tabooed; but fortunately the great public gets at them first and praises or condemns unbiased by professional jealousies.

The painter has no such advantage. Before his work can reach the public it must be filtered through the judgment of his brother artists of the Academy. If they are conventional,—an they generally are,—he is doomed to obscuritys Corot was fifty years old before his work was. honored by a place in the Salon, and he did not sell a picture until he was past that age. After the first sale had been made the dear old man said to his friends, "Well, I have sold a picture; but I am sorry for it, for now my collection is incomplete."

REFLECTIONS ON THE ART OF ACTING.

NATURALLY other members of my profession have given as much consideration to matters connected with their art as I have, and perhaps more. It is therefore likely that a few may think as I do, many may differ with me entirely, and possibly some may not have thought about the matter at all.

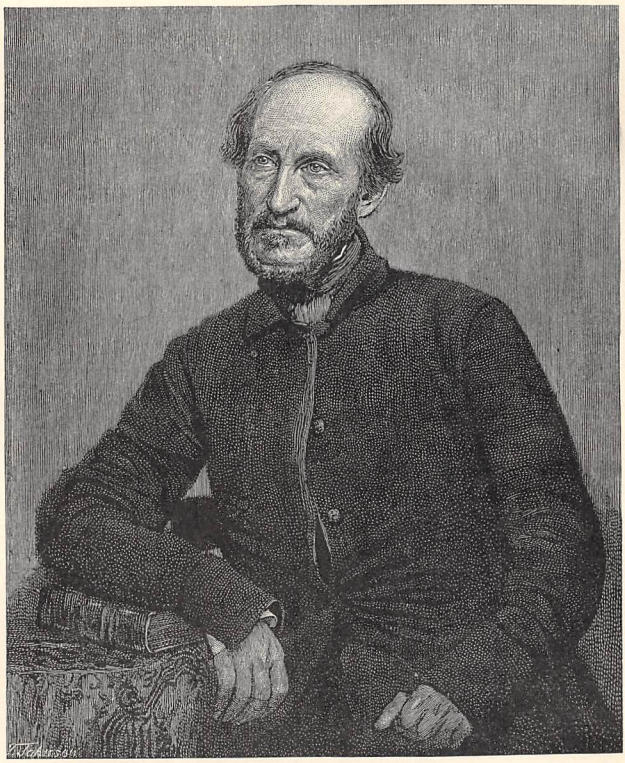
If I err I shall be glad to throw off my preconceived ideas and adopt other, better, and newer methods. In fact, I have already discarded many pet theories, and, as I have grown older and more experienced, have been taught by my own observations and the successful achievements of others that there is always room for reform.

Acting has been so much a part of my life that my autobiography could scarcely be written without jotting down my reflections upon it, and I merely make this little preparatory explanation to apologize for any dogmatic tone that they may possess, and to say that I

present them merely as a seeker after truth in the domain of art.

In admitting the analogy that undoubtedly exists between the arts of painting, poetry, music, and acting, it should be remembered that the first three are opposed to the last, in at least the one quality of permanence. The picture, oratorio, or book must bear the test of calculating criticism, whereas the work of an actor is fleeting: it not only dies with him, but, through his different moods, may vary from night to night. If the performance be indifferent it is no consolation for the audience to hear that the player acted well last night, or to be told that he will act better to-morrow night; it is *this* night that the public has to deal with, and the impression the actor has made, good or bad, remains as such upon the mind of that particular audience.

The author, painter, or musician, if he be dissatisfied with his work, may alter and perfect it before giving it publicity, but an actor cannot rub out; he ought, therefore, in justice to his audience, to be sure of what he is going to place before it. Should a picture in an art gallery be carelessly painted we can pass on to another, or if a book fails to please us we can put it down. An escape from this kind of dullness is easily made, but in a theater the auditor is imprisoned. If the acting be indifferent, he must endure it, at least for a time. He cannot withdraw without making himself conspicuous; so he remains, hoping that there may be some improvement as the play proceeds, or perhaps from consideration for the company he is in. It is this helpless condition that renders careless acting so offensive.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)

PREPARATION AND INSPIRATION.

I HAVE seen impulsive actors who were so confident of their power that they left all to chance. This is a dangerous course, especially when acting a new character. I will admit that there are many instances where great effects have been produced that were entirely spontaneous, and were as much a surprise to the actors who made them as they were to the audience that witnessed them; but just as individuals who have exuberant spirits are at times dreadfully depressed, so when an impulsive actor fails to receive his inspiration he is dull indeed, and is the more disappointing because of his former brilliant achievements.

In the stage management of a play, or in the acting of a part, nothing should be left to

J. B BUCKSTONE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & SONS.)

chance, and for the reason that spontaneity, inspiration, or whatever this strange and delightful quality may be called, is not to be commanded, or we should give it some other name. It is, therefore, better that a clear and unmistakable outline of a character should be drawn before an actor undertakes a new part. If he has a well-ordered and an artistic mind it is likely that he will give at least a symmetrical and effective performance; but should he make no definite arrangement, and depend upon our ghostly friends Spontaneity and Inspiration to pay him a visit, and should they decline to call, the actor will be in a maze and his audience in a muddle.

Besides, why not prepare to receive our mysterious friends whether they come or not? If they fail on such an invitation, we can at least entertain our other guests without them; and if they do appear, our preconceived arrangements will give them a better welcome and put them more at ease.

Acting under these purely artificial conditions will necessarily be cold, but the care with which the part is given will at least render it inoffensive; they are, therefore, primary considerations, and not to be despised. The exhibition, however, of artistic care does not alone constitute great acting. The inspired warmth of passion in tragedy and the sudden glow of humor in comedy cover the artificial framework with an impenetrable veil: this is the very climax of great art, for which there seems to be no other name but genius. It is then, and then only, that an audience feels that it is in the presence of a reality rather than a fiction. To an audience an ounce of genius has more weight than a ton of talent; for though it respects the latter, it reverences the former. But the creative power, divine as it may be, should in common gratitude pay due regard to the reflective; for Art is the handmaid of Genius, and only asks the modest wages of respectful consideration in payment for her valuable services. A splendid torrent of genius ought never to be checked, but it should be wisely guided into the deep channel of the stream, from whose surface it will then reflect Nature without a ripple. Genius dyes the hues that resemble those of the rainbow; Art fixes the colors that they may stand. In the race for fame purely artificial actors cannot hope to win against those whose genius is guided by their art; and, on the other hand, Intuition must not complain if, unbridled or with too loose a rein, it stumbles on the course, and so allows a well-ridden hack to distance it.

REHEARSALS.

VERY numerous rehearsals are not always necessary to attain perfection; on the contrary, it is the quality, not the quantity, that is important. Tedious preparation day after day will sometimes pall upon a company of actors, who, wearied by constant repetition, lose the freshness with which their performance should be given; and that quality once lost is seldom regained. It is in vain for a manager to argue that he pays the actor for his time and attention. He has a perfect right to these, certainly; but the feeling and enthusiasm with which the time and attention should be given he can no more command than he can alter the human nature of his company.

Just as an early impression is the most indelible, so the first rehearsal is the most important, and, being so, should never be called until the author and the stage manager shall have fully digested their plans and thoroughly understand what they intend to do. This course not only saves labor but begets the respect of the company, who feel that their time will not be wasted and that they are

in the hands of patient and conscientious directors.

It is the time-honored excuse of some actors that they cannot study a part until they have rehearsed it, forgetting that it is not possible to rehearse properly until they are perfect in the words. A part certainly is more easily studied after a rehearsal of it; but I am not discussing ease, remember, but propriety. How can we watch the action and progress of the play if our eyes are bent upon the book? It is merely a bad habit, and one that has grown out of a desire that some people have to shirk their duty; being naturally inclined to procrastination, they shelter themselves under this weak and conventional excuse.

Usually the scenery and properties of a play are brought into requisition during the later rehearsals, and are increased in detail till they culminate at the last rehearsal. This is working from the wrong direction. It is at the

MRS. A. DRAKE.
(FROM MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HER GRANDDAUGHTER, MRS. BLANCHE FORD.)

first rehearsal that these adjuncts should be used, and if they are not ready, substitutes should be put in their places; for if the set of the scene, the chairs, tables, and other mechanical arrangements, are placed upon the stage for an initial rehearsal, the manager and the actors know then and ever afterwards where to find them and how to arrange their groupings, exits, entrances, and stage business in accordance with the position of these useful materials; but if, after all the stage business has been arranged, the company suddenly find at the last rehearsal that chairs, tables, seats, etc. are met upon the stage in unexpected places, they become obstacles to the actors instead of adjuncts.

I do not mean to say that the entire business of a play can be arranged at the first rehearsal. New ideas continually crop up during the early stages of preparation which upon consideration may be more valuable than the original ones, and actors may have suggestions to make the effect of which had not struck the author. But while a good general shows his genius best when dealing with an emergency, he does not disdain to plan the battle before the action takes place.

Better have no rehearsal at all than one that is long, rambling, and careless: a clearly cut and perfectly defined outline gives precision and finish to the work. If it were possible the pantomime and action of a play should reveal its meaning to an audience without the aid of dialogue; this would give force to the language, and enable those who do not catch all the words to comprehend their full meaning.

An audience should understand what the actors are doing if it does not hear all that they are saying. It is eager to do this, and quite competent if we only give it a fair opportunity; but inarticulate delivery and careless pantomime will not suffice.

We must not mistake vagueness for suggestion, and imagine that because we understand the matter we are necessarily conveying it to others. Sheridan, in his extravaganza of "The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed," gives a humorous illustration of this error. During the rehearsal of *Mr. Puff's* play the character of *Lord Burleigh* enters, walking slowly and majestically down to the footlights. The noble knight folds his arms, shakes his head solemnly, and then makes his exit without saying a word.

"What does he mean by shaking his head in that manner?" asks *Mr. Dangle*, a theatrical critic.

To which *Mr. Puff* replies: "Don't you know? Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause and more wisdom in their measures, yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy."

"Did he mean all that by shaking his head?" asks *Mr. Dangle*.

To which *Mr. Puff* replies, "Yes, sir; if he shook it as I told him."

As this satire was written over a hundred years ago, it is quite evident that the vanity of vagueness is not a new histrionic development.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

A MEMORY OF LOUISIANA. (MONOTYPE BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.)

And here the quality of permanence as allied to the other arts and not to acting presents itself. If we do not at first understand a great picture, a fine piece of music, or a poem, these, being tangible, still remain; so, should we desire it, we can familiarize ourselves with them, and as we grow older and become more highly cultivated we will understand a school of art that was at first obscure. But there must be no vagueness in acting. The suggestion should be unmistakable; it must be leveled at the whole audience, and reach with unerring aim the boy in the gallery and the statesman in the stalls.

A STORY OF BURTON.

A REMINISCENCE of some forty years ago will serve to illustrate the value of careful preparation at rehearsal.

The production at Burton's Theater of "Dombey and Son," dramatized by Mr. Brougham, was a curious combination of failure and success. Much was expected of Burton's *Captain Cuttle*, and to the surprise of the expectant critics and of Burton himself he did nothing with it. Brougham was equally dull as the two B's, *Bunsby* and *Bagstock*. The hit of the piece, at least on its first production, was made by Oliver Raymond as *Toots*. This gentleman had been previously an obscure actor, but on making a success in a play wherein Burton had failed, he came to the front at once and was the lion of the hour.

Burton's failure as *Cuttle* was easily accounted for. He had studied the character carelessly, and not only was imperfect in the text but had been absent from many of the rehearsals, relying too much upon his great powers and the spontaneity of his dramatic resources. He was usually able to command them, but during the first run of this piece they played him truant. Dismayed at his own failure and mortified at young Raymond's success, the manager took the drama from the bills and substituted another programme. Not satisfied with Brougham's adaptation,—for the novel had been badly dramatized,—he and the adapter worked together to reconstruct the play.

The great comedian now set himself seriously to work on the character, perfecting himself in the words, and amplifying the part by the introduction of stage-business and by-play. In this kind of ingenious elaboration he was a master, and clearly proved it on the revival of the discarded play. His performance was in magnificent condition when I witnessed it, and who that ever saw Burton as *Captain Cuttle, Mariner* can ever forget it? What expression! what breadth! what humor! and what tenderness!

In the scene with *Florence Dombey* where he is trying to reveal to her that her lover, supposed to be drowned, was rescued, he sits awkwardly shifting his position from side to side, puffs his pipe and tells his tale, letting the story go from him little by little and hauling it back lest the joyful tidings should be too great a shock, his fat face drawn down with serio-comic emotion, his eyes protruding in a solemn, stupid stare, and his utterance choked with tears that seem to force themselves out and mingle with the smoke. As the door bursts open and the returned lover clasps his sweetheart in his arms the captain jumps from his seat, cocks his tarpaulin hat over his eyes, folds his arms tightly, and, trying to whistle a tune, bursts into tears and dances a sailor's hornpipe around the loving couple. I had heard of his missing the part at first; but he was in the height of his triumph when I saw the performance, and it was amazing to see into what a superb success he had elaborated a failure.

If any proofs were wanting that an actor, no matter how great, should arrange the mechanical details of his work before he presents it to the public, the failure and ultimate success of Burton's *Captain Cuttle* offer sufficient evidence. Here stood an actor to whom dramatic genius was universally accorded. Yet even he had been taught a lesson, and learned not to place too much confidence in the spur of the moment.

SHOULD AN ACTOR "FEEL" HIS PART?

MUCH has been written upon the question as to whether an actor ought to feel the character he acts, or be dead to any sensations in this direction. Excellent artists differ in their opinions on this important point. In discussing it I must refer to some words I wrote in one of the early chapters of this book:

> The methods by which actors arrive at great effects vary according to their own natures; this renders the teaching of the art by any strictly defined lines a difficult matter.

There has lately been a discussion on the subject, in which many have taken part, and one quite notable debate between two distinguished actors, one of the English and the other of the French stage. These gentlemen, though they differ entirely in their ideas, are, nevertheless, equally right. The method of one, I have no doubt, is the best he could possibly devise for himself; and the same may be said of the rules of the other as applied to *himself*. But they must work with their own tools; if they had to adopt each other's they would be as much confused as if compelled to

exchange languages. One believes that he must feel the character he plays, even to the shedding of real tears, while the other prefers never to lose himself for an instant, and there is no doubt that they both act with more effect by adhering to their own dogmas.

For myself, I know that I act best when the heart is warm and the head is cool. In observing the works of great painters I find that they have no conventionalities except their own; hence they are masters, and each is at the head of his own school. They are original, and could not imitate even if they would.

So with acting, no master-hand can prescribe rules for the head of another school. If, then, I appear bold in putting forth my suggestions, I desire it to be clearly understood that I do not present them to original or experienced artists who have formed their school, but to the student who may have a temperament akin to my own, and who could, therefore, blend my methods with his preconceived ideas.

DRAMATIC WRITING.

On the discovery of a mysterious murder, when all are at a loss as to who has committed the deed, the first thing the detective searches for is motive. If the murderer be not insane a motive must exist; and as the actions of our lives, when we are in a state of reflection and cool deliberation, spring from this cause, so must the playwright, in the construction of his plot and the action of his characters, give us motive.

Again, an audience should never be kept in the dark as to the true state of all matters connected with the play, particularly in comedy. Let the characters be deceived and entangled in a perfect labyrinth of difficulties if you will, but the audience must know just how the matter stands, or they cannot enjoy the confusion of the actors. For example, in "She Stoops to Conquer," when young *Marlow* makes love to *Miss Hardcastle* he thinks that she is the barmaid, but the audience know perfectly well that she is not; hence they enjoy his mistake. If they had not been let into the secret the effect would be lost; but an "equivoke" scene, wherein both characters are deceived as to each other's identity, is the most enjoyable, and requires perhaps more ingenuity in its construction than any other branch of writing in comedy. Such a scene, too, must be rendered with great skill and the most perfect seriousness: if a smile should steal over the actor's face, showing that he inwardly sees the humor of the situation, the whole effect will be lost. The bewilderment of the characters must be supreme, and as the scene progresses and they become more and more entangled their blank looks of amazement delight the audience, who alone are in the secret.

A FAULT OF FRENCH ACTING.

The supremacy in both the writing and acting of comedy has been for many years accorded to the French stage. My opinion upon this subject will be of little value. An American comedian acting only in the English language could scarcely speak with confidence on this subject unless he understood and spoke the French language as well as the French actors themselves. In tragedy the matter would be quite different. The expressions of love, jealousy, hate, revenge, pride, madness, or despair are so pronounced in tragedy that we can judge of their intensity and effect in any language. Comedy has but little to do with the violent exhibition of these passions. Its effects are more subtile, and depend much upon minute detail, accompanied by slight but most important inflections of the voice, and by delicate pantomime. No one not thoroughly and practically acquainted with the French language could offer a fair opinion upon French acting. I can only say that I saw much of French comedy in France and was delighted with it. Its grace and finish were quite perfect, and in acting their comedy I should say that the comedians were exceptionally fine; but, with all their excellence, there is one glaring fault which I think I may venture to express condemnation of, no matter in what language it occurs, and which I think they could hardly themselves defend—I mean the unnatural trick of speaking soliloquy and side speeches directly to the audience. We should act *for* the audience, not *to* the audience. To appeal every now and then to the front of the theater for recognition is an exhibition of weakness. An actor who cannot speak a speech with his back to the audience when the situation demands it has much to learn. As soon as we acknowledge the presence of the public we dispel its attention and ruin its enjoyment. We were forced to do this in the days when we were his Majesty's servants, and when it was considered disrespectful to turn our backs on royalty. How absurd to see a courtier present a document at the foot of the throne in the play and sidle up the stage with his back to the mimic king because the real article is in the royal box!

THE ACTORS OF TO-DAY.

We have, I think, a natural tendency to dignify the events of the past beyond their deserts, and so we often throw a glamour of excellence over departed actors which we would

not accord to them if they were here. This, of course, is erring upon the safe side. The only danger is that our reverence may at times cause us to disparage the good qualities of those who are among us. Dramatic affairs, too, have undergone a change that renders a fair judgment almost impossible. For instance, the actors of, say, forty years ago rarely visited the smaller cities: they were concentrated in the larger ones; but now the demand for dramatic excellence is so great, and the facilities for travel are so extended, that the same amount of talent is diffused all over the world; so we are apt to fancy that it does not exist because it is not with us. If all the great actors of to-day were concentrated into a few companies, as was formerly the case, we would be amazed at the entertainment they would give us.

IMITATION AND ACTING.

DRAMATIC instinct is inherent throughout the human family. Savages, even of the lowest type, are never so enthusiastic as when they indulge in ceremonies representing death and destruction. They will start upon an ideal warpath, suddenly stopping to scalp an imaginary enemy. The New Zealanders, who both physically and intellectually are far above the ordinary savage, are excellent in pantomimic action. They will even act scenes and crudely represent historical traditions of their tribe.

Watch the little boy in frocks — not two years old. If you would delight him, fold a piece of paper into the shape of a cocked hat, pop it on his head, then give him a stick, and in a moment the little fellow will straighten up and begin to march about, pretending that he is a soldier. If, in another year, you supply him with a shovel and a wheelbarrow, you will see him trudge off, joining others of his own age who are building embankments or digging canals, and calling one another by names that do not belong to them, acting and pretending that they are somebody else. A group of little girls will not have been in the room together twenty minutes before one will play lady as if she had just called, and another pretend she is the hostess, and the smallest of all act mother and nurse her doll with loving care. After a time the grown-up people in the room will draw one another's attention to this little drama, and, not wishing to interrupt the play, will quietly nudge their neighbors and nod approvingly.

The lawyer often clears his guilty client by depicting the sorrow of a family who will be stricken down with grief if the jury should convict. The influence of the stage has crept into the pulpit, which to-day contains some of the finest actors of our time.

Here, then, we have evidence not only that this dramatic instinct pervades all classes of humanity, but that its possessors insist upon displaying their artistic qualities. And the encouragement of this desire is as universal as the gift; for theaters, opera houses, lecture rooms, and churches all over the world are filled with eager audiences anxious to witness any, and all, brilliant dramatic achievements. The demand, too, is increasing. Half a century ago there were but few good theaters in America, and even these were badly lighted, poorly heated, and indifferently appointed. In many of the small towns the only places used for dramatic entertainments were the dining-rooms of the hotels, from which, after tea, the tables were removed and the chairs set back that the play might be acted. Now, in nearly all of the new and rising cities, the theater or the opera house is centrally located; and it is generally the finest building, both in point of size and architecture, to be seen — heated with steam, lighted by electricity, and provided with every comfort. Within these temples actors, opera singers, minstrels, and ministers hold forth, and the same audience goes to hear them all.

The desire for dramatic entertainment has resolved itself into a tidal wave that nothing can stop, particularly as there is no desire to impede it. It has not the fleeting character of a political movement that might change with the new influence of the next Administration; it belongs to no party; it is born of no sect; but it is the outcome of a universal passion.

I think it is generally conceded that imitators are seldom fine actors, though they are usually great favorites with the public. I confess that I enjoy the exhibitions of this kind of talent exceedingly. There is something very attractive and even strange to see one man display the voice, manner, and expression of another — particularly if that other be not yourself. We may enjoy the imitation of our dearest friends, but our smiles vanish and our faces elongate if the mimic attempts to give a "counterfeit presentment" of the party of the first part. I have heroically tried on several occasions to enjoy imitations of myself, but have never succeeded. These ingenious transcripts contain a slight touch of ridicule that always offends the original. An anecdote of Mr. Buckstone, the English comedian, will serve to illustrate what I have said. He was an actor whose mannerisms were so marked that they infused themselves through all the characters he played. He was undoubtedly humorous, or, more properly speaking, funny; but whether he acted *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* or *Cousin Joe* he seemed to have no power of embodying the character — ren-

dering each of them with the same voice, manner, and attitude; consequently, he was an admirable subject for imitation.

At the close of a dinner party he had been given to understand that there was a person present who gave an excellent imitation of himself. Buckstone at once desired the gentleman to let the company have a test of his quality. The gentleman politely declined, saying that he might give offense; but the comedian would not let him off, insisted on the exhibition, and, rubbing his hands together with great glee, settled himself down for unlimited enjoyment. The imitator, seeing that there was no escape, arose, and amid breathless silence began. His hit was immense, and as he sat down the guests broke forth in loud laughter and applause: the whole table was in a roar of merriment; every one was in ecstasy except Buckstone, who looked the picture of misery.

"Well, Mr. Buckstone," exclaimed a wag, who was quietly enjoying the comedian's discomfiture, "don't you think the imitation very fine?"

"It may be," he replied, "but I think I could do it better myself."

Acting is more a gift than an art. I have seen a child impress an audience by its natural grace and magnetism. The little creature was too young to know what art meant, but it had the *gift* of acting. The great value of art when applied to the stage is that it enables the performer to reproduce the gift, and so move his audience night after night, even though he has acted the same character a thousand times. In fact, we cannot act a character too often, if we do not lose interest in it. But when its constant repetition palls on the actor it will as surely weary his audience. When you lose interest — stop acting.

FRESHNESS IN PLAYING A PART.—A STORY OF MRS. WARNER AND MACREADY.

This loss of interest on the part of the actor may not be visible in the action or pantomime; but unless care and judgment are observed it will assuredly betray itself in the delivery of the language, and more particularly in the long speeches and soliloquies. In dialogue the spirit of the other actors serves to stimulate and keep him up; but when alone, and unaided by the eye and presence of a companion, the old story fails to kindle the fire. An anecdote of Macready that I heard many years ago throws a flood of light upon this subject; and as I think it too important a one to remain in obscurity, I will relate it as I got it from Mr. Couldock, and then refer to its influence upon myself and the means I used to profit by it. The incident occurred in Birmingham in England some forty years ago. The narrator was present, and naturally listened with interest to a conversation upon art between two such able exponents of it as Mr. Macready and Mrs. Warner. What they said referred to an important scene in the tragedy of "Werner," that had been acted the evening before.

Mr. Macready, it seems, had much respect for Mrs. Warner's judgment in matters relating to the stage, and desired to consult her on the merits and demerits of the preceding evening's performance. As nearly as they can be remembered, his question and her reply were as follows:

"My dear madam," said Macready, "you have acted with me in the tragedy of 'Werner' for many years, and naturally must be very familiar with it, and with my manner of acting that character. I have noticed lately, and more particularly last evening, that some of the passages in the play do not produce the effect that they formerly did. There is a certain speech especially that seems to have lost its power. I allude to the one wherein *Werner* excuses himself to his son for the 'petty plunder' of *Stralenheim's* gold. In our earlier performances, if you remember, this apology was received with marked favor, and, as you must have observed, last evening it produced no apparent effect. Can you form any idea why this should be? Is it that the audience has grown too familiar with the story? I must beg you to be candid with me. I shall not be offended by any adverse criticism that you may make, should you say that the fault is with me."

"Well, Mr. Macready, since you desire that I should speak plainly," said Mrs. Warner, "I do not think that it is because your audience is too familiar with the story, but because you are too familiar with it yourself."

"I thank you, madam," said Macready; "but how does this mar the effect of the speech?"

"Thus," said Mrs. Warner. "When you spoke that speech ten years ago there was a surprise in your face as though you then only realized what you had done. You looked shocked and bewildered, and in a forlorn way seemed to cast about for words that would excuse the crime; and all this with a depth of feeling and sincerity that would naturally come from an honest man who had been for the first time in his life accused of theft."

"That is as it should be given," said Macready; "and now, madam?"

"You speak it," said his frank critic, "like one who has committed a great many thefts in his life, and whose glib excuses are so pat

and frequent that he is neither shocked, surprised, nor abashed at the accusation."

"I thank you, madam," said the old actor. "The distinction may appear at first as a nice one, but there is much in it."

When I heard the story from Mr. Couldock it struck me with much force. I knew then that I had been unconsciously falling into the same error, and I felt that the fault would increase rather than diminish with time if I could not hit upon some method to check it. I began by listening to each important question as though it had been given for the first time, turning the query over in my mind and then answering it, even at times hesitating as if for want of words to frame the reply. I will admit that this is dangerous ground and apt to render one slow and prosy; in fact, I was accused, and I dare say quite justly, of pausing too long. This, of course, was the other extreme and had to be looked to, so that it became necessary that the pauses should, by the manner and pantomime, be made sufficiently interesting not to weary an audience; so I summed it up somewhat after the advice of Mr. Lewes—to take time without appearing to take time.

It is the freshness, the spontaneity, of acting that charms. How can a weary brain produce this quality? Show me a tired actor and I will show you a dull audience. They may go in crowds to see him, and sit patiently through his performance. They have heard that he is great, they may even know it from past experience; so they accept the indifferent art, thinking perhaps that they are to blame for a lack of enthusiasm.

Pantomimic action, unless it is in perfect harmony with the scene, is fatal to the effect of a delicate point. If the situation be a violent one, such as the preparation for battle in "Richard," or where *Hamlet's* uncle rises from his seat in the play scene, dismissing the audience, the situation being pronounced and the action strong, indifferent pantomime upon the part of the actors might not be noticed in the bustle and excitement. But, to exemplify my meaning, let us take a point where the audience is called upon, not for enthusiastic applause, but for rapt attention; where the situation is so subtile that the head bowed slowly down, or a movement of the eye, will reveal the meaning. Now, at this critical point, if one of the actors should even remove his hat, or unmeaningly shift his position, he will destroy the effect. The finer the acting the more easily it is destroyed, just as a scratch will disfigure a polished surface that would not show on the face of a cobblestone.

The audience cannot look in two places at once; the eye is such a tyrant that it distracts from the subject "then necessary to be considered," directing the attention to a useless and intrusive movement. The value of repose is so great that it is difficult to estimate it.

At rehearsal the amateur, having finished his speech, invariably asks of the stage-manager what he should do next. As soon as he ceases to be the interesting figure he should observe the action of the other characters; this is the most natural by-play, and the least likely to do harm. It acts like the distance in a picture, that, by being subdued, gives strength to the foreground. But the tyro is generally fearful that he will fail to attract attention, whereas obscurity instead of prominence may at that time be the more desirable. To do nothing upon the stage seems quite simple, but some people never acquire this negative capacity.

For instance in "The Rivals" it is *David's* speech that terrifies *Acres*. How could an audience get the full value of what *David* says if they were looking at the face of *Acres?* The two characters would conflict with each other, and so rob the picture of clearness. But if *Acres* here will subdue his personality and sink, as it were, into the background, the audience will get the full force of what *David* says, and become as perfectly saturated with its meaning as *Acres* himself. Now see how fully they are prepared to receive the expression of fear from the latter. After *David's* scene is over, *Acres* has the audience at his full command—the slightest suggestion from him is taken up at once. They know his character and realize his position as vividly as he does himself; it is because they have had the full and uninterrupted benefit of the previous scene. If, during *David's* speech, I, as *Acres*, show my face to the audience or pull out my handkerchief and weep, I might gain a temporary advantage, but I should weaken *David*, and in the end mar the effect of my own character; and, believe me, an audience is always grateful to an actor who directs its attention the right way. The traveler thanks the truthful finger-post, but never forgives the rascal who has misdirected him.

Nothing in art is more distressing than to see an actor attract the attention of the audience, from an interesting point in the performance, by the introduction of some unimportant by-play. At times this is done from ignorance, but, I regret to say, often through jealousy. This unfair spirit reflects back upon the guilty party, for the public resent it quietly while the offender least suspects it: their enjoyment has been marred, and the obnoxious cause of it has only consoled them by a display of unmeaning activity; they refuse this rubbish and inwardly mark the individual who has had the

impertinence to offer it. But as two pigs under a gate make more noise than one, it is still worse to see a pair of ranters or a couple of buffoons trying to outdo each other. There is but one recompense; they are both self-slaughtered in the conflict,

> As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
> And choke their art.

LEARNING TO ACT.

MANY instructors in the dramatic art fall into the error of teaching too much. The pupil should first be allowed to exhibit his quality, and so teach the teacher what to teach. This course would answer the double purpose of first revealing how much the pupil is capable of learning, and, what is still more important, of permitting him to display his powers untrammeled. Whereas, if the master begins by pounding his dogmas into the student, the latter becomes environed by a foreign influence which, if repugnant to his nature, may smother his ability.

It is necessary to be cautious in studying elocution and gesticulation, lest they become our masters instead of our servants. These necessary but dangerous ingredients must be administered and taken in homeopathic doses, or the patient may die by being overstimulated. But, even at the risk of being artificial, it is better to have studied these arbitrary rules than to enter a profession with no knowledge whatever of its mechanism. Dramatic instinct is so implanted in humanity that it sometimes misleads us, fostering the idea that because we have the natural talent within we are equally endowed with the power of bringing it out. This is the common error, the rock on which the histrionic aspirant is oftenest wrecked. Very few actors succeed who crawl into the service through the "cabin windows"; and if they do it is a lifelong regret with them that they did not exert their courage and sail at first "before the mast."

Many of the shining lights who now occupy the highest positions on the stage, and whom the public voice delights to praise, have often appeared in the dreaded character of *omnes*, marched in processions, sung out of tune in choruses, and shouted themselves hoarse for *Brutus* and *Mark Antony*.

If necessity is the mother of invention, she is the foster-mother of art, for the greatest actors that ever lived have drawn their early nourishment from her breast. We learn our profession by the mortifications we are compelled to go through in order to get a living. The sons and daughters of wealthy parents who have money at their command, and can settle their weekly expenses without the assistance of the box office, indignantly refuse to lower themselves by assuming some subordinate character for which they are cast, and march home because their fathers and mothers will take care of them. Well, they had better stay there!

If Edmund Kean had been rich the chances are that he would never have submitted to the insults of the manager and some of the actors during the memorable rehearsal at Drury Lane Theater. He would perhaps have broken his engagement and retired from the stage in disgust; but half starved and threadbare, his loved wife and child living in a garret, he had a noble motive to stimulate his power, and I believe that Kean on the night of his first appearance in London was a greater actor than he had ever been before. His situation was desperate, and aroused the slumbering genius within him. The whole history of that eventful night impresses one with the idea that he was himself surprised at what he did. Fitzgerald, in his admirable "Romance of the English Stage," says that "Kean had a gallant confidence in himself all through." There is nothing in the story that implies this. He had courage, no doubt, or he could not have made the effort; but it was fitful and uncertain. Genius is seldom confident. Fitzgerald himself quotes the last words Kean said as he left his house for the theater. "He kissed his wife and infant son, and muttered, 'I wish I were going to be shot.'" There is no confidence in these terrible words. They show the brave nature of the man because he was not confident. Who can say how fervently he may have prayed as he trudged through the dark, wet streets, with a beating heart and a nervous foreboding of disaster in the approaching trial? His hit was tremendous, and, when the manager congratulated him on his wonderful success, in Kean's own description of the event he said, "The pit rose at me." This sounds confident, I admit; but the remark was made after the battle was won.

The whole picture is more interesting and truthful when we view the man as being fully alive to the danger of the situation and apprehensive lest the invisible genius within him should fail to appear. When this mysterious influence, which comes unbidden, burst forth at the theater that night, the public were amazed, the critics stunned, and Kean himself was surprised. No intellectual effort could have created this effect. The source of genius is in the soul; it seldom aims at the brains of the audience, but oftener shoots at their hearts through its own. It shrinks from assuming the arrogance that commands attention, and modestly invites it.

But whether you are rich or poor, if you would be an actor begin at the beginning. This is the old conventional advice, and is as good now in its old age as it was in its youth. All actors will agree in this, and as *Puff* says, in "The Critic," "When they do agree on the stage the unanimity is wonderful." Enroll yourself as a "super" in some first-class theater, where there is a stock company and likely to be a periodical change of programme, so that even in your low degree the practice will be varied. After having posed a month as an innocent English rustic, you may, in the next play, have an opportunity of being a noble Roman. Do the little you have to do as well as you can; if you are in earnest the stage-manager will soon notice it and your advancement will begin at once. You have now made the plunge, the ice is broken; there is no more degradation for you; every step you take is forward.

A great American statesman said, "There is always plenty of room at the top." So there is, Mr. Webster, after you get there. But we must climb, and climb slowly too, so that we can look back without any unpleasant sensations; for if we are cast suddenly upon the giddy height our heads will swim and down we shall go. Look also at the difficulties that will beset you by beginning "at the top." In the first place, no manager in his senses will permit it; and if he did, your failure — which is almost inevitable — not only will mortify you, but your future course for some time to come will be on the downward path. Then, in disgust, sore and disheartened, you will retire from the profession which perhaps your talents might have ornamented if they had been properly developed.

CONVERSATIONS CONCERNING "RIP VAN WINKLE."

WHILE acting once in Boston I received a note from the publisher of "The Atlantic Monthly," to know if I would call at the publishing house to meet Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It seems the lady had been at the theater where I had acted the night before, and in a note to the publisher had expressed a desire to see me. We had a long and, to me, very pleasant chat. In speaking of her visit to the theater she said she was struck by the scene in which *Rip Van Winkle* meets with his daughter, and that it reminded her of the situation between *Lear* and *Cordelia*. I told her that the scene was undoubtedly modeled on the one from Shakspere, and perhaps the white hair and beard floating about the head of the old Knickerbocker had some share in this likeness. She said she was sure that I could play *Lear*. I was sorry to differ with a lady, but I told her I was quite sure that I could not.

Shortly after this I met another lady of equal intelligence who seemed much interested in *Rip Van Winkle*. Among the many questions she asked of me was how I could act the character so often and not tire of it. I told her that I had always been strangely interested in the part, and fearing that I might eventually grow weary of it, I had of late years so arranged my seasons that I played only a few months and took long spells of rest between them; but that my great stimulus, of course, was public approval, and the knowledge that it must cease if I flagged in my interest or neglected to give my entire attention to the work while it was progressing.

"Another question, please. Why don't you have a dog in the play?"

I replied that I disliked realism in art, and realism alive, with a tail to wag at the wrong time, would be abominable.

"But don't you think that the public would like to see *Schneider?*"

"The public could not pay him a higher compliment, for it shows how great an interest they take in an animal that has never been exhibited. No, no; 'hold the mirror up to nature,' if you like, but don't hold *nature* up — a *reflection* of the thing, but not the thing itself. How badly would a drunken man give an exhibition of intoxication on the stage! Who shall act a madman but one who is perfectly sane? We must not be natural, but appear to be so."

"One question more, and I have done. Why do you not refuse the cup that *Gretchen* offers you at the end of the play?"

To which I replied: "Should *Rip* refuse the cup the drama would become at once a temperance play. This subject has both its adherents and its opponents, and has, moreover, of late become a political question. The action would have a local and even a modern flavor. I should as soon expect to hear of Cinderella striking for high wages or of a speech on woman's rights from old Mother Hubbard as to listen to a temperance lecture from *Rip Van Winkle;* it would take all the poetry and fairy-tale element completely out of it. I would prefer that the impression on the audience as the curtain falls should be suggestive, so that they might terminate it in a manner most agreeable to themselves. Let us not suppose in the end that *Rip* and his wife get ill, send for the doctor, take pills, and die, but that they sit like Darby and Joan by the fireside and eventually go up the chimney in the smoke. If 'Rip Van Winkle' had been treated in a realistic manner it never would have lived so long."

What is called the moral drama is artificial

and insincere, and I doubt if it ever taught a wholesome lesson. Mr. Gough's mission was a different one from mine. In his entertainment he announced himself as a temperance lecturer. The audience were prepared to hear and approve of his views. In my case it would be a deception to announce a play and preach a sermon, and the very people who ask for it would consider it an impertinence if it had been gratuitously offered.

The beautiful lessons contained in many of the plays of Shakspere are not thrust upon the audience. They are so delicately suggested that the listener takes the splendid truths and hugs them to his heart. The great dramatist does not stand forth and dogmatically expound his views on acting, but mark with what modesty he shows us the way to tread. One of his characters, *Hamlet*, has a play, and with kind consideration takes aside the actors who are to perform it and tells them how he would have his play delivered. These simple instructions, of not more than a dozen lines, contain the whole art of acting; the player need go no further for instruction; those who entangle themselves in a labyrinth of arguments over the proper or improper way of rendering plays or characters can settle all their disputes by this little speech.

Again, *Polonius* does not sermonize his audience. As his only son is leaving home, the youth kneels at his father's feet and asks a blessing: who would not wish that his son should go through life freighted with such precepts? These are the lessons that Shakspere has taught us, and this must surely be the way to teach them. So it would seem that Shakspere, in giving his lessons to the world, is like a kind father who when his son has been guilty of a grave offense, instead of storming at him in a temper, waits until the wrong is half forgotten, and then when they are the best of friends takes the little fellow on his knee and tells him for his own sake what he would have him do.

REALISM ON THE STAGE.

Realism and idealism are important factors in the dramatic art. No one, I think, will question the fact that imagination has given us the highest dramatic compositions, and that it enters largely into the best form of acting; and there is a strong belief that the introduction of realism into plays of a highly poetical character often goes far to weaken their effect. We are told, by an authority that no one seems inclined to dispute, that the judgments of the judicious "should outweigh a whole theater of others"; but then who are in this case the "judicious"? May it not be the many instead of the few? That manager is unquestionably the most useful who entertains the greatest number when he does not degrade them, and certainly there is no degradation in the realistic productions in question. So the matter stands just where it did: the audience must decide which it prefers, and the actor must consider how far these introductions may assist or mar his work.

It was my good fortune during the earlier part of my dramatic career to add the romantic story of "Rip Van Winkle" to my répertoire. I was attracted by the poetic nature of the legend, and endeavored to treat it in harmony with that feature. After acting it for many years I had various suggestions made to me for elaborating the spectacular and scenic effects of the play, among which was the introduction of several fat old Knickerbockers smoking their long pipes and quarreling in Dutch, a large windmill with the sails to work, dairymaids with real cows, mechanical effects for the sudden and mysterious appearance and disappearance of Hendrik Hudson's crew, and in the last act the Continental army with drums and fifes, a militia training, and the introduction of patriotic speeches about American independence.

So unreal a theme could not have been interwoven with all this realism without marring the play. If I were a stage-manager and were producing a plain, matter-of-fact nautical drama, where the characters are mere commonplace, everyday people, I would exert all my ingenuity in the invention of realistic effects. The ship should be perfectly modeled, the masts round, the sails canvas, and the coils of rope of undoubted veracity. On the village green I would place cottages built out and thatched with veritable straw, and the garlands of roses that hung from the May-pole should perfume the auditorium, if Lubin's extract of new-mown hay could do the business; but I should hesitate before I placed smoking hot joints on the banquet tables of "Macbeth." It does seem out of place that the audience should have their nostrils saluted with the odor of baked meat while they are gazing at the awful ghost of "the blood-boltered *Banquo*." According to this view of the subject, realism should halt before it trenches upon or vulgarizes the effect of a poetical play.

PLAYING "RIP" IN THE CATSKILLS.

One more curious incident occurs to me connected with this play.

There is in the village of Catskill a Rip Van Winkle Club. This society did me the honor to invite me to act the character in their town. I accepted, and when I arrived

was met by the worthy president and other members of the club, among whom was young Nicholas Vedder, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the original "old Nick." Emulating the spirit of evolution, the citizens had turned the skating-rink into a theater, and a very respectable-looking establishment it made, though in its transition state the marks of rollers did "cling to it still." I was taking a cup of tea at the table in the hotel when I was attracted to the colored waiter, who was giving a graphic and detailed account of this legend of the Catskill Mountains to one of the boarders who sat nearly opposite to me.

"Yes, sah," he continued; "Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he come back hyar in dis berry town his own folks did n't know him."

"Why," said his listener, "you don't believe the story 's true?"

"True? Ob course it is. Why," pointing at me, "dat 's de man."

The town was filled with farmers and their wives who had come from far and near to see the opening of the new theater, and also, I think I may say, to see for the first time the story which Washington Irving had laid almost at their very doors.

As I drove to the theater the rain came down in torrents, the thunder rolled and the lightning played around the peaks of the distant mountains under the very shadow of which I was to act the play. It gave me a very strange sensation. When I got to the theater I could scarcely get in, the crowd was so great about the door — countrymen trying to get into the ticket office instead of the proper entrance, and anxious and incredulous old ladies endeavoring to squeeze past the doorkeeper but refusing to give up their tickets. The rush over, the play began. The audience was intent on the scene as it progressed and seemed anxious not to lose a word. During the scene in the last act where *Rip* inquires of the innkeeper, "Is this the village of Falling Water?" I altered the text and substituted the correct name, "Is this the village of Catskill?" The crowded house almost held its breath. The name of the village seemed to bring the scene home to every man, woman, and child that was looking at it. From this time on the interest was at its full tension. Surely I had never seen an audience so struck with the play before.

There was a reception held at the club after the play, and the worthy president in introducing me to the company was so nervous that he announced me as "Mr. Washington Irving."

If I dwell at length upon so old a subject as this well-worn drama it is not only because the play and its hero were important to me, but for the reason that there are incidents connected with its career from which a lesson may be drawn; and while I do not aspire to be a teacher of art or set myself up as a Sir Oracle, or a finger-post to point out the road to dramatic success, I cannot resist the desire I have to give some of my young friends on the stage a few hints in relation to the conduct of their professional lives that may be useful even if they are dry and uninteresting.

The rules that would seem to promote success upon the stage are so shifting and at times so inscrutable that the most diligent and experienced actors often stand amazed at the disappointing results which have attended honest and intelligent labor. I have known members of the theatrical profession who, though possessed of great ability and an untiring industry, have never met with one cheering success, and I have seen novices come upon the stage, knowing nothing of dramatic art and possessed of no talent whatever, startle the public, and command its attention at once, and all this from the mere exhibition of youth, beauty, and confidence. This latter kind of popularity, however, is not lasting, nor does it ever revive after it has once lost its power, and here is just the point in question: an ephemeral success is worse than no success at all, for all the feverish flattery and hollow applause that may have attended it in the beginning cannot atone for the disappointment that follows upon neglect. The once petted favorite sinks under the desolation which comes from public indifference. A legitimate and well-earned success is almost perennial, if pursued by the artist to the end with the same love of his work that characterized its beginning.

"Rip Van Winkle" was not a sudden success. It did not burst upon the public like a torrent. Its flow was gradual, and its source sprang from the Hartz Mountains, an old German legend, called "Carl the Shepherd," being the name of the original story. The genius of Washington Irving transplanted the tale to our own Catskills. The grace with which he paints the scene, and, still more, the quaintness of the story, placed it far above the original. Yates, Hackett, and Burke had separate dramas written upon this scene and acted the hero, leaving their traditions one to the other. I now came forth, and saying, "Give me leave," set to work, using some of the beforementioned tradition, mark you. Added to this, Dion Boucicault brought his dramatic skill to bear, and by important additions made a better play and a more interesting character of the hero than had as yet been reached. This adaptation, in my turn, I interpreted and enlarged upon. It is thus evident that while I may have

done much to render the character and the play popular, it has not been the work of one mind, but both as to its narrative and its dramatic form has been often molded, and by many skillful hands. So it would seem that those dramatic successes that "come like shadows, so depart," and those that are lasting, have ability for their foundation and industry for their superstructure. I speak now of the former and the present condition of the drama. What the future may bring forth it is difficult to determine. The histrionic kaleidoscope revolves more rapidly than of yore and the fantastic shapes that it exhibits are brilliant and confusing; but under all circumstances I should be loath to believe that any conditions will render the appearance of frivolous novices more potent than the earnest design of legitimate professors.

IN LOUISIANA.

THE plantation I purchased in Louisiana was at one time the property of a prominent Spaniard named Carline, to whom it had been granted when the State was under the dominion of Spain. He had made his selection with considerable judgment, as the large tract that had been ceded to him contained an island of two hundred acres, which stood at an elevation of about ninety feet above the sea and was covered with grand live-oak and magnolia trees. When it passed from Carline it fell into the hands of an old Scotchman named Randolph, who was, from all accounts, as sagacious as the Spaniard. He added to the beauty of the island by planting it with pecan and orange trees, which were in full bearing when I purchased the place.

It is currently reported by the peasantry of this section that Captain Lafitte, who was also quite celebrated under the high-sounding title of "The Pirate of the Gulf," often visited the island. This hero's virtues have been extolled in a romantic novel, several love songs, and a bad nautical drama; and history has in some measure tried to elevate him beyond the average of mankind because he refused the overtures of General Pakenham and joined the forces of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. But the truth is, that the captain had plenty of money; the British bribe possessed no fascinations for him, as the United States Government had set a price upon his head; and there is consequently a slight suspicion that self-preservation and not patriotism induced him to cast in his lot with America. He was undoubtedly a highly cultivated bucaneer, and having with care and industry amassed a large fortune by robbing his fellow-men, he retired from business in the prime of life and secluded his virtues under the shade of Mr. Randolph's peaceful orange groves. It is said that he became so stung with remorse at the retrospect of his piratical career that he eventually atoned for his crimes by going into the slave trade. It is further hinted that the gallant captain made this place his headquarters in the summer. The cares of piracy and slave stealing would naturally in time undermine the constitution of a sensitive nature, and it was therefore necessary that during the heated term — an unpleasant season for the latter business — he should require time for recuperation and an opportunity to hide his treasures. It is said that he generally performed this ceremony in the moonlight assisted by his gallant band, who were sworn to secrecy, and, being men of honor, could of course be depended upon. It being a foregone conclusion that this story is true, it was natural that I should have been warmly congratulated when I became the rightful owner of all this ill-gotten gold — that is, if we ever find it. I have never looked for it myself. In the first place I have never had time, and in the next I really am afraid that I should not find it. I wish the rest of the community were as skeptical of its presence as I am, for then they would stop disfiguring the shore around the lake and digging holes under every tree upon which some mischievous fellow has cut a cross. Nothing has been discovered so far except an old long-bladed knife, of a size and shape quite convenient for pirating, and a silver dollar; but as the latter was coined in 1829, it is quite evident that Lafitte was buried first, so it could not have been his property. These treasure-seekers have periodical attacks of this insanity, like the same class of idiots who ruin the clam business on Long Island by digging up the shore in hopes of discovering the treasures of the late lamented Captain Kidd.

The scenery and villages along the Bayou Teche have for years been famous for their romantic beauty, and the fine islands — on one of which we live — are still a mystery to the geologists who have examined them. Of course they all have their theories, but I fancy that they differ in their opinions. One of these beautiful spots is called Salt Island, and is owned and occupied by the Averys, a charming and hospitable family, who have lived there for many years, and who are the owners of the celebrated salt mine which the place contains. It is a weird and beautiful cavern. Arch after arch stretches far away; looking down the dark and gloomy avenues one is amazed at the inexhaustible deposit, and when it is artificially lighted up millions of crystals flash and sparkle with wondrous splendor.

Five miles from this charming place is our

island. During the first eight years of our Southern journeys the beaten track of commonplace travel ended at Brashear, which was then the terminus of the railroad. Here we used to get on board of a little stern-wheel boat, so small that contrasted with the leviathan Texas steamers anchored in the bay it looked like a toy. Our route lay westward up the Bayou Atchafalaya to where it met the Bayou Teche. This is the point where Gabriel and Evangeline are separated in Longfellow's poem.

Our passage up the Teche was extremely picturesque. The stream is narrow, and the live-oak and cypress trees stretch their branches over it till in places they fairly meet and interlock. When the darkness came on pine knots were burned in the bow of the boat, and as she steamed up the narrow river a strong light fell on the gaunt trees that suddenly started out of the black night like weird specters. The negro deck-hands, some bare to the waist and others in red and blue shirts, would sit in lazy groups chanting their plantation songs, keeping perfect time with the beat of the engine. It was delightful to light a pipe and sit on the deck, to look upon the novel scene and listen to these strange sounds, to feel that the season had closed, and to anticipate three months of perfect rest — no letters to write, no engagement to keep, no dreadful appointments hanging over one's head!

As I have been living here for the past eighteen winters there is naturally among the peasantry, both white and black, some curiosity as to the precise nature of my vocation. The town near us has had no theater or hall of any kind until lately, so that the only public amusements with which they are familiar have been confined to the circus.

The country people know me very well, and it is a mystery to them what I can possibly do in a "show," as they call it. One day I had been out duck shooting and was being paddled slowly along the bayou in a canoe by my "man Friday," a colored boy about eighteen years of age. As a rider of buck-jumping ponies he was a wonder either with or without a saddle, and the perfect ease with which he handled a canoe made him invaluable as a guide. He would dip the paddle deep into the stream and with a firm and steady hand move the boat with great speed, and yet with such skill and so silently that he made no splash or ripple in the water. I have often sat with my back to him in the quiet of a sunset evening and listened to catch the slightest sound; but no, though we glided along the water like an arrow, John's paddle was quiet as a mouse. On the excursion referred to the silence was broken by John's voice. "Mr. Joe, will you be mad if I ax you somfen?" "No, John; what is it?" There was a pause, then calling up all his courage he broke forth with a question which I have no doubt he had meditated upon and could contain no longer. "What does you do in a show?" I told him that it would be rather difficult for me to explain to him what my peculiar line of business was. "Well," said John, "does you swallow knives?" I told him that I had no talent whatever in that way. "Well, your son told me that you swallowed knives, and forks, and fire, and de Lord knows what all, and I believe he was just foolin' me." I agreed with him, saying that he was quite capable of it. "Well, dere 's one thing certain," said John; "you don't act in the circus." I asked him how he could be sure of that. Here he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, almost tipping the canoe over in his violent mirth. "Oh, no — oh, no, sah; you can't fool me on dat. I 've seen you get on your horse; you ain't no circus actor."

Near our plantation lived a famed Acadian, named Pierre Landry. When he was a boy he had seen Lafitte, and many tales of this bold bucaneer were traditional in his family. I had heard much of this old man; and, being curious to see him, set out with the intention of taking a photograph of himself and his family, and of perhaps getting some interesting matter relating to Lafitte. About three miles from the entrance gate of our plantation runs the Bayou Petite Anse. Its low banks are fringed with tall, gaunt cypress trees, hung with tangled vines and drooping moss. It would have had a mysterious and even dismal look but for the few quaint little houses scattered throughout the woods. Some of these are painted with faded pink wash, others are colored yellow, with blue and green window-shutters, and some are white, giving the place a more cheerful look. The little salmon-colored store and post-office is situated near a long and rambling bridge, made of cypress logs and earth embankments.

Strung along this crossing on a Sunday are to be seen from ten to a dozen negro women and children fishing in the bayou. This is a holiday for them and they are dressed in their best attire — clean blue cotton jean in various faded shades, according to the age of the material; some in deep sun-bonnets, and others, generally the older branches of the family, with their heads done up in gaudy colored bandanas. Upon the western side of this bayou stands a picturesque cottage with a high gabled roof, and on its wide porch, covered with rose vines and honeysuckle, sat Pierre Landry and his wife and daughter.

The old man could not walk, and had been wheeled out in his chair to enjoy the lovely spring morning. He was a fine specimen of an Acadian patriarch; his complexion was of

a rich brown, and his snow-white hair floated about his reverend brow. He had been for years the arbitrator in all questions of importance among his people—a grand old peacemaker, whose wisdom and justice settled the petty and important quarrels of his more irritable neighbors with unerring justice; and many misunderstandings that would have lapsed into ruinous lawsuits were arranged by him without a murmur from either plaintiffs or defendants, so that the attorney of the village looked upon him as a mortal foe, and on one occasion threatened to sue him for damages.

There was a cheerful aspect about the place: the birds were singing, the bees were buzzing amid the flowers, and the whirl of a spinning-wheel upon the porch, turned by old Landry's daughter, gave the spot a home-like look that told of love and peace. As we entered the little garden gate Madame rose from her chair, and with rustic French politeness invited us to enter. "Entrez, monsieur," she said, in kindly tones. I told her the intention of our visit: she seemed pleased, and said, through our overseer, that she had been informed of it and was quite ready. She then began arranging her husband, her daughter, and herself into what would have been, I am afraid, a rather stiff family group. I told her there was no hurry, and that I preferred she should take her former position, and I would wait until some fitting picture should present itself.

I asked the driver to tell her that my visit was not one of mere idle curiosity, but that I had heard what an interesting character her husband was, and as the house was so quaint and pretty I had taken a fancy to photograph it and give the picture to some magazine for illustration, and that then they would become quite famous.

She laughed at this and whispered something to her husband, who looked at us in a dazed and bewildered kind of way as if he did not quite understand what was going on. She patted him cheerfully on the back and seemed quite childlike in her joy at the prospect of becoming historical. In chatting about various matters I asked if her husband were ill. "Oh, no," said she; "but old, very old—not able to walk now." And the tears came into her honest eyes. Her daughter knelt upon the steps and looked up into her father's face. "My darling husband," the wife continued; "we have been married many years. He has been all his life so good, so brave, so noble—my own dear Pierre." She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and, half turning her head from me, looked down upon him with as much affection as she could have done upon her wedding-day. Now was the time. "Stay that way for a moment," I said—and the picture was taken.

She could scarcely believe it was over, never having seen the operation before, and wanted to look at the picture at once. I told her that she must wait and that I would bring the picture at some future time; and so we parted. Just one year after this my wife and myself, driven by our overseer, stopped at the garden gate in front of this same cottage. How glad I was that I had taken the picture and could give it into the hands of Pierre Landry's widow; for in the mean time he had been called away to plead his own cause in another world, and if virtue and honesty be weighed in the balance there, the chances are that he has been acquitted. The place looked much the same, but there was a curious stillness about it that seemed almost sacred, or I fancied so. The roses and honeysuckles of the year before had gone, like him whose hand had reared the vine; but new ones were in their place, and old Madame Landry sat in her husband's chair upon the porch. Coming down to greet us with some flowers in her hand to give my wife—for the driver had told her we were coming—she was about to hand them when I gave her the picture. The dear old woman for a moment seemed bewildered, the freshly gathered flowers fell unheeded at her feet, and, gently kissing the likeness of her husband, she burst into tears and sank upon her knees; then clasping the picture closely to her bosom, she cried out, "O my darling, my own, my noble Pierre! you have come back to me." My wife and I looked into each other's faces with moistened eyes, and, respecting her sacred sorrow, stepped quietly into the carriage and drove away. As I glanced back I saw the dear old woman had risen from the ground and was tottering towards the gate. With one hand she clasped the picture to her heart, waving the other almost wildly overhead in an ecstasy of grief and joy. As we passed the corner of the field the driver pointed to a mound marked by a simple cross and covered with blooming roses.

And now I must end my life, not "with a bare bodkin," but with a harmless goose quill; and however painful the suicide may be to me it is a satisfaction to know that with the same blow I have put an end to the sufferings of my readers. Besides, an extended sojourn here, either in a literary or a personal state, may after all be of little moment. Seneca says, when writing to his friend Lucilius on this matter, "Life is like a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only on making a good exit."

In Louisiana the live-oak is the king of the

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upon the fragment of a broken wheel; the wood is fast decaying, and the iron cogs are rusting in their age. It is as old as I am, but will last much longer. Most likely it belonged to some old mill, and has been here in idleness through many generations of the crows; it must have done good service in its day, and if it were a sentient wheel perhaps would feel the comfort in old age of having done its duty.

Over my head the gray arms of two live-oaks stretch their limbs, and looking down into the ravine I see the trees are arched as though they canopied the aisle of a cathedral; and doubtless they stood here before the builder of the mill was born. Behind a fallen tree there stands another, and from where I sit I plainly see the initials of my wife's name, cut there on the trunk by me on some romantic birthday many years ago. We live here still, and it is legally recorded in the archives of the parish that this place belongs to us; and so it does, just as it did to the man that built the mill. And yet we are but tenants. Let us assure ourselves of this, and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration; for shortly the great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired.

Joseph Jefferson.

TRONAGE IN OFFICES IS UN-AMERICAN.

VIL Service Reform has had a stormy existence of twenty-three years. It has moved along amid the abuse of foes who have sneered at its advocates, and the loud praise of friends who have showered te invective on all its ene- posed. Like other causes at it has marched forward, y, yet still forward. Never- oise and dust and shouting the precise thing wanted occasionally becomes dim, the line of march is sometimes lost, and the results reached are often hidden from sight. Any one who watches the course of a reform like this and sees it struggling among confusions born of much violent argument and talking hither and thither, for and against, is strongly tempted to cry out with Carlyle: "O shrieking beloved brother blockheads of mankind! let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking and begin considering." In the language of the shop, let us stop and take stock, that we may know the real state of the case, what we have got, what we want, and how we are to get that which is lacking. As Mr. Webster said on a celebrated occasion, after tossing on the waves of debate it is well

to take our latitude and see how far we have been driven from the true course. This is especially desirable in this instance, for no movement has ever suffered more through needless misstatement at the hands of both friends and foes than this effort to obtain better methods of administration in the public service. The very name itself is misleading, for the real intent of the movement is not to reform the civil service, but to change the mode by which its places are filled. The purpose of civil service reform is to take the routine offices of the Government which are not political out of politics, where they ought never to have been, and to substitute for personal patronage in appointments some system which shall be impersonal and disinterested. The improvement of the service itself is a secondary object, for the civil service of the United States has been as a rule very good, and a movement therefore which by its title demanded only a reform of the service, and which at the outset was chiefly urged on that ground, started on false premises. This misfortune in naming is undoubtedly the chief reason that the movement for so long a time appealed so little to the American people, who are extremely practical, and who are inclined to resent anything which seems to them merely a fanciful effort to redress an unreal or trivial grievance. It is possible that no better name could have been devised. It is quite certain that it will not now be changed, and it is also certain that its real meaning is coming to be understood rightly.

The name, however, is the least of the difficulties. Both friend and foe seem to have conspired to pile up confusions about the movement in the form of argument and description. To begin with, there seems to be an absolute determination to misstate the case historically. The especial advocates of the reform have, as a rule, seen fit to take an arbitrary point in our history and declare that there and then what they call the spoils system was born. This theory coincides pleasantly with the belief not uncommon in certain circles that things political are much worse than they used to be once upon a time, and that we have fallen away sadly from the high standards of the fathers and founders of the Republic. These admirers of the past apparently consider that the only statesmen are dead statesmen and that living public men are mere "politicians" — a word which has come to be, like the "spoils system," a term of art. In the good old days — exact date not given — the evils of modern public life, according to this doctrine, did not exist. Everybody who held office then was good and able, and was chosen or appointed solely from merit, while selfish politicians and mercenary lobbyists were unknown. In short, human nature then was something very different from what it is today.

This is not the place to deal with this particular humbug, which springs either from ignorance or from falsification of the facts, not only of our own history, but of all history. All that concerns us here is its application to the civil service question. It appears to have passed into a dogma that political patronage began with Andrew Jackson, and that the proposed reform is simply an effort to bring the civil service back to the pure system of the early days of the Republic. The exact truth is very different. The modern method of selecting civil servants by examinations open to all was as unknown in the early days of the United States as the telegraph or the telephone. When the Government of the United States was formed the only theory in regard to appointments to office was the one then in vogue everywhere, to the effect that they were matters within the personal gift of the Chief Executive or his representatives. Acting on this theory Washington appointed the officers of the Government according to his good pleasure. That he was guided by the highest and most disinterested motives, and enlightened by the best information he could obtain in making his selections, cannot be doubted. But it is equally certain that he distributed the offices solely as a matter of patronage; that at the start, with few exceptions, he appointed only friends of the Constitution; and that after the development of parties he appointed only Federalists, laying down plainly in more than one letter the doctrine that none but those who were friendly to the Government ought to receive the offices. John Adams pursued the same general policy, and his "midnight appointments" were as marked an example of partisanship in filling offices as our history can show. Jefferson, after some delays and a few fine phrases, distributed a large percentage of the offices among his party adherents. No plainer statement of the spoils system was ever made than that laid down by Jefferson in the following letter to the New Haven remonstrants: "If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none. Can any other mode than that of removal be proposed? This is a painful office, and I meet it as such." The rest of the letter, too long for quotation, is an argument on this theme that offices are to be distributed according to politics, and removals made in order to get them. As Mr. Adams says with quiet sarcasm in his "History of the United States," Jefferson did not go so "far as to assert that to the victors belong the spoils; he contented himself with claiming that

to the victors belonged half the spoils." The restriction was characteristic of the man, and less honest than Jackson's bold and frank determination to have everything, but the principle in both cases was precisely the same. Moreover at this very time in some of the States, notably in New York and Pennsylvania, political patronage in government offices was carried out with a ferocious thoroughness unknown at the present day.

In the interval between Jefferson and Jackson political patronage subsided. Madison, long before his coming to the Presidency, had declared himself against removals without cause, which was the view of the younger Adams also, and probably of Monroe as well. The real cause, however, of the small number of changes during this period lay deeper than the personal views and characters of the Presidents. The long continuance of one party in power, followed by the disappearance of the Federalists and the merging of all parties — nominally at least — in one, was the efficient and obvious reason for the small number of changes under Madison, Monroe, and Adams. The system, however, remained at bottom entirely unchanged, and when Jackson came into power with a new set of followers and a new set of ideas he merely put into active operation a practice which had slumbered for twenty years, but which had been the same from the beginning. Under Jackson the distribution of the offices for political purposes was extended and systematized, and the theory upon which it was done was thrown by Marcy into the now famous formula, "to the victors belong the spoils." Dating the spoils system from Jackson's time, therefore, is dating it from the declaration of the formula, which has no real connection with either its origin or its practice. Since Jackson's day, as the Government has grown, political patronage has grown and spread until it has assumed the enormous proportions with which the present generation is familiar. The effort to do away with it by an impersonal and disinterested machinery of appointment is a wholly modern idea, and is not in any sense a reversion to the early practice of the Republic.

The historical view of the ardent reformer that patronage in offices sprang full fledged from the brain of Andrew Jackson seems purposeless in its inaccuracy except so far as it fits in with an *a priori* theory of modern political decadence. This cannot be said of the historical view of the enemy of the reform. Superficially more exact than that of the reformer, it is in reality even falser, and at the same time it is anything but purposeless, for its object is to discredit the reform in the eyes of the people. The first historical proposition of the opponent of the reform is that the patronage system has always existed in this country, and that the reformers seek to put something wholly new in its place. So far the opponent is perfectly correct, and he becomes misleading only when he comes to his second proposition, which is that patronage has not only always been the system of dealing with the offices, but that it is the American system of civil service, and that any other scheme is open to the fatal objection of being un-American. This second proposition is wildly false. Patronage in office is no more a peculiarly American institution than the common law. We brought the patronage system with us from the Old World, as we brought many things, good and bad. Some of these importations were in their nature suited to us and our new conditions, and were therefore American. Others were wholly alien to our theory and practice in government, and therefore were un-American. To the latter class the patronage system peculiarly belongs. After the fall of the feudal system and the rise, establishment, and consolidation of the monarchies of Europe the doctrine that the king was the fountain of honor received a great extension. It was perceived readily that as the king possessed the appointing power he had a vast opportunity in the public service and in the public revenue for reward and punishment, for corruption and profit. In offices and sinecures, in pensions and contracts, the king could provide for his bastards and his favorites, his relations and his supporters. In the monarchies of Europe this was what patronage in offices meant, and it was dispensed with a profligacy which sowed seeds of revolution destined to bear a terrible harvest. In England patronage took another turn, as was to have been expected from her limited royal power and greater popular liberty. English statesmen soon discovered that public offices were the best and surest means to strengthen and maintain their power, and that they had in them an almost unlimited fund for bribery. Sir Robert Walpole developed this system with his wonted ability and made it one of the bulwarks of the unquestioned sway which he held so long. For more than a century after his time patronage prevailed everywhere in England. With a limited suffrage, rotten boroughs, and an aristocratic government it was a most powerful engine, and the personal and political corruption which it engendered is one of the commonplaces of history. When England had cast off the rotten boroughs and had enlarged her suffrage, when her government became democratic instead of aristocratic, the royal and aristocratic system of patronage broke down,

and a system which accorded with modern civilization took its place.

In this country prior to the Revolution we had the patronage system of Sir Robert Walpole, own cousin to the foul and corrupt abuses of Louis XIV. and of the other monarchies of Europe. When the Government of the United States was formed the wise men who framed the Constitution saw and rooted out one of the evils of patronage, although not perhaps the worst. They perceived very clearly that Parliament was controlled and corrupted in large measure by the bestowal of appointive offices upon its members, and in order to preserve the legislature of the United States from this danger they put a clause in the Constitution which made it impossible for the Executive to corrupt Congress by the appointment of its members to office. This makes it clear that the framers of the Constitution saw nothing sacredly American in official patronage. On the contrary they detected in it in one direction a great peril, and in that direction they cut it up by the roots. They went no further, not from any particular faith in the system, but because they then knew no other way of filling offices than by the will and pleasure of the appointing power, and because the minor offices were so few that no man except an inspired prophet could have seen in them any danger. At all events the system thus modified has endured unchanged and unassailed until within the last twenty years, when its rottenness became apparent from the vast increase of offices and consequent growth of patronage.

The system of patronage in offices, then, we have always had, but it is none the less a system born of despotisms and aristocracies, and it is the merest cant to call it American. It is a system of favoritism and nepotism, of political influence and personal intrigue. In a word it is as un-American as anything could well be, for a system by which Louis XIV. and his successors drained the life blood of the French people, and by which Sir Robert Walpole and his successors corrupted the British Parliament, has no proper place on American soil, and is utterly abhorrent to the ideas upon which the democratic government of the United States has been founded and built up. Whatever may be said for or against the substitute which is now in part established, it is at least grounded on the American idea of a fair field and no favor, and this of itself is sufficient to prove it superior to a system which is all favor and no field at all.

So much for the historical side of the question. Let us look now for a moment very briefly at the arguments for and against the reform.

In favor of the reform it is urged that by a mechanical system of examination combined with permanency of tenure a better quality of service will be secured. There can be no doubt that there is force in this argument. The chances are that you will get a better stenographer if you examine him on his ability to write short-hand rather than on his own political belief or that of his friends, and the same holds true of all branches of the Government service. But the improvement to be obtained in this way is neither great enough nor sufficiently obvious to make it a controlling motive in the adoption of the reform. It is a sound but an altogether subsidiary argument.

A far stronger proposition in support of the reform is, that to stake on each presidential election the livelihood of all the thousands of people who hold Government offices and support themselves and their families by Government work is to subject our institutions every four years to a grave and increasing peril, and to create a class of office-holders and mercenaries constantly increasing in numbers and seeking with the keen instinct of self-preservation to control the Government. Such an enormous stake, involving the fortunes of so many people, bids fair to convert an election from a political contest into a struggle for existence on the part of large numbers of people, and such a struggle renders men desperate and ready for desperate acts. This argument of itself is enough to demonstrate the necessity of taking the civil service out of politics, and thus preventing the growth of a large class of people who regard politics not as a question between conflicting political principles, but as a mere battle for life and for money to live upon. The reality of this danger is great, and gives a force to the argument which no thoughtful man can question.

The last and most immediately practical argument in favor of the reform is that patronage places upon Senators and Representatives, as well as upon the chief executive officers, a burden which they were never intended to sustain. The immediate result of this is that public interests are subordinated to the private interests of the office-seekers. Legislation suffers because those who ought to legislate have their time occupied, their attention distracted, and their minds fatigued by the incessant demands of persons who seek places under the Government. If the favorite theory of those who oppose the reform, that the executive officers in the various departments and bureaus are the proper persons to select their own subordinates, were carried into operation there would be little need of the reform. Department officers as a rule desire to make successful administrations and could be trusted to select their

subordinates wisely; but the fact is that the executive officers of the Government do not, and under the patronage system cannot, select their own subordinates with a view solely to good administration. As a matter of fact their subordinates are selected for them by Senators and Representatives who are entirely irresponsible in regard to matters of administration, and who are necessarily governed more or less by personal and political interests which have no bearing on the execution of the public business. It is perfectly true that a business man does not select his clerks by a hard and fast competitive examination such as is applied now to a portion of the Government offices; but, on the other hand, a business man who appointed his clerks on account of their politics, or because some politician recommended them, would soon find his way into bankruptcy. The selection of subordinates in a private business is made practically by a competitive examination of the severest kind, managed by a watchful self-interest. The men who carry on the Government and who recommend appointments have not the enlightened selfishness which business success demands to guide them. On the contrary, enlightened selfishness in their case makes personal advancement of the first importance and the success of the business a very secondary matter. It is necessary therefore that we should substitute for the severe competitive examinations which are enforced by the conditions of business and commercial life some mechanical system which shall approach them as nearly as possible. The selection of clerks by competitive examination is a system which is no doubt imperfect, but it is infinitely better than that which it replaces. It has the cardinal merit of taking from the hands of Senators and Representatives a task for which they are not fitted and with which they should not be burdened, and of making the selection of subordinate officers disinterested and impersonal. Competitive examinations are not infallible, but they are better tests of fitness than the prejudices, friendships, and personal and political interests of men in public life. The exercise of patronage, moreover, is a source of weakness to every party and to every man who touches it, and it lowers the tone of public life, to the great injury of legislation and the public welfare. Yet until it is destroyed by law every public man must deal with it whether he wishes to or not, and if he refuses, his refusal is a mere shirking of duty.

Such are the principal, and, as it seems to me, conclusive, arguments in favor of maintaining and extending the reform of the civil service and of the abolition of patronage. The arguments against it are for the most part mere appeals to prejudice. Such, for instance, is the reiterated statement that civil service reform is un-American, to which I have already referred. This is simply untrue. Patronage is un-American, and an impersonal system which offers a fair field and no favor is as distinctly democratic and American as anything well can be. Another cry is that civil service reform is a foreign importation — of Chinese origin, according to some authorities; of English birth, according to others. Even were there meaning or truth in this, the answer would be easy. There is only one thing more contemptible than a feeble imitation of other people, and that is an equally feeble refusal to adopt something intrinsically good because somebody else has tried something like it and found it beneficial. We are hardly likely to abandon gunpowder or printing because the Chinese are said to have been the first inventors of both. Still less would it be a mark of high intelligence to revert to the Indian tongues because the language of the United States is that of England also. Another objection of the opponents of the reform, which enjoys the lonely preëminence of deserving to be called an argument, is that a permanent service will lead to a civil pension list. If the one were inseparable from the other this would be a very grave objection, but a moment's reflection shows that there is nothing in it. Men and women who enter the Government service are perfectly aware that there is no retiring pension to be looked forward to, and that if they decide to remain in the service they must trust to their own exertions and their own frugality, or to the formation with their associates of an insurance fund, to make provision for their old age, exactly as they would do if they engaged in any private business. If they are not willing to do this the remedy is very simple — they need not enter the service.

The most common form of attack on civil service reform, however, is to denounce it as a sham, and by applying to it various contemptuous names to make it ridiculous and thus drive it out of existence. There is nothing easier in the world than to sneer, and it is particularly easy to sneer at any one who is trying to make things better. But the sham in the civil service business does not lie with those who are trying to make it a practical working system, but with those who put it in their platforms, who vote for it in their conventions and in Congress, and then go about assailing it as a hypocritical humbug. It is an inspiring sight to observe the manly indignation expressed against civil service reform by its opponents on the ground that it is a sham. To statesmen, politicians, and men in public life gen-

erally, nothing is so repulsive as humbug, for it is well known that they never indulge in it themselves, always voting and speech-making and resolving in exact accord with the hard, cold facts and never for effect. They would not object to it so much, they say, were it not that it is a humbug. It is that feature which depresses and angers them. "The idea of discussing how clerks shall be appointed," says one, "when there are matters of real importance, great questions, before us! What can be more contemptible?" It does not seem to occur to them that it really is a mean thing to have appointments to office made grave political issues in every district and every State, and that they are so because they are kept in politics by patronage, which civil service reform aims to destroy. "Merit forsooth!" says another. "Clerks to be selected by merit! Bah! What a piece of pretentious humbug!" etc. This argument has the advantage of requiring no intellectual effort. Any one can make it by assuming a contemptuous tone and a sarcastic expression.

At the same time it will be noted that merit governs these same people in selections for their own service. It is only in the service of the Government that they are so liberal to the unfortunate and the unworthy and so severe towards merit. Yet another inquiry of the same type is that which asks with a sneer how men are ever to be encouraged to take part in politics if they are not to share in the rewards. It is wonderful that men should be found in the light of history to put forward such a staring absurdity as the proposition that in this day and generation you can carry on parties and win party victories by offices. Important elections turn on issues that affect the great mass of the people, not on the selfish interests of a few. In some large cities where a great mass of patronage, municipal, State, and national, is concentrated, the caucus or the convention, and sometimes the election, is decided by a compact body of office-holders, but with these exceptions offices are utterly ineffective. On the other hand, if patronage is of doubtful political advantage under the most propitious conditions, its disadvantages are glaring. To a party at large, as to an individual, it is, as an almost invariable rule, a source of weakness. The distribution of patronage is simply a distribution of factious quarrels throughout a State or a district, and no party and no man in the long run ever benefits by it.

I believe that I have now enumerated all the objections brought forward against the reform. It is rather a pitiful array, hardly to be dignified by the name of arguments; but after a somewhat protracted research and much patient listening I can find nothing else.

So far as the existing system of competitive examinations under the civil service goes its opponents are more fertile in objections, but when these criticisms are fairly hunted down they generally turn out to be either without foundation or else extremely weak. In the first place, admitting all the imperfections that are charged, the opponents have nothing to offer in place of that which they propose to destroy, and they do not dare argue openly that a return to the system of patronage would be beneficial. They are fond of declaring that the examinations are scholastic and impracticable, but it is never possible to pin them down to a specific case. The commonest habit is to mix up the examinations, those for instance of assistant astronomers with those of clerks or letter carriers, and this confusion is the closest approach in my experience to a demonstration that the examinations are not practical. There was at the outset more force probably in this objection, but under the present commission such mistakes as there were in the character of the examinations have been largely if not entirely remedied. Another point of criticism relates to the accumulation of names upon the eligible list, and a great deal of sympathy is poured out over the poor people whose names get on the lists but who have no hope of being certified for appointment. The crowding of the eligible list could of course be avoided by simply raising the standard of examination, but let us try it by the real test of a comparison with the old system. Out of every three eligibles on an average only one is appointed. Before the railway mail service went under the civil service law in May, 1889, I had over sixty applicants for clerkships in that service. It was only possible for me or for any congressman in my place to secure appointments for five. With few exceptions, so far as I could judge from my own inquiries, the applicants were all fairly eligible, and therefore it appears that under the patronage system in this instance only one name in twelve reached an appointment, instead of one in three as under the reformed system. A wider and more conclusive example can be found in the diplomatic and consular service. There are in that service, assuming that all are changed, between two and three hundred places. As a matter of fact many are not changed, and others are too trifling to excite competition. Since the 4th of March, 1889, there have been, as I am informed, 5300 applications for positions in this service, and these applications are practically confined to 119 places. In other words, assuming that all the 119 are changed, one applicant in fifty gets a place. It is not difficult to imagine all the disappointment and heart-burning, all the weary waiting and sick-

ness from hope deferred, caused by a system as monstrous as this which tempts and urges fifty men to seek an office with loss of time, money, and self-respect only to reject beyond recall forty-nine of them. It is easy also to imagine the frightful waste of time caused to the department officers to the detriment of the public business. The late Mr. Walker Blaine, of the State Department, was reported in an interview as declaring that a permanent service was imperatively needed, and such is, I believe, the opinion of all good judges.

I have no doubt that what happened in my own experience, as well as in the case of the consular service, holds true as a general rule, and the explanation lies in the fact that patronage increases applications because it makes it seem as if it must be easy to get a place when it goes by favor and costs the giver nothing. The office-seekers forget that securing a place depends not on the method of selection, but on the number of places in proportion to the number of applications.

I have tried to state fairly the principal objections brought against the system now in actual operation. There are no others in my opinion worth consideration, and the recent attack upon the civil service commissioners, which was made because they enforced the law and not because they failed to do so, has not only signally vindicated Commissioners Roosevelt and Thompson and their policy, but has shown in a general way how remarkably well the new system is working. There remains to be considered, however, one point in which both friends and foes of civil service reform are equally guilty, and which has tended more than anything else to obscure the real object of the reform and to retard its extension. This is the confusion of the patronage offices with those under the civil service law. With each succeeding Administration there is a loud cry raised that the spirit of the reform is not respected in regard to those offices which are confessedly filled by patronage. To remove without cause officers of a fixed tenure before the expiration of their term may be described as a violation of the true civil service principle, but this is all that can be said with regard to offices of the patronage class. Offices not in the classified service will be emptied and filled by any President, of any party, for personal or political motives, and whether it is done in one year or in four is wholly unimportant. If the appointing officer selects bad men he is justly censurable; but for the mere fact of thus emptying and filling offices he is not censurable, nor can any man administer a patronage system in any other way. Civil service reform is concerned with only two things — the administration of the civil service law, and its extension. If we go beyond this with talk about the "spirit" of reform and applying the reform principle to offices not within the law, great confusion is caused and an impression of insincerity is created, which does and has done more to hinder the advance of the genuine reform than anything else. In this connection it may be said that it is much to be wished that the charge of hypocrisy and pharisaism made by the opponents of the reform had no foundation. The reform itself in intent and in methods is honest, simple, and devoid of sham, but there has been a great deal of insincerity as well as of the "better than thou" tone among those who have assumed a particular guardianship over it. For example, to pass over in dead silence the removal on political grounds of a collector or a postmaster before his time by the President of one party, and then to cry out and get into a white heat with the President of the opposite party for doing the same thing, is dishonest humbug of the worst kind. This attitude has been common and has done infinite harm to the reform, because it has made the people confuse some of the reformers with the reform itself, and believe that inasmuch as the former were partisan and insincere the latter was a pretense and a sham.

What, then, has actually been obtained, despite attack and confusion, despite the mistakes of friends and the assaults of foes? We have to-day thirty thousand of the most important and best paid offices fairly out of politics and under the civil service law. The system is so firmly established that I believe its repeal is no longer among the possibilities, and the great body of the American people are coming to understand and value it. In the recent debate in the House the attempt to cut off the appropriations not only failed but increased appropriations were carried, which was the greatest victory for the reform that could have been won, and the highest assurance of the permanency of the system that could have been obtained. Public opinion too has progressed enormously, as is shown by the fact that even the worst opponents eagerly assert that they believe in real reform, but object only to this particular kind. All this represents a great advance, and is a much greater achievement than most people realize.

What remains to be done? In the first place, it is necessary to demonstrate to the people the practicability and the fairness of the reform methods, for therein rest its maintenance and extension. In the second place, every effort should be made from year to year to obtain appropriations sufficient to enable the commission to carry on their work successfully. In the third place, we must seek the extension

of the system by executive act, which can reach almost every branch that it is desirable to bring within the law, and strive also by some practical scheme to take the fourth-class postmasters out of politics. It is utterly impossible to apply to fourth-class postmasters, even if it were desirable, the system of competitive examinations; but it is quite possible to take them out of politics, and to that end every effort now should be directed, for with the removal of the fifty-seven thousand fourth-class post-offices from politics the old system of patronage will be practically at an end. Lastly, and by way of general suggestion to those most ardent in the cause, in judging public men in this matter the same standards should be applied to all, and patronage offices should not be confused with those of the classified service. Do not make haste to criticize, in the hope of partisan gain, the manner in which patronage is distributed, but make every effort to destroy patronage by law; for by law alone can the evil and degrading system of political patronage in the distribution of public offices be rooted out and an American system of fair play and businesslike methods put in its place.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XX.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

"For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice."

"From olden faith how many a glorious deed
Hath lit the world! its blood-stained banner led
The martyrs heavenward; yea, it was the seed
Of knowledge, whence our modern freedom spread."

"So will the shine
Of soul that strikes on soul make fair and fine
This earthy tenement. Thou shalt extol
The inner, that the outer lovelier seem."

THE baron and Lady Kelder were sitting together in that confidential silence which is satisfied with the nearness of the loved one. Their thoughts were identical in kind, for both were reflecting that the following day would be the fortieth anniversary of their marriage.

In our age life is so exacting that old people have too often exhausted all poetic feeling, have become indifferent, and weary as travelers at nightfall. But this happy couple in spite of years had kept the dew of their youth. They were still easily moved and easily pleased. Their hearts blossomed like spring though near the winter of age; and their simple dignity, their green intellects, their kindness and ready cheerfulness, gave them, in spite of their gray hairs, something of the air and the charm of youth.

The baron found his lady as beautiful as ever. Her figure was yet erect, her features were noble, her eyes as young as they were at twenty; so soft and limpid as she sat this night opposite him that he fancied he could look through them into the loving soul behind. A smile tender and gentle completed her face. It was not an inadvertent smile; it had come naturally from the wife's last glance at her husband. For she had suddenly remembered the coming anniversary, and had with the thought lifted her eyes to him.

"A man after God's own heart," she whispered; "and 't is the greatest honor I have to be loved by him."

Then her face saddened slightly; she was in a little perplexity. Always hitherto she had been able to give him some trifle that he wished for or required as a wedding token. In their earlier years it had been a handsome garment, a set of laces, a horse, or a purse; and on one memorable occasion, just before the battle of Marston Moor, the sword which typified her consent and sympathy.

In later years her tokens had usually taken the form of books. In the baron's corner the oak shelves were full of them — polyglots of Antwerp and Paris, with such colossal theologians as Augustine, Jerome, Aquinas, Calvin. On a lower shelf the dumpy vellums of Dutch divines, at peace beside Bishop Hall, and Dr. John Owen, and Mr. Richard Baxter; and

nearest of all Francis Bacon and Philip Massinger, Selden and Izaak Walton, with Quarles, Crashaw, Herbert, etc.

This year she had bought nothing. Their position was so uncertain that money had a value touching things which were invaluable. It might be required for simple existence, for comforts on which life depended; she did not dare to spend a shilling lest it should afterwards be sorely needed. Yet she was troubled at the omission. It had made her heart ache for many days. And she had ransacked her coffers and cabinets in the hope of finding something that, either for its associations or its intrinsic value, might be worthy to offer. Nothing had come of her search, and to-morrow morning she could only give him again the love that was always new and young; and she did not doubt but that her empty hands would be just as welcome as they were on the day of her bridal. Still, still she wished she had a token. In forty years it was her first failure. Then she remembered the wonderfully blessed year in which Nathaniel was born. The boy, the heir, had been her bride-day gift. So to-morrow was also Nathaniel's birthday. She had not forgotten it, but in this connection it came with a fresh significance. "A good son," she thought. "A dear good son. A worthy Kelder; and I love him with all my heart."

To this thought Nathaniel entered. She had grown accustomed to his gradual emaciation, and to the sadness in his eyes, for he had always a smile for his parents, though one that brightened his face only for the passing moment. He had been to Kendal on important business, and he talked its circumstances fully over before he spoke of his meeting with Anastasia and John de Burg.

Lady Kelder was intensely curious on this subject; and when Nathaniel described how the fierce, strong man had been, as it were, shriveled up by fire and smitten blind by its flash she trembled and cried out, "Odinel! Odinel! You must—" Then she ceased, for she saw that the baron had covered his face, and she knew that he was praying.

After a few moments' silence Nathaniel said, "George Fox was speaking in Kendal to-day."

"Where?"

"He stood upon one of the stone tables in the open fish-market. You know it is but a little space, and quite surrounded by shops and houses. Every window was thrown open and crowded with men and women, and below him the upturned faces were solid as a floor. Father! Mother! I pray you listen patiently to me. I am this night ashamed of my faith, and I find it impossible to excuse the things I have heard."

"Surely the Quakers are not complaining again. Has not the king been very considerate of their claims?"

"'T is of the Quakers in New England I speak. Let Puritans no more accuse the Jesuits; they have far outdone them in cruelty and intolerance to men, women, and children."

"Nathaniel, I wonder not as it concerns women. Women preachers are a moral shock to all good Christians."

"Tell us briefly, Nathaniel, what George Fox said."

"There is no need that I tell you of the scourgings and imprisonments, and the doing to death in various ways, that have made the footsteps of Quakers in New England red wet-shod in their own blood. Governor Endecott[1]—"

"I knew John Endecott, Nathaniel, and I always thought him to be a stout Dorchester man as ever I had dealings with: a good fighter, and such a one as pleaded for free schools twenty years ago. No drinker, no dicer, and as fond of a garden and an orchard as a boy of his marbles."

"But now, father, he is sharpened and hardened by the cruel preachers at his side; and by their counsel the gallows has been set up for the support of religion. On it they have already hanged—"

"Well then, Nathaniel, we have heard of the hanging of the two men and the woman preacher many a time and oft, and we have—if it please you—heard only the Quaker side of the matter. 'T is like enough they pushed themselves presumptuously where the Lord sent them not; vain and vulgar men."

"Indeed, mother, they were neither vain nor vulgar, Robinson being the son of a great London merchant, well bred and well learned, and Stephenson a Yorkshire farmer who heard while at his plow the 'call' which made him instantly leave his wife and children and home and go as the Lord sent him to testify on the gallows set up by priests on Boston Common. As for the woman, Mary Dyar, she was a comely and grave matron, with the soul of an evangelist and martyr. But, as my mother saith, 't is an old story, and there is newer matter to complain of. On the 14th of last January they hanged William Leddra, a Cornishman—"

"But what for, Nathaniel? 'T is a kind of folly to say a man is hanged and then complain of it, for the punishment infers the crime."

"Not so. They could find no fault in him save that he preached Christ without their license, and assured the people that Christ spake truth when he said, 'I will come unto you, and abide with you'; not that he would

[1] Spelled so at this date.

send by any priest or preacher. And there are other men left under sentence of death, and women whipped barbarously through the streets, and cruelties unmentionable practiced. Father! Mother! I must away yonder, even if I perish with my friends. I die daily here, I do indeed."

"Your friends, the Prideaux? Are they not in the Dutch colony?"

"Indeed, I know not. I had short speech with George Fox, and he said he had cause to think that Roger Prideaux was in Boston; and if he is there, and in prison, Olivia will—" He ceased speaking. A deathly paleness overspread his face, and large tears rolled unchecked from under his closed eyelids.

Lady Kelder looked at him in silence, and then rose quietly from her chair and left the room. The baron sat musing, with his eyes cast upon the rug at his feet. Silence, pregnant with thought and feeling, brooded between the men. At last the baron spoke.

"Nathaniel, I wish you to have the woman you love so truly. Go to her; go to her to-morrow"

"My mother will never consent; and unless she give me some token of kindness to Olivia I go in vain. Olivia will not marry me without your blessing and my mother's welcome. That I know most surely. But give me your blessing, father, and I will go and see her once more; for my heart is rent with sorrow and anxiety, and I say truly that I am dying day by day."

"Go, my son, and my blessing with you. And do not fear concerning the estate. Had De Burg been able to prejudice me therein, we had felt his hand ere this, I think."

"But if question of this kind should arise while I am away?"

"I will call upon Strickland, and ask him to plead my cause."

Nathaniel looked the thanks he felt little able to speak. He was worn out with physical fatigue and mental emotion, and glad to escape to such oblivion as a sleep tormented with fears for Olivia brought him.

Lady Kelder had gone away to think, but her bitter disquiet did not suffer her for some time to concentrate her mind on the subject filling it. She called Jael, and found that Jael had gone to visit a sick child. She wandered to the window, and with her heart full of the two men before the parlor fire she looked into the night. The trees, made thin by autumn winds, let her vision sweep through them far off to the horizon, and a feeling of loneliness and immensity widened her soul. She cast her eyes upward, and the heavens spoke to her in their speech; and then, she knew not how, but her heart was softened, and she began to weep. Few and far between are such moments of god-like condition, but they do come, and blessed are they who have the grace to salute them.

So as she stood there in the twilight, silent, motionless, humbly receptive to all good influences, she thought of her husband and son as she had never before thought of them, and some heavenly power put an idea into her soul that threw all her nature into tumult. A great thought, if she were only great enough to entertain it. She had been longing for a wedding token for her dear lord, and it was shown her how to offer him one most acceptable. But it was a gift only to be given by an absolute surrender of her closest self. Was she able to make so great a sacrifice? As she sat still in the dim light, searching the very depths of her feelings and intents, Jael entered. She lit the lights and prepared her lady's night toilet, moving very softly about, until Lady Kelder said:

"Jael, what of the sick child?"

"Dead, my Lady. Only the soul's leavings there now. A bonny lad, and so like himself to the last moment that it is hard indeed to think of him as changed at all."

"Poor mother!"

"Well, my Lady, Mary Skelton has a big family, seven lads and lasses, and the last one not a month old. He 'll get little Geff's name belike, and step into his place."

"Jael, you speak foolishly. One child can never take the place of another child. Would I give to any other daughter the place of my lost Alice? God forbid! Ah, Jael, the dead loss and the vacant place are better than such compensation."

This loyal thought towards the dear dead hallowed and softened still more her gentle thoughts of the dear living. She fell asleep with a troubled and tossed and anxious heart, but the spirit of love brooded over the soul's tempest. When Lady Kelder awoke in the morning the sunshine was streaming through the east windows, and she opened her eyes with a smile. Jael, busy about her lady's toilet, noticed her cheerful alacrity; noticed also that her usual morning fret was lost in a silent preoccupation that had nothing unhappy about it. But she thought the mood well accounted for by the anniversary it held in memory.

Now there are some gracious souls who like to make the doing of a kindness a sort of personal festival. Lady Kelder bid Jael bring her handsomest silk robe, and she watched its arrangement before her mirror with a critical pleasure. Deep ruffles of fine English point shaded her yet beautiful hands, and a hood of the same lace fell with a picturesque and veil-like grace across her white hair. Jael settled every fold of lace and silk with a proud approval; and as the love of inferiors is generally grounded upon personal or social advantages,

she left her mistress that morning exceedingly conscious of her superiority to all other women.

For a few minutes Lady Kelder stood motionless in the center of her room. The sunshine fell all over her noble face and figure, her silk robe glistened in it, and her hands with the white ruffles above them had a startling delicacy against its somber splendor. To her still face and dropped eyelids it gave a specially luminous character, for as she stood thus she was blind to outward surroundings; she was searching with spiritual vision the very depths of her nature.

She was asking herself: "Can I do this thing with all my heart? Can I do it without reservation? Can I do it not only at this hour, but during all the days of my life?" Still as the woman stood and looked she was fighting a great battle. "Can I do it? Can I do it cheerfully? Can I do it all my life?" For a few minutes this solemn inquisition impressed a serious religious gravity upon her countenance.

"For my dear love's sake! For my dear son's sake! For my Lord Christ's sake, I can do it! I can do it with all my heart, and for all my life!" She whispered the words to God and herself, and as she did so her face grew bright, and she lifted clear open eyes to the heaven which by faith she apprehended.

As this act of self-renunciation was accomplished she heard the baron's voice. He was in the garden beneath her window, and with a strange and happy exaltation she went to greet him. And as she was a very woman, she was conscious, even in its higher atmosphere, of a certain pleasure in her rich apparel and handsome appearance.

The baron stood with his son a little way down the main avenue. They were talking of Nathaniel's proposed voyage, and the young man leaned against the straight bole of a large larch tree. The baron stood erect, facing him, and he had a few late flowers in his hand. Lady Kelder called their names in a joyful voice, and, daintily lifting her silk skirt to avoid the dew on the shrubs, went towards them. Both turned their faces, alight with love and admiration, ceasing from speech, to watch her approach. With a pleasant imperiousness she took the first word.

"Odinel! Husband! Dearest heart! This day I give myself again to you. Nathaniel, this day I thank God again for your birth; and for my wedding token to you, Odinel, and for my birth token to you, Nathaniel, I have one true gift — my heart's welcome to the girl Nathaniel loves. She shall be to you and me, Odinel, as a dear daughter; and I surely believe she will be to you, Nathaniel, a true and loving wife."

It was a supreme sacrifice and a supreme thanksgiving under the drooping larch branches. A few words sprang hot from each heart, and Nathaniel kissed the happy tears off his mother's eyelids, and Lady Kelder kissed them off her husband's and her son's. Somehow the white late flowers were in her hand, and her hand was on her husband's arm, and Nathaniel, radiant and smiling, was walking at her side.

And she was not a woman to retract a tittle of her gift. On the contrary, she entered into Nathaniel's plans with a generous detail. She wrote a letter of welcome to Olivia, and stinted no word of her loving right as an adopted daughter of her house. She packed Nathaniel's clothing, and gave him wise and practical advice as to his marriage; and she sent a swift messenger to Hannah Mettelane to inform her of Nathaniel's intentions, and bring back such letters as she desired to send. And when, on the second morning afterwards, Nathaniel left Kelderby for his long journey, she bravely kept her cheerful heart to the last moment, and sent him away with her love and blessing.

Perhaps she had some doubtful and unhappy moments in the solitude of her room, but not even Jael knew of them. For to Jael she had accepted Olivia as her future daughter with such a complete ignoring of her former dislike as forbade any allusion to it.

"My son goes to America to bring home Mistress Prideaux as his wife," she said with a calm complaisance. "'T is a good marriage, and a great content to the baron and myself. And as 't is the first marriage in Kelderby in forty years, we will bring home the bride with songs and garlands and a great feast. That is but right, I think." And Jael looked at her placid face and accepted the situation without remark or demur. For in its haughty reticence it said as plainly as possible: "I have changed my opinions. I choose to forget. I choose to accept what I once rejected, and I will suffer no remarks on my conduct."

In the mean time Olivia was quite unconscious of the joy hastening to meet her. Her mind, open and thoughtful as silence, had long ago admitted that there never yet was gain without some loss in it. She had not found the wilderness free from bewildering human mysteries and agonies, and her needs there had often been as close and urgent, and heaven and help apparently as far off, as ever she had found them in the crowded habitations of men. Life came to her uncalled for, and from every point; and she was touched and moved by influences flowing in, she knew not how or whence.

Nothing had happened just as Roger had

planned. His proposed settlement had been broken up by circumstances no human foresight could have prevented, and instead of "settling," the way had been opened for travel and preaching in a remarkable manner. It was more than a year after touching American soil before he had a house of his own; and then every room in it, excepting the one built especially for Olivia, was a "prophet's room," and "Prideaux's" soon became known as a resting place and a gathering place for all Friends passing to and fro on religious journeys.

So, then, the solitude and quiet which Olivia had anticipated were not realized. The house was never empty of guests: there were many meetings and discussions, and people coming and going; and even if she went far into the woods for meditation she was not sure but others of like mind would meet her there.

One morning early in November this perpetuity of companionship fretted her calm soul to the verge of tears. She could not help wondering if there would not be, among the hills of God, "coverts" where "rest in the Lord" could not be broken in upon. She knew there was an inward peace which could consume like a fire all murmur of discontent, but she could not reach it while Anna Copeland was telling Rachel Sanderson of her great deliverances, and Roger and three men Friends were sitting together for directions.

Yet she blamed herself for her inability; she believed her weakness grew out of vain longings, and thoughts which were so sacredly personal that she could share them with no earthly being. For never had the memories of the past haunted her so vividly and so persistently. She had not been able to listen to Anna Copeland for the sound of the bees in the clover fields round Mettelane, and from Mettelane to Sandys and Kelderby how swift was the soul-flight!

It was an exquisite day, full of that still serenity which precedes the advent of winter. The sun was pale, the air subtle. The trees had suffered their yearly enchantment, and now and then they talked soughfully among themselves, in soft murmurs, with long silences between. She sat down under a large maple, and at first her gaze was full of that total indifference which comes from sheer weariness; perhaps also from some disappointment, as if she had looked at her ideals too closely — a fatal mistake in life.

She appeared a little older, but still had that virginal beauty of promise which sets "the budding rose above the rose full blown"; and as she sat musing under the great vault of bare branches it was difficult to say what of the unknown and unseen was in her lonely simplicity.

She was thinking of Nathaniel; recalling his nobility of nature, the eager tenderness of his wooing, the sorrowful atmosphere in which their love had grown. Often she had thus thought of him, until the sense of his presence had been so sure and so sweet that she had lifted her eyes to see if he were not coming, and listening intently had thought she heard his voice calling her. For the ear has its own memory. It watches for an accustomed sound, and sometimes imagination will not let it be disappointed.

This morning, when the same sense of nearness made her heart beat and her face flame with hope, she did not raise her head. Movement would break the spell; she would hold it breathless, and save the influence to the last moment. But it did not fade away; it grew stronger. There was a strange stir among the fallen leaves; a familiar sound of quick, even steps; a low, intense voice calling her; some one coming nearer, nearer — some one different from all others, infinitely dearer and closer.

She stood up and cast her eyes down the narrow path. There could be no mistake. The tall, erect figure, the clear, happy face, searching the woods as it came onward, were the figure and the face of Nathaniel Kelder. She went swiftly to meet him. She answered his call with a whisper on his lips.

Nathaniel could have come at no more favorable moment. Her heart had been pleading for him longer than she knew; for it had learned many things in exile that she had not intended it to learn. Among these things was the conviction that God was not more easily found in solitude than in the stress of daily life; that the soul makes her own peace quite as often in the strife of cities as in the loneliness of the woods; that in loving and doing and suffering it is possible to be closer to the Divinity than in simple meditation.

These convictions, so easily stated, had been arrived at only through disappointment and sorrow; and they were not explained to Nathaniel without sweet delays and mutual confessions and experiences. When they returned to the house Roger was sitting alone at his door. He was greatly changed. The pious, kindly master of Sandys had become an enthusiast and evangelist — rugged, muscular, sunbrowned; and, though spotlessly neat, dressed in the plainest materials. His eyes kindled when he took Nathaniel's hand, and then he looked at Olivia with inexpressible love and resignation.

"Thou art come for Olivia?"

"Yea, Roger. Deny me no longer, I entreat you."

"I cannot deny thee what God hast given thee. For the last month I have felt an evi-

dence that the Lord would break my last tie. Henceforward I am only his. He can send me through the wilderness, or to the lands far off. What news for the Lord's people hast thou brought?"

"I have brought news full of hope and comfort. Edward Burrough has made all the sufferings of the American Friends known to King Charles."

"Will he care for them, Nathaniel? Nay, for his heart is wholly set on the pleasures of this world."

"He cares for his own authority, which the Massachusetts colony have held in contempt."

"In what special?"

"Some Friend, denied all show of justice in Boston, appealed to the laws of England, and Denison mockingly bid him do so, saying, 'This year ye will go to complain to the Parliament, and the next year they will send to see how it is, and the third year the government is changed.' And when the king read these words he called his courtiers round him and with great significance said, 'Lo, these are my good subjects in New England; but I will put a stop to them.'"

"Ah! His own rights being in question."

"Then Edward Burrough spoke boldly before Charles, and showed him what a vein of innocent blood had been opened in his dominions, and the king angrily cried, 'I will stop that vein.' 'Then do it speedily, O King!' answered Burrough. 'As speedily as you will. Call the secretary, and I will do it now,' said Charles. And so there and then he wrote to John Endecott, and to all and every other governor of plantations in New England, that they should cease to punish or even judge Quakers; but that if they did aught worthy of trial, they should be sent to London for judgment."

"When it pleases God, kings shall plead for us."

"Also the king's message was sent to Governor Endecott by the hand of Samuel Shattuck."

"Friend Samuel Shattuck!"

"Yea, the despised Quaker, driven from his home by Boston priests, goes back as the representative of their sovereign, carrying with him a crushing token of the royal anger. I see not how Endecott will endure it. My father knew him once, and thought well of him."

"In some things I also think well of him. He has taught the little settlements the wisdom of unity, and brought over many good men by his good government."

"But he is a bigot, or he had not cut from the flag the sign of his salvation."

"'T was, I think, a deed of passion against a foreign power anxious to recall the charter of New England and establish episcopacy. For truly, with the carefulness of a crusader, he wears always the sacred symbol clearly marked in the form of his beard — a perpetual witness, Nathaniel. And he is such a man as will not bear opposition, and the priests set him on fire through his prejudices."

"'T is the great mystery of our religion, this tyranny and brutality of the priesthood."

"Nay, 't is no mystery, Nathaniel. The influence of priests rests upon the idea that they are endowed with attributes denied to common men; that they only can interpret God's word and declare his will. But our God speaks not in riddling oracles, and why should he want an interpreter between himself and the soul which came forth from him? Nor are these priests in any way better than we be. No extra sense is given them for the great place they usurp. They have a full tale of mortal frailties. They are sick as other men are, and death comes to them with no special reverence. Then thou must see that if men listen to the voice of God within them the voice of the priest must fail, and the power of the ministers will be broken. They are their own Diana, and they would persecute Paul, or Peter, or Christ himself, if they preached anything by which their craft was in danger to be set at naught. Dost thou wonder, then, that Friends are hated by them? That John Wilson, priest in Boston, should scream out in his pulpit, 'I would carry fire in one hand and fagots in the other, and burn all the Quakers in the world.' That John Higginson, another priest, should preach, 'The Inner Light is a stinking vapor from hell.' That John Rayner, a priest of Dover, should stand laughing for joy to see Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose flogged through the town on a freezing day for saying 'the Inner Light was none other but Christ, who lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'"

"Oh! I wonder men with English blood in them suffered such things in their sight and hearing."

"They did not. The priests gloried in stripes and torture, but the people cut the bleeding women from the cart which dragged them, and saved them from an awful death. Priest Norton sneered and mocked at the agonies of William Brend, but the people of Boston succored the victim of one hundred and seventeen lashes as he lay senseless on the floor of his dark cell. Charles Chauncy, preaching, told his congregation since 'they could not have the blood of the Southwicks by law, to kill them like wolves.' Oh, and much more I could add, Nathaniel; for priests have ever exhausted human torments in slaying those who rebelled against the enslavement of their own souls."

"We are free men, Roger."

"Not if our noblest part is in thrall to a man-made priesthood. But I can see the day surely coming when men, having full liberty of thought and speech and worship, shall reverence the names of those despised Quakers."

"Yea, Roger; and great as are the givers of political freedom, the men who have wrestled for us with the powers of darkness for spiritual freedom will be the heroes who shall have the world's eternal gratitude."

"And then, Nathaniel, truly these men who are now thought to be nobodies, who are dead and buried, shall have their lives searched, and their memory shall be hallowed forever."

He ceased suddenly, with the glow of this anticipated triumph lighting up his rugged face and kindling his dreamy, wistful eyes into a flame of rapturous prediction. Then there was silence for a few minutes, and Nathaniel with a heart full of happiness watched Olivia setting out the service for the midday meal, and going in and out about her household duties with the same serene grace and dignity that had made her so charming as mistress of Sandys. Indeed this beloved interest had been so present that Roger's passionate arraignment and prophetic justification had not touched Nathaniel as they might have done. In his own happiness it was so difficult to be sorrowful for the misery of others; in the joy of the present hour he did not feel much the satisfaction of some far-off victory over wrong.

It cost him a slight effort to say: "King Charles has also been kind to the Friends in England. Many are out of prison, and they have a sort of right to speak for themselves. A few days before I left John Duttred met a Friend in open argument in Kendal town hall."

Roger lifted his face to Nathaniel's, and there was a fine pity on it as he answered:

"With such clumsy tools as arguments and logic men only fumble at the lock of the spiritual world. I tell thee, Nathaniel, that if thou desirest truth, seek it by listening to the voice of God in thy soul. Divine faith and love come not through the reason or the intellect; they are a divine work in the soul.

"'Who that one moment hath the least descried
Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him?
Pleasures and powers that are not, and that
are?'"

"Yea; if we had all vision, Roger."

"Vision in the spiritual world is like vision in the natural world — of no use unless there is light. Be more inward with thy God, Nathaniel. If thou canst commune with thy own spirit, canst thou not also commune with the Spirit of God which is within thee? A poor man, a poor man indeed, is he who has not been far beyond arguments and logic in spiritual matters."

"You go deep and high, yet I presume not to limit."

"Who can limit the experiences of a soul bared to all the influences of God's special revelations? It is impossible to say what the Lord Jesus Christ will do for those willing to live through him as he lives through the Father."

"As regards this world, Roger, nothing has happened as you expected?"

"The plans I made failed, for God had better ones. I thought to do so and so, but from which things I have been hindered and withholden by that Hand which is my guide and helper."

Spiritual things had become so much Roger's life that it was not until the close of the day that he remembered certain worldly affairs would have to be attended to in regard to his daughter's marriage. "Thou wilt have to take thy wife without money, Nathaniel; I have spent much, and I shall spend all in the cause of truth. For this reason God blessed me in my business, and when I would have sat down in fair Sandys he tore my nest to pieces and said unto me, 'Go east and west, and preach a free and everlasting gospel.'"

"I want neither gold nor silver. I want only Olivia."

"My sister Hannah is indeed rich, and in the way of probabilities—"

"We will not speak of them."

"Thou wilt be a kind husband to her?"

"I promise it."

Roger's eyes were full of tears, and Olivia coming into the room quickly noticed his emotion. She went to him, and, laying her cheek against his cheek, said:

"Father, if thou art sorrowful, where then is our joy?"

"Though I drop tears, think not that I am left comfortless. The same goodness that was my morning light is now my evening song. I have an apprehension of duty to visit the West Indies. When thou art gone away with Nathaniel I shall go there."

"'T is a long way, father."

"Far or near, every way is the way home. I have often gone through the wilderness hungry and thirsty and weary as to the flesh, but so upheld by His Spirit that I felt as if my feet took no hold on the ground."

Then he rose and went out to some Friends sitting in the shade of a great tree, but his smile was a benediction as he left the lovers together.

XXI.

KELDERBY AND SANDYS.

"She surpassed
All of her own age in beauty and mind,
Therefore the noblest man of wide Troy married her."

"After Sorrow's night
Dawned the morning bright;
In dewy woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And 'Love, love, love,' it sang,
And 'Love, love, love.'"

As Nathaniel wished to return by the same ship that brought him to America, it was necessary to hasten the arrangements for his marriage with Olivia. But these were of the simplest description, for both Puritans and Friends alike regarded the marriage covenant as one of too solemn and significant a character to be consummated with laughter and merry-making.

The weather was singularly beautiful. The late Indian summer lingered for the lovers' joy. They spent hours together in the still forest, conscious of the serene sky above them and of the woody fragrance which their soft, slow feet pressed from out the fallen leaves, as anew and anew they told their hearts to each other—in words old as Paradise, yet young and fresh as to-day's poet sings them.

"I love you, sweet! How can you ever learn how much I love you?"

"Thee I love even so, and so I learn it."

"Sweet, you cannot know how fair you are."

"If fair enough to earn thy love, so much is all my love's concern."

"My love grows hourly, sweet."

"Mine too doth grow, yet love seemed full so many hours ago."

"Ah! happy they to whom such words as these
In youth have served for speech the whole day long,
Hour after hour remote from the world's throng;
Work, contest, fame, all life's confederate pleas,
What while Love breathed in sighs and silences,
Through two blent souls, one rapturous undersong."

But at length the sweet, short interval was over. The ship was ready to sail with the evening tide, and in the morning about twenty Friends gathered at "Prideaux's" to witness the troth-plighting. The Countess Mordee was among them. On the day previous she had brought to Olivia a present of some exquisite lace of Brussels, and remained to assist her in its arrangement upon the white lawn which was to be the wedding garment.

So that Nathaniel did not take his bride without some of the insignia of the wonderful event. Fairies might have woven the delicate, transpicuous tissue of flowers of finest thread which gave to her simple robe the effect of lace-like gossamer. A veil of the same illusive beauty fell across her bright brown hair. A Bible bound in silver — also the gift of the motherly countess — was in her hand. "Look now, Olivia," she said; "it was the gift of a very good man. It was my own wedding book, and upon it I have asked for thyself and thy husband the marriage blessing desired by the young Hebrew bridegroom — 'Mercifully ordain that we may grow old together.'" And tears of fond remembrance filled her eyes: she looked backward nearly fifty years to see her own bridal, and then, mid-way life, the green grave of her companion.

At sunset the hour of parting came, but it was not a parting without hope. Roger had such a confidence in the love of God that he believed he would sometime send him by way of England, and thus permit him to see his daughter's happiness in her own home and native land. A few natural tears were shed, and then Nathaniel and Olivia looked together into their future with the gladness of those who have no self-reproaches.

In about ten weeks they were in London, and a few hours after their arrival Nathaniel, walking on the Strand, met Baron Strickland and his bride.

"I count this a fortunate meeting," said the young noble, "for I assure you it is full time you kissed the king's hand. If your friends had not been as ready to make excuses as your enemies were to make complaints, I surely think ere this the Kelders would have lost Kelderby."

"It is your kindness I must honor, Strickland, and your advice goes well with my own intentions."

"I shall see the king to-night. Let me ask for an audience for you."

"You will do me a great service if you do."

"I will bring you word to-morrow. If his Majesty receives your visit and accepts your allegiance it puts you out of all fear."

The friendship intended by this offer was gratefully accepted, and the following day Strickland brought a favorable answer. The evening named, however, would occasion a delay in London of nearly two weeks.

"A fortunate delay," said Strickland. "It will permit you to provide a suitable dress. And let me assure you that the king is a great observer of such matters."

This was good news to accompany the letters to Kelderby and Mettelane, and the messenger was urged to make all possible speed. In both homes he was expected and watched for. Love is a close calculator, and the pos-

sibility of his arrival had been surmised for some days.

The winter hitherto had been an open one, but there was every sign of an approaching storm. With anxious hearts the baron and Lady Kelder watched it coming. The distant hills were already turbaned with great bands of snow; the bleak, leafless garden was still and sad under the lowering, threatening clouds; the dull sky was fast darkening down to the edges of the dull sea. The baron walked thoughtfully about the room; Lady Kelder had her "Book of Religious Meditations" upon her knee, but her own meditations were far closer to her sympathies. Then came the sharp shower of sonorous hail, and after it the soft, thick flakes of the mesmerizing snow. While the storm lasted day to day must be so like, so very like.

The baron sat hopelessly down, and with Lady Kelder began to count again the weeks of Nathaniel's absence, and to persuade themselves it was really foolish to expect his arrival for some indefinite time. While they were thus engaged Jael entered, and with suppressed excitement said:

"Here be a gentlemanly make of a man from London — from the young master. All is well, my Lady — well as can be; nothing but prosperation, as I can hear of; and God bless us all."

"Bring him here at once, Jael. Why not?"

"My Lady, he is beat out, and is having a few oddments of meat and bread. He left Kendal at strike of day, and has had a fight to get in with the storm."

The storm now meant little to Kelderby. Nathaniel was in London with his wife. Nathaniel was going to court with her, and in that event it was likely the weary suspense they had so long endured would be over. Every one was so greatly excited that Lady Kelder could not avoid a little scornful criticism on the mood.

"I vow, they are as set up with the coming of the bride as if it were her Majesty; but, God knows, it is the feasting they look for that moves them so. Quaker or queen will do for an occasion."

"Is feasting a necessity, Joan?"

"Let me tell you, Odinel, if we make not some show of company our neighbors will say the bride is not to our liking. And matters being as they are, the bride is very much to our liking — as far as the general public are concerned."

"I think, dear, that privately also we shall soon enjoy the same opinion."

"Odinel, what say you? Shall we ask Mistress Mettelane to meet her niece here?"

"It is a kind thought, Joan; 't is most like you. There is no holdback in your grace."

The praise was pleasant to her, and she smiled with a happy complaisance as she added, "I have a mind now to take, with Olivia, all that belongs to her."

"Mistress Mettelane is a good woman, and well spoken of. She is rich also, and it may be —"

"If she be rich, that is a cloak big enough to cover all her faults. But in truth, Odinel, I thought not of her riches. I am sure that some will want to talk to me about Olivia as if they disparaged Nathaniel's wife, and I shall not let slip such occasions to say, 'Here is also my daughter's aunt, Mistress Mettelane, and a very dear friend of mine.' If all others are silent, be sure Mistress Duttred will push in Olivia's Quakerism. She will find ways and means to bring in that discourse, though it be by head and shoulders; and it is most like to be in a manner of pleasing me by praising me. 'T is a great trial as ever any poor lady had — and you have a large charity,' and the like words; and I shall say, 'Mistress Duttred, there is greater charity in the Word than you and I have yet found out, and 't was there I got the warrant, not only to love my neighbor, but to judge her not.' Oh, I assure you, Odinel, that if our friends will flout at either they shall be forced to their ill-nature without a veil of my finding."

When the storm was over the proposed invitation was sent to Mistress Mettelane, and the preparations for Nathaniel and his bride commenced. Concerning them Lady Kelder was almost hypersensitive. The finest wing in the house was chosen for their occupancy, and she took a careful pleasure in making everything in it fit her own exact and rigorous ideas of what was included in her promise to accept Olivia as her daughter.

Yet alone she had moments of bitterest sorrow, and she did not look forward to the consummation of her personal sacrifice without many mournful reflections.

"I shall never feel the same again. Kelderby will never be the same: a strange woman going about the house — always there, morning, noon, and night; how can I bear it? I have been chief and only here; now I shall have to endure the homage given to this superexcelling creature. I shall even be obliged to add my pinch of incense to the general oblation burnt in her honor. 'T is a hard case indeed to have to change all when life is so near its close. Well, then, it is perhaps the loosing of the link which is to scatter the whole chain. God help me! He only knows how much easier it is to make a fine resolution than to work it out hour by hour, and day by day."

There were a few tears in her eyes — the tears of age are cold and few. Once her heart-

ache would have been washed away in a warm and plenteous rain, leaving life calm and clear-skyed after it. Now such clarifying storms were almost impossible to her.

She was taking from her dower chests scented linen and fine tapestry hangings, and the act was a tangible translation of the sacredness of her promise. Was it made less precious by the heavy solitary drops that sealed its honesty of purpose? Alas, no! the sorrows of the aged must count for double. Their sense of loss looks for no redemption from the morrow.

The baron never guessed how hard a discipline his wife was bearing, or he would have made it lighter by a constant loving sympathy; and the household mainly believed her to be thoroughly enjoying the coming change. Jael, however, knew precisely how her lady carried the cup she had to drink. For to Jael Lady Kelder made few pretenses of any kind; and having once signified her resolution to receive Nathaniel's wife publicly with honorable welcome, she permitted herself privately that sincerity of speech which she knew Jael would respect.

It was some gratification also to point out her self-denial; even Jael's approval was pleasant. It was indeed the only human approval she could expect, and there are few hearts whom the divinity quite satisfies.

"If my son were bringing me a daughter worthy of my utmost honor could I do more, Jael? I intend Nathaniel's wife to have all her due, Jael."

"My Lady, you have been generous beyond all; the best room, the newest furniture, a maid hired for my young lady's own use. If you could only give her a little love—"

"Love is not bought in the market place, Jael. I try to be considerate. Is not Mistress Mettelane asked to meet her niece? At any hour now I may have to entertain her; and she is quite my inferior, and a churchwoman as well. I know little about churchwomen."

"They aim to be about right, I should say, my Lady. And as we begin to age we can give our hearts a bit of favor, and leave the young ones to see that things are kept straight. Mrs. Mettelane wrote you a very proper letter. I never heard tell of a properer one. I could not help thinking that it was well such a good one had had the bringing up of Master Nathaniel's wife. She 's well come of, I 'll warrant."

"She is a statesman's [1] daughter, and some of these statesmen have coats of arms older than a crusader. I don't know about the Mettelanes."

"We may as well hope they are pretty old. But this or that, she has plenty of the 'wherewith,' and it is little matter, my Lady, whether gold be old or freshly minted."

"If the girl were not a Quakeress."

"My Lady, a rose is a rose wherever it grows."

"But differences in roses, Jael—hedge roses and garden roses. You cannot pin a woman with a proverb. And if you don't want roses of any kind, what then, Jael? I have shed more tears lately than I thought ever to shed again."

"If your heart is full, weep, my Lady; 't is the unshed tears that are never wiped away."

Such conversations had their use, for to do kind deeds and then take in private a little grumble about their necessity is the condition making much public virtue possible. And many a trouble comes with a blessing in its hand. When Hannah Mettelane arrived the hospitable instincts of Lady Kelder led her to give a welcome whose kindness left nothing to desire, and every moment afterwards the two women drew closer together.

On the third evening of her visit they were going together through the rooms which had been put in such beautiful order for the coming bride. Hannah Mettelane walked between the baron and Lady Kelder, and having admired and suggested until the subject was exhausted, they sat down before the blazing fire which was already brightening Nathaniel's private parlor.

Hannah had become very quiet. Her heart was busy, and her large, intelligent eyes moved with a slow speculation between her companions.

"You have made a home beyond everything for the children," she said, "and I know about what it costs. I mean in love, and in other feelings, mayhap still more unselfish. I could n't have done it. I like my house to myself, and I had my little plan about the children. You see, I thought of Sandys."

"Sandys!" said the baron. "I thought your brother sold Sandys."

"He sold it to me. I thought it a pity to let such a fine bit of land go out of the family. Indeed, after Cromwell's death it would have been hard for Roger to get any one to look at the title he could give, and many thought in the general turn-up at the king's homecoming the heir-at-law would be found."

"I think myself it was a great risk to take."

"But, counting all these risks, I got Sandys for a little price; though 't was money enough for the unlikely things driving my brother to strange lands. Then by using such friends as I had claim upon I made haste to certify my right, and looking forward always to the marriage of my niece with your son, I have kept the place in such order as its worth asked for."

[1] A landowner.

"Indeed, such order as constantly raised the wonder of all."

"So you see"—and she spoke slowly, with her eyes dropped, and a happy smile lighting her large, calm face—"it is ready for its owners. For if Olivia married the heir of Kelderby, Nathaniel Kelder married the mistress of Sandys. A week ago I made it over, house and land, silver and furnishings of every kind, to Olivia Kelder; and may God bless the house forever!"

"Mistress Mettelane, this is indeed great news," said the baron, "and we cannot but take it well of you. 'T is a noble home, indeed it is."

"And, as I thought, near to Kelder, and not far away from Mettelane. In my home, also, there shall be rooms made ready for the children's visit; but I know right surely that age dwells not happily with youth, and that youth soon grows sad with age."

"Think you so?"

"In truth I do. Age is the chapel of life. When we sit down in its quiet the busy cares and pleasures of youth come into it like an offense. I know it is well for all that Nathaniel and Olivia should have their own home. I hope that it may be Sandys."

"They could have no fairer or finer one," said Lady Kelder, softly. Her eyes were full of tears, and she drew her chair nearer to Hannah's and took her large, capable hand within the clasp of her own small ones. A kind intelligence that needed no speech passed from face to face. From that moment they were true friends.

"The silver and linen, the crystal and the fine pewter service, with the curious ornaments, I have had at Mettelane. They left Ambleside in Stephen Airey's wagon, and must now be at Sandys. If you, my Lady, will go over there with me, we can see to their unpacking and safe bestowal. I should n't wonder if all the old servants are already there. The women have worked on D'Acre's land, one way or another, since Sandys shut; and I called on Jane D'Acre as I passed, and she was crying happy at my news, and D'Acre said Olivia's old women should all be loosed from his claim and go back to Sandys. The D'Acres will be good friends, I trow."

"If they get not cool, or hot, on their religion," said Lady Kelder, scornfully. "As for me, I think D'Acre a fair-weather friend."

"I heard that he stood not trial. But, dear me! we must n't ask friends to think as we do. 'T is too much, and beyond all. If souls were all made on one pattern, then possible, perhaps; but, God knows, souls differ as much as faces—not two alike. What then, Baron?"

"Charity, Mrs. Mettelane. If we could only love each other half as well as God loves us all."

"Not being God, we could n't do it, Baron," said Lady Kelder; "and God knows that there are some people God himself could n't love—no, not even for Christ's sake. Let us not talk of them. 'T is better to go to bed and sleep on the good fortune Mistress Mettelane has brought us; for, if she will, we shall take the road for Sandys very early in the morning."

Her face shone with pleasure and kindness as she rose, and in the noble, smiling inclination of her head to Hannah Mettelane she expressed a grateful happiness that delighted the simple, truthful woman. And that night Lady Kelder was conscious of a gratitude that humbled and silenced her. Had she not been grudging Olivia a few rooms in Kelderby, and lo! the stately home of Sandys was waiting for her? Had she not been fretting at the introduction of a new element into her life, when too old to desire it, and there had never been any foundation for the fear except in her own heart?

"It was not necessary to God's goodness," she said sadly. "Wanting to bless Nathaniel and Olivia, he has done it without my help." Tears filled her eyes, and she murmured: "I tried hard, indeed I did! If God had only understood—" The baron entered at the moment, and she voiced her heartache to him.

"Indeed, dear heart, I think God did understand. He saw you wished to be unselfish, and he said: 'It is enough. That will do.' Think you he did not understand how precious the quiet of Kelderby was to both of us? Joan, our God is such a one as cares for our little likings, and is heedful of our daily happiness."

"How provoking kings are! Charles might have seen Nathaniel on the asking. Then he would have been home ere this."

"Never hurry your happiness, Joan. And I think it was not the king's fault, but Strickland's kindness. Doubtless he thought of such an important matter as court dresses, and in that respect sought time for the children."

The delay in London, however, had not been a profitless or unpleasant one to Nathaniel and Olivia. During it their friendship with the Stricklands had been placed upon a lasting basis; for each had discovered many personal sympathies besides such as sprung from the similarity of their domestic and social condition and their identity of interests as future neighbors.

At length the evening appointed for their interview with the king arrived, and they went together to Whitehall, making a sufficiently remarkable group both individually and by way of contrast. Marmaduke Strickland, rep-

resenting one of the oldest families in England, and a passionate royalist in sentiment, was arrayed in all the splendor of the Stuart fashions. But so lofty was his stature and so imposing his manner, that he carried with a certain fitness of courtly manhood the long, flowing curls and flaunting finery of his order. His beautiful young wife wore her bride-dress of gold brocade, and its jeweled bodice and long train were but the suitable accompaniments of the gems which glittered in her hair, and lay on her bosom, and clasped her bare arms.

Behind so noticeable a couple Nathaniel and Olivia were still more noticeable. For Nathaniel's suit of Genoa velvet and Genoa point was made with Puritan simplicity, and Olivia's dress of soft white satin was without a single jewel. Its only ornament was the large collar of Brussels lace which covered her throat and her bosom, and the cuffs of the same material, which were turned back over the long satin sleeves almost to the elbows. But the glistening of her garments, the radiant serenity of her face, and her starry eyes, gave her a singular charm. She appeared to shine where she stood. And the easy grace and confidence of her manner were a wonder even to her companions. For none at that moment reflected that the soul accustomed to contemplate the solemnities of eternity is not to be affected by the gilded show of what is constantly passing away. Yet the scene through which she walked was to her a very strange one, and as far apart from her sympathies and intelligence as the east is from the west.

The large apartments were brilliantly lighted, and the air was heavy with many perfumes and the rich odors of southern wines. Gaily dressed dissolute women and men were playing basset round a large table with a terrible eagerness. Their sharp, strained voices, and the chink, chink of gold mingled with the notes of a French boy singing love songs, with laughter half subdued, with the rustle of silken garments and the gurgle of flowing liquors.

The king sat amid a bevy of handsome women, toying with the loosened hair of one who held in her hand a goblet of wine; everywhere around the god of this world and the great lord of lusts ruling with prodigal wantonness.

But Charles knew how to assume in a moment the attitude belonging to the king of a great people. He stepped majestically forward, and won Strickland's heart anew by a greeting at once respectful and familiar, and by the genuine glance of admiration which he bestowed upon his bride. She knelt to kiss the hand he extended, but Charles quickly raised her, and touching her cheek said, "Kings are the servants of beauty." With the words, he took a ring from his finger and gave it to her.

Then Strickland introduced Nathaniel Kelder, saying, "He brings to your Majesty a loyal service."

"A recovered loyalty is greatly prized by us," answered Charles. "Some of our subjects do not credit us with much conscience, but we credit conscience to our subjects — and know how to value it." Then, while offering his hand to Nathaniel, he turned to Olivia.

She was regarding him with an almost childish interest, and he smiled frankly into her innocent face. It seemed to have a great and yet not an offensive attraction to him; he scarcely heard Nathaniel speaking; he was too earnestly trying to comprehend the pure, womanly countenance to heed words, until the name of Prideaux was mentioned. Then he recollected what Strickland had told him of De Burg, and Kelder, and the Quaker Prideaux, and he understood the holy eyes, and the face upon which the dove visibly brooded, and the ravishing simplicity of manner and dress. His glance went from Olivia to Nathaniel, and he regarded both with great favor.

"I think, Mistress Kelder, that the king has in you a loyal subject."

"Yea; for thou hast been kind to many suffering wrongfully. In the day when all need mercy, may God give thee mercy."

"Be it so."

"I offer thee neither lip service nor knee worship, but my heart hath none the less truth and honor." Then perceiving him about to unfasten a jeweled clasp of great value, she said, modestly:

"Give me the rose thou wearest, and I will keep it for a token of thy kindness to me and to my people."

Instantly Charles understood her. He had been on the point of making her a much richer present than the one given to the wife of his faithful adherent — a present, also, which her principles forbade her to wear. But that wisdom which springs from an unselfish heart had prevented a gift likely to bring unkindness and embarrassment, and it was with a sentiment of grateful admiration that he took the rose from his jeweled vest and gave it to her.

An act of such evident favor at once attracted attention. Indeed it was impossible, in that company, for Olivia to escape a critical regard. The gift of the rose was to many who understood none of its motives a gift suggestive of the evil in their hearts. "The king is freshly smitten; 't is a love gift," was the universal comment.

One woman, however, was not so deceived. She saw in it the expression of a respect which Charles believed very few men or women de-

served. It was Mistress Chenage. She was with the players at the basset table, and though a bank of at least two thousand pounds in gold lay before her she was thinking only of the king's rose.

At first when she saw Nathaniel and Olivia, with the Stricklands, enter the royal presence, she had wisely determined to be indifferent to them. But the exclamations about Olivia's beauty, her angelic face, her charming simplicity, had been gradually growing more frequent and emphatic, and more difficult for her to endure. The gift of the rose, attended by a general murmur of pleasure and admiration, roused her to that pitch of jealous envy which demands the relief of offensive speech.

As the Kelders retired from the audience she was conscious of their every footstep. The closer to her they came the more imperative and insolent her temper grew. She turned with the cards fan shaped in her hand, and watched with her old mockery the approach of the party. Her beautiful face was flushed with wine and anger; her dark hair, combed back from her forehead, fell in heavy curls over her shoulders, and mingled with the pearls that clasped her slender throat and the lace which affected to cover her bosom. A dress of pink brocade and silver threads clung to her form with seductive grace, and she flung its heavy folds aside to display her little feet, shod in pink and silver shoes, as she rose from the table and stood directly in the way of the retiring visitors. Strickland was first. She made him a sweeping courtesy and suffered him and his bride to pass; then, in a challenging voice, she said:

"Cousin Nathaniel, be not in such a hurry to hide your Quaker wife. Come here, Saint Olivia. If you kiss me, I vow to show you how to cheat the devil at a game of basset."

"If thou playest with the devil in any wise thou wilt lose thy soul. And what gain will profit thee for that loss?" Nathaniel could feel his wife's inward tremor as she spoke, but outwardly she was calm as a lily motionless in the moonlight; and with a stern courtesy he said: "We are in the king's presence, Cousin Chenage. You shall show your anger to me at a more fitting time."

"How wise are we grown! How strangely loyal! How beyond all comparison excellent! Here, boy, I will give you a song for this great and grand monseigneur —

> "Que son mérite est extrême!
> Que de grâces! Que de grandeur!
> Ah! combien monseigneur
> Doit être content de lui-même."

This little episode had not occupied more time than the ordinary salutation of friends would have done, but it had made a much more pronounced impression. The hurry of the beautiful Mistress Chenage, her rapid speech, the excitement which made her forget the cards in her hands and led her to intercept the king's special visitors, gave to the interruption a marked character. A swift intelligence of its spirit passed through the great hall; the players held their next throw in suspense, the singing boy was humming at Anastasia's elbow, "*Que de grâces! Que de grandeur!*" and the woman who was leaning against the king's shoulder said:

"Sire, Chenage hath a temper again. A bride or a beauty is a red flag to her."

Charles laughed with scornful good nature. "On my honor! 't was a red rose that bred the present temper"; and the king's wit raised the laugh which Anastasia felt she paid for.

Her game was every way lost. While she was turning Nathaniel's virtues into a ridiculous rhyme he had passed quietly out of her presence. Her anger had missed its mark, and she was equally unsuccessful in her play. She lost heavily, she provoked the temper of her companions, she had evidently offended her genius by taking revenge into her own hands. Never had she felt so utterly foiled and humiliated.

She went to her lodgings in a fever. "The king openly forsoothed me," she cried passionately, as she tore off her robe of pink damask and the pearls from her neck and wrists. She looked at her long white arms, they were exquisitely formed; she looked at her white throat and bosom, no woman in the presence was lovelier than herself. But the king had "forsoothed" her; treated even her passion as matter for laughter. She held her fair face between her hands and muttered:

"Alack-a-day! I am but a wretched woman. Everything in life deceives me. Every plan I make fails. My lovers adore and then leave me. My father has so small a sense of what I have done for him that I have the heartache for it. Failure is writ all over my life. I wish I had been born good, for the devil is a cheat of all cheats. I have been mortified beyond all endurance. I have lost more money than even John will like, and my poor head is in a sad taking with the wine. Nathaniel Kelder kissing the king's hand! Saint Olivia with the king's rose at her breast! Lord, if I swear a little, write me innocent, having such good cause. But I shall tell John to-morrow, and he will curse them all for me!"

For she had not come to London without John. He had a lodging at Greenwich by the seaside, and there he sat in the sunshine and heard the cries of the sailors and the voice of the ocean once more. "I shall tell John to-morrow. He will find out a way. Lord, how

my head aches!" Then she bent herself towards a half-open drawer, and took from it a soiled pack of cards. She shuffled them to and fro a few times, and then, with a slow and vicious hatred, tore them, one by one, to pieces. "You, too, are prophesying liars. A plain undoing you have been to me. What devil is behind you?" So she sat musing until sleep mastered her, and, only half undressed, she threw herself upon the bed.

But in the sinful and tragic events of the last four years she had lost the aptitude for that deep, animal-like sleep which had once made her so cruelly *riant* in her perfect health and perfect spirits. She could not escape the chagrin of her position. The phantasmagoria of the Whitehall, with its gamblers and drinkers, its clinking of gold, and its murmur of song that no one listened to, troubled her consciousness, and made her frequently start with that cry of mortification and that catch in its expression which denotes the extremity of painful vexation. Her lovely flushed face amid the scattered hair of sleep, her white arms flung upward, her white bosom troubled with her restless breathing, showed that her soul, left without excuses, was wandering in those halls of remorseful memory in which the wisest of all sacred seers saw the sleeping wicked vexed.

The unhappy incident did not much disturb either the Stricklands or the Kelders. They went from the palace to Strickland's lodging and talked about it a little, and so rubbed the slight annoyance away. For both felt that they had received that favor which kings give to men whom they delight to honor, and from Nathaniel's heart there had dropped, even at the king's feet, that heavy load of apprehension concerning his estate which he had so long carried.

It was past midnight when Nathaniel and Olivia reached their own inn. There was a large letter on the table, and Nathaniel saw at a glance that the direction was in his mother's writing. He lifted it with a slight fear of annoyance, but the first words dispelled his anxiety.

FOR MY BELOVED CHILDREN, NATHANIEL AND OLIVIA KELDER — THESE.

DEAR ONES: If you will be pleased to know that I wish you with me, 't is a satisfaction you may perpetually have. There is great and good news, and I am so little selfish that I will not keep it for my own delivery, but at once add it to the joy of your bridal. Mistress Mettelane came here two days ago, at my own invitation, and never was I more pleased with myself for a kindness; for truly she hath astonished us all with her excellence and her generosity. I had indeed made such preparation for your comfort in Kelderby as our means and the house permitted, but she has far outdone all, having brought with her the vellums securing to you and yours the house and estate of Sandys. And, to be plain-hearted with you, I went there this day, and with Mistress Mettelane put into place all the silver and linen and ornaments which had been taken away for safe keeping, but brought back with such good intent as I cannot but honor and join in. Jane D'Acre was also there, busying herself about filling the posy bowls with holly and wood berries and house roses, and hanging the pots of sweet musk, which she saith Olivia dearly loveth. So then, if God is willing, you are coming to as fine a home as any in England. But both houses are ready to entertain you; and if you come first to Kelderby, we shall take the daylight with us some bright morning, and father and mother and aunt and neighbors put you safe inside the portals of Seat Sandys. And, as Mistress Mettelane said, may God make your home there until your father and I have seen the twentieth Odinel Kelder of full age and worthy of his name. As you know, I am but a poor scribe, and I write now in such haste and excitement as cannot satisfy myself, nor express my thoughts as I mean them; and if I did, I should have more to say to you than this paper would hold. Dears, shall we not be very happy? Indeed I think the promise of it infinitely above what I can deserve, and more than God Almighty usually allots to the very best of people. Pray have a care of your healths. I would fain say more, and yet it would only be saying with more circumstance that I rest to each of you a loving mother.

JOAN KELDER.

They read this letter together twice over; and smiles, and little laughs, and sweet asides, and sweeter kisses interpreted it. And then Nathaniel drew his wife close to his side. For a few moments they made a still picture of wondrous beauty. Nathaniel's stately figure in the somber richness of his velvet habit, Olivia's slender form in the pearly splendor of her white satin robe; the masculine beauty of one bending face luminous with love, the feminine beauty of the other lifted face transfigured, speechless, yet saying things unutterable — the spiritual woman making sweet the mortal woman.

Nathaniel kissed the words upon her lips, and then, with a sigh of deep content, said softly, "Many blessings are ours, dear heart, and many others are sought for us; but tell me, in thy judgment, which is best of all?" And she laid her cheek against his, and put her arms around his neck, and whispered between her kisses, "Beloved! that we may receive the great grace of our bridal prayer: 'Mercifully ordain that we may grow old together.'"

THE END.

Amelia E. Barr.

ON METEORITES AND THE HISTORY OF STELLAR SYSTEMS.[1]

IT is only within the last few years that photographic processes have been so far perfected as to make it possible to photograph a faintly luminous celestial object. The success attained has already been so great that we are made aware of the existence of a multitude of stars which would never have been otherwise perceived, even with the finest telescope and under the purest air. The sensitized plate sums up the effects of light, so that under prolonged exposure even a very faint light at length produces its mark. In this respect the advantage is all on the side of the photograph as compared with the eye, for prolonged gazing is actually detrimental to the acuteness of vision.

The exposure necessary for an ordinary photograph in the broad daylight may be only a fraction of a second, but with the feeble light of the stars three or four hours are found to be necessary or advantageous. Fortunately for the astronomer the heavens move uniformly, and the instrument can be made to follow the object by clockwork. But as clocks are imperfect, the motion of the photographic telescope has to be constantly regulated by hand, so as to keep exact pace with a star, which is viewed through a second telescope attached to the first one. It may easily be conceived that it has required an enormous amount of skill and patience to attain to the present high degree of perfection. But the details of celestial photography are outside the scope of this paper, and I am only concerned with some of the conclusions which have been drawn from the photographic method.

Mr. Isaac Roberts of Liverpool has recently photographed a portion of the heavens, embracing about four square degrees, in the constellation of Cygnus, and he estimates that his plate shows about sixteen thousand stars, none of which are, I believe, visible with the naked eye. A good idea may be formed of this picture by imagining a sheet of dark paper thoroughly splashed with whitewash. The recent advance of celestial photography is well illustrated by the fact that this same portion of the heavens, when photographed in 1885, appeared to contain only about five thousand stars. Thus four years has tripled the number.

Four square degrees comprise only about a ten-thousandth of the whole heavens, and if space were everywhere as thickly peopled as the constellation of the swan, the whole number of stars photographically visible would reach the stupendous total of one hundred and sixty-seven millions. But the Milky Way runs through Cygnus, and this is a crowded portion of the heavens. Yet there is little doubt that a hundred millions of stars would already be perceptible if the whole heavens were surveyed with equal thoroughness.

These celestial photographs bring vividly before us the utter insignificance of this world and of ourselves; for our planet is of almost contemptible smallness, and our sun is certainly a star of no great magnitude.

And yet it is nearly twice as far from the sun's center to his surface as from here to the moon, and the planet Neptune is distant nearly three thousand million miles from the sun. The mind fails to grasp such a number of stars as a hundred million, and a limit to the perfection of celestial photography has certainly not yet been reached.

Each of these millions of stars has its history, and there are among them representatives of every stage of evolution. If they were not, even with the telescope, mere specks of light, we might see the whole process before us, and might study them like the objects in a museum.

Among the stars there are, however, small luminous clouds called nebulæ, which are not immeasurably small. They have of course been examined with all the finest telescopes for many years, and many strange vagaries in their structure have been noted.

It is true that we know the stars and nebulæ to be made of materials found on the earth, and we can estimate approximately how hot they are, and which are old in their history and which are young. All this has been discovered by means of that wonderful instrument the spectroscope, but it cannot show us their

1 This essay formed the subject of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of London on January 25, 1889. It gives a popular account of a paper read before the Royal Society in the previous November.

shapes and structures. Within the last few months, however, there is reason to hope that the telescopic photograph may really bring before us in an intelligible shape many objects from the celestial museum.

Notwithstanding the paucity of definite knowledge, many theories have been propounded as to the sequence of changes through which the solar system has passed. The most celebrated of these is that associated with the names of the great mathematician Laplace and of the philosopher Kant. It is remarkable that substantially the same theory should have been independently formulated by two men whose intellects were so different.

They both suggested that the matter which now forms the sun and the planets existed in primitive times as a globular nebula of highly rarefied gas in slow rotation, and their theory is accordingly generally known as the nebular hypothesis.

Every portion of this nebula of course attracted every other portion, and therefore there must have been a condensation at the center, at which point a dense nucleus must ultimately have formed.

The rotation made the nebula fly out like a trundled mop, but the outward tendency was counteracted by attraction. This battle between the attraction due to gravitation and the repulsion due to rotation caused a flattening of the globe, so that it became orange shaped.

The gas of which the nebula was composed possessed heat, the central part being probably very hot and the external part very cold, as estimated by terrestrial standards. As the energy of heat was gradually lost by radiation into space the globe shrunk, and at the same time the central portion became still hotter.

In consequence of the shrinkage, the rate of rotation was increased. This mechanical effect may easily be illustrated thus: if I whirl a stone attached to a string and let the string wind itself up on my finger, the stone will whirl faster and faster as the string shortens.

Lastly, with increased rate of rotation the increased repulsion due to centrifugal force augmented the flattening of the globe. At length a time arrived when the globe was flattened until it became more like a disk than a globe, and gravitation was then no longer capable of holding it together in a single shape.

Everywhere in the nebula the gas was being pressed by the surrounding gas, attracted towards the center of the nebula, and repelled by centrifugal force away from the axis of rotation. The attraction diminishes and the repulsion increases the farther we go from the center. If at a place near the edge of the disk-like globe the attraction and repulsion are just equal to one another, pressure is not called into play in keeping the gas in its place. At this distance from the center, then, the gas which is outside does not press at all on that which is inside, and the inner gas may part company with the outer gas without disturbance to it.

In fact, according to the nebular hypothesis, when the flattening had reached a certain degree a ring separated itself from the equatorial regions. The central portion, thus relieved, regained a more globular shape, continued to contract and to spin quicker, until a second crisis supervened, when another ring was shed. A succession of rings was thus formed, and after the detachment of the last the central portion, continuing to contract, at length formed the sun.

Each ring, as soon as it was free, began to aggregate round some denser portion in its periphery. Subordinate nebulæ were thus formed, and they in their turn contracted and shed rings. The nucleus of the secondary nebulæ formed the planets, and their rings condensed into satellites.

This is an outline of the celebrated nebular hypothesis. I shall now show what an interesting confirmation this theory receives from a recent photograph.

There is in the constellation of Andromeda a nebula so remarkable that its nebulous character was recognized even long before the invention of the telescope.[1]

This nebula was first photographed with conspicuous success,[2] in October, 1888, by Mr. Roberts, and again on the 29th of the following December, 1888. Our illustration is from the latter of these, in which the exposure was for four hours.

The result is of the greatest interest, for in it we actually see what Laplace pictured with his mind's eye. There is a bright central condensation surrounded by ring after ring, gradually dying away into faintness.

In one of the rings there is a region of greater brightness, which may fairly be interpreted as the center of aggregation for a planet. At another place which is clearly more remote from the center, although brought nearer by foreshortening, we have a brilliant round luminous ball — surely a planetary nebula already formed. At a much greater distance there is an elongated nebulosity, which we may conjecture to be a planetary nebula seen edgewise,

1 It has, of course, been examined with all the finest telescopes. In 1848 Bond of Harvard College made a fine drawing of it — fine at least as a drawing, but now principally serving to emphasize the immense superiority of the camera to the eye.

2 The very remarkable results attained by Mr. Roberts are due, I believe, to the fact that he has been the first to try very long exposures.

but in a further state of advance than the other. It is worthy of notice that the remote planets Neptune and Uranus rotate about axes nearly in the plane of their orbits, and from the direction of elongation of this subordinate nebula it seems as though the like must be true here.

In 1848 Bond measured the positions of these two bright small nebulæ relatively to the large one, and they seem to have changed their positions since that date. This confirms the theory that they are planets, but it must be admitted that measurements with reference to an ill-defined object like a nebula are hard to make with precision.

I should suppose this to be the greatest triumph yet achieved by celestial photography, and I owe my sincere thanks to Mr. Roberts for allowing me to reproduce it.[1]

But these pictures, while confirming the substantial truth of the nebular hypothesis, fail to clear up many of the obscurities which surround the evolution of a planetary system. There is one difficulty indeed so fundamental that it has led some astronomers virtually to throw over the whole theory, and it forms the special object of this essay to discuss it.

It is the very essence of the nebular hypothesis that the nebula should be formed of continuous gas, one part of which exercises a pressure on another part; for we have seen how gaseous pressure is instrumental in imparting the globular form to the whole, and how when the globe loses heat and shrinks it is just along that line where the pressure vanishes that the ring splits off.

Now there is no perceptible trace in the solar system of that all-pervading gas from which the whole is supposed to have been evolved; for the planets do not suffer any sensible retardation in their motion round the sun, as would be the case if they were moving through even a highly rarefied gas.

On the other hand, there *is* evidence of abundance of solid bodies flying through space. When these bodies meet our atmosphere they glow up white-hot with friction, and are called falling stars or meteorites. Though they are generally dissipated into dust in their passage through the air, yet once in a while one of them owes its preservation to its greater size, and falls on the earth. We thus know them to be strange-looking stones, largely composed of iron.

The ring which surrounds the planet Saturn was obviously suggestive of the nebular hypothesis to the minds of Laplace and Kant. But it has been conclusively proved by the researches of Roche and Clerk Maxwell to consist of a swarm of loose stones — a shower of brickbats, as Maxwell was fond of calling it. And now within the last three years spectroscopic research has led Mr. Lockyer to suggest that the luminous gas, which undoubtedly forms the visible portion of the nebulæ, is simply gas volatilized from the solid state and rendered incandescent by the violent impact of meteoric stones.

These gases, he tells us, cool quickly, cease to be luminous, and condense again into the solid state, but the collisions being incessant, the whole nebula shines with a steady light. Mr. Lockyer supports his view by an elaborate comparison of the spectra of stars and nebulæ with those of actual meteorites, fused by the electric spark in the laboratory. I have not the knowledge of spectroscopy which would be necessary to examine his theory, but his general conclusions seem to be of the highest importance in the study of stellar systems.

All these lines of observation conspire to indicate that the immediate antecedent of the sun and planets was not a continuous gas, but a swarm of loose stones. And yet the nebular hypothesis seems as good as proved by this photograph of Mr. Roberts. Here then we find ourselves in a dilemma; on the one hand we have the meteoric theory denying the continuity of the matter which forms the nebulæ, whilst on the other hand the nebular hypothesis demands such continuity. I wish to emphasize this point — either a nebula is made of a cooling gas, such as hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and the vapors of metals, or it is not so. The nebular hypothesis apparently says it must consist of gas, whilst this is denied by the strong evidence that it consisted of an enormous number of stones. It seems at first that either the nebular hypothesis or the meteoric theory must be untrue.

I believe, nevertheless, that there is a way in which these conflicting ideas may be brought into harmony and made to reinforce one another, and the special object of this paper is to effect such a reconciliation. But before coming to that we must leave for a time the world of stars, and must consider the ultimate structure of a gas, such as the air we breathe. A gas is now known to consist of ultra-microscopic molecules, all exactly alike in weight, shape, and structure. Although they are invisible, they can be counted and timed; there are found to be millions in a cubic inch of air, moving indiscriminately in all directions, with great velocity. For example, in the air, at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, their average speed is 1570 feet a second — half as fast again as the velocity of sound. The temperature of a gas simply depends on the rate at which the molecules

1 Since this paper was written he has continued his researches and has produced results of no less interest than the present one.

are moving. Millions of times in each second each one of these molecules happens by chance to strike one of its neighbors, and the two which have struck rebound from each other as though they were of India rubber, or at any rate after such an encounter they behave as though they were perfectly elastic. If we could watch the crowd we should see the individuals darting about in a zigzag course, being deflected into a new direction at each collision. I have often been reminded of this so-called kinetic theory of gases, when watching the dance of a little swarm of house-flies as they zigzag about and sharply change their paths, when, for a second, two of them get entangled together. Perhaps this familiar example may help the reader to realize the dance of the molecules in a gas.

The incessant agitation of molecules is quite independent of winds and drafts, and when as many molecules are going in any one direction as in any other we consider the air to be calm. What we call a wind is when more molecules are going in the direction of the wind than in any other.

The molecules of a gas are not aimed at one another, and as a collision is all a matter of chance it is clear that a molecule is sometimes nearly stopped, sometimes impelled faster, and sometimes merely deflected. Thus they are moving with all possible speeds, but the great majority are moving with about the average speed of the whole crowd.

According to this theory, the pressure of a gas is merely the cannonade of millions of molecules against the side of the vessel containing the gas; as the number of impacts per square inch and per second is enormous, the effect is indistinguishable from that of continuous pressure.

We are accustomed to make statistical inquiries into any question affecting groups of men, and the same method has to be applied to the collisions of the molecules of a gas. These very complex statistics have been profoundly studied by Maxwell, Clausius, and others, and they have shown how to compute from the temperature and density of a gas the average velocity of its molecules, the average frequency of collision, and the average distance traveled between successive collisions.

It will not be possible to go into these difficult questions at present, and it must be accepted that a gas is actually composed of constantly colliding particles or molecules. But when we look at a gas from this point of view we must take care not to confuse the single molecule with the gas of which it forms part. Gas is merely our word for a crowd of molecules, much as nation is a word for a crowd of men. National history is no more to be learned from the doings and character of a single man than the properties of a gas are to be learned from the doings and character of a single molecule. In "gas" and in "nation" the relationship of all to all is involved.

Now that the internal structure of common air has been explained, let us examine a little more closely its relation to ourselves.

If we were to shrink to a ten-millionth of our actual size, how different would air seem! It would then seem to consist of cannon-balls flying about in all directions, at rare intervals, and at a prodigious rate. And yet the supposed change in us would not have affected the nature of air, and it would still be a continuous gas to our former senses. Thus the description we should give of a gas is all a matter of the relative scales of largeness of ourselves and of the gas.

Now this theory of a gas affords the idea by which I seek to reconcile the conflicting theories of the evolution of stellar systems. My suggestion is that celestial nebulæ are drawn on so large a scale that meteorites may be treated as molecules, and that the collisions of meteorites are so frequent that the whole swarm will behave as though it were a gas. The relationship of us men to this coarse-grained meteoric medium is exactly that of the ideal pygmies to common air.

But it is not enough to make such a suggestion as this; the details of the idea must be examined. We must consider what may be supposed to happen when two stones clash together, and must see whether they can come into collision often enough to make the swarm into a kind of gas.

In comparing the behavior of meteorites to the molecules of a gas it will naturally occur to inquire whether they can be supposed to possess that high degree of elasticity which is necessary for a kinetic theory. I believe that this question may be answered in the affirmative. Meteoric stones move with speeds which are very great according to our terrestrial notions; and even without Mr. Lockyer's direct spectroscopic evidence we could not doubt that enough heat is generated in a collision to volatilize part of the solid matter of each stone, and to make the gas incandescent. Now a sudden generation of gas at the point of contact of the two stones would be exactly like the explosion of a charge of gunpowder between them, and they would be blown apart with great violence. As far as regards their velocities after collision the result would be much the same as though they were highly elastic, although this virtual elasticity is of quite a different character from that tendency of a strained solid to recover its shape, which constitutes ordinary elasticity. I may call to

mind, as an example of an abnormal elasticity of somewhat the same sort, how a leaden bullet bounds from the surface of the sea, although lead is a very inelastic solid and water is not solid at all.

It is not claimed that these considerations prove absolutely that two meteorites would bound from each other as if they were very elastic, but it seems highly probable that they would do so, and the matter is not susceptible of strict proof. But granting the elasticity, there is another point to consider.

If two stones meet, the chance of their fracture is greater if they are great than if they are small, and the breakage may go on only until a certain size, dependent on the average velocity of the meteorites, is reached, after which it may become unimportant.

When the gases generated on collision cool they will condense into a metallic rain, and this may fuse with old meteorites. Some actual meteorites show signs of the fusion of many distinct nuclei. Thus there are both abstract reason and direct evidence in support of occasional fusions. The mean size of meteorites in a swarm probably depends on the balance between the opposing forces of breakage and fusion.

No doubt when two stones meet directly each is shattered to fragments. But glancing collisions must be indefinitely more frequent, and in these we may suppose that fracture is comparatively rare, and virtual elasticity great.

The possible frequency of fracture undoubtedly does present a difficulty in the theory, for it would seem as though the whole swarm of stones must gradually degrade into dust. There must be some way out of this difficulty, for meteorites of considerable size fall upon the earth, and unless Mr. Lockyer has misinterpreted the spectroscopic evidence, the nebulæ do now consist of meteorites.

I hold that these considerations justify us in maintaining a rough similarity between meteoric stones and the molecules of a gas, as far as regards the actual collisions. If this is so, what is called the temperature of a gas must be translated as meaning the average energy of motion of the meteorites.

We must now go on to consider how often meteorites collide, and try to discover whether a swarm of meteorites possesses a fine enough texture to permit the applicability of the theory. For this part of the discussion numerical calculations are necessary. Calculations require numerical data, and these can only be derived from a known system, and of course the only one known with any precision is the solar system. The fineness of grain is obviously independent of the amount of flattening of the nebula which arises from rotation. In order therefore to simplify the matter, and to consider one thing at a time, the nebula is supposed to be one in which there is no rotation.

The weight of the sun in pounds is four with thirty zeros after it, and I suppose the sun to be broken up into that number of meteorites, each weighing one pound. If the meteorites are supposed to be of iron their exact size is known, because the dimensions of a pound of iron are known. This supposition as to the weight and size of the meteorites is merely adopted as a type, but it suffices for our present purpose. These one-pound iron-stones are to be distributed in a swarm extending beyond the present orbit of Neptune. To give numerical precision, let us suppose that the swarm extends half as far again as Neptune's orbit; that is to say, let it extend to forty-five times the distance of the earth from the sun.

In this condition the nebula is of extreme tenuity, and if the stones are not then too sparse to make the swarm behave like a gas, it will, *a fortiori*, behave like a gas when the nebula has shrunk and the stones are more closely packed. The supposition made as to the extension of the solar swarm, therefore, puts the theory to a severe test.

In the case of a town, density of population means the number of people to the square mile, and for meteorites what we may still call the density of population is the number to the cubic mile. The swarm is not supposed to be rotating, and is therefore a perfect globe, and the layers of equal density of population are also spheres.

The stones will not be evenly distributed in space, but the density of population will be much greater towards the middle than towards the outside. The reason of this is that every stone is attracted towards the middle, and is only prevented from yielding to the tendency by the blows it receives from its neighbors. Think of a crowd struggling for tickets at a railway station, and you have a picture of what happens. The men squeeze and push and sway about, but the crowd remains of about the same density at each distance from its middle. So in the swarm the dance of the meteorites is incessant, but it arranges itself automatically into a steady condition, in which the density of population has no tendency to shift.

It is natural to ask why the stones should be moving at all, and how they acquired their great speed. This is a question that imperatively demands an answer, and we are able to answer it with certainty. They derive their speed from gravitation; they have fallen in from a great distance towards a center of aggregation. A description of the way in which

they may have come together will make it clear why they are moving, and will also give the reader some idea of how the actual velocity may be calculated in a swarm of given mass and size.

Imagine that somewhere in space there is an aggregation of meteorites,—no matter how it got there,— and conceive a stone released from a state of rest at a very great distance. Under the attraction of gravitation the stone falls towards the center of aggregation, and on reaching the confines of the swarm it will have acquired a certain velocity. It then penetrates the swarm for some uncertain distance, until it happens to strike another meteorite. Henceforth its path is zigzag, as it happens to strike, and we need not suppose ourselves to watch it any longer, since it has become one of the swarm. It is, however, important to remark that the supposed visitant from outside space has imported energy of motion into the system, which energy it gradually communicates to its neighbors by collisions; it has also increased the mass of the swarm. When another stone is allowed to fall in, since it is attracted by a slightly greater mass, it arrives at the swarm with slightly greater speed than the first. So if we imagine the swarm to be increased by the addition of stone after stone, we see that in the course of accretion the energy of agitation of its constituent meteorites gradually increases. Also the volume of the globe throughout which (if anywhere) the swarm possesses the mechanical properties of a gas is at the same time gradually increased. We must suppose that at length all the stones in that part of space are exhausted, the materials of the nebula are collected, and it only remains for them to work out their future fate.

By this sort of reasoning we find out how fast the stones are moving, but it is proper to add that an important correction has to be applied to allow for the fact that at each collision some speed is lost. In the process of settling into the steady condition each stone retains only seven-tenths of the velocity it would have had if it were a fresh arrival from space.

It will make no material difference in these results by whatever process the stones were brought together, and this account which I have just given of the formation of a swarm is not intended as a contribution to its history, but is only meant to render intelligible the mechanical principles involved, and to show in a general way how the matter may be subjected to calculation.

By such a line of argument as this I found that, when the solar swarm extended half as far again as the planet Neptune, in the central region the stones were moving at an average rate of three miles a second,—two hundred times as fast as a fast train,—but that in the outer portion of the swarm the velocity was less.

We have now to find out how often the stones came into collision, how far they traveled between collisions, and whether the collisions were frequent enough to allow us to consider the whole nebula as a kind of gas, as is demanded by the nebular hypothesis.

To how small a pygmy would air still be air? The answer is that the pygmy must be just large enough to be struck so often that he loses the sensation of the individual blows, and is only aware of their average effect. It will insure this if he is struck hundreds or thousands of times in the average interval between two collisions of a molecule of air; or we may say that his bulk must be great enough to contain thousands of molecules, or his length thousands of times as great as the average path traversed by a molecule between two successive collisions. These conditions are amply satisfied in the relationship of the smallest microscopic animalcule to our air.

It must, however, be a giant who would not feel the individual blows of meteorites, but only realize their average effects. If we might consider the nebula, as a whole, to be a living being, we might say that if she is to behave like a gas she must realize herself as a gas, and so she must be the giant to whose perceptions the meteoric nebula is to be a gas; hence the giant must not be larger than the nebula itself.

It would not be easy to explain the exact reasoning by which a comparison is made between the dimensions of the giant and the texture of the nebula at every part of itself. It must suffice to say that the comparison is best clothed in a form which may appear something quite different, but which is really substantially the same.

Except at the moment of a collision, a meteorite is like a very small planet, and accordingly moves in a curved orbit, but at each collision it starts in a new orbit.

I say, then, that the nebula will behave sufficiently like a gas to allow the nebular hypothesis to be true, if the average path of a meteorite between two collisions is so short that the bit of orbit described departs very little from a straight line.

We now at length come to the numerical values to which we have been tending, and shall see how often the stones of the solar nebula came into collision with one another when the nebula extended in a swarm of one-pound iron meteorites half as far again from its center as the present distance of Neptune from the sun.

In this case I find that at the middle of the swarm a meteorite would on the average come into collision every thirteen hours, and would travel 140,000 miles between collisions; at the distance of the small planets, called the asteroids, it would collide every seventeen hours and would travel 190,000 miles between; at the distance of Uranus the collisions would be at intervals of twenty-five days, and the path six million miles; and lastly, at the distance of Neptune, the interval would be 190 days and the path 28,000,000 miles.

I have said that the criterion we have to apply depends on the amount of curvature of the average path of a stone between two successive collisions. Now it may be shown that the amount of departure from straightness is greater the farther we go from the middle of the swarm; and I find that even at the distance of Neptune the collisions are, speaking relatively, so frequent that gravity only suffices to draw the meteorite aside from the straight path by one sixty-sixth of the path it has traversed. The fraction one sixty-sixth is then the value of the criterion which was to be applied. Now one sixty-sixth is so small a fraction that it may be concluded that the meteoric swarm passes the proposed test, notwithstanding that the great extension which has been attributed to the nebula strains the hypothesis severely.

It follows, therefore, that if meteorites possess virtual elasticity, and if breakages are counterbalanced by fusions, then a swarm of meteorites provides a gas-like medium of a fine enough structure to satisfy the demands of the nebular hypothesis.

Some such numerical examination as the foregoing is necessary in order to assure us that the quality of a gas can have been imparted to a nebula in the suggested way, and so to lift the hypothesis out of the realms of mere conjecture.

We may conclude from this discussion that it is possible to justify the contention that the meteoric theory is reconcilable with the nebular hypothesis, and that we may accordingly hold the truth of both of them at the same time.

If space permitted I might go on to consider some of the conclusions fairly deducible from this view of a nebula, but it must suffice to say that this theory seems likely to prove fruitful in the further elucidation of this complex and necessarily speculative subject.

Up to this time we have been occupied with proving, or rendering probable, a modification in Laplace's theory. But it would hardly be satisfactory to leave the matter at this point. I wish it were possible to gain an insight into the origin and previous history of these stones, but on these mysteries I have no suggestion to make. It is, however, possible to see pretty clearly what happened after the nebular stage, and how all this bears on the state of things of which we are witnesses to-day.

At the various centers of condensation which we now call sun, planets, and satellites the swarm of meteorites became denser and denser. The collisions were too frequent to let the gases cool and condense again, and thus by degrees the meteorites were entirely volatilized. Thus round these centers we should have at length a mass of glowing gas, and towards the middle fluids and solids. All this must have occurred comparatively early in the case of the sun, later at the planets, and last at the satellites.

Outside of these condensations there were numbers of free meteorites, but the majority of the stones which formed the swarm in primitive times were already absorbed, and the absorption still went on gradually.

The collisions among the free meteorites became rarer, because they were scattered more sparsely; and less violent, because at each successive collision some relative motion was lost. Finally the collisions were nearly annulled. The residue of the meteoric swarm then consisted of sparse flights of meteorites, moving in streams. Such streams give us no evidence of their existence, except under special circumstances.

The zodiacal light is a lens-shaped luminosity, seen in the east or west shortly before sunrise or after sunset—not commonly in the latitude of England, but frequently in the south. It is probably due to the reflection of sunlight from millions of meteorites which have not yet been swallowed by the sun.

Again, if a stream of meteorites moves in a very elliptic orbit, at one part of its course it passes near the sun. In this part of its orbit the flight is packed into a smaller space than before, so that collisions are largely multiplied. Moreover the flight dashes through a region thickly peopled with the meteorites which make the zodiacal light. It has been proved that there is an intimate relationship between comets and flights of meteorites, and Mr. Lockyer suggests that the luminosity of comets is caused jointly by the collisions internal to the flight of stones, and by those which occur as the flight plows its way through the zodiacal light.

But meteorites are still frequent far outside of the zodiacal light, although there may not be enough to reflect sunlight to a visible degree. Of this we have familiar evidence in the shooting star.

The orbits of several streams of meteorites are known, and each year, as on certain days the earth crosses those orbits, their existence is

NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA.

proved by volleys of falling stars, which emanate from known radiant points in the heavens.

But these are the dregs and sawdust of the solar system, and merely serve to give us a memento of the myriads which existed in early days, before the sun and the planets and their satellites were born.

In this paper I have attempted to touch on only a few points in a large subject. The attempt to reconstruct the history of stars and planets involves ideas grand in themselves; but the events to be recorded in that history relate to a past so remote that our conclusions cannot but be speculative. Thus the value of the investigation of which I have given an account will appear very different to different minds. To some men of science it will stand condemned as altogether too speculative; others will think that it is better to risk error in the chance of winning truth. To me, at least, it seems that the line of thought flows in a true channel; that it may help to give a meaning to the observations of the astronomer and of the spectroscopist; and that many interesting problems may perhaps be solved with sufficient completeness to throw further light on the evolution of nebulæ and of planetary systems.

G. H. Darwin.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

OSAKA, September 18.—We have come to Osaka to spend an entire day in bric-à-brac: to arrive early at the big shop; to have tea offered us in the little back room of the merchant, which looks out and steps out upon his garden of a few trees and little pebbly walks and some stone lanterns — a garden that is for us, which his own may or may not be. Then cigars, and pieces of porcelain brought from the storehouses; then more tea, and an inspection of the many rooms full of odds and ends. Then more tea, and more pieces slowly and reluctantly drawn from the storehouse, as if we could not be so unreasonable; then lunch and tea, always in the house; then adjournment to the upper rooms, when the hundreds of *kakemonos* are unrolled, one after the other, to a crescendo of exasperation. Then re-discussion of matters below stairs, and visits to other rooms full of wares not spoken of before; then more tea, and the last pieces grudgingly produced from the same occult storehouses; purchases amid final bewilderment; tea again, and departure.

We had come to Osaka on our way back from Nara, and we again return to Kioto, which we left three days ago. The trip to Nara was fatiguing and delightful, and I should like to recall it for you, but I have no time and have made no notes; and, besides, my memories are again beginning to merge one into another, and they themselves to blend with what I see in Kioto. But certainly something floats over, which a few lines can give.

We were out in our *kurumas* early in the morning, each with three runners. We found Oye San waiting for us patiently, outside at Inari, where he had expected us from the earliest morning. It is from him that I get the little clay fox, given me for good luck, in a partnership with the one he retained. I need not speak of the heat. The roads were dusty and dry where they were not muddy and wet, in the country paths we took. We passed the edge of the city, which ends suddenly in rice fields, occupying what were once streets and houses. For Kioto is only a part of what it has been; and even when it was larger, not so many years back, it must still have been only the remainder of a greater past.

KIOTO IN FOG — MORNING.

As we get into what is really the country, passing from broad roads to narrow tracks, our runners sometimes lifted us over soft, wet places, or bumped us over narrow ditches, or guided us, at full tilt, on the edges of the stones that are bridges. Sometimes more patiently we halted to allow the files of black bulls to meander past us, dragging loads on wheels or carrying bales.

Rarely we met peasants, and then usually women, sometimes with horses of a larger breed than that we saw last month in the east. Once, among rice fields in the basin of a circle of low hills, I saw the grove which covers the tomb of some divine emperor of early times. As we circled around the slope, far away from this solitary oasis of trees, we could see the

PEASANT CARRYING FODDER, AND BULL CARRYING LOAD.

grove on every side, finished and complete and rounded by time, as if sculptured in nature from some of those sketches that Japanese artists make for carving when they give all four sides, and the bottom and the top, on a single page. Nothing else, but perhaps some uninscribed stone, marks the tombs of emperors, dotted about the plains of this oldest province of Japan. Strange enough, even in this strange country, is this evidence of the extreme of simplicity in death, as in life, of the oldest line of Oriental despots, absolute lords and masters, ever-present patterns of the deity, who make this one solitary exception of simplicity in history. It is as if Japan itself was their tomb, as if they passed back into the nature of which their divine ancestors were gods — the gods of the sun and of the earth.

Blue hills and pagodas, and temples in the distance, and we came into Nara, which is but a breath, a ruin, a remnant of what it was. I had been told so often of the place, as a ruin among rice fields, that I was unprepared for the beautiful lay-out of what remains — for the well-planned roads and avenues, such as may well have belonged to some great capital, such as would have been heard of by travelers who, returning in days of Charlemagne from other Eastern cities to Byzantium, might have talked of Zipango.

Nothing remains but a few buildings, belonging to temples, but their approaches are splendid, even though there be often nothing more than the general grading and disposition. I should have written to you from our inn, where I looked, in the evening and morning, towards the slopes of distant hills, and heard, out of the darkness, the sound of the great bell which rang first some eleven centuries ago, and the singing of the frogs in the fields which were once a city. It is now too late to begin to describe anything of what I saw; anything of temple buildings, from one of which to another we wandered, nor of the old statues and relics, nor of the religious dances of young girls which we looked at, standing or sitting near the balustrade of the dancing-shed, while inside, in the greater shade, they moved to the music and hymns of the priests — red and white figures, with long tresses of black hair and chaplets of flowers; with faces all painted white, and brilliant, indifferent eyes that saw me sketching clearly, however, and hands that waved, in a cadence of routine, fans and bunches of little bells with long streamers of violet, blue, green, red, and white. Nor of the great park-like avenue, that made me think of England, through which still wander tame deer, as did those that, long ago, served as models for Okio the painter. I fear that what I have seen will remain only as an embroidery upon the stuff that my memory tries to unroll.

It was late on a sweltering afternoon when we managed to leave Nara, and we reached Horiuji for too short a visit; for we were due in Osaka the next day. We wandered in the late afternoon and evening through its courts, kindly received by the priests, for whom we had the recommendation of a friendly name.

At least I had time to see the Golden Hall, one of the earliest buildings, now more than twelve centuries and a half old, and the noble

PEASANT WOMAN — THRESHER.

paintings on its walls attributed to some famous sculptor of that day. Their placid elegance, the refinement of their lines, their breath of religious peace, explained those claims to a solemn and glorious past for Japan, which look like a conventional exaggeration in a to-day that is delicate and small and dry.

The recall of Greek perfection was not forced, and while still vaguely unwilling to confuse one excellence by referring to another, I could not help again thinking of the Greek and of Tanagra images, when I saw, by the light of the torches, in the great pagoda, as old as the great hall, groups modeled in clay by the same old sculptor, whose name is given to the paintings — Amida and Kwan-on and Monju, and the scenes of the death of Buddha. An admirable antiquity was to be the continuous impression of the evening, carried out into our last looks at the Treasure House. Its very air of an old New England barn or crib raised upon posts, its rough red painting, the high wooden steps of entrance, the gigantic wooden latch-key with which the guardian priest fumbled at its door, gave the note of extreme early simplicity — the feeling of a persisting indifference to the adornments and changes of centuries of fashions.

It has been useless all along to detail anything, but the impressions of the last things seen remain with me as types of all. For there hung on the old walls of the Treasure House a framed banner, once carried in ancient battles, its brocaded pattern exactly that which we know in Babylonian art: the circles with the lilies between, and in each circle the Assyrian monarch struggling with lions — imitation or original of coeval Sassanian Persia, I suppose, but housed here all these thousand years, and in its persistence of pattern connecting with that heavy and oppressive antiquity of Nineveh which knows nothing older than itself for our story, except oldest Egypt.

But I was yet to find something old that would be directly meant for me; a painting by the legendary painter of Japan, the Cimabue of a thousand years ago, inheritor or student of still older Chinese art — Kose-no-Kanaoka.

The painting is still in fair condition, though injuries of time reveal, as usual, the methods used by the painter. And it was a delight to me, in this mood of veneration for past greatness, to recognize in the veilings and sequences of this painting of the lotus methods I had used myself, working at all this distance of time and place, when I had tried to render the tones and the transparency of our fairy water-lily; and I know you will forgive the superstitious sense of approval of my re-inventions from this indefinite past of art.

We wandered among the buildings until night had set in; we signed on the register of visitors, and contributed a small sum to the repairs of these decaying relics of the greatness of Japan; we received some little gifts of impressions and prints in acknowledgment, and then rested in the neighboring inn, waited upon by fat, good-natured tea-girls, most certainly belonging to to-day.

We had now to take a long night ride, and at length we rushed out into the moonlight, our fourteen runners appearing and disappearing as we came in and out of the shadows in the long procession of our train.

We whirled past the houses of the small town, indiscreetly close to the paper screens, lighted from within, against which were profiled the shadows of faces, sometimes with pipes or cups lifted to their lips or the outlines of coiffures piled up on the head — all pictures more Japanese than their very originals; then between rounded hills on which stood masses of maple trees; then near to empty spaces of water; then sank into dark hollows, at the bottom of which a river ran as fast the other way.

I watched and looked as long as fatigue allowed, but fell asleep in the uncomfortable kuruma, waked every now and then by some sudden jolt to my extended arm and head.

Occasionally I had dreamy glances at what I remember as a vast blue plain, with lofty colorless mountains at one side, and perhaps I saw glimpses of the sea. The night air was cold in the hollows after the sweltering day, and I found my arm and face damp with the dew. A Japanese poet would have said that it was but the spray from off the oars of some heavenly boat which sailed that night across the starry stream of the Milky Way.

In the dawn we saw the white walls of the castle of the city of Osaka, and ran across its many bridges, all silent in the morning.

A RUNNER IN THE RAIN.

A JAPANESE DAY.— FROM KIOTO TO GIFU.

NAGOYA, September.—Notwithstanding the long parting, which kept us up very late, the same courteous Japanese friends were at the hotel in the morning to bid us a still more final good-by. Oye San alone remained faithful to his self-intrusted care of us, and determined to see us as far as the land would allow; that is to say, to the shores of Biwa Lake.

The caravan was smaller now, diminished by our parting with Awoki the interpreter and the men necessary to trundle him about. Still we were a goodly company — nineteen men in all, of whom three were masters, one the servant, and the rest the runners who were to get us and our baggage to Otzu on Biwa Lake long before noon. There was to be no novelty on our road, it being merely the highway from the capital to the lake. It was a lovely morning, the sun long risen, and all the places and buildings now a part of our memories glistening in the shadow and the dew. We turned our backs for the last time on Kiyomidzu, and ran through the great gate of the temple near us, then, bumping down the steep steps under it, skirted the great wall of Dai Butzu and the interminable side of the Sanjiu

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

sangendo (the hall of the thirty-three spaces),[1] along which in old times the archers used to shoot. Then we gradually got out of the city, into the road filled with traffic going both ways. There seemed to be no break between town and country. Here and there the mountain side, covered with trees, descended to the road. But the effect was that of a long street, deep among hills, and continuously spotted with buildings. Long trains of beautiful black bulls, drawing lumber or merchandise or carrying straw-covered bales, streamed peacefully along. We passed peasant women, hardy, tall, sometimes handsome, with scarlet undergowns held up; occasionally one riding on a packhorse, or in her place a child perched on the hump of the wooden saddle. Or, again, peasants bearing loads on their backs, or carriers with weighty merchandise swung between them on poles; priests, young and old, stepping gravely in their white, or yellow, or black dresses — some with umbrellas open, others, whose quicker step meant that they had not far to go (perhaps only to some wayside temple), protecting their shaven heads with outspread fan. Or a kuruma, usually with one runner, taking into town economically two women together, one old, one young, and followed by another kuruma carrying some old gentleman, very thin or very fat, the head of the family. Kurumas carrying Japanese tourists or travelers, with hideous billycock hats, or Anglo-Indian helmets, or wide straw hats *à la mode de* Third Avenue, these abominable head-pieces contrasting with their graceful gowns, as did their luggage, wrapped up in silk handkerchiefs, with their European traveling rugs. Or, again, other kurumas carrying unprotected females in pairs, with the usual indifferent or forlorn look, or couples of young girls more gaily dressed, with flowery hairpins, the one evidently a chaperon to the other; then a Government official, *all* European, with hurrying runners; sometimes, but rarely, the Japanese litter or *kago*, or several if for a party, their occupants lying at their ease as to their backs, but twisted into knots as to their feet, and swaying with the movement of the trotting carriers. Bent to one side by the heavy ridgepole, which passes too low to allow the head to lie in the axis of the body, sweet-eyed women's faces, tea-rose or peach-colored, looked up from the bamboo basket of the litter. With proper indifference their lords and masters looked at us obliquely. On the

[1] Three hundred and eighty-nine feet long.

roofs was spread a miscellaneous quantity of luggage.

From time to time troopers or officers, of course in European costume, mounted on Japanese chargers, cantered past. Two hours of this; then the sides of the road, which had risen and fallen with hill and valley, melted away, and the harbor of Otzu and Lake Biwa and blue mountains over the water, and others sketched in the air, were spread before us in the blaze of sunlight seen through the cool shadow of the mountains.

We rode down the hill to a little jetty, marvelously like a North River dock, with big sheds where passengers were waiting, and a little steamer fastened to the wharf. We bade good-by for the last time to Oye San, who said many things that we appreciated but did not understand the words of, and who pointed to the square Japanese sails glittering in the far-off light, saying, "Fune, Fune!" ("The boats, the boats!") We dismissed kurumas and kuru-maya and sailed off with Hakodate (the courier) alone. We stretched ourselves on the upper deck, half in sun half in shadow, and blinked lazily at the distant blue mountains and the great sea-like lake.

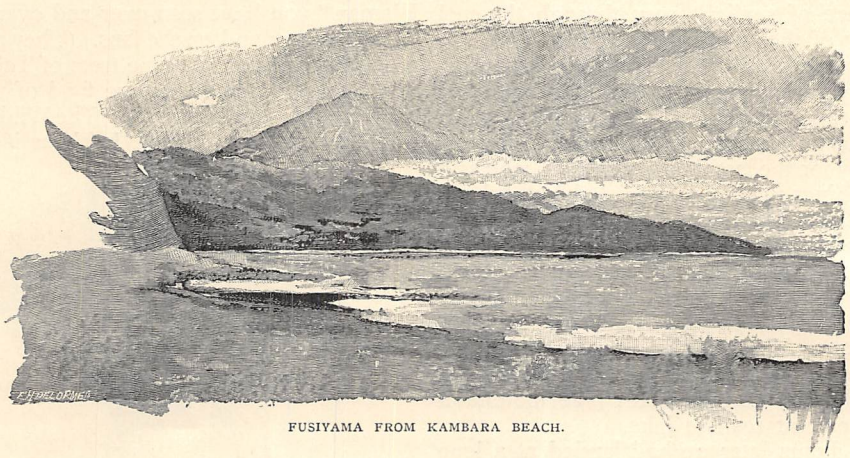
Two hours later we had landed at a long jetty, in a heavy sea, with tossing dark blue water, different from the quiet azure of our sail. The brisk wind, blowing the white clouds over the blue sky, was clear and cold. We got out of its reach, as I felt neuralgic, and tried to sleep in a little tea-house, waking to the screams of the tea-house girl, "Mairi-masho!" and I had but time to get into the train. Whether it started from there or had arrived there, I never knew. I had been glad to forget everything in dreamland.

I remember little of my railroad ride, what with neuralgia and heat, and the effects of the dance of the little steamer on Lake Biwa. There were mountains and ravines, and vast engineering protections for our path, and everywhere the evidence of a struggle with the many running waters we crossed or skirted. The blue and silver of the lake that we had crossed, and the sweetness of its air, were shut out in the dust and the heat of mountain sides. We had not seen the Eight Beauties of Biwa Lake.[1] The "Autumn Moon from Ishiyama" had set long before we passed, and the idea of other temples to be seen brought out A——'s antagonism to more climbing, only to be rewarded by promenades through lanterns and shrines and confused struggling with dates and divinities. "The Evening Snow on Hira-yama" was not to fall until we should be across the Pacific; nor could we ask of that blue September morning "The Blaze of Evening at Seta" nor "The Evening Bell of Mii-dera"—though we heard the bell early, and wondered whether it were still uninjured, from the time when big Benkei carried it off and exchanged it for too much soup, exactly seven hundred years ago; nor "Rain by Night at Kara-saki," the place of the famous pine tree, which was growing, they say, twenty-four hundred years ago, when Jim-mu was emperor. There I might have met, perhaps, the "Old Man and the Old Woman" you have seen over and over again in the pictures and on the fans. (They are the spirits of the other old pine trees of Takasago and Sumiyoshi, and they are fond of visiting each other.) Nor did we see "The Wild Geese alighting at Katada," but I felt as if I had

A PILGRIM.

[1] Omi-no-hakkei.

seen "The Boats sailing back from Yabase" and "The Bright Sky with a Breeze at Awadzu." If I had not, I still had seen boats sailing over and under as lovely a blue as can be spread by early September days. I suppose that our friend Oye San was trying to recall these last classical quotations to me when he bade me good-by at the landing in Otzu. An ocean rolls



FUSIYAMA FROM KAMBARA BEACH.

between his Parnassus and ours, but he lives much nearer to the mood that once made beautiful the names of Tempe and Helicon and the winding Meander.

With all this dreaming I fell asleep, and woke free from pain, but stupid and unimpressionable, as our train stopped at the little station from which we were to ride to Gifu. This was a little, new way-station (of course I don't remember its name), so like and so unlike one of ours, with the same look of the railroad being laid down—"imposed"—on an earth which did not understand what it all meant—grass struggling to get back to the sides of filled-up ditches; timbers lying about; new, astonished buildings, in one of which we washed, and waited, and dined. Meanwhile Hakodate went after the runners who were to drag us on our afternoon ride, and then if "we suited" to run with us the whole week, thirty-five miles a day, along the Tokaido, back towards Yokohama.

When all was ready it was late afternoon, and our procession ran along what seemed to be a vast plain of table-land, with high mountains for an edge. All seemed as clear and neat as the air we rode in. Somewhere there we must have passed the hill of "The turning back of the Chariot": this means that, long ago, that is to say about 1470, the regent Yoshimoto, while traveling here, found that the inhabitants, to do him honor, had put in order, neat and trim, the thatch of every building. What the prince was looking for is what we call the picturesque. To miss all the charms that ruin brings was too much for his esthetic soul, and he ordered the wheels of his chariot to be turned for home. So did not we. Neater and neater grew the inclosures, farms, and villages; the fences had pretty gates,—curious patterns of bamboo pickets,—a far-away, out-of-the-world flavor of Holland or Flanders. Even the ordinary setting out of wayside trees, in this province of forestry, insisted on the analogy, confused perhaps with a dream of Lombard plains and mountains in a cool blue distance, for the mind insists on clinging to reminiscences, as if afraid to trust itself to the full sea of new impressions.

As I rode along, so neat and clean was each picture, framed in sunlight if we were in shadow, or in clear shade when we were in sunlight, that I thought I could remember enough small facts for sketches and notes when I should get to Gifu. We reached Gifu in the early twilight, and had no special one impression; we were framed in by the streets, and confused by turning corners, and disturbed by anxiety to get in. But we had one great triumph. Our guide was new to the place—as we were; and we chose our inn at our own sweet will, with a feeling of authority and personal responsibility delicious to experience after such ignominy of guidance. Up we went to our rooms, and opening the *shojis*[1] looked out upon the river, which seemed broad as a great lake. Our house was right upon it, and the open casement framed nothing but water and pointed mountains, stealing away in the obscure clearness of a colorless twilight. The

[1] Sliding screens, which take the place of our windows.

running of the river, sloping down from the hills on a bed of pebbles, cut off the noises of the town, if there were any, and the silence was like that of far-away country heights. In this semi-painful tension the day's pictures disappeared from my mind. I was all prepared to have something happen, for which I should have been listening, when suddenly our host appeared, to say that the boats were coming down the river. The chilly evening air gave us new freshness, and off we started, deaf to the remonstrances of Hakodate, who had prepared and set out his very best for supper. We rushed past the artist in cookery, whose feelings I could yet appreciate, and plunged after our host into the dark streets. In a few minutes we were by the riverside, and could see far off what we took for our boat, with its roof and lanterns. The proffered backs of our lantern-bearing attendants gave the solution of how we were to get to it. Straddling our human horses, we were carried far out into the shallow, pebbly river, landed into the boat, and poled out into deeper water, nothing to be seen but the night and the conical hills, one of which I fancied to be Inaba, where was once Nobunaga's castle. Some faint mists were white in the distance, as if lighted by a rising moon. At no great distance from us, perhaps at a quarter of a mile, a light flickered over the water. On our approach we could distinguish a man connected with it, who apparently walked on the dark surface. He was evidently a fisherman or a shrimper, and his movements had all the strangeness of some long-legged aquatic bird. He knew his path, and, far out, followed some track of ford, adding to the loneliness as does a crane in a marshy landscape. Then I saw him no more, for he headed up the river towards an opening between the hills. Suddenly a haze of light rounded the corner of the nearest mountain, then grew into a line of fire coming towards us. Above the rustle of the river's course, and our own against it, came the beating of a cry in unison. The line of flame broke into many fires, and we could see the boats rushing down upon us. As quickly as I can write it, they came in an even line, wide apart — perhaps fifty feet or so — enough for us to pass between, whereupon we reversed our movement and drifted along with them. In the front of each boat, hung upon a bent pole, blazed a large cresset filled with pine knots, making above a cloud of smoke, starred with sparks and long needles of red cinders. Below in the circle of each light, and on its outer rim, swam many birds, glossy black and white cormorants, straining so at the cords that held them that they appeared to be dragging the boats. As they spread like a fan before the dark shadow of the bows the cords which fastened them glistened or were black in the light. Each string ran through the fingers of the master-fisher at the bows, and was fastened to his waist and lost in the glittering straw of his rain-skirt. Like a four-in-hand driver, he seemed to feel his birds' movements. His fingers loosened or tightened, or, as suddenly, with a clutch pulled back. Then came a rebellious fluttering, and the white glitter of fish in the beaks disappeared — unavailingly; each bird was forcibly drawn up to the gunwale, and seized by the neck encircled by its string-bearing collar. Then a squeeze — a white fish glittered out again and was thrown back into the boat. The bird scuttled away, dropped back into the water, and, shaking itself, was at work again. They swam with necks erect, their eyes apparently looking over everything, and so indifferent to small matters as to allow the big cinders to lie unnoticed on their oily, flat heads. But, every few seconds, one would stoop down, then throw back its head wildly with a fish crosswise in its mouth. When that fish was a small one it was allowed by the master of the bird to remain in the capacious gullet. Each pack guided by a master varied in numbers, but I counted thirteen fastened to the waist of the fisherman nearest to us. Behind him stood another poling; then farther back an apprentice, with one single bird, was learning to manage his feathered tools. In the stern stood the steersman, using a long pole. Every man shouted, as huntsmen encouraging a pack, "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" — making the cry whose rhythm we had heard when the flotilla bore down upon us.

Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour more, passed as we kept alongside with motionless celerity. I tried to sketch in the insufficient light — making sometimes one sketch right upon another, so little could I see my lines in the treacherous light. Then the boats swerved off and were driven to the shore together, or as far as we could get to it, in the shallow water. Above us rose the steep green hillside, the trees and rocks lit up in an arabesque of light and dark by the now diminished flames.

The birds rested, standing in the water, preening their oily backs and white bellies, and flapping their ragged wings, which seemed to have been clipped. The apprentice caressed his bird, the fisherman and the steerers laughed and exchanged jokes and chatted generally, with all the good nature and making light of hard work which is so essentially Japanese.

Then the birds began to fight, and to show that peace was not their pleasure. Fresh pine knots were thrown into the cressets; each man took his place; the polers pushed off; the birds strained at the strings; and all *da*

capo. A little longer we watched, and then we let the boats glide past us; the fires faded again into a haze of light as they went down the river towards the bridges of the town, now dotted with people.

Then we were carried to the shore as we had left it, and were piloted home through the streets, now filled with lanterns and movement. We found our outraged artist in cookery still indignant over our neglect of food, but he was gradually appeased, and made up for his hungry masters a fairly sufficient meal. Cigars, a scrutiny of my despairing sketches, and a long look at the lovely melancholy of the river and mountains before we closed the *shojis* for the night.

FROM KAMBARA TO MIYANOSHITA.— A LETTER FROM A KAGO.

SEPTEMBER 28.— I am writing in a kago.[1] You do not know what an achievement this is, but I shall explain later on what a kago is, why I am in it, and why it is not exactly the place to expect a letter from. To begin at the beginning, we were yesterday afternoon at Kambara, on the gulf of Suruga Bay. We had eaten there in an inn by the water, while I watched through the screens the waving of a palm tree in the wind, which was now blowing autumnally and had cleared the sky and enlivened us with a hope of continuous view of Fuji. Along the beach, as we rode away, the breakers ran far up the sand, and the water was green as emerald from the brown, wet shore to the distant blue haze of the ocean in the south. At the end of the great curve of the gulf stretched the lines of green and purple mountains, which run far off into Idzu, and above them stood Fuji in the sky, very pale and clear, with one enormous band of cloud half way up its long slope, and melting into infinite distance towards the ocean. Its nearest point hung half across the mountain's base, more solid than the mountain itself, and cast a long shadow upon it for miles of distance. Above, the eye could but just detect a faint haze in the delicate blue of the sky. Best of all weather, we thought; a breeder of bad weather, according to our men, who, alas, knew more of it than we did. For a mile now, perhaps, we ran along between the sea and the abrupt green wall of hills, so steep that we could not see them, and turning sharply around a corner beheld Fuji, now filling the entire field of sight, seeming to rise even from below us into the upper sky, and framed at its base by near green mountains; these opened as a gate, and showed the glittering streak of the swollen Fujikawa, the swiftest river in Japan.

1 Pronounced Kang' go.

The lower eastern slope was cut off by cloud, but its western line, ineffably delicate in clearness, stretched to the left out of our range of vision. Below its violet edge the golden slope spread in the sun, of the color of an autumn leaf. Along the center of this province of space the shadow of the great cloud rested. The marks of the spurs of the mountain were as faint as the streaks of the wind on a grain field. Its cone was of a deep violet color, and as free of snow as though this had been the day of poetic tradition upon which the snow entirely disappears to fall again the following night. No words can recall adequately the simple splendor of the divine mountain. As A—— remarked, it was worth coming to far Japan for this single day.

Right into this marvelous picture we rode, through green plantations and rice fields, which edged the bases of the nearest hills and lay between us and the river. There we found no means of crossing. All bridges had been carried away by the flood. The plain was inundated; travelers had been detained for a week by a sea of waters, and were scattered there and in neighboring villages, filling every resting-place; and, worst of all, the police officials would not allow us to tempt the fishermen to make the dangerous crossing.

The occasion was a solemn one. The police representative, upon seeing us come in person to request help, slipped off the easy Japanese dress which he was wearing in these days of forced idleness, and reappeared from behind the screen clad in his official European costume. I have no doubt that our interpreter explained to him what important persons we were, and what important letters we bore to important people of the land, for he kindly suggested that we might sail past the mouth of the river, from near Kambara, whence we had just come, so as to land far away from the spread of all this devastation; and he offered to send a deputy with a requisition for a junk and sufficient sailors, from the nearest fishing village on the bay — and so we returned. While Hakodate and the messenger went on to make all arrangements, A—— and myself stopped at the place where we had had our view of Fuji, to make a more careful sketch. You can have no idea of how much closer the clearer mind worked out the true outline of the mountain, which my excitement had heightened at least a couple of thousand feet; nor should I forget how my two-legged horse of a runner held my paint-box for me, and seemed to know exactly when and where I wished to dip my brush. It seemed to me that only a few moments had passed when the messenger returned to say that the boat was ready to launch, and that we must hurry to be out at sea before

sunset; this too in view of the storm, which we might escape if we hurried. The implied threat made no impression on me. The picture before us had not changed any more than if painted by man. The great cloud hung fixed, apparently, in the same place. All was still: perhaps in the uppermost sky one could distinguish some outlines of white in the blue. Still we hurried off, and arrived upon a scene of confusion and wild excitement. A captain and a crew had been found; their boat stood high up on the crest of the surf, now beating on the shore, and carried the line with which to pull out the small junk, still far up on the beach. The wheels of our kurumas had been taken off and their bodies had been placed in the hold.

As we got on board at least a hundred naked men pushed and tugged to start the junk upon the slope of sand. The sun was setting suddenly behind the headland of Shizuoka, and the air was filled with the moisture from the sea; a rosy bloom, pink as the clouds themselves, filled the entire air, near and far, towards the light. On the other side the distance was fading into gray and violet mist. The great mountain was still a great clear mass, but colorless, like the northern sky behind it, while bathed in the color of fairy-land we rose and fell over the breakers — the spray, the waves, the boat, the bodies of the men, glistening and suffused with pink.

No painter ever saw a more ideal light. And suddenly it faded, leaving us in a still brilliant twilight, through which we looked at the tossing of the hazy sea. The mast was lifted and set, the great square sail was hoisted, and the captain took hold of the ponderous tiller. We stretched ourselves on the poop deck, prepared for a dance of seventeen miles; then under my protecting blanket I fell asleep — to wake and see before me a sheet of rain. The predicted storm had flooded us; we lay in the water that covered the deck, our waterproofs insufficient, and glad to be able to find some protection under the Japanese rain-coats of straw, whose merits I had not yet understood.

From under my shelter I could see that our mast was lowered, and that the captain and the sailors forward were working at the heavy sweeps. Below, under hatches, I could hear the groaning of our seasick runners. Between the gusts of rain came the voice of the captain, now in the straining agony of seasickness, next keeping up a steady, chanted talk with a mate forward. A lantern was lashed to the post of the tiller, and the captain's bare feet rose and fell with his steps at the great oar, showing sharply the action of tendons and muscles. I tried to sketch under my cover, then dozed,—sleepy with the rocking and the cold and the wet,— and with every waking hearing the whistling of the wind and the continuous monotonous voice in a language not understood. So passed the night.

We saw the morning break on a lonely, high, gray bank, streaked by the sea lines of different tides, and crowned with a line of pines of all sizes and shapes, stretching for miles dark green against the white clouds, which were as solid as they, and which covered the base of the mountains behind. Out of these white banks stood dull blue peaks, while the highest mountains were lost in cloud, and all was gray and desolate with the rain. The surf broke on the sand, not more than a hundred yards from us. We lay there some time, waiting for more light, for all wind had ceased; then four men swam ashore with a rope, and towed us along the bank. The surf had abated, but landing was too difficult, and we were to be dragged, while our other men worked at the big sculls and pushed us along. We wore along four miles to a little bar, over which we were pulled by the men now in the water into a singular little harbor with an entrance not more than a hundred feet wide. On this the surf broke gently — white on the gray sea. To our left the backs of two sand spits dotted the water, and on the right, looking out to sea, rose the edge of a grove of pines, with four or five houses, heavy roofed and thatched, against its green darkness.

On the curve of the beach before it stood a high pointed rock almost touched by the water, edged around and covered with pines — all but the perpendicular side facing the harbor. On its summit a little red temple, whose back we saw. On the other side, landwards, as we left our boat, and followed our guides ashore around its base, a hundred steps ran straight up to the front of the little shrine — so steep and sudden that we could just look along their edge. From the high rock, recessed, ran back the shore, on which stood in a row three large junks with their sterns to the sea — behind them trees and houses. On the opposite side of the little harbor four of our men, up to their middle or up to their armpits in water, slowly dragged our junk nearer to the shore. All was quiet and gray — the men reflected in the moving water, the boat creaking along slowly. As I went up the beach, following our guide and the boatmen, I thought how like this was to the Homeric haven — the grove looking out to sea and frequented by "fowls maritimal"; the sacred rock; the meadows and the little stream; the long galleys drawn up on the beach. The little houses of the fishing village were surrounded by gardens, and their walls largely

made of plaited bamboo. There was no inn, but we found a house half shop, and were welcomed to some tea and to a room which the family hastened to abandon for us. There were only two rooms besides the entrance, which was a large passage floored with earth, and along one side of it a raised surface, from which began the level of our flooring.

Sliding partitions, hurriedly run up, made us a room, but the outside screens were full of holes, through which, in a few minutes, peered all the women and children of the village, who occasionally even pushed aside the screens to see more completely. The little passage in front of our open room was filled with girls and children intent upon our ways of smoking, of taking tea, and of eating — for we had biscuits with us, and fifteen hours at least without food had made us fairly hungry. Meanwhile the men landed their wagons and the trunks, and took their meal of rice, hastily made up, on the ledge of the platform on which we sat. This they did in a row, the whole twenty eating quietly but rapidly,— I was going to say firmly,— shoving into their mouths the rice from the bowls, and tearing with their fingers the fish just cooked. Meanwhile, among all the ugliness around us in women, shone out, with beautiful complexions,— lost in the others by exposure to wind and sun, by hard work, and probably by child-bearing,— three girls, who stood before us a long time, with sweet faces and bright eyes and teeth. They stared hard at us until stared at in return, when they dispersed, to watch us again like children from the doors and from the kitchen.

Our hostess, small, fat, good-natured, and polite, showing black-lacquered teeth between rosy lips, like ripe seeds in a watermelon, bustled about hurrying everything, and at the end of our meal our host appeared — from the kitchen apparently — and knelt before us. Poor and ragged as the house was, with ceilings black with age and smoke, and screens torn and worn by rubbing, the little *tokonoma* held a fairly good picture, and a pretty vase with flowers below it. But it was evidently one of the poorest of places, and had never seen a foreigner in it. This may have been the cause of the appearance of the ubiquitous Japanese policeman within five minutes of our arrival. He alone betrayed no curiosity, and disappeared with dignity on getting our credentials.

The rain still held off. We entered our kurumas, now ready, and hastened to the main road which we were to find at Numadsu, if that be the name of the place. But, alas! the rain came down, and my views were confined within the outline of an umbrella. My only adventure was stopping at some hovel on the road to buy some more of that heavy yellow oiled paper which replaces the leather apron that we usually find attached to our more civilized carriages. By and by I consented to have the hood of my wagon put up, through which I could see little more than the thatched backs of my runners, their bowls of hats, off which the rain spattered upon their straw cloaks and aprons, and their wet brown legs, lifted with the regularity of automatons. It was getting cold, too, and women under their umbrellas wore the graceful short overcoat they call *haori*, and tottered over the wet ground on high wooden pattens.

This I noticed as we came into Mishima, from which place we were to begin our ascent up the Hakone Pass. On our way, were it to clear, we might see Fuji again — at any rate if it cleared in the least we would enjoy the mountains. Meanwhile we shivered at lunch, trying to get into corners where the wind would not leak through the cracks of the shojis, and beginning to experience the discomforts of Japanese inns. And now my bashfulness having gradually abandoned me, I could take my hot bath, separated from the household by a screen not over high, over which the fat servant girls kindly handed me my towels. Excuse these trivial details, but I cannot otherwise give you the "local color," and my journal is one of small things. Had I come here in the old days when I first fell in love with Japan, I might have met with some thrilling experience in an inn.

I might have had such an experience as our poor friend Fauvel met with not far from here. I might have met some young sworded men, anxious to maintain their dignity and ripe for a quarrel with the foreigner. Do you remember that he jostled the sword of some youngster — "the sword, the soul of the Samurai" — which its owner had left upon the floor. The insult would have been impossible to explain away had not some sensible Japanese official decided that a man who was so careless with his sword as to leave it on the mat, instead of on the reputable sword-rack, had no right to complain of another's inadvertence.

I sometimes wonder which of the courteous persons I meet, when age allows the supposition, obeyed these rules when they were younger; which ones now dressed in black broadcloth wore the great helmet with branching horns, or strapped the two great swords at his waist. And I am lost in respect and bewilderment to think that all this wondrous change — as great as any that the world can have seen — was effected with such success and accepted in such a lofty spirit.

We were now to give up the kuruma and to travel by the kago, which, you will remember, I promised to describe. The kago is a curious

institution, partly superseded by the kuruma, but lingering in many places, and necessary where the pack-horse would be unsafe, and where one would otherwise have to walk. It consists of a small litter hung by stiff bamboos from a great pole, over which is steadied a little matted roof, from which various protections from rain or sun can be dropped. The kago has its discomforts: one lies down in it all doubled up, with legs crossed as far as they can be made to, because the basket, which is the body of the litter, is only about three feet long; and with head to one side, because if one lifted it, it might strike the ridgepole. The proper way is to lie not quite in the axis. This is all the more natural, as the men at either end do not carry it in a straight line, but at an angle, so that from one side you can see a little in front of you.

Into the kagos we were folded, and in a torrent of rain we departed. I resisted my being shut up in my litter by the oiled-paper sides that are used in the rain, and I depended upon mackintosh and blanket to protect me. The rain came down in sheets. We trotted uphill, the men going on for a few minutes, then changing shoulders, and then again another pair taking their turn — four to each litter. Meanwhile they sang, as they trotted, something which sounded like "Hey, hey, hey, het tue hey." The road was almost all paved, and in the steeper ascents was very bad.

And now I began to experience some novel sensations not easy to describe. My feet were turned in upon the calves of the legs like an Indian Buddha's, and I soon began to ache along sciatic lines; then elsewhere, then everywhere. Then I determined to break with this arrangement, as anger seized me; fortunately a sort of paralysis set in and I became torpid and gradually resigned; and gradually also I fell asleep with the curious motion and the chant of the men, and woke accustomed, and so I am writing.

I can just remember large trees and roads protected by them; some places where we seemed alone in the world, where we left trees and stood in some narrow path, just able to see above its sides — all else shut out of existence by the rain; and I have all along enjoyed the novel sensation of moving on the level of the plants and shrubs.

We are now going downhill again, and can look down an avenue of great trees and many steps which we descend. We are coming to Hakone; I can see the lake beyond a Torii, and at the first corner of the road under the trees begins the village.

MIYANOSHITA, September 28.—Again the kago, and the rain as soon as we departed. I turned as well as I could, to find the lovely lines, now lost in general shapes and values, blurred into masses. Once the light opened on the top of some high hill and I could see, with wild roses right against me, some flat milestone marked with an image against the edges of distant mountains, and a sky of faint twilight pink; or again we pattered along in wet grass, past a great rock with a great bas-relief image — a Jizo (patron of travelers), sitting in the loneliness with a few flowers before him. Then in the rain, and mingling with the mist, thicker cloudings marked the steam from hot springs, which make these parts of the mountains a resort for invalids and bathers.

SOON the darkness: then pine knots were lighted and we descended among the trees, in a path like a torrent, the water running along between the stones which the feet of the bearers seemed to find instinctively. The arms of the torch-bearers were modeled in wild lights and shadows; the hats of the men made a dusky halo around their heads; the rain-coats of straw glistened with wet; occasionally some branch came out distinct in every leaf, between the smoke and the big sparks and embers. The noise of torrents near by rose above the rain and the patter and the song of the men. The steepness of the path seemed only to increase the rapidity of our runners, who bounded along from stone to stone. After a time anxiety was lost in the excitement of the thing and in our success, but quite late in our course I heard behind me a commotion — one of A——'s runners had slipped and the kago had come down; no one hurt — the kago keeps its occupant packed too tight. Then the path left the wild descent; we trotted through regular muddy roads, stopped once on disbanding our torch-bearers, and reached the Europeanized hotel at Miyanoshita, where I intend to sleep to-night on a European bed, with a bureau and a looking-glass in my room. One little touch not quite like ours, as a gentle lady of uncertain age offers me her services for the relief of fatigue by massage, before I descend to drink Bass's ale in the dining-room, alongside of Britons from the neighboring Yokohama, only one day's journey farther.

John La Farge.

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE SALONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MONG the numerous salons of the *noblesse* there was one which, through the brilliant gifts of its hostess, stands out among the most famous of the eighteenth century. Though far less democratic and cosmopolitan than that of Mme. Geoffrin, with which it was contemporary, it had a distinct and original tone. Linked by birth with the oldest of the nobility, allied by innate qualities of intellect with the most distinguished in the world of letters, Mme. du Deffand appropriated the best in thought, while retaining the spirit of an elegant and refined social life. Exclusive by nature and instinct, as well as by tradition, she could not dispense with the arts and amenities which are the fruit of generations of ease; but the energy and force of her intellect could as little tolerate shallowness and pretension, however disguised beneath the graceful tyranny of forms.

Hence her salon offers a sort of compromise between the freedom of the philosophical coteries and the frivolities of the purely fashionable ones. It included the most noted of the men of letters, those who belonged to the old aristocracy and a few to whom nature had given a prescriptive title of nobility, as well as the flower of the great world. To this combination her own caustic wit, her clear intelligence, and her brilliant conversational gifts added a tone of individuality that placed her salon at the head of the social centers of the time in brilliancy and in *esprit*.

In this group of wits, *littérateurs*, philosophers, statesmen, churchmen, diplomats, and men of rank the woman herself is always the most striking figure. The art of self-suppression she clearly did not possess. But the art of so blending a choice society that her own vivid personality was a pervading note of harmony, she had to an eminent degree.

She could easily have made a mark upon her time through her intellectual gifts, without the factitious aid of the men with whom her name is associated. But society was her passion — society animated by intellect, sparkling with wit, and expressing in all its forms the art instincts of her race. She never aspired to authorship, but she has left a voluminous correspondence in which one reads the varying phases of a singularly capricious character.

In her old age she found refuge from a devouring *ennui* in writing her own memoirs. Merciless to herself, as to others, she veils nothing, revealing her own frailties with a freedom that reminds one of Rousseau.

It is not the portrait of an estimable woman that we can paint from these records; but in her intellectual force, her social gifts, and her moral weakness she is one of the best exponents of an age that trampled upon the finest flowers of the soul in the blind pursuit of pleasure and the cynical worship of a hard and unpitying realism. Living from 1697 to 1780, she saw the train laid for the Revolution and died in time to escape its horrors. She traversed the whole experience of the women of her world, with the independence and *abandon* of a nature that was moderate in nothing.

It is true she felt the emptiness of this arid existence and had an intellectual perception of its errors, but she saw nothing better. "All conditions appear to me equally unhappy, from the angel to the oyster," is the burden of her hopeless refrain.

She reveals herself to us as two distinct characters. The one best known is hard, bitter, coldly analytic, and mocks at everything bordering upon sentiment or feeling. The other, which underlies this, and of which we have rare glimpses, is frank, tender, loving even to weakness, and forever at war with the barrenness of a period whose worst faults she seems to have embodied, and whose keenest penalties she certainly suffered.

Voltaire, the lifelong friend whom she loved and critically measured, was three years old when she was born; Mme. de Sévigné had been dead nearly a year. Of a noble family in Burgundy, Mlle. Marie de Vichy-Chamroud was brought to Paris at six years of age and placed in the Convent of St. Madeleine de Troisnel, where she was educated after the superficial fashion which she so much regrets

in later years. She speaks of herself as a romantic, imaginative child, but she began very early to shock the pious sisters by her dawning skepticism.

One of the nuns had a wax figure of the infant Jesus, which she discovered to have been a doll formerly dressed to represent the Spanish fashions to Anne of Austria. This was the first blow to her illusions and had a very perceptible influence upon her life. She pronounced it a deception. Eight days of solitude with a diet of bread and water failed to restore her reverence. "It does not depend upon me to believe or disbelieve," she said.

The eloquent and insinuating Massillon was called in to talk with her. "She is charming," was his remark as he left her after two hours of conversation; adding thoughtfully, "Give her a five-cent catechism."

Skeptical by nature and saturated with the freethinking spirit of the time, she reasoned to the end that all religion was, *au fond*, only paganism disguised. In later years, when her isolated soul longed for some tangible support, she spoke regretfully of the philosophic age which destroyed beliefs by explaining and analyzing everything.

But a beautiful, clever, high-spirited girl of sixteen is apt to feel her youth all-sufficing. It is certain that she had no inclination towards the life of a *religieuse*, and the country quickly became insupportable after her return to its provincial society. *Ennui* took possession of her. She was glad even to go to confessional for the sake of telling her thoughts to some one. She complained bitterly that the life of women compelled dependence upon the conduct of others, submission to all ills and all consequences. Long afterwards she said that she would have married the devil if he had been clothed as a gentleman and assured her a moderate life.

But a husband was at last found for her, and at twenty-one she was glad to become the wife of the Marquis du Deffand,— a good but uninteresting man, much older than herself,— merely to escape the monotony of her secluded existence.

Brilliant, fascinating, restless, eager to see and to learn, she felt herself in her element in the gay world of Paris. She confessed that, for the moment, she almost loved her husband for bringing her there. But the moment was a short one. They did not even settle down to what a witty Frenchman calls the "politeness of two indifferences." It is a curious commentary upon the times that the beautiful but notorious Mme. Parabère, who introduced her at once into her own unscrupulous world and the *petits soupers* of the regent, condoled with the *spirituelle* young bride upon her marriage, regretting that she had not taken the easy vows of a *chanoinesse*, as Mme. de Tencin had done.

"In that case," she said, "you would have been free; well placed everywhere; with the stability of a married woman; a revenue which permits one to live and accept aid from others; the independence of a widow, without the ties which a family imposes; unquestioned rank, which you would owe to no one; indulgence, and impunity. For these advantages there is only the trouble of wearing a cross, which is becoming; black or gray habits, which can be made as magnificent as one likes; a little imperceptible veil, and a knitting sheath."

Under such teaching she was not long in taking her own free and independent course, which was reckless even in that age of laxity. At her first supper at the Palais Royal she met Voltaire and also the regent, whom she fascinated for a few days. The counsels of her aunt, the dignified Duchesse de Luynes, availed nothing. Her husband was speedily sent off on some mission to the provinces, and she plunged into the current. Once afterwards, in a fit of *ennui*, she recalled him, frankly stating her position. But she quickly wearied of him again, grew dull, silent, lost her vivacity, and fell into a profound melancholy. Her friend Mme. Parabère took it upon herself to explain to him the facts, and he kindly relieved her forever of his presence, leaving a touching and pathetic letter which gave her a moment of remorse in spite of her lightened heart. This sin against good taste the Parisian world could not forgive, and even her friends turned against her for a time. But the Duchesse du Maine came to her aid with an all-powerful influence, and restored her finally to its good graces.

For some years she passed the greater part of her time at Sceaux and was a favorite at this lively little court. It is needless to trace here the details of a career which gives us little to admire and much to condemn.

It was about 1740 when her salon became more or less noted as a center for the fashionable and literary world of Paris. Montesquieu and D'Alembert were then among her intimate friends. Of the latter she says: "The simplicity of his manners, the purity of his morals, the air of youth, the frankness of character, joined to all his talents, astonished at first those who saw him." It is said to have been through her zeal that he was admitted to the Academy so young. Among others who formed her familiar circle were her tender and devoted friend Pont de Veyle; the Chevalier d'Aydie; Formont, the "*spirituel* idler and amiable egotist," who was one of the three whom she confesses really to have loved; and President

Hénault, who brought always a fund of lively anecdote and agreeable conversation. This world of fashion and letters, slightly seasoned with philosophy, is also the world of Mme. de Luxembourg, of the brilliant Mme. de Mirepoix, of the Prince and Princesse de Beauvau, and of the lovely Duchesse de Choiseul, a *femme d'esprit* and "mistress of all the elegances," whose gentle virtues fall like a ray of sunlight across the dark pages of this period. It is the world of *les convenances*, the world in which a sin against taste is worse than a sin against morals, the world which hedges itself in by a thousand unwritten laws that save it from boredom.

After the death of the Duchesse du Maine Mme. du Deffand retired to the little convent of St. Joseph, where, after the manner of many women of rank with small fortunes, she had her *ménage* and received her friends. "I have a very pretty apartment," she writes to Voltaire; "very convenient; I only go out for supper. I do not sleep elsewhere, and I make no visits. My society is not numerous, but I am sure it will please you; and if you were here you would make it yours. I have seen for some time many *savants* and men of letters; I have not found their society delightful." The good nuns objected a little to Voltaire at first, but seem to have been finally reconciled to the visits of the arch-heretic. At this time Mme. du Deffand had supposably reformed her conduct, if not her belief.

Here she continued to entertain the flower of the nobility and the stars of the literary and scientific world. But while the most famous of the men of letters were welcome in her salon, the tone was far from pedantic or even earnest. It was a society of conventional people, the *élite* of fashion and intelligence, who amused themselves in an intellectual but not too serious way. Montesquieu, who liked those houses in which he could pass with his everyday wit, said, "I love this woman with all my heart; she pleases and amuses me; it is impossible to feel a moment's *ennui* in her company." She disliked the enthusiasm of the philosophers unless it was hidden behind the arts of the courtier, as in Voltaire, whose delicate satire charmed her. Diderot came once, "eyed her epicurean friends," and came no more. The air was not free enough. When at home she had three or four at supper every day, often a dozen, and, once a week, a grand supper. All the intellectual interests and fashions of the time are found here. La Harpe reads a translation from Sophocles and his own tragedy. Clairon, the actress in vogue, recites the rôles of *Phèdre* and *Agrippine*, Lekain reads Voltaire, and Goldoni a comedy of his own, which the hostess finds tiresome. New books, new plays, the last song, the latest word of the philosophers — all are talked about, eulogized, or dismissed with a sarcasm. The caustic wit of Mme. du Deffand is feared, but it fascinates. She delights in clever repartees and sparkling epigrams. Everything is touched lightly, but the touch must be swift and sure. A shaft of wit silences the most complacent of monologues. "What tiresome book are you reading?" she said one day to a friend who talked too earnestly and too long, taking easy refuge in her blindness.

Her criticisms are always severe. "There are only two pleasures for me in the world — society and reading." She writes: "What society does one find? Imbeciles, who utter only commonplaces, who know nothing, feel nothing, think nothing; a few people of talent, full of themselves, jealous, envious, wicked, whom one must hate or scorn." Still it is life alone that interests her. Though she is not satisfied with people, she has always the hope that she will be. In literature she likes only letters and memoirs, because they are purely human; but the age has nothing that pleases her. "It is cynical or pedantic," she writes to Voltaire; "there is no grace, no facility, no imagination. Everything is *à la glacé*, hardness without force, license without gaiety; no talent, much presumption."

As age came on and she felt the approach of blindness she found a companion in Mlle. de Lespinasse, a young girl of remarkable gifts who had an obscure and unacknowledged connection with her family. This relation lasted ten years, from 1754 to 1764. During this period the young woman was a slave to the caprices of her exacting mistress, reading to her through long nights of wakeful restlessness, and assisting to entertain her guests. The one thing upon which Mme. du Deffand most prided herself was frankness. She hated *finesse* in any form, and had stipulated that she would not tolerate artifice. Mlle. de Lespinasse, with her amiable character and conversational charm, had endeared herself at once to the intimate circle of her patroness, and as Mme. du Deffand, who was in the habit of lying awake all night and sleeping all day, did not come down until six o'clock, she arranged to see her personal friends, among whom were D'Alembert, Turgot, Chastellux, and Marmontel, in her own apartments for an hour before the marquise appeared. When this came to the knowledge of the latter she was in a violent rage at what she chose to regard as a treachery to herself, and dismissed her companion at once. The result was the opening of a rival salon which carried off many of her favorite guests, notably D'Alembert, to whom she was much attached. "If she had died fifteen years earlier, I should not have

MARIE DE VICHY-CHAMROUD, MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

lost D'Alembert," was her sympathetic remark when she heard of the death of Mlle. de Lespinasse.

But the most striking point in the career of this worldly and cynical woman was her friendship for Horace Walpole. When they first met she was nearly seventy, blind, ill-tempered, bitter, and hopelessly *ennuyée*. He was not yet fifty, a brilliant, versatile man of the world, who saw her only at long intervals. But their curious correspondence extends over a period of fifteen years, ending only with her death.

In a letter to Grayson, after meeting her, he writes:

Mme. du Deffand is now very old and stone blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passion, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, Versailles; gives supper twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams,— aye, admirably,— and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong; her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as pos-

sible; for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, —I don't mean by lovers,— and a vehement enemy openly.

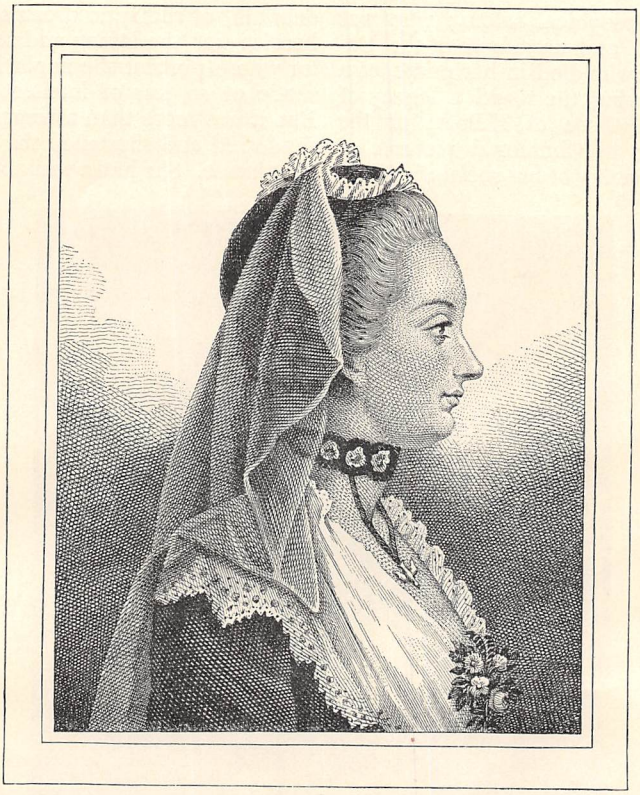
The acquaintance thus begun quickly drifted into an intimacy. Friendship she calls this absorbing sentiment, but it has all the caprices and inconsistencies of love. Fed by the imagination and prevented by separation from wearing itself out, it became the most permanent interest of her life. There is something curiously pathetic in the submissive attitude of this blind, aged, but spirited woman — who scoffs at sentiment and confesses that she could never love anything — towards the man who criticizes her, scolds her, crushes back her too ardent feeling, yet calls her his dear old friend, writes her a weekly letter, and modestly declares that she "loves him better than all France together."

To this correspondence we owe the most profound insight into her life, and it certainly modifies the impression which her own words, as well as the facts of her career, give us. We find in the letters of this period little of the freshness, the naturalness, the spontaneity, that gave such a charm to the letters of Mme. de Sévigné and her contemporaries. Women still write of the incidents of their lives, the people they meet, their jealousies, their rivalries, their loves, and their follies; but they think, where they formerly mirrored the world about them. They analyze, they compare, they criticize, they formulate their own emotions, they add opinions to facts. The gaiety, the sparkle, the wit, the play of feeling, is not there. Occasionally there is the tone of passion, as in the letters of Mlle. Aissé and Mlle. de Lespinasse, but this is rare. Even passion has grown sophisticated and deals with phrases. There is more or less artificiality in the interchange of written thoughts. Mme. du Deffand thinks while she writes, and what she sees takes always the color of her own intelligence. She complains of her inability to catch the elusive quality, the clearness, the flexibility of Mme. de Sévigné, whom she longs to rival because Walpole so admires her. But if she lacks the vivacity, the simplicity, the poetic grace of her model, she has qualities not less striking, though less lovable. Her keen insight is unfailing. With masterly penetration she grasps the essence of things. No one has portrayed so concisely and so vividly the men and women of her time. No one has discriminated between the shades of character with such nicety. No one has so clearly fathomed the underlying motives of action. No one has forecast the outcome of theories and events with such prophetic vision. The note of bitterness and cynicism is always there. The nature of the woman reveals itself in every line; keen, dry, critical, with clear ideals which she can never hope to attain. But we feel that she has stripped off the rags of pretension and brought us face to face with realities. So far does she carry her hatred of insincerity that one is often tempted to believe she affects a freedom from affectation. "I am so fatigued with the vanity of others that I avoid the occasion of having any myself," she writes. Is there not here a trace of the quality she so despises?

But beneath all this runs the swift undercurrent of an absorbing passion. A passion of friendship it may be, but it forces itself through the arid shells of conventionalism; it is at once the agony and the consolation of a despairing soul. Heartless, Mme. du Deffand is called, and her life seems to prove the truth of the verdict; but these letters throb and palpitate with feeling which she laughs at but cannot still. It is the cry of the soul for what it has not; what the world cannot give; what it has somehow missed out of a cold, hard, restless, and superficial existence. With a need of loving she is satisfied with no one. There is something wanting even in the affection of her friends. "*Ma grand'maman*," she says to the gentle Duchesse de Choiseul, "you *know* that you love me, but you do not *feel* it."

Devouring herself in solitude, she despises the society she cannot do without. "Men and women appear to me puppets who go, come, talk, laugh, without thinking, without reflecting, without feeling," she writes. She confesses that she has a thousand troubles in assembling a choice company of people who bore her to death. "One sees only masks, one hears only lies," is her constant refrain. She does not want to live, but is afraid to die; she says she is not made for this world, but does not know that there is any other. She tries devotion, but has no taste for it. Of the light that shines from within upon so many darkened and weary souls she has no knowledge. Her vision is bounded by the tangible, which offers only a rigid barrier against which her life flutters itself away. She dies as she has lived, with a deepened conviction of the nothingness of existence. "Spare me three things," she said to her confessor in her last moments; "let me have no questions, no reasons, and no sermons." Seeing Wiart, her faithful servitor, in tears, she remarks pathetically, as if surprised, "You love me then?" "Divert yourself as much as you can," was her final message to Walpole. "You will regret me, because one is very glad to know that one is loved." She commends to his care and affection Toutou, her little dog.

Strong but not gentle, brilliant but not tender, too penetrating for any illusions, with



MLLE. DE LESPINASSE.

GEORGE. WHARTON EDWARDS. INV.

a nature forever at war with itself, its surroundings, and its limitations, no one better points the moral of an age without faith, without ideals, without the inner light that reveals to hope what is denied to sense.

The influence of such a woman, with her gifts, her energy, her power, and her social prestige, can hardly be estimated. It was not in the direction of the new drift of thought. "I am not a fanatic as to liberty," she said; "I believe it is an error to pretend that it exists in a democracy. One has a thousand tyrants in place of one." She had no breadth of sympathy, and her interests were largely personal; but in matters of style and form her taste was unerring. Pitiless in her criticisms, she held firmly to her ideals of clear, elegant, and concise expression, both in literature and in conversation. She tolerated no platitudes, no pretension, and left behind her the traditions of a society that blended, more perfectly, perhaps, than any other of her time, the best intellectual life with courtly manners and a strict observance of *les convenances*.

INSEPARABLY connected with the name of Mme. du Deffand is that of her companion and rival Mlle. de Lespinasse, the gifted and charming but tender and loving woman who presided over one of the most

noted of the philosophical salons; who was the chosen friend and *confidante* of the Encyclopedists; and who died in her prime, of a broken heart, leaving the world a legacy of letters that rival those of Héloïse or the poems of Sappho as "immortal pictures of passion." The memory of her social triumphs, remarkable as they were, pales before the singular romance of her life. In the midst of a cold, critical, and heartless society, that adored talent and derided sentiment, she became the victim of a passion so profound, so ardent, so hopeless, that her powerful intellect bent before it like a reed before a storm. She died of that unsuspected passion, and years afterwards these letters found the light and told the tale.

FRANÇOISE D'ISSEMBOURG D'HAPPONCOURT, DAME DE GRAFFIGNY.

The contrast between the two women so closely linked together is complete. Mme. du Deffand belonged to the age of Voltaire by every fiber of her hard and cynical nature. What she called love was a fire of the intellect which consumed without warming. It was a violent and fierce prejudice in favor of those who reflected something of herself. The tenderness of self-sacrifice was not there. Mlle. de Lespinasse was of the later era of Rousseau; the era of exaggerated feeling, of emotional delirium, of romantic dreams; the era whose heroine was the loving and sentimental Julie, for whose portrait she might have sat, with a shade or so less of intellect and brilliancy. But it was more than a romantic dream that shadowed and shortened the life of Mlle. de Lespinasse. She had a veritable heart of flame, that consumed not only itself, but its frail tenement as well.

Mlle. Julie Jeanne Éléonore de Lespinasse, who was born at Lyons in 1732, had a birthright of sorrow. Her mother, the Comtesse d'Albon, could not acknowledge this fugitive and nameless daughter, but after the death of her husband she received her on an inferior footing, had her carefully educated, and secretly gave her love and care so long as she lived. Left alone and without resources at fifteen, Julie was taken, as governess and companion, into the family of a sister who was the wife of Mme. du Deffand's brother. Here the marquise met her on one of her visits and heard the story of her sorrows. Tearful, sad, and worn out by her humiliations, the young girl had decided to enter a convent. Mme. du Deffand was struck with her talent and a certain indefinable fascination of manner which afterwards became so potent. "You have

gaiety," she wrote to her; "you are capable of sentiment; with these qualities you will be charming so long as you are natural and without pretension." After a negotiation of some months, Mlle. de Lespinasse went to Paris to live with her new friend. The history of this affair has been already related.

Parisian society was divided into two factions on the merits of the quarrel — those who censured the ingratitude of the younger woman, and those who accused the marquise of cruelty and injustice. But many of the oldest friends of the latter aided her rival. The Maréchale de Luxembourg furnished her apartments in the Rue Belle-Chasse. The Duc de Choiseul procured her a pension, and Mme. Geoffrin gave her an annuity. She carried with her a strong following of eminent men from the salon of Mme. du Deffand, among whom was D'Alembert, who remained her faithful and devoted lover to the end. It is said that President Hénault even offered to marry her, but how he managed to continue in the good graces of his lifelong friend the unforgiving marquise does not appear. A letter which he wrote to Mlle. de Lespinasse throws a direct light upon her character, after making due allowance for the exaggeration of French gallantry.

> You are cosmopolitan; you adapt yourself to all situations. The world pleases you; you love solitude. Society amuses you, but it does not seduce you. Your heart does not give itself easily. Strong passions are necessary to you, and it is better so, for they will not return often. Nature, in placing you in an ordinary position, has given you something to relieve it. Your soul is noble and elevated, and you will never remain in a crowd. It is the same with your person. It is distinguished and attracts attention, without being beautiful. There is something *piquante* about you. You have two things which do not often go together: you are sweet and strong; your gaiety adorns you and relaxes your nerves, which are too tense. You see everything at a glance; you are extremely polished; you have divined the world.

The age of portraits was not quite passed, and the privilege of seeing one's self in the eyes of one's friends was still accorded, a fact to which we owe many vivid if sometimes rather highly colored pictures. A few words from D'Alembert are of twofold interest. He writes some years later:

> The regard one has for you does not depend alone upon your external charms; it depends, above all, upon your intellect and your character. That which distinguishes you in society is the art of saying to every one the fitting word, and that art is very simple with you; it consists in never speaking of yourself to others, and much of themselves. It is an infallible means of pleasing; also, you please generally, though it happens that all the world pleases you; you know even how to avoid repelling those who are least agreeable to you.

This epitome of the art of pleasing may be commended for its wisdom, aside from the very delightful picture it gives of an amiable and attractive woman. Again he writes:

> The excellence of your tone would not be a distinction for one reared in a court, and speaking only the language she has learned. In you it is a merit very real and very rare. You have brought it from the seclusion of a province, where you met no one who could teach you. You were, in this regard, as perfect the day after your arrival at Paris as you are to-day. You found yourself, from the first, as free, as little out of place in the most brilliant and most critical society, as if you had passed your life there; you have felt its usages before knowing them, which implies a justness and fineness of tact very unusual, an exquisite knowledge of *les convenances*.

It was her innate tact and social instinct, combined with rare gifts of intellect and great conversational charm, that gave this woman without name, beauty, or fortune so exceptional a position, and her salon so distinct a vogue among the brilliant centers of Paris. As she was not rich and could not give costly dinners, she saw her friends daily from five to nine, in the interval between other engagements. A hint of the rivalry between her and her former friend is given in a letter from Horace Walpole.

"There is at Paris," he writes, "a Mlle. de Lespinasse, a pretended *bel esprit*, who was formerly a humble companion of Mme. du Deffand, and betrayed her and used her very ill. I beg of you not to let any one carry you thither. I dwell upon this because she has some enemies so spiteful as to try to carry off all the English to Mlle. de Lespinasse."

But this "pretended *bel esprit*" had socially the touch of genius. Her ardent, impulsive nature lent to her conversation a rare eloquence that inspired her listeners, though she could be silent as well, and never drifted into monologue. Versatile and suggestive herself, she knew how to draw out the best thoughts of others. Her swift insight caught the weak points of her friends, and her gracious adaptation had all the fascination of a subtle flattery. Sad as her experience had been, she had nevertheless been drawn into the world most congenial to her tastes. "Ah, how I dislike not to love that which is excellent," she wrote to Guibert later. "How difficult I have become! But is it my fault? Consider the education I have received with Mme. du Deffand. President Hénault, Abbé Bon, the Archbishop of Toulouse, the Archbishop of Aix, Turgot, D'Alembert, Abbé de Boismont

— these are the men who have taught me to speak, to think, and who have deigned to count me for something."

It was such men as these who thronged her own salon, but its tone was more philosophical than that of Mme. du Deffand. Though far from democratic by taste or temperament, she was so from conviction. The griefs and humiliations of her life had left her peculiarly open to the new social and political theories which were agitating France. She liked free discussion, and her own large intelligence, added to her talent for calling out and giving point to the ideas of others, went far towards making the cosmopolitan circle over which she presided one of the most potent forces of the time. Her influence may be traced in the work of the Encyclopedists, which she did more than any one else to aid and encourage, and in which she was associated. As a power in the making of reputations and in the election of members to the Académie Française she shared with Mme. Geoffrin the honor of being a legitimate successor of Mme. de Lambert.

But the side of her character which strikes us most forcibly at this distance of time is the emotional. The personal charm which is always so large a factor in social success is of too subtle a quality to be caught in words. The most vivid portrait leaves a divine something to be supplied by the imagination, and the fascination of eloquence is gone with the flash of the eye, the modulation of the voice, or some fleeting grace of manner. But passion writes itself out in indelible characters, especially when it is a rare and spontaneous overflow from the heart of a man or woman of genius, whose emotions readily crystallize into form.

Her friendship for D'Alembert, loyal and devoted as it was, seems to have been without illusions. It is true she had cast aside every other consideration to nurse him through a dangerous illness, and as soon as he was able he had been removed to an apartment in her own house where he lived until her death, a position which excited neither remark nor criticism. But he was not rich, and, though he loved her, marriage was not to be thought of, at least by her. She was ambitious for a more brilliant career. Not long after leaving Mme. du Deffand she met the Marquis de Mora, a son of the Spanish ambassador, who became a constant *habitué* of her salon. Of distinguished family and large fortune, brilliant, courtly, popular, and only twenty-four, he captivated at once the fiery heart of this attractive woman of thirty-five. It seems to have been a mutual passion, as during one brief absence of ten days he wrote her twenty-two letters. But his family became alarmed at this continued devotion, and made his delicate health a pretext for recalling him to Spain. Her grief at the separation enlisted the sympathy of D'Alembert. At her request he procured from his physician a statement that the climate of Madrid would prove fatal to M. de Mora, whose health had steadily failed since his return home, and that if his friends wished to save him they must lose no time in sending him back to Paris. The young man was permitted to leave at once, but he died *en route* at Bordeaux.

In the mean time Mlle. de Lespinasse, sad and inconsolable, had met M. Guibert, a man of great versatility and many accomplishments, whose genius seems to have borne no adequate fruit. We hear of him later through the passing enthusiasm of Mme. de Staël, of whom he wrote a brilliant and flattering pen-portrait when she was twenty. Mlle. de Lespinasse was forty. He was twenty-nine, had competed for the Académie Française, written a work on military science, also a national tragedy which was still unpublished. She was dazzled by his brilliancy, and when she fathomed his shallow nature, as she did, it was too late to disentangle her heart. He was a man of gallantry and was flattered by the preference of a woman much in vogue, who had powerful friends, influence at the Academy, and the ability to advance his interest in many ways. He clearly condescended to be loved, but his own professions have little of the true ring.

Distracted by this new passion on one side, and by remorse for her disloyalty to the old one on the other, the health of Mlle. de Lespinasse, already undermined, began to succumb to the hidden struggle. The death of M. de Mora solved one problem; the other remained. M. Guibert wished to advance his fortune by a brilliant marriage without losing the friend who might still be of service to him. She sat in judgment upon her own fate, counseled him, aided him in his choice, even praised the woman who became his wife, hoping still, perhaps, for some repose in that exaltation of friendship which is often the last consolation of passionate souls. But she was on a path that led to no haven of peace. There was only a blank wall before her, and the lightning impulses of her own heart were forced back to wear her frail life away. The world was ignorant of this fresh experience; and, believing her crushed by the death of M. de Mora, sympathized with her sorrow and praised her fidelity. She tried to sustain a double rôle — smiles and gaiety for her friends, tears and agony for the long hours of solitude. The tension was too much for her. She died shortly afterwards at the age of forty-three.

It was not until many years later, when those most interested were gone, that the letters to Guibert, which form her chief title to fame, were collected, and, curiously enough, by his widow. Then for the first time the true drama of her life was unveiled. It is impossible in a few extracts to convey an adequate idea of the passion and devotion that ran through these letters. They touched the entire gamut of emotion, from the tender melancholy of a lonely soul, the inexpressible sweetness of self-forgetful love, to the tragic notes of agony and despair.

"I prefer my misery to all that the world calls happiness or pleasure," she writes. "I shall die of it, perhaps, but that is better than never to have lived."

"I have no more the strength to love," she says again: "my soul fatigues me, torments me; I am no more sustained by anything. I have every day a fever; and my physician, who is not the most skillful of men, repeats to me without ceasing that I am consumed by chagrin, that my pulse, my respiration, announce an active grief, and he always goes out saying, 'We have no cure for the soul.'"

"Adieu, my friend," were her last words to him. "If I ever return to life I shall still love to employ it in loving you; but there is no more time."

One could almost wish that these letters had never come to light. A single grand passion has always a strong hold upon the imagination and the sympathies, but two passions contending for the mastery verge upon something quite the reverse of heroic. The note of heart-breaking despair is tragic enough, but there is a touch of comedy behind it. Though her words have the fire, the devotion, the *abandon* of Héloïse, they leave a certain sense of disproportion. One is inclined to wonder if they do not overtop the feeling.

D'Alembert was her truest mourner, and fell into a profound melancholy after her death.

"Yes," he said to Marmontel, "she was changed, but I was not; she no longer lived for me, but I ever lived for her. Since she is no more, I know not why I live. Ah! why have I not still to suffer those moments of bitterness that she knew so well how to sweeten and make me forget? Do you remember the happy evenings we passed together? Now what have I left? I return home, and instead of herself I find but her shade. This lodging at the Louvre is itself a tomb, which I never enter but with horror."

But to this "shade" he wrote two expressive and well-considered eulogies.

Whatever we may think of the strange inconsistencies of Mlle. de Lespinasse, she is interesting to us as a type that contrasts strongly with that of her age. Her exquisite tact, her brilliant intellect, her conversational gifts, her personal charm, made her the idol of the world in which she lived. Her influence was courted, her salon was the resort of the most distinguished men of the century, and while she loved to discuss the great social problems which her friends were trying to solve she forgot none of the graces. With the intellectual strength and grasp of a man, she had the taste, the delicacy, the tenderness of a woman. Her faults were those of a strong nature. Her thoughts were clear and penetrating, though faintly tinged with romance; her expression was lively and impassioned. But in her emotional power she reached the proportion of genius. With "the most ardent soul, the liveliest fancy, the most inflammable imagination that has existed since Sappho," she represents the embodied spirit of tragedy outlined against the cold, hard background of a skeptical, mocking, realistic age.

There was one woman who held too prominent a place in the society of this period to be passed without a word, though she was not French, and never quite caught the spirit of the eighteenth-century life whose attractive forms she loved so well. Mme. Necker, whose history has been made so familiar through the interesting memoirs of the Comte d'Haussonville, owes her fame to her marked qualities of intellect and character rather than to the brilliancy of her social talents. These formed an admirable setting in the surroundings which her husband's fortune and political career gave her. The Salon Helvétique had a distinctive color of its own, and was always tinged with the strong convictions and exalted ideals of the Swiss pastor's daughter who passed through this world of intellectual affluence and moral laxity like a white angel of purity —in it, but not of it. The center of a choice and lettered circle which included the most noted men and women of her time, she brought into it not only rare gifts, a fine taste, and genuine literary enthusiasm, but the fresh charm of a noble character and a beautiful family life, with the instincts of duty and right conduct which she inherited from her simple Protestant ancestry. She lacked a little, however, in the tact, the ease, the grace, the spontaneity, which were the essential charm of the French women. Her social talents were a trifle theoretical. "She studied society," says one of her critics, "as she would a literary question." She had a theory of conducting a salon, as she had of life in general, and believed that study would attain everything. But the ability to do a thing superlatively well is by no means always implied in the knowledge of how it ought to be done. Social genius is as purely a gift of na-

ture as poetry or music; and, of all others, it is the most subtle and indefinable. It was a long step from the primitive simplicity of her childhood to the complex life of a Parisian salon; and the provincial beauty, whose fair face, soft blue eyes, dignified but slightly coquettish manner, brilliant intellect, and sparkling though sometimes rather learned conversation had made her a local queen, was quick to see her own shortcomings. She confessed that she had a new language to learn, and she never mastered it like a native. "Mme. Necker has talent, but it is in a sphere too elevated for one to communicate with her," said Mme. du Deffand, though she was glad to go once a week to her suppers at Saint-Ouen, and admitted that in spite of a certain stiffness and coldness she was better fitted for society than most of the *grandes dames*.

The salon of Mme. Necker marks a transition point between two periods, and had two quite distinct phases. One likes best to recall her in the freshness of her early enthusiasm, when she gave Friday dinners, modeled after those of Mme. Geoffrin, to men of letters, and received a larger world in the evening; when her guests were enlivened by the satire of Diderot, the anecdotes of Marmontel, the brilliancy or learning of Grimm, D'Alembert, Thomas, Suard, Buffon, the Abbé Raynal, and other wits of the day; when they discussed the affairs of the Academy and decided the fate of candidates; when they listened to the recitations of Mlle. Clairon, and the works of many authors known and unknown. It is interesting to know that "Paul and Virginia" was first read here. But there was apt to be a shade of stiffness, and the conversation had sometimes too strong a flavor of pedantry. "No one knows better or feels more sensibly than you, my dear and very amiable friend," wrote Mme. Geoffrin, "the charm of friendship and its sweetness; no one makes others experience them more fully. But you will never attain that facility, that ease, and that liberty which give to society its perfect enjoyment." The Abbé Morellet complained of the austerity that always held the conversation within certain limits, and the gay little Abbé Galiani found fault with Mme. Necker's coldness and reserve, though he addresses her as his "Divinity" after his return to Naples, and his racy letters give us vivid and amusing pictures of these Fridays, which in his memory are wholly charming.

In spite of her firm religious convictions, Mme. Necker cordially welcomed the most extreme of the philosophers. "I have atheistic friends," she said. "Why not? They are unfortunate friends." But her admiration for their talents by no means extended to their opinions, and she did not permit the discussion of religious questions. It was at one of her own dinners that she started the subscription for a statue of Voltaire, for whom she entertained the warmest friendship. One may note here, as elsewhere, a fine mental poise, a justness of spirit, and a discrimination that was superior to natural prejudices. Sometimes her frank simplicity was misunderstood. "There is a Mme. Necker here, a pretty woman and a *bel esprit*, who is infatuated with me. She persecutes me to have me at her house," wrote Diderot — who was clearly incapable of comprehending the innocent appreciation of a pure-hearted woman — to Mlle. Volland. When he knew her better, he expressed his regret that he had not known her sooner. "You would certainly have inspired me with a taste for purity and for delicacy," he says, "which would have passed from my soul into my works." He refers to her again as "a woman who possesses all that the purity of an angelic soul adds to an exquisite taste."

Among the many distinguished foreigners who found their way into this pleasant circle was her early lover, Gibbon. The old days were far away when she presided over the literary coterie at Lausanne, speculated upon the mystery of love, talked of the possibility of tender and platonic friendships between men and women, after the fashion of the *précieuses*, and wept bitter tears over the faithlessness of the embryo historian. The memory of her grief had long been lost in the fullness of her subsequent happiness, and she might be pardoned a certain natural complacency in the brilliancy of her position, which took little added luster from the fame of the man who had wooed and so easily forgotten her.

This period of Mme. Necker's career shows her character on a very engaging side. Loving her husband with a devotion that verged upon idolatry, she was rich in the friendship of men like Thomas, Buffon, Grimm, Diderot, and Voltaire, whose respectful tone was the highest tribute to her dignity and her delicacy. But the true nature of a woman is best seen in her relations with her own sex. There are a thousand fine reserves in her relations with men that, in a measure, veil her personality. They doubtless call out the most brilliant qualities of her intellect, and reveal her character, in some points, on its best and most lovable side; but the rarer shades of generous and unselfish feeling are more clearly seen in the intimate friendships, free from petty vanities and jealous rivalries, rich in cordial appreciation and disinterested affection, which we often find among women of the finest type. It is impossible that one so serious and so earnest as Mme. Necker should have cherished such passionate friendships for her own sex if she had been

as cold or as calculating as she has been sometimes represented. Her intimacy with Mme. de Marchais, of which her descendant and biographer has given us so many pleasant details, furnishes a case in point.

This graceful and vivacious woman, who talked so eloquently upon philosophical, political, and economic questions, was the center of a circle noted for its liberal tendencies. A friend of Mme. de Pompadour, at whose suppers she often sang, gifted, witty, and, in spite of a certain seriousness *au fond*, retaining always the taste, the elegance, the charming manners which were her native heritage, she attracted to her salon not only a distinguished literary company, but many men and women from the great world of which she only touched the borders. Mme. Necker had sought her aid and advice in the formation of her own salon, and taken for her one of those ardent attachments so characteristic of earnest and susceptible natures. "I had for Mme. de Marchais a passionate affection," she says. "When I first saw her my whole soul was captivated. I thought her one of those enchanting fairies who combine all the gifts of nature and of magic. I loved her; or, rather, I idolized her." So pure, so confiding, so far above reproach herself, she refuses to see the faults of one she loves so tenderly. Her letters glow with exalted sentiment. "Adieu, my charming, my beautiful, my sweet friend," she writes. "I embrace you. I press you to my bosom; or, rather, to my soul, for it seems to me that no interval can separate yours from mine."

But the character of Mme. de Marchais was evidently not equal to her fascination. Her vanity was wounded by the success of her friend. She took offense at a trifling incident that touched her self-love. "The great ladies have disgusted me with friendship," she wrote, in reply to Mme. Necker's efforts to repair the breach. They exchanged the letters so full of vows of eternal affection and were friends no more. Apparently without any fault of her own Mme. Necker was left with an illusion the less, and the world has another example to cite of the frail texture of feminine friendships.

But she was not always so unfortunate in her choice. She found a more amiable and constant object for her affections in Mme. d'Houdetot, a charming woman who, in spite of her errors, held a very warm place in the hearts of her contemporaries. We have met her before in the philosophical circles of La Chevrette, and in the beautiful promenades of the valley of Montmorency, where Rousseau offered her the incense of a passionate and poetic love. She was facile and witty, graceful and gay, said wise and thoughtful things, wrote pleasant verses which were the exhalations of her own heart, and was the center of a limited though distinguished circle; but her chief attraction was the magic of a sunny temper and a loving spirit. "He only is unhappy who can neither love, nor work, nor die," she writes. Though more or less linked with the literary coteries of her time, Mme. d'Houdetot seems to have been singularly free from the small vanities and vulgar ambitions so often met there. She loved simple pleasures and the peaceful scenes of the country. "What more have we to desire when we can enjoy the pleasures of friendship and of nature?" she writes. "We may then pass lightly over the small troubles of life." She counsels repose to her more restless friend, and her warm expressions of affection have always the ring of sincerity, which contrasts agreeably with the artificial tone of the time. Mme. d'Houdetot lived to a great age, preserving always her youthfulness of spirit and sweet serenity of temper in spite of sharp domestic sorrows. She took refuge from these in the lifelong friendship of Saint-Lambert, for whom Mme. Necker has usually a gracious message. It is a curious commentary upon the manners of the age that one so rigid and severe should have chosen for her intimate companionship two women whose lives were so far removed from her own ideal of reserved decorum. But she thought it best to ignore errors which her world did not regard as grave, if she was conscious of them at all.

One finds greater pleasure in recalling her ardent and romantic affection for the granddaughter of the Maréchale de Luxembourg, the lovely Amélie de Boufflers, Duchesse de Lauzun, whose pen-portrait she sketched so gracefully and so tenderly; whose gentle sweetness and shy delicacy, in the rather oppressive glare of her surroundings, suggest a modest wild flower astray among the pretentious beauties of the hothouse; and whose untimely death on the scaffold has left her fragrant memory entwined with a garland of cypress. But we cannot dwell upon the intimate phases of this friendship whose fine quality is shown in the few scattered leaves of a correspondence overflowing with the wealth of two rare though unequally gifted natures.

At a later period her husband's position in the ministry, and the pronounced opinions of her brilliant daughter, gave to the salon of Mme. Necker a marked political and semi-revolutionary coloring. As Mme. de Staël gradually took the scepter that was falling from her own hand, she found it difficult to guide the conversation into its old channels; but her inclinations always led her to literary diversions, rather than to the discussion of economic questions. Her pale, thoughtful face, her

gentle manner, her soft and penetrating voice, all indicated an exquisitely feminine quality quite in unison with the spirit of urbanity and politeness that was even then going out of fashion. Her quiet and earnest though interesting conversation was somewhat overshadowed by the impetuous eloquence of Mme. de Staël, who gave the tone to every circle into which she came. "I am more and more convinced that I am not made for the great world," she said to the Duchesse de Lauzun, with an accent of regret. "It is Germaine who should shine there and who should love it, for she possesses all the qualities which put her in a position to be at once feared and sought."

If she was allied to the past, however, by her tastes and her sympathies, she belonged to the future by her convictions, and her many-sided intellect touched upon every question of the day. Profoundly religious herself, she was broadly tolerant; always delicate in health, she found time amid her numerous social duties to aid the poor and suffering, and to establish the hospital that still bears her name. Her letters and literary records reveal a woman of liberal thought and fine insight, as well as scholarly tastes. If she lacked a little in the facile graces of the French women, she had to an eminent degree the qualities of character that were far rarer in her age and sphere. Though she was cold and reserved in manner, beneath the light snow which she brought from her native hills beat a heart of warm and tender, even passionate, impulses. Devoted wife, loyal friend, careful mother, large-minded and large-souled woman, she stands conspicuous, in a period of lax domestic relations, for the virtues that grace the fireside as well as for the talents that shine in the salon.

But she was not exempt from the sorrows of a nature that exacts from life more than it can give, and finds its illusions vanish before the cold touch of experience. She had her hours of darkness and of suffering. Even the love that was the source of her keenest happiness was also the source of her sharpest griefs. In the days of her husband's power she missed the exclusive attention she craved. There were moments when she doubted the depth of his affection, and felt anew that her "eyes were wedded to eternal tears." She could not see without pain his extreme devotion to her own daughter, whose rich nature, so spontaneous, so original, so foreign to her own, gave rise to many anxieties and occasional antagonisms. This touches the weak point in her character. She was not wholly free from a certain egotism, and the vanity of her opinions, without the imagination that fully comprehends an individuality quite remote from one's own. She was ambitious too, and had not won her position without many secret wounds. When misfortunes came the blows that fell upon her husband struck with double force into her own heart. She was destined to share with him the chill of censure and neglect, the bitter sting of ingratitude, the lonely isolation of one fallen from a high place, whose friendship and whose favors count no more.

In the solitude of Coppet, where she died at fifty-seven, during the last and darkest days of the Revolution, perhaps she realized in the tireless devotion of her husband and the loving care of her daughter the repose of heart which the brilliant world of Paris never gave her.

With all her gifts, which have left many definite records that may be read, and in spite of a few shadows that fall more or less upon all earthly relations, not the least of her legacies to posterity was the beautiful example, rarer then than now, of that true and sympathetic family life in which lies the complete harmony of existence, a safeguard against the storms of passion, a perennial fount of love that keeps the spirit young, the tranquillity out of which spring the purest flowers of human happiness and human endeavor.

THERE were many salons of lesser note which have left distinct and agreeable traces. It would be pleasant to recall other clever and beautiful women whose names one meets so often in the chronicles of the time, and whose faces, conspicuous for their clear, strong outlines, still look out upon us from the galleries that perpetuate its life; but the list is too long and would lead us too far. From the moving procession of social leaders who made the age so brilliant I have chosen only the few who were most widely known, and who best represent its dominant types and its special phases.

The most remarkable period of the literary salons was really closed with the death of Mme. du Deffand, in 1780. Mme. Geoffrin had already been dead three years, and Mlle. de Lespinasse four. Some of the most noted of the philosophers and men of letters were also gone, others were past the age of forming fresh ties, the young men belonged to another generation, and no new drawing-rooms exactly replaced the old ones. Mme. Necker still received the world that was wont to assemble in the great salons, Mme. de Condorcet presided over a rival coterie, and there were numerous small and intimate circles; but the element of politics was beginning to intrude, and with it a degree of heat which disturbed the usual harmony. The reign of *esprit*, the perpetual play of wit, had begun to pall upon the *blasé* tastes of people who found themselves face to face with problems so grave and issues

so vital. There was a slight reaction towards nature and simplicity. "They may be growing wiser," said Walpole, "but the intermediate change is dullness." For nearly half a century learned men and clever women had been amusing themselves with utopian theories, a few through conviction, the majority through fashion, or egotism, or the vanity of saying new things, just as the world is doing to-day. The doctrines put forth by Montesquieu, vivified by Voltaire, and carried to the popular heart by Rousseau, had been freely discussed in the salons, not only by philosophers and statesmen, but by men of the world, poets, artists, and pretty women. The sparks of thought with which they played so lightly filtered slowly through the social strata. The talk of the drawing-room at last reached the street. But the torch of truth which, held aloft, serves as a beacon star to guide the world towards some longed-for ideal, becomes a deadly explosive when it falls among the poisonous vapors of inflammable human passions. Liberty, equality, fraternity assumed a new and fatal significance in the minds of the hungry and restless masses, who, embittered by centuries of wrong, were ready to carry these phrases to their immediate and living results. They had found their watchwords and their hour. The train was already laid beneath this complex social structure, and the tragedy that followed carried to a common ruin court and salon, philosophers and *beaux esprits*, innocent women and dreaming men.

That the salons were unconscious instruments in hastening the catastrophe, which was, sooner or later, inevitable, is undoubtedly true. Their influence in the dissemination of thought was immense. The part they played was, to a limited extent, precisely that of the modern press, with an added personal element. They directed the intelligence of the age, and reflected its average morality. As centers of light and intelligence they were distinctly stimulating. It is quite possible that they stimulated the intellect to the exclusion of the more solid qualities of character, and that they were the source of a vast amount of intellectual affectation. It was the fashion to have *esprit*, and those who were deficient in an article so essential to success were naturally disposed to borrow it, or to put on the semblance of it. But no phase of life is without its reverse side, and the present generation cannot claim freedom from much pretension of the same sort. If they precipitated the downfall of the court which they began by rivaling, it was in the logical course of events, which few were wise enough to foresee, much less to determine. It is true there was much to be deplored on the score of morality, but the salons moved in the drift of their time, and accepted the traditions of a corrupt past to a certain degree, while they refined them.

It is worthy of remark that this reign of women in which the manners and forms of modern society found their initiative and their models was not a reign of youth, or beauty, or grace, though these qualities are never likely to lose their own peculiar fascination. It was, before all things, a reign of intelligence, the ascendancy of women who had put on the hues of age without laying aside the permanent charm of a fully developed personality. One of the most salient outcomes of the two centuries in which women shone so conspicuously in France may be found in the broadened intellectual life, the high aspirations, the unfettered activities, and the wide and beneficent influence of the women of to-day.

Amelia Gere Mason.

THE ROSE OF DAWN.

HOW mockingly the morning dawns for me,
Since thou art gone, where no pursuing speech,
No prayer, no farthest-sounding cry can reach!
I call, and wait the answer to my plea —
But only hear the stern, dividing sea
(That pauses not, however I beseech)
Breaking, and breaking on the distant beach
Of that far land whereto thy soul did flee.

Do happy suns shine on thee where thou art?
And kind stars light with friendly ray thy night?
And strange birds wake with music strange thy morn?
This beggared world, where thou no more hast part,
Misapprehends the morning's young delight,
And the old grief makes the new day forlorn.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

HOW JERRY BOUGHT MALVINY.

YAAS, dey mought er been better an' dey mought er been wusser, but dey was good ole days, dose times afoah de wah! So you wants ter heah 'bout how I bought Malviny? Haw, haw, haw! I taught all dese heah done fergit all 'bout it, done gone dese twenty-five yeah! Does you min' dis heah ole cob-pipe, boss?

Well, it were ten yeah come Chrismus, 'foah de bre'kin' out er de wah, an' 'leven yeah arter de cotton cotch in de gin-'ouse; bein' as how dat were two yeah arter Sue's Ann maired Caleb, it were five yeah 'foah me an' Malviny's Mac were borned. Git out f'om 'hin' dat hopper, Mac, wi' yer six foot er imperence!

Well, you see it were ten yeah 'fore de bre'kin' out er de wah, an' Marse Linkum he nebber done me no good, 'ca'se I were already done er free nigger, an' I ain't nebber got no forty acre an' er muel, dough I 'se done got gray an' blin' er-lookin' fur 'em—haw, haw, haw! Malviny she wa' n't no slave fur ter manskate nuther! How come so? I tell you 'bout dat.

It were 'long 'bout 'fifty er 'fifty-one, an' Marse Jeems he mek er mighty big crap on bofe plantations — mighty puttye cotton, sar, mighty putty; but cotton were 'way down low, an' Marse Jeems he 'clude ter hol' his 'n twel it fotch de price he as' fur 't. Well, dar was lots er po' whi' trash all through de country, an' dey hatter sell dey cotton, leetle by leetle, fur side meat, coffee, an' truck, an' dey looks mighty scrumptious as dey pass in de road.

Marse Jeems he feel mighty oneasy in he min' 'bout he big gin plum full er cotton, an' he call we all, an' he say, "Boys, w'en dat ar go ter market, I gwine gi' you all er big treat" —an' we watch dat gin night an' day.

Well, one night dar was a big bre'k-down ovah ter Caney Creek, an' all de niggers went, but I hatter git Torm, wha' do de "couterin'," ter jeck my toof, dat been er-givin' me er mis'ry nigh onter er week; an' so I stays behin'.

Well, Torm he done bre'k my toof, plum up inter de jaw, an' arter I done kick 'im I feels so miser'ble an' po'ly, I 'clude ter stay up all night at de gin, but Torm, he hike off ter de bre'k-down wid he gal. Wha' dat gotter do wid me buyin' Malviny? See heah, boss, I can't talk lack I uster, but I tell you de story.

Well, I laid down by de gin-'ouse do', an' all was dat still you mought er-heared er pin drap. Bimeby er big owl he holler "A-hoo, A-hoo, A!" an' I jumps up an' I sees er leetle spark er-shinin' lack er star through de cracks in de do', an' 'pears ter me I smells sumpin' er-scotchin', an' I tries ter holler, but, 'foah Gord, my mouf done dat dry I could n' spit! Den I bu'st de do', an' de whi' fire go sneakin' through de dark, lack leetle shiny sarpints.

I gits de buckets, an' totes de warter f'om de branch, an' flings it on, but my ole tongue done daid; an' I rassels wid dat cotton, an' hugs it, an' squeezes it, er-squenchin' dem flames, twel I heah Mimy's ole yaller rooster er-crowin' fur day; an' I dismember wha' 'curred arter. Well, w'en I open dis ole eye — you see I ain't got but one, fur de fire done bu'st de gizzard out'n tur'r one — dar were ole Marse er-laffin' an' er-cryin' ober me; an' he tuck my ole black han' an' shuck it, an' shuck it, an' he holler, "Jerry, you done free ter-day as I is — you sabed my cotton."

Well, I could n' leabe Marse Jeems no how, an' I stays dar an' wuk fur 'im lack I allus wuked, an' Marse Jeems he mek me de oberseer, an' pays me jest lack I were white.

Wha' dat gotter do wid me buyin' Malviny? Well, I were free now, but I ain't got no wife, so I slicks up an' goes 'roun' mekin' fox eyes at de smartes' gals. Well, bimeby I sneaks 'roun' an' teck er shine ter Malviny, wha' stay in de house an' were ole Miss's maid. Malviny she laugh an' bite de cornder er her apun; an' so I ups an' as'es Marse Jeems mought we mairey, an' he say we mought; an' he guv us er weddin' dat big dat dey come fur ober ter Caney Creek, an' we all dance twel day done come in good.

But bimeby trouble come er-sneakin' roun' de plantation, an' I see ole Marse, solum lack, lean on he han's an' look 'way ober de hill at sumpin' wha' ain't dar; an' ole Miss she cry sof' ter herse'f an' walk de flo'; an' dar wa' n't no mo' bre'k-downs 'mongst de niggers.

Bimeby er man he come f'om town, an' fotch er leetle bar'l an' he squinch through it, at dis cornder er de fence, an' dat cornder er de garden, an' squinch up at de house; anur'r one he look at de hosses an' de cows an' de sheep, an' res' he foot wid he shinin' boot on er stump, an' spit at er mark, er-laughin' lack, an' er-makin' uv he jokes, but ole Marse he were mighty solemn.

Well, w'en dey all done gone, ole Marse he call we all, er-lookin' mighty sad an' mo'nful, an' we all come, an' he stop, an' de warter rin

out'n de cornder uv he eye, an' he pull down he hat — 'pear lack ter shade 'em, but dar wa'n't no sun.

Den he cle'r he thote, an' say, "You has all, er leastways mos' all uv you, has been true, hones' sarvents; you has all, er mos' all uv you, been borned an' r'ared on dis place, as I is; an' we lubed it, 'ca'se it were our home; but now we has all got ter leabe it, an' I hatter sell my niggers, 'ca'se I done los' all my farder lef' me."

Ole Marse's voice trimble lack, an' he look white roun' de mouf, den he tu'n an' walk slow, on inter de house. Well, Malviny she stay an' cry wid ole Miss dat night, an' I lay in de bade, in de cabin, an' thunk an' thunk; den I sw'ar low dat I stan' by ole Marse fru it all, "come Dick, come debbil!"

Bimeby day bre'k, an' I gits up an' looks out de do', but Malviny ain't come yit; den I walks sof' an' looks all roun', 'ca'se I did n' want nobody ter see me, leastways er 'oman; but dar wa'n't nobody dar; den I walks slow, kinder talkin' ter myse'f, an' retch up by de chimbly cornder, an' teks down de ole sock, tied wid er blue cotton string, wha' hel' all my money.

Well, I looks up by stable, an' dar ole Marse, an' ole Carlo follerin', wid he tail stuck 'twix' he laigs: ole Carlo he know sumpin' done gone wrong; but ole Marse he tek no notice, an' walk an' walk lack he could n' stop. Den I comes up, brisk lack, 'pears lack ter ten' Marse Jeems's hoss, but w'en I come up 'longside I stops wid my derned ole heart stuck plum tight in my thote, an' I says to ole Marse, says I, "Marse Jeems, kin you count dis fur me?" An' ole Marse he look up kinder 'sprised lack an' retch out he han' fur de sock, an' ontie de blue cotton string. Den he say, kinder strained lack:

"Jerry, you got two hundud an' fifty dollars."

An' I say, "Marse Jeems, who I b'long ter 'fore I free?"

An' he say, "You b'long ter me, Jerry."

Den I say, "Marse Jeems, who sot me free?"

An' he say sof', "I did, Jerry."

Den I say, wid er great big trimble in my thote, "Marse Jeems, all I is, an' all I got, is your'n — tek de money an' sabe de ole home."

An' he sorter smile sad an' tek my ole nigger han' in his'n, an' hol' it an' say, "Jerry, I 's 'bleeged to you, Jerry: you is er true fren' an' er hones' man; but keep yer money, Jerry; it can't do me no good now. I 's too fur gone fur dat; I 's done furever, Jerry." An' ole Marse he laid he haid on he han's, an' I stan' dar, an' we cry terger'r. Well, bimeby ole Marse he raise he haid, an' say suddent lack, "Jerry, would n' you lack ter buy Malviny?"

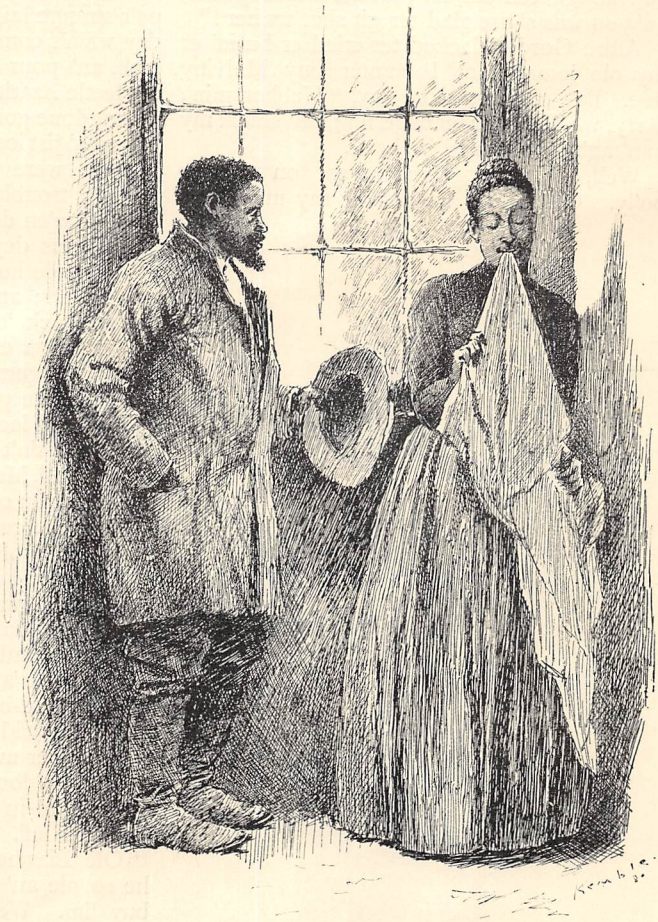
'Pear lack shootin'-stars dance 'fore my eyes, an' I say, "Gord! Marse Jeems, how?"

An' he say, "Wid yer money, Jerry."

Den I cut de pigeon wing an' pat; den stops lack I done bit er green crab.

An' Marse Jeems he say, "Wha' de matter?"

An' I says, says I, "Marse Jeems, you cain't buy er good nigger fur er two hundud an' fifty dollar."



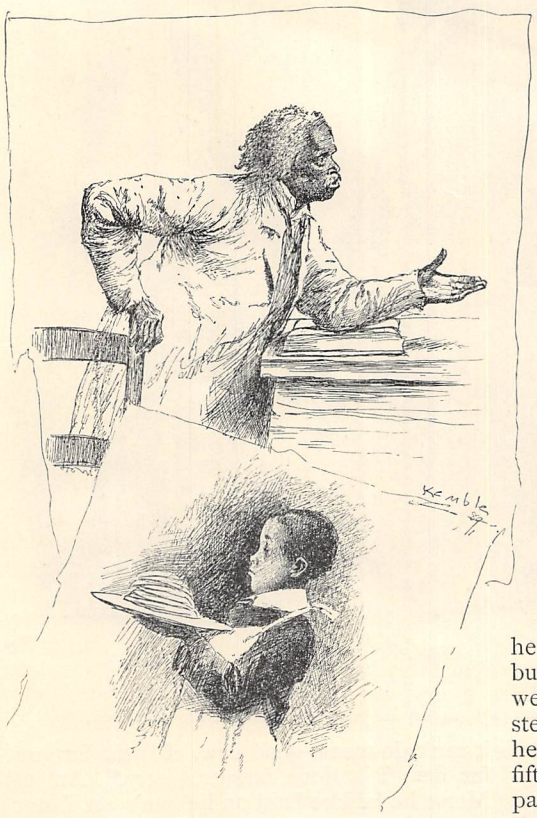
"MALVINY SHE LAUGH AN' BITE DE CORNDER ER HER APUN."

Marse Jeems he smile an' say, "Not 'lessen we fix it, Jerry."

An' I say, kinder cute, "Marse Jeems, you mought tell 'em dat she 's rale oler dan she look, dat she were worfless an' triflin', an' were slow 'bout work, wid stiffness in her laigs, an' de mis'ry in her chist; an' ef dey crowd her close, you mought tell 'em, sof', dat she hid de spoons, an' you was shore glad ter git shet uv her!"

Afore Gord, I lacked ter cried er-busin' er my ole 'oman, but I wanter buy Malviny free. But ole Marse he say, "Nebber min', Jerry, we 'll try ter manage it"; an' shuck my han' ag'in, an' tu'ned he back.

Well, arter dat things went on mighty po'ly. Ole Marse he nebber say much, an'



OLE PARSON 'BIAS AN' LEETLE AZARIAH.

ole Miss she mighty low in her sperrits; an' Malviny she stay wid ole Miss pretty nigh constanterly twel I ain't got but one gallus button lef'. Den, all uv er suddent, dar were er hurry'n' an' skerry'n' uv de house niggers, an' ole Marse he come down ter de stable, whar I were er-curry'n' Pluto, an' say, kinder low, "Jerry, de sale comes off ter-morrer"; an' dat 's all, fur it 'peared lack he swallowed sumpin' hard.

Dat night de niggers, fiel' han's an' all, come up ter de big house, an' ole Marse he say he gib 'em all er "stirrin' cup," er sumpin' er dat sort; but I nebber in all my borned days see niggers cry so hard ober good whisky.

Well, de bre'kfus' were sarved by candle-light nex' mornin', an' all de ole fambly silber were set out 'posin', lack 't were w'en we all had comp'ny, an' dar were two or three pa'r strange laigs under ole Marse's table, but dey wa'n't comp'ny. Ole Miss she set proud lack, an' pour de coffee, but her lip trimble; an' leetle Azariah he fotch in de waffles, but he sperrit done gone, an' he come in lack er yaller cur wha' jist los' er tin can f'om he tail.

Dem were mighty troublous times, sar, mighty troublous. Well, dey rung de big bell w'en de sun 'bout er hour high, an' de niggers dey come f'om de quarters, an' f'om de house, fiel' han's, house sarvents, an' all; an' dey all mighty skeered an' still lack, 'cep'in' Parson 'Bias, he keep up er power er prayin'; fur none of de Tarl'-ton niggers ebber bin selled afoah — nebber sence de place were er plantation; an' it 'peared lack de Jedgment done come, an' dar wa'n't no libben arterwards.

Well, Malviny she come ter me, an' flung her apun ober her haid, er-shakin' lack her had de agur, an' I tuck her han' an' we went nigh de block whar dey gwine auctioneer 'em, bes' I could, fur de trimblin' in my laigs; it were rumatiz er-comin' on me hard.

Ole Marse he were dar, er 'rangin' an' er-persuadin' 'em ter sell 'em in lots, er famblies, so 's dar would n' be sich supperatin' an' good-byin' 'mongst we all. Ole Parson 'Bias, wid he white haid bar', he set in de cornder uv de wum fence er-'dolin' an' er-'zortin' 'bout de Jedgment, an' de two er-pickin' in de fiel' an' de one tucken an' tur'r lef'.

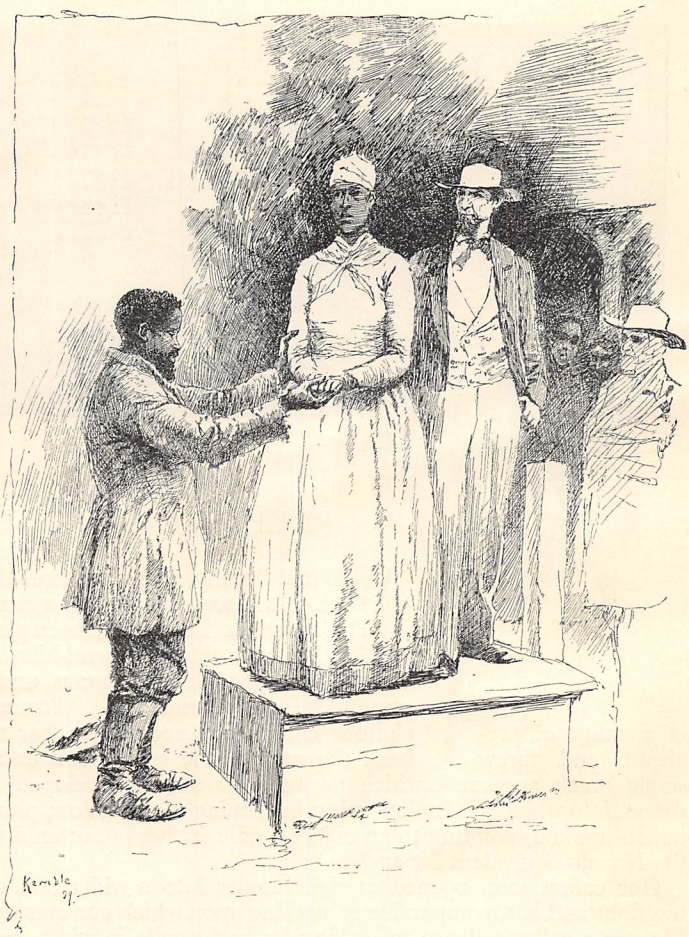
Ole 'Bias he were safe an' he knowed it, fur he so ole an' po'ly dey ain't nobody wanter buy 'im. Well, de fus ter mount de block were ole Aunt Sally; an' Sherruff Scrump he step up 'longside her, wid de papers ter her, an' he say dat dis heah 'oman Sally are nigh onter fifty yeah ole, an' dese are Misser Tarl'ton's papers f'om Misser Smif, wha' say, dat "she are soun' in body an' min', an' er slave fur life, an' I, Sherruff Scrump, sells her ter de highes' bidder." She were er mighty handy 'oman, an' dey runs her high.

Misser Payson he start her at two hundud, an' finally dey knock her off ter Misser Stone, on de nex' plantation, fur seben hundud. I feel mighty po'ly jist den, an' squz Malviny's han' twel it hu't her — but I 's trus' Marse Jeems afoah dis.

Well, dey sole off de niggers in lots an' famblies, mos'ly, by twos an' threes an' fives an'

tens; an' dar would be er kinder laugh w'en dey wen' terger'r, an' er groan, lack, w'en dey were parted.

Bimeby dar wa'n't nobody stan'in' dar but me an' Malviny. Malviny she git cole, an' 'pear lack she fall, fur she know her tu'n done come; but I hol' her up, an' lead her ter de block, an' she mount it. Sherruff Scrump he step up wid her, but Malviny she hol' her han's terger'r tight, an' look 'way ober yander, lack she done hear one er ole Miss's daid babies call her. She dunno nuffin' 'bout de sock, tied wid de blue cotton string, fur I ain't er powerful han' ter talk business ter er nigger, leastways ter er 'oman; but I cotch Marse Jeems's eye, an' my ole heart beat plum up in my thote, lack er trip-hammer. Den dey starts de bids at fifty dollar, an' Misser Stone he raise it ter er hundud. I stan's dar, an' waits fur 't ter retch my pile, lack I were growed in de groun', lack er 'tater. Misser Gerard he bid er hundud an' fifty. Misser Payson he want Malviny, an' he say, "Two hundud," an' I mean ter holler "Two hundud an' fifty," but de sunshine all gits black, an' I on'y whispers. Den Marse Jeems he call it strong an' cle'r, "Two hundud an' fifty doller!" 'Pears lack de leaves on de trees were feared ter move, an' I prays hard 'long er ole 'Bias. Misser Payson he look at Marse Jeems 'stonished lack, den he gits red in de face, an' holler "Eight hundud — damme!" an' I hears Sherruff Scrump lack 't were way off yander, ersingin', "Goin', goin', at eight hundud — goin!" — but I don' wanter hear no mo', fur de groun' done sink, an' de sperrit call fur de rocks an' de mountings ter fall, lack de Scriptur say.



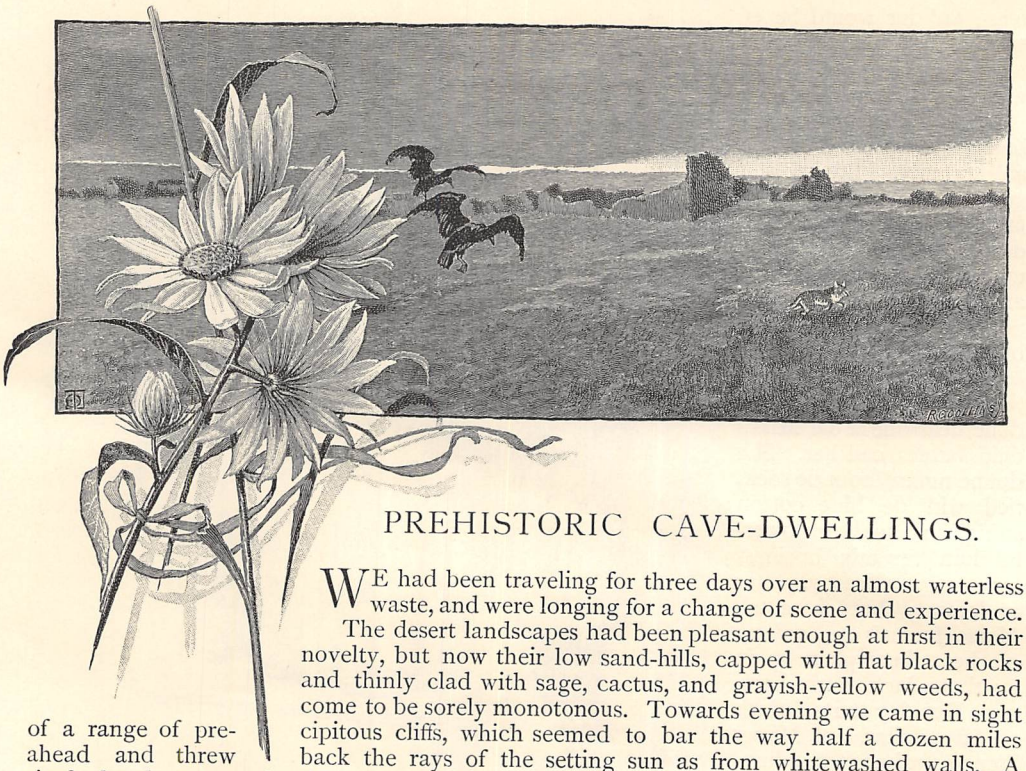
"I HOL' HER UP, AN' LEAD HER TER DE BLOCK."

Gord! My Malviny gone — done selled! An', wusser 'n dat, buyed by ole Payson, dat Marse Jeems hates wusser 'n er sarpint — an' he would n' sell her back ter me ef ebry ha'r were strung wid er dimunt! My Malviny, wid her putty long yaller han's, an' big wide eyes — done gone! O Gord! — an' ole 'Bias he stop prayin' ter cotch me, 'ca'se I 's gwine er-whirlin'. Den I sees de sunlight ag'in, an' I sees Marse Jeems er-talkin' mighty yearnes' an' mek er sign ter Sherruff Scrump, an' Sherruff Scrump he wiggle — an' wait.

Den ole Payson he step forruds, er man fur onct, an' say, "Gemmen, dar were er mistake made, an' I wi'draw my bid." An' Sherruff Scrump he say, "Well, we 'll start it ober"; an' dey bid. An' w'en sum-un call "Two hundud" I groans out, "Two hundud an' fifty — O Gord!" lack er pra'r; an' it were er pra'r, fur Sherruff Scrump he call, "Goin'! goin'! gone! Ter Jerry Tarl'ton, fur two hundud an' fifty dollar!" Den how de niggers shout! I dunno how it were, sar, but howsumebber I had Malviny off 'n dat block afoah I knowed it, an' we hug an' holler, an' holler an' hug, twel Malviny done faint plum daid away.

Yaas, Marse Jeems an' de ole Miss sleeps in de ole fambly bury'n'-groun' 'longside de babies. We laid 'em bofe dar soon arter de wah, but dar 's two places lef', by de corner uv de fence, fur Jerry an' Malviny.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.



PREHISTORIC CAVE-DWELLINGS.

WE had been traveling for three days over an almost waterless waste, and were longing for a change of scene and experience. The desert landscapes had been pleasant enough at first in their novelty, but now their low sand-hills, capped with flat black rocks and thinly clad with sage, cactus, and grayish-yellow weeds, had come to be sorely monotonous. Towards evening we came in sight of a range of precipitous cliffs, which seemed to bar the way half a dozen miles ahead and threw back the rays of the setting sun as from whitewashed walls. A single break appeared, which as we drew nearer developed into a wide, level-bottomed cañon, into which the Indian guide, beckoning me to follow, plunged at a gallop. Shortly he pulled up, and, pointing to an object a mile farther on, uttered the single word "Kintail"—the Navajo equivalent for ancient ruin.

Our cañon soon opened at right angles into a wider one, disclosing beautiful vistas to the right and left, comparable to nothing upon which our eyes had been accustomed to look. We saw a valley a dozen miles long by half a mile in width, hemmed in by gray sandstone walls, precipitous for a hundred feet from the bottom, then retreating in long, even terraces, whose flat crests were fringed or specked in black by the piñons. The floor was carpeted in yellow — a waving lake of sunflowers; not the seedy monsters of the East and the South, but smaller, more brilliant, and far more beautiful growths. A herd of Indian ponies, startled by our advent, bounded away down the cañon — the only living things in sight besides ourselves.

We halted upon the brink of an arroyo which wound through the middle of the main cañon at a point just opposite the ruin to which the guide had called my attention. The pile resembled a huge brick-kiln, its fires out and its row of blackened fire-holes at the bottom left open.

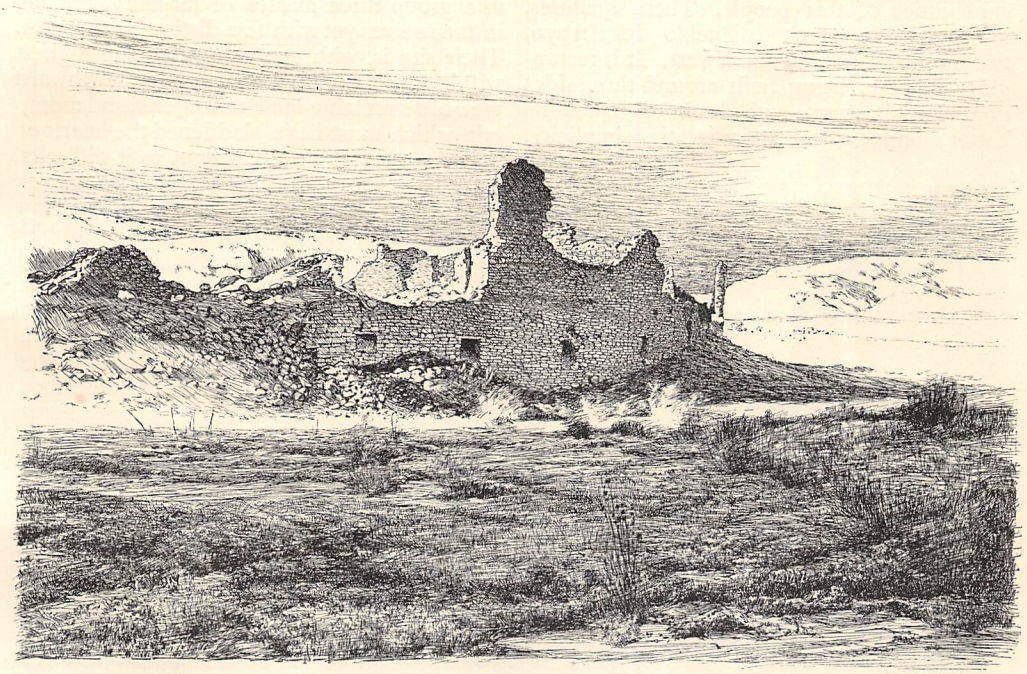
I slipped from my saddle, and, abandoning my pony to the care of the Indian, dropped down the bank of the arroyo. Pausing a moment on the side of the little brooklet at the bottom to take an unrefreshing drink of its muddy, tepid water, I climbed the other bank and confronted, close at hand, a most remarkable structure of immense extent and undoubted antiquity. Having crossed the debris of a fallen wall, I passed through a wide plaza and entered a weed-grown court, on three sides of which stood black walls of masonry of great thickness. Through their queer, low doorways, hardly more than a yard from top to bottom, and little windows, was revealed room beyond room, and stories one, two, three above me. An hour later the gathering darkness, and the noises of the approaching pack-train, recalled me from the past, and having stumbled back across the arroyo, I joined in the work of establishing camp at the point where the Indian had remained.

Few more interesting archæological curiosities exist upon the hemisphere, and none within the borders of the republic, than those of Chaco Cañon, New Mexico. To what remote periods "in the morning of time" they owe their origin and their destruction none will

ever know. What may have been the purposes of many of their marked peculiarities; what the numbers and characteristics of their builders; what the relationship, if any, between their inhabitants and the other families of the great race of early community dwellers, are queries which may be answered in part when the investigator shall go with pick and shovel to uncover the buried rooms, and lay bare that which has remained concealed since the death or departure of the ancients. The existence of these ruins has long been known, but they have rarely been visited by white men. There are thirteen groups — castles in appearance, but towns and villages in fact, twelve of which are situated within ten miles of the mouth of the cañon.

Many visits were made to some of the piles, and on each occasion some feature which had at first refused to yield up its secret proved more tractable upon being brought into comparison with kindred features of neighboring ruins. The masonry of the Chacoans is admirable, considering their limited resources. They faced their walls with small, roughly squared stones smoothly laid in clay, and filled the spaces between with rubble, embedding large logs both vertically and horizontally in the masses to give them additional strength. Often the building material was carefully assorted so that each layer of stones might be of uniform thickness throughout, and the alternation of thick with several layers of thin stones gave a surprisingly attractive appearance to their best work. Looking beyond the minutiæ of construction, however, the work of the ancients is found to be less praiseworthy; and evidences appear on every hand that they had not emerged from the estate of barbarism to a full comprehension of the mysteries of true curves, straight lines, and right angles. They began their structures with definite and symmetrical plans in mind, but in matters of alignment and direction they often fell far short of their evident purpose.

The largest and most central mass in the cañon is Pueblo Bonito. Its walls inclose an area of about three and one-third acres. Its master architect planned a half-moon structure in outline, evidently intending to divide up a portion of the interior by a series of concentric semicircles and radiating cross walls to form the living apartments. It had more than two hundred rooms upon a single level, and being four, perhaps five, stories in height, contained not less than eight hundred rooms in all. Its population probably averaged two individuals to a room. Those who are familiar with the habits of the village Indians of the present day, recalling the fact that three or four generations, sometimes to the number of a dozen individuals, are found living in a single apartment, will think my estimate too low; but the rooms of Bonito are smaller than those of the in-

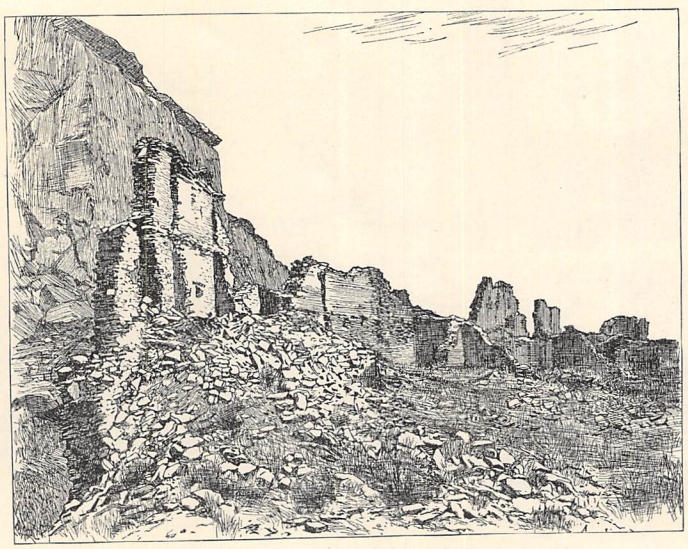


PUEBLO CHACO CAÑON. I.

habited pueblos, and I deem it unsafe to estimate their population upon the same basis.

The architect of Bonito was a bungler. One of his two outer angles is acute, the other obtuse. At one point his intended semicircle is flattened by reason of the proximity of the cliff, and at another it is afflicted with a dropsical bulge. The diameter of his half-moon—the front of the structure—is at variance by thirty degrees with the line of the arroyo in its front and that of the cliffs behind. The diametral line is broken in its middle by reason of a miscalculation of one or two degrees, and the break was utilized as a main entrance. The inner concentric curves, springing at right angles from the diametral wall, attempted to follow the line of the outer semicircle, but got bewildered in the maze of cross walls and shot off at odd angles to premature absorption in their neighboring walls.

Bonito, though the largest and doubtless in its day the most important of the Chaco ruins, is not the best preserved, nor in its construction the best fitted to illustrate the highest capabilities of this people. These qualities, in my opinion, attach to Pueblo del Arroyo, two hundred and fifty paces west. It is rectangular in plan, being built around three sides of a parallelogram, and doubtless owes its better alignment to its comparative simplicity.



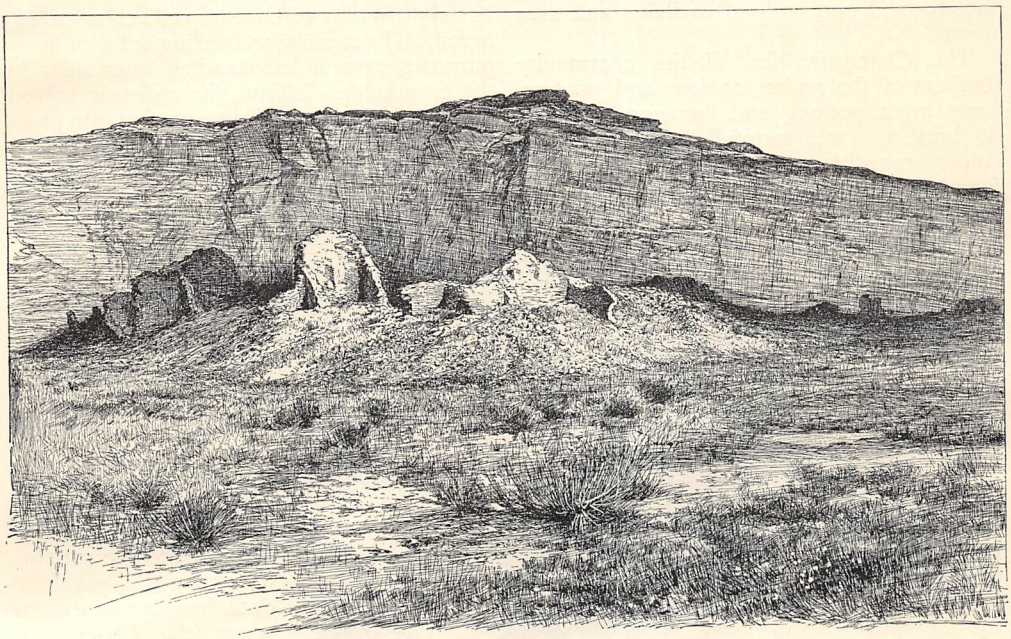
PUEBLO CHACO CAÑON. II.

Little lapses from rectitude are noticeable here and there, but, as a whole, its angles present fewer eccentricities, and its interior walls more uniformly reach their destinations, than do those of its huge neighbor. Its rooms are generally larger, and its appearance indicates a somewhat later date of construction. It contained eighty-four lower rooms or cells, and probably had twice as many more in its upper stories.

The most remarkable outline is that of Peñasca Blanca, the second pueblo in point of size, and the westernmost ruin of the group. It stands upon the tongue of a mesa seventy feet above the bottom of the cañon, and in a military sense commands its mouth. The plan of the main portion of this ruin exhibits six concentric curves, four of which describe one hundred degrees of the circle, while the two innermost are extended to complete circles,—or rather ellipses,—thus inclosing the plaza. Its walls inclose an area of about one hundred and ten thousand square feet. It probably had three hundred apartments, and it may have been the home of a thousand individuals.

The principal mesa had an area of about fifteen square miles. From its highest point the land slopes gently away in all directions, the incline towards the south ending abruptly at the distance of one mile in the descent into the cañon. At this commanding point there stand in a group three masses of masonry, notable in themselves yet with few distinctive features. Their site is, with one exception, the highest within fifty miles, and commands a northward view of desert table-land, cañon, cliff, and mountain which must have gladdened the hearts of the ancients, as it did ours, to look upon. The largest ruin of this group is now little more than a rubbish heap, yet a few yards of standing wall here and there prove it to have been built with the same careful attention to detail exhibited in those already described. It had ninety lower apartments. One of the remaining structures is in a still more advanced stage of decay, while the third is, oddly enough, the best preserved ruin in all the Chaco region. It had only forty rooms in its lower level. From the distance of a few rods its appearance was that of a large modern brick mansion lately destroyed by fire.

Many rooms in the various ruins remain intact, though choked with rubbish, and by examination of them something may be learned of the simple internal economy of the ancient homes. Their entrances and intercommunicating apertures were commonly not more than three feet from top to bottom. Some



PUEBLO CHACO CAÑON. III.

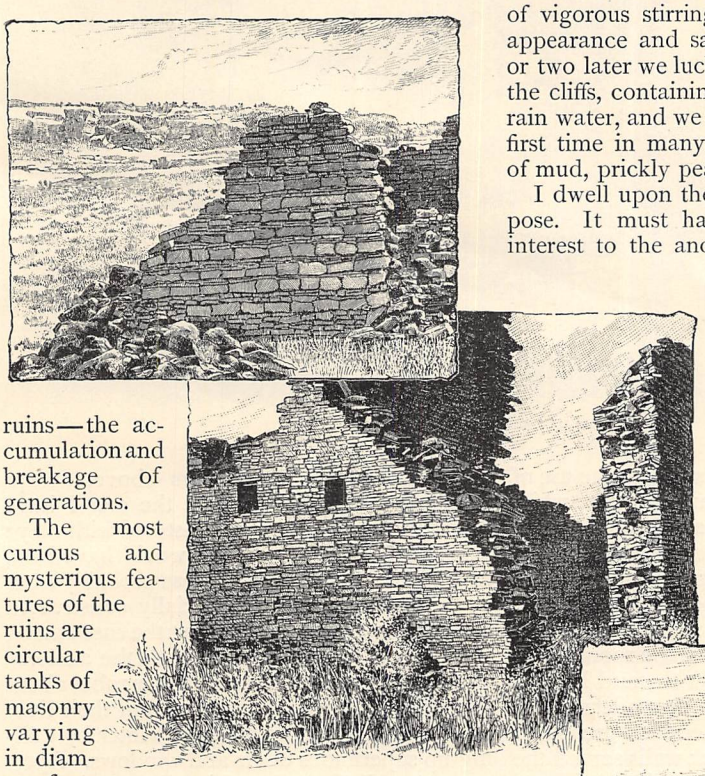
were placed low down, necessitating the use of hands and knees to effect an entrance, while others required a leap over a threshold two or three feet high. In the latter cross-bars were placed at the top, which the passer might grasp to assist himself over the obstruction. Little windows or ventilators, ten and twelve inches square, opened near the tops of the rooms. Interiors were plastered over with mud laid on as smoothly as could be done by modern workmen with their trowels. Recesses great and small extending into the thick walls served the purposes of cupboards and store places. Floors were made of small, straight withes — more rarely of split slabs — laid contiguously across heavy log sleepers and covered with a thick carpeting of soft bark. In one place we found the spaces between the sleepers — fourteen inches wide — filled with thin stones, so firmly wedged into their places that they remained, being plastered over with mud, as the ceiling of the room below, and without other support than their own weight and pressure. So near did the Chacoans come to the discovery of the arch, using herein its essential principles; yet for the lintels to doorways, passages, and windows — places where the arch would best have served their purposes — they used short poles, which in the majority of cases have been broken down by the superincumbent masses of masonry.

Neither fireplaces nor flues are to be found, and it is probable that fires were never built in the living apartments. Their smoke would have smothered the dwellers above, except where the ceilings were like the one I have described, of small stones plastered with clay; and in such cases life below would have been made intolerable. Cooking was probably done in the open plaza, or in specially constructed apartments, as is to some extent the case among the Moquis to-day. For warmth the ancients doubtless wrapped their rabbit-skin robes about them and snuggled together within their little cells, shutting out the blasts of winter by walling up superfluous doors and windows. Apertures so walled are found in all the ruins.

The mountainous weight of these great piles had no more solid foundation than the surface of the alluvium. Although the thickness of the walls at their bases — usually more than three feet — was sufficient to give them a measure of stability, yet the architect in nearly every instance made the outer row of rooms much narrower and shorter than the others, so that the two outermost walls might with their strong connecting walls the better support each other. In every ruin it is the outermost wall which has suffered greatest from the ravages of time, while its neighbor, braced upon both sides by the cross walls, is usually the best preserved. The double wall was evidently regarded by the ancients as a single and essential feature of their architecture, and they extended it even to lines which were designed merely to complete the inclosure of their plazas. In these cases the two walls were connected and braced by masonry at short intervals, and the cells

thus formed were utilized as living and store rooms.

The Chacoans, like all the community dwellers of the region, ancient and modern, were great potters, and immense mounds of broken ware, tastefully ornamented in colors according to barbaric standards, are found in the neighborhood of all the larger ruins—the accumulation and breakage of generations.



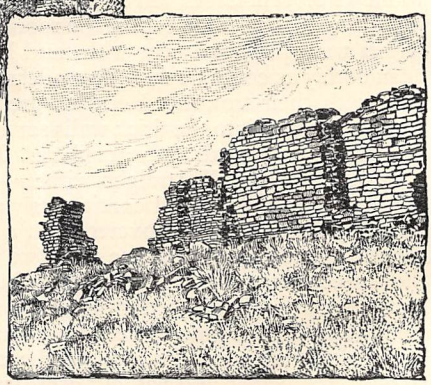
DETAILS OF WALL STRUCTURE.

The most curious and mysterious features of the ruins are circular tanks of masonry varying in diameter from fifteen to more than sixty feet. Bonito had a dozen of them, and the very smallest ruin had one. They were built with an especial view to resisting pressure from within, the spaces about them being filled with broken stone and clay, and their walls being sometimes supported extensively by radiating braces of masonry. They had no entrances or apertures of any kind other than their open tops. What purpose did they serve?

The water question early became one of anxious consideration with our party, notwithstanding the fact that the little Rio Chaco ran within fifty feet of our tents. The stream was an evasive brooklet whose comings and goings were an interesting mystery. We had no rain until the day before our departure, yet I often noticed that the volume of water increased four or five fold between sunrise and nine or ten o'clock, while it would disappear entirely before night. The stream, though free from alkali, held its freight of clay with the grip of a chemical solution, and was unfit for drinking or for culinary purposes, even if left standing over night in the mess kettle. Ellison, the muleteer, solved the question temporarily by putting into practice a device learned from the Mexicans. Having gathered a shovelful of prickly pears, he burned off their spines, crushed them, and put them into a kettle of water. After half an hour of vigorous stirring the clay took a curdled appearance and sank to the bottom. A day or two later we luckily found a rock pocket in the cliffs, containing several barrelfuls of clear rain water, and we quenched our thirst for the first time in many days without a suspicion of mud, prickly pears, or wrigglers.

I dwell upon the water question for a purpose. It must have been one of absorbing interest to the ancients; for although the climatic conditions of the region were then more favorable to the support of human life, yet there doubtless were seasons when the Chaco, for months perhaps at a time, ceased to flow.

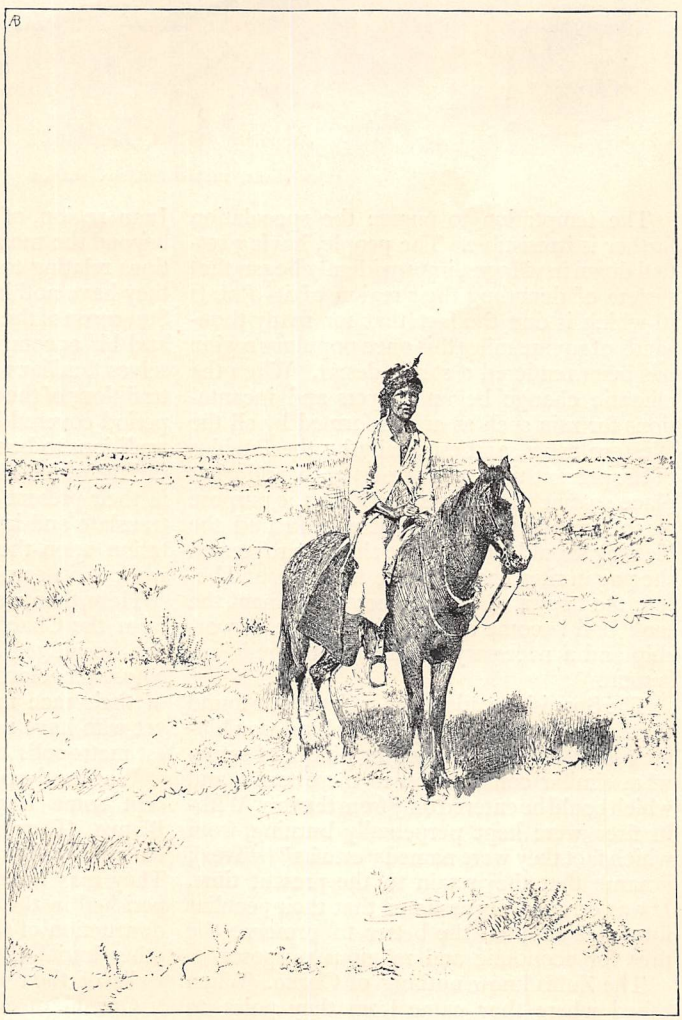
I have said that in all the ruins there are tanks. The smallest ruin in the cañon stands not more than thirty feet from the face of the cliff, and consists of a single circular tank, surrounded by a parallelogram of double walls. Here the tank is the chief feature of the structure, and the outer walls, with the cells formed by their connecting braces of masonry, are incidents in the plan for securing strength. The cells in this case have no entrances or ventilating apertures, and moreover are solidly filled in with rubble and dirt. The tank is twenty-eight and a half feet in diameter. The cliff overhead is gullied just above this structure



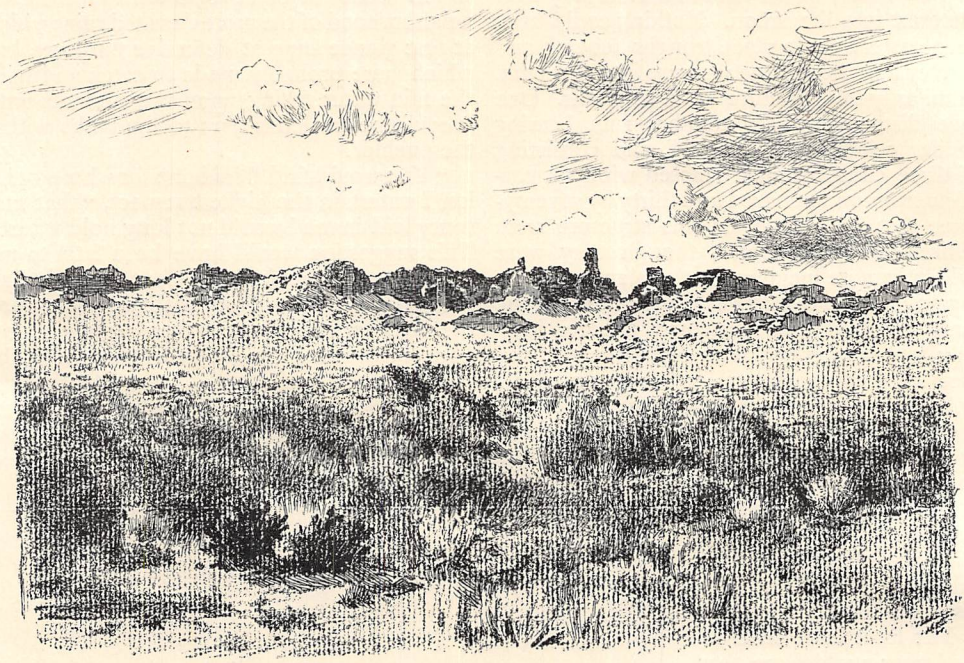
by rain water, which here makes its way over the crest into the cañon. Nothing could have been easier than to place troughs beneath and convey a portion of the treasure into the tank. Manifestly this structure was a reservoir. One mile distant is found another ruin bearing similar relations to the cliff, and consisting of three circular tanks inclosed within a parallelogram one hundred and thirty by seventy-three feet. The cells in this structure were utilized as living-rooms, though they were evidently mere incidents in the plan for securing strength to the tanks. The bottoms of the tanks in both these structures are considerably higher than the floor of the cañon, and their contents might easily be drawn off by siphons to the plain below, but the suggestion credits the ancients with a greater knowledge of hydraulics than they probably possessed.

In applying the water-tank theory to the larger ruins one meets with difficulties, but they do not seem insurmountable. Bonito and at least three other of the larger pueblos are near enough to the cliff to warrant the supposition that water was conveyed from the crest to their tanks in troughs. With regard to Pueblo del Arroyo, which is several hundred feet from the cliff, and to those ruins which stand upon the mesa tops, the problem is still more difficult. Perhaps the water which fell upon their broad roofs was conveyed to their tanks. Possibly so patient a people as this carried water from the lower level, as the Moquis do to-day up a steep seven times greater; but unlike the Moquis, they carried supplies in time of plenty to fill their tanks against the time of drought. Possibly again they filled their tanks when only the water of the stream was to be obtained, and that was too muddy for use; long standing in the tanks would doubtless clarify it sufficiently for cooking purposes and for drinking, which, if one may judge by the habits of living pueblo Indians, were the only uses made of water. Series of earthworks are found in the neighborhood of the more elevated ruins which at first glance suggest defensive purposes, but which were probably made to catch and hold the rain water falling upon the summits until it could be carried in jars to the tanks within the pueblos.

"You would find," said one for whose opinion I entertain the highest respect, "that masonry laid in mud would not long hold water." This suggestion would have been fatal to my theory, and I should have abandoned it, had I not found in another locality a tank upon the inner surface of which there remained portions of a lining similar in substance to the pottery of the ancients. It had evidently been laid on with trowels and baked, and to a certain degree glazed, by building fires within the tank.



AWAITING AN INVITATION TO DINNER.



THE PLAZA, PUEBLO PEÑASCA BLANCA.

The temptation to pursue the speculation further is irresistible. The people, having settled down in villages, improvidently began that system of denuding their region of its forests to which is due the fact that for many thousands of square miles this once populous region has been rendered a sterile desert. When the climatic change began prayers and incantations for rain such as are performed by all the Western tribes, and especially by the Pueblos of the present time, were resorted to, and what place so quick to suggest itself for the purpose as the empty tank where it was desired the blessing should fall? As the change progressed the pagan rites became more frequent, and before the hegira of the degenerate remnant the tank had become a recognized place of worship and a necessary adjunct of the religious system.

The Spanish invaders under Coronado found the Zuñis, the Moquis, and their kind worshipping and holding council in places of somewhat similar construction to these tanks, and which could be entered only from the top. Within fires were kept perpetually burning, from which fact they were named "estufas" (stoves), a name that they retain to the present time. It was erroneously assumed that their peculiar form was adopted the better to preserve the fires for economic and religious purposes.

The Zuñis know nothing of Chaco. When asked where they came from they point to the northeast, which includes the entire San Juan region, of which Chaco is a part; but beyond the most nebulous of myths and traditions relating to their migration and its causes they have nothing to tell. The late Mr. James Stevenson of the National Bureau of Ethnology, and his accomplished wife, who made themselves familiar with the Zuñi language and the traditions of the fathers of the tribe, thought the period covered by their more or less authentic traditions to be not less than a thousand years, during which time the Zuñis had always lived in their present neighborhood. These people translate and imitate the symbolical ornamentation upon the Chaco pottery, though their work is in some respects inferior to the old.

Here, then, we find a tribe, perhaps descended from the Chacoans, whose religion, so far as can be judged by its symbolism, is identical; whose tenacious memories preserve the story of their race for probably a thousand years; yet who have not even a name for the greatest metropolis ever known by their ancestors.

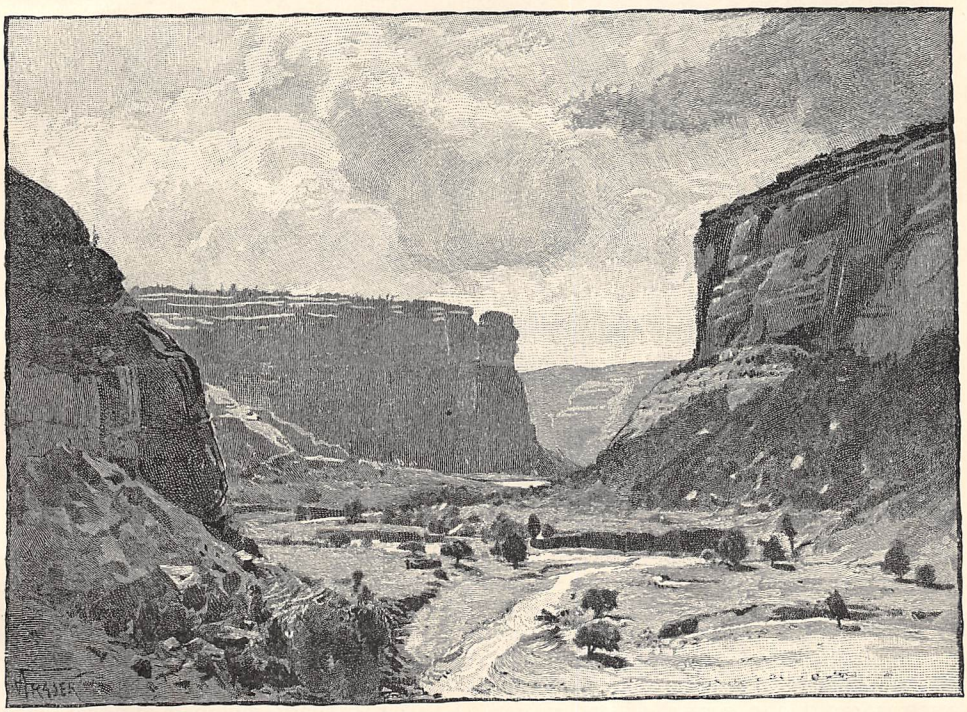
We found no human remains in Chaco except some fragments of skulls in Peñasca Blanca. They lay among the rubbish of a fallen outer wall as if they had rolled from within. They may have been the relics of some who perished in the last tragedy, the sacking and destruction of the place, and probably had no other burial than that afforded by the fallen walls of their home.

Our life of eight days in the cañon, though devoted to the study of the ruins, never be-

came monotonous. To speculate, as we sat around the mess-cloth or the camp-fire, upon the manner of men who built so well yet so stupidly; who advanced so far in masonry yet so lagged in architecture and engineering; who made fine pottery, as millions of fragments attested, yet in carpentry used only implements of stone; who built strong fortresses at commanding points, yet for still more elaborate structures chose sites over which an enemy might sit and stone them to death at leisure—to speculate was our diversion. When engaged with tape-line and compass there were toppling walls to be avoided and cavernous openings to be crossed. The latter offered access to many hidden ruins, at risk of living burial or of death from the bite of poisonous creatures. Of these there were tarantulas, centipedes, and rattlesnakes. But poisonous creatures were not the only inhabitants of the ruins. Thousands of pretty swifts darted like sunbeams over the old stones; horned toads, ugly but harmless, were more rarely seen; rabbits scurried from shelter to shelter; ravens, blacker, glossier, and far larger than I ever saw elsewhere, hopped and croaked and flopped away before the intruder; and coyotes, aroused from their midday naps, skulked to other hiding-places in the cliffs.

One morning I started, under the guidance of Manuelito, to visit a ruin which he said he had discovered the day before "up two, tree pair stair." We galloped a dozen miles eastward and reached the head of the cañon, whence, having mounted a sand-bar which stretched across the way, we saw, two or three miles farther on, the "kintail" of our search. I suffered the Indian to go on alone, while I waited to enjoy the rare beauty of the scene and to conjure back the beings who had had the good taste to select such a charming site and the sense and skill to build so enduringly. The pile was lordly even in its ruin, bearing a strong resemblance to some of the ancient feudal castles of Europe. Standing upon the crest of a long, gentle swell, it overlooked a dozen square miles of rolling country, which seemed even now to be white and yellow to the harvest. Behind the structure there stretched for miles what appeared in the distance to be an orchard of wide-spreading trees; and in front there wound the course of a pretty brook.

From Chaco Cañon, New Mexico, the site of the grandest of the ruined pueblo structures, to Cañon de Chelly, Arizona, the ancient home of the most flourishing community of cave-dwellers, was a week's journey, not including a short stay at the Navajo agency for repairs and supplies. The southernmost entrance to Cañon de Chelly lies forty-five miles north of Fort Defiance, the agency of the Navajos. The way for the most part runs



LANDSCAPE IN CAÑON DE CHELLY.

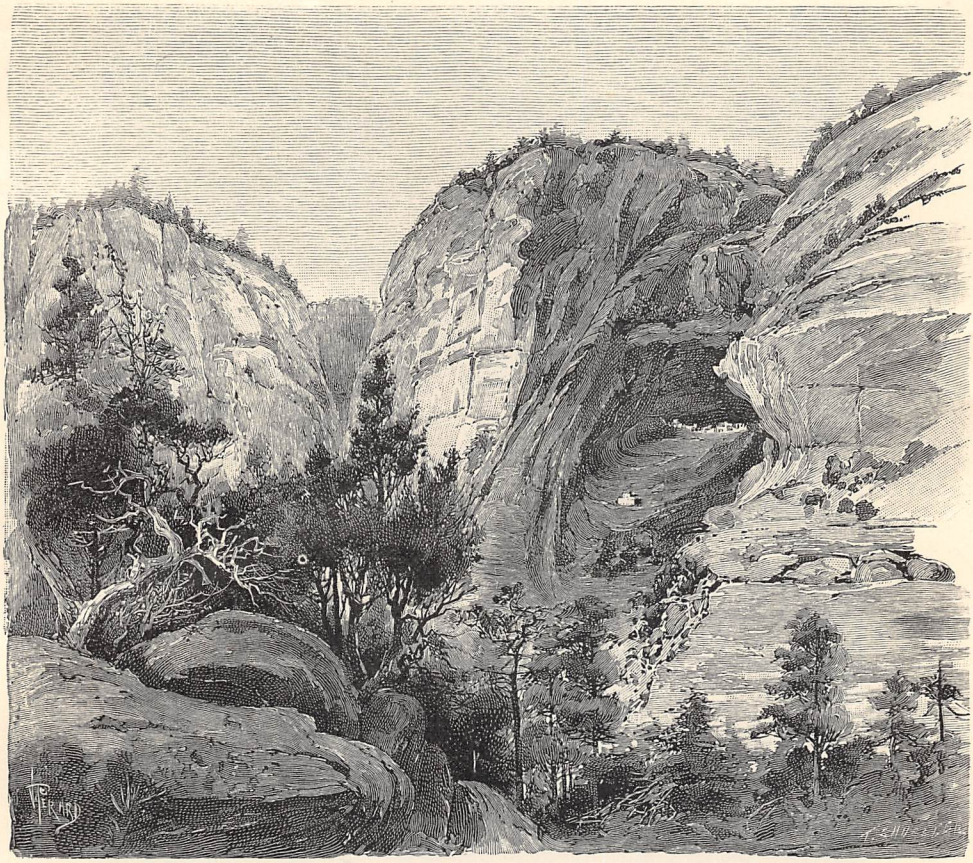
through a magnificent pine park — a feature of the highest and most exposed of Western forest plateaus. It is a fine country to look upon, its trees being the tallest and most shapely of their species, while the sward beneath is entirely free from the undergrowths which are common to Eastern woodlands; but it lacks water.

The neighborhood of the cañon is first made known by an ominous crack in the general level a few hundred feet to the right, and the trail swerves a little to the left as if to avoid its dangerous proximity. A mile farther on the trail turns sharply to the right along the foot of a low rock wall, and, gently descending, approaches the brink of the chasm, which has here attained three hundred feet in width and shows the ragged jaws of the Inferno. Narrower grows the rock-shelf and nearer comes the edge of the widening abyss as we proceed, crowded by the wall more and more to the right; and now another yawning gash opens directly in front.

RUINED CAVE VILLAGE, CAÑON DE CHELLY.

At this point Navajo Charley, our new guide, turned, and, almost doubling upon the path we had traveled, led the way down an incline of forty feet to a narrow rock isthmus which afforded a passage to the top of a bold peninsula. When we had crossed the isthmus we halted to await the train, guiding it by voice and gesture as it came in sight above, for the bare rock of the shelf retained but faint traces of the trail, and a mistake might have had a fatal ending. From our standpoint the stream which winds through the cañon was for the first time visible — a silver thread more than a thousand feet below. Despite the distance and the threatening path before us, the discovery was reassuring, for that gradual revelation of the depth as experienced in our sidling approach had raised fears that the gorge was bottomless — that the globe had cracked asunder.

The further descent was not dangerous, judging it from a frontiersman's standpoint, but I remember entertaining a wish that my pony had a few prehensile members, and that human knees and shins were less susceptible to impressions of cañon scenery. The train was again far behind, and I was wondering how the heavily laden mules could pass around and between obstructions which left hardly room for ourselves, when noises began to reach us which were not comforting. The caves and fissures of the opposite wall uttered oaths; the cañon to the right and left waxed emphatic and blasphe-

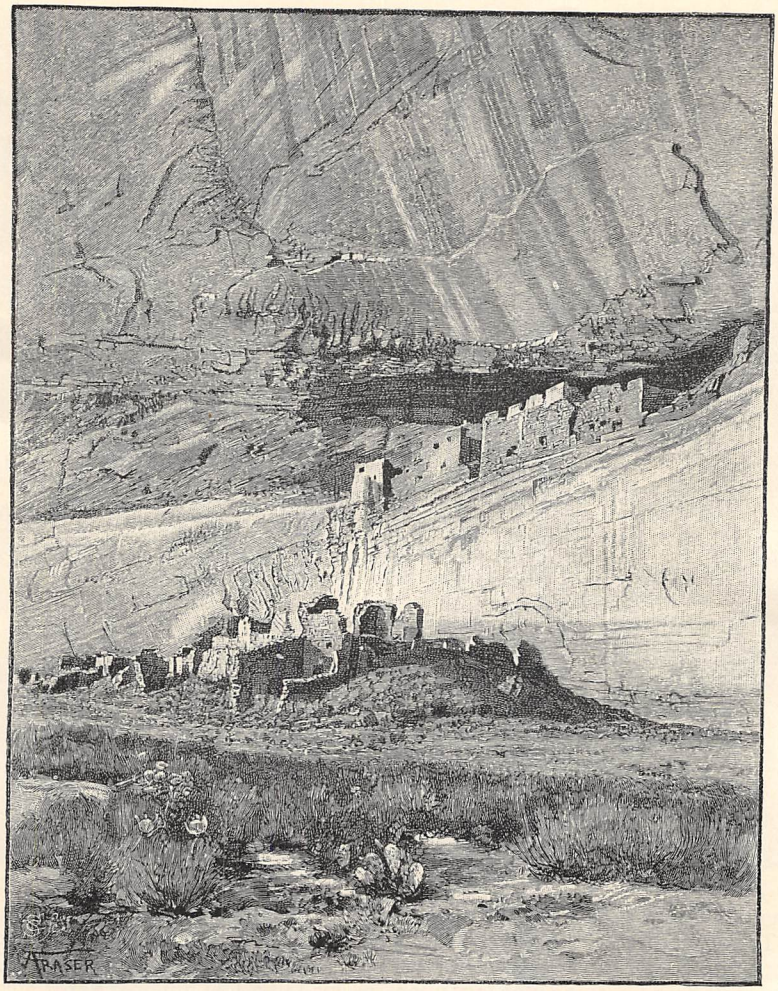


A CLIFF VILLAGE, MONUMENTAL CAÑON.

mous; even the streak of blue overhead grew profane. The tones were Ellison's, who was five hundred feet behind and as far above us. Then Hogan was heard heaping blessings upon the head of Old Bones, our leading pack animal, for wishing to roll down the side of the mountain regardless of all before her. A shrill outcry, followed by the crashing and bumping of a great boulder as it tumbled to the bottom, brought us to a halt. During the silence which followed I tried to find out what had happened, but without success. When the caves and fissures resumed their cursings Charley and I passed on. The guide had friends in the cañon, and when we had reached the bottom he galloped on alone, feeling confident, I presume, that his charge might be trusted not to wander from a path which was hemmed in by walls a thousand feet high.

First impressions on coming into the near presence of vertical or overhanging altitudes like these are disappointing. Emotions correspondingly deeper than those excited by rock forms a hundred feet in height have been expected but are not experienced. The true estimate of the grand surroundings is a thing of growth. Ordinary standards of comparison are lost. Distances, sizes, heights, appear to alter with every change in point of view. Yonder wall seems but a few hundred yards away, yet that speck creeping along its base is a man on horseback, and those other specks, crawling like insects over its talus, are sheep and goats. Look up towards the zenith and the crest of the near precipice fringed with tiny bushes intervenes. Move to a safer distance and look again; the mountain still overhangs you. Move again and again and that impending top of creation follows and threatens you. Then when the brain becomes dizzy, when the eyes ache from their unaccustomed directions, when the muscles of the neck refuse longer to hold the head in a position to look upward, a conviction finds lodgment that the surface of the earth is far away.

The sounds of the cañon are almost as bewildering as its sights. That rushing, awful "swish" is not a tornado, nor yet an avalanche, but the flight of a flock of little jays from side to side of the pocket on the left. That music does not proceed from a crevice half way up the face of the opposite wall, but is the noise of a Navajo singing as he rides



THE WHITE HOUSE, CAÑON DE CHELLY.

down the cañon, perhaps three miles away. That ear-piercing, blood-curdling combination of rumble and screech is not the blast of a dozen river steamboats in unison, but the voice of Calamity Jane, who has reached the bottom last of the train and is calling to her fellow-mules just coming into sight around the corner.

We selected for our first camping-place a V-shaped pocket upon the west side of the cañon, having an area of about an acre. Opposite its mouth stand the Captains — twin monumental rocks from which the monumental cañon takes its name. The taller is seven hundred and forty-two feet from base to summit and only seventy-five feet in width at any point. It was hard to believe that Washington Monument if placed beside this tapering shaft would reach but two-thirds of the way to its top; but the rock was dwarfed by the stupendous walls about it.

Cañon de Chelly (a senseless corruption of the Indian name, Ségy) and its two principal branches, Monumental Cañon and Cañon del Muerto, have an aggregate length of more than forty miles. They vary in width from two hundred to three thousand feet, and their walls, which are precipitous throughout, are from eight hundred to fourteen hundred feet in height. Through all the branches there run streams of clear water uniting in the main cañon to form the little Rio del Chelly, which loses itself in the sands of the northern desert soon after it leaves the shelter of its native rocks. The soil of the cañon, though light, is fertile, and under the tillage of a more intelligent race would bear rich crops. Peaches, watermelons, and cantaloups, all of excellent quality, were abundant during our visit, but Navajo prices would impoverish a Wall street king. Corn, too, was abundant, but it was overripe for our use. The place is the summer home of a considerable community of In-

dians, and a favorite resort in the corn and fruit season for the western half of the entire tribe. Though not comparable in grandeur to the Grand Cañon or the Yosemite, it is nevertheless one of the most beautiful of Western cañons; and when the Navajo nation shall have fulfilled its destiny, be it extinction, civilization, or removal, this will become one of the show places of a marvelous plateau region. The September climate of the cañon is enchanting. No storms are to be looked for, because the rainy season is over. The midday sun is likely to be oppressive, but there is always the cool shade of the overhanging rocks for shelter, while the mornings and evenings are balmy and springlike. The nights upon the plateau above are frigid, and heavy frost forms upon one's blankets, but down in this gorge the mountains which have absorbed the heat of the day give it back at night.

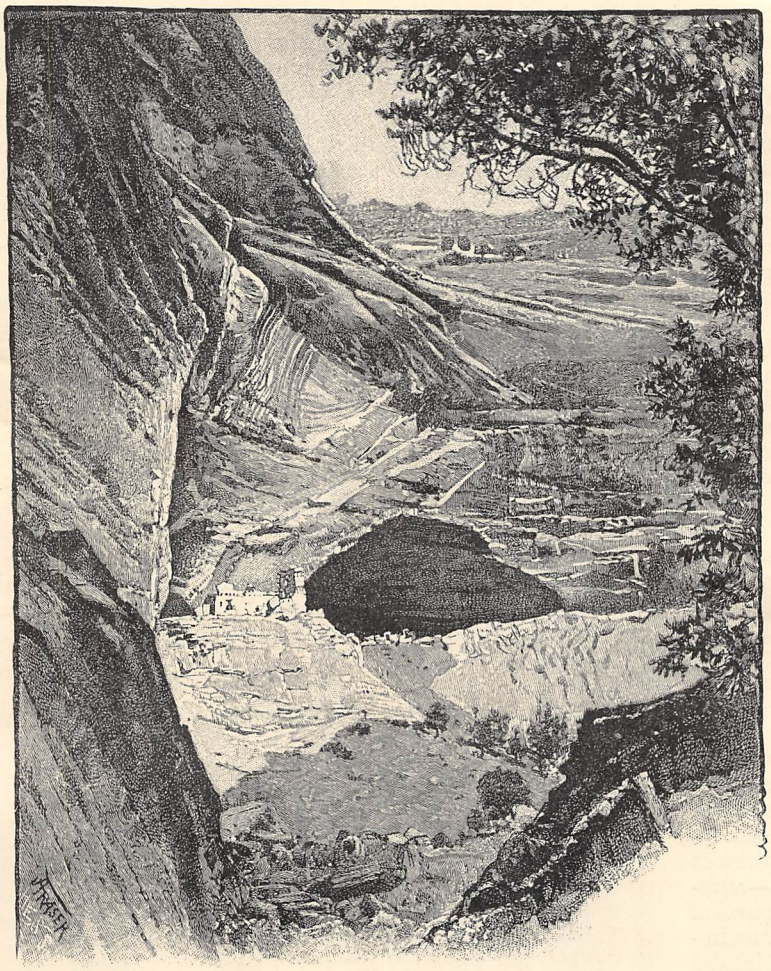
Our first day's exploration was towards the head of the main cañon. The guide said that all the larger ruins were in the other direction; but recalling our experience in Chaco, we determined to examine the outlying groups first as a sort of preparatory course of study. We had an impression that we could begin at one end of the cañon and examine all the groups — one hundred and thirteen in number — *seriatim* as we traveled northward, an impression which did not outlast the day of its birth.

To the observer riding along the trail the ruins look not larger than dovecotes, and they have the property of seeming no nearer after one has climbed up two or three hundred feet towards them. One readily undertakes the ascent persuading himself that it is an easy task to mount the sloping talus, but, the jaunt accomplished, there is a sense of having had exercise enough for a day.

In the innumerable windings of the cañon there are found usually upon the concave side huge weatherings — places from which masses of the bedded strata have fallen, leaving shallow caves with sloping bottoms and high overarching tops. The detritus at the feet of the cliffs often affords means of access at some point to these retreats, and in such the ancients usually built their homes. Many groups are wholly inaccessible to moderns, later detrition having left wide intervening spaces of the smooth vertical rock. In some cases after climbing mountains of detritus the adventurer finds it necessary to pass long distances along narrow shelves of rock, whence a fall would result in quick destruction; or to climb over the smooth talus by means of foot-holes of the size and shape of shallow tea-cups. Other ruins are accessible only by rope climbing, a lasso having first been thrown over a projecting pole or knob; and still others can be gained only by "shinning" up notched log ladders, some of which remain in place from the ancient days.

The cave-dwellers built rubble walls and plastered them over smoothly, outside and in, with mud. With the exception of two or three groups, the work displays nothing worthy of consideration in respect to architectural design, the structures usually conforming closely to the sinuosities of the rock which always formed their rear wall. Their masonry is in no sense comparable to that of the builders of the great Chaco pueblos, but is very much like that of the living Pueblo Indians. Two

SOUTH SIDE OF CAÑON DEL MUERTO.



MUMMY CAVE AND VILLAGE, CAÑON DEL MUERTO, ARIZONA.

groups only are found upon the cañon bottom, and one I am sure (probably both) dates from much earlier times than those in the caves. In one of them a small section of the banded wall, the exact counterpart of those found in Chaco, remains.

The cave villages are found sometimes only thirty feet from the level, sometimes eight hundred feet. The reason why such sites were selected does not fully appear; doubtless protection and defense were controlling motives, but whether from floods to which the cañon is subject in winter and spring, from outside foes, or from one another, nothing remains to tell. Certainly the motive was a strong one, for the undertaking contemplated not only the carriage of building materials upon human shoulders up the steeps in the beginning, but thereafter and perpetually food, fuel, and water. The conclusion so often and so easily reached, that these were places of refuge from the raiding attacks of the more powerful nomadic races or of enemies among their own kin, while perhaps the best that offers, does not wholly meet the requirements of the case; for, unlike the Chaco structures, these groups, with half a dozen exceptions, had no water-tanks, and their occupants would have been at the mercy of any who were strong enough to drive them to their caves. So far as appearances go they seem to have been, not the places of occasional retreat, but the regular, permanent abiding-places of their builders. They may have been storehouses and the winter homes of a race which in summer dwelt in temporary structures upon the cañon bottom. The water question would of course have been one easy of solution during the period of deep snows and floods. If this be the answer to the riddle it may be said that the ancients were wiser than their successors the Navajos; for the latter, to the last man, woman, and child, leave the

cañon walls at the season when shelter would seem to be most desirable, and spend the winter upon the bleak plateau above.

The traces of fires are found in the ruins, and the smearings of prehistoric gravies and soups are occasionally discoverable. Rock paintings abound. Hundreds of the shapes of human hands — the autographs perhaps of the dwellers — are found adorning the now inaccessible roofs of some of the caves. They were formed by thrusting the hand into the liquid coloring matter and slapping it with fingers extended upon the rock. Symbols are frequent: the dragon-fly, the rainbow, the sun — objects of reverence to the living Pueblos. Few animals were pictured; the elk, the antelope, the red deer, and the coyote being most numerously represented. Fowls of an unrecognizable species, and occasionally represented with one or more superfluous legs, are found. As works of art these paintings rarely rise above the rudest of school-boy drawings; but sometimes rather elaborate scenes were attempted. The most remarkable I studied for an hour with the glass, seated three hundred feet below, but could make little of its meaning. It was probably a battle scene, but it might have been a dance or a sacrifice. A row of thirteen black forms were pictured as marching elbow to elbow, and below them was a second row of seven similar but headless forms. Two forms in yellow, the larger leading the smaller by the hand, were represented as running away from the advancing rows, while a gigantic figure in black standing upon the head of a yellow bull-frog was shown in the act of hurling javelins at the approaching army. The cave dwellings were ruins before the Spanish invasion; otherwise this might be supposed to represent that event. If it be taken to be a battle scene, as it appears, the query suggests itself, What earlier race than the Spaniards ever fought in platoons? A great many other human forms are pictured upon this rock, but their relationship to those described could not be determined.

Unless I have greatly mistaken the purpose of certain queer little contrivances of masonry, some of the members of the smaller communities — boarders probably — had for their bedrooms cells like elongated ovens stuck upon outlying ledges too narrow for other use, into which they went feet foremost. To reach them they scaled escarpments over which a rabbit, unless the most foolhardy of his kind, could not be driven or tempted. There were little nests of this kind for children also. A civilized father would as lief hang his child out of a fifth-story window to sleep.

The most remarkable group of ruins for situation is found in a narrow pocket or branch of Monumental Cañon two or three miles south of the Captains. It is about seven hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon, which is here very narrow; and I shall despair of conveying any adequate idea of its situation and surroundings without permission to make use of a far-fetched illustration. Cleave the auditorium of a large theater midway between the entrance and the footlights and insert the part which does not contain the footlights into the upper half of a thousand-foot precipice. Remove the galleries, but in their place let there be a series of narrow ledges at the back of the concavity with zigzag connecting ledges between the lower and the upper ones. Raise the roof a hundred feet and knock out the floor entirely. You will then have spoiled your theater but you will have made a fair model of the site of this village. Place two cheese-boxes and half a dozen tea-chests upon the uppermost ledge and you will have a model of the village itself as it appeared to us from the top of the slope two hundred feet below. There were structures on the lower ledge also, but they were of a humbler character than those above, though doubtless also once occupied as dwellings.

The finest group of ruins in these cañons,— though not the largest,— and probably the best specimen of the handiwork of the cave-dwellers in existence, is known as the White House. Its site is a cave whose floor lies about thirty feet above the bottom of the cañon, and is accessible only by rope climbing up the vertical face of a perfectly smooth precipice. The first line of structures have their fronts flush with the precipice, their position, together with their little loophole windows and irregularly castellated tops, suggesting that they were designed as the outer line of a strong fortress. Rising above this line are seen the walls of an inner and smaller structure, which, being painted white, forms a conspicuous and attractive feature in a most remarkable landscape. Above, nine hundred feet of smooth bellying rock so overhangs the place that a plumb-line from its crest would pass about seventy feet in front of the outermost wall of the old village. The cave has a lateral reach of ninety-four feet and a depth of forty feet. The ruin is called by the Navajos something which signifies "the abode of many captains." Without doubt it was the home of authority and comparative wealth. It is the only painted cave-dwelling of which I have any knowledge. Its walls are well preserved, and those of the inner buildings bear evidence in their rude ornamentation of the superior taste of its dwellers. Dados with borders of saw-teeth and rows of dots all in yellow paint adorn the rooms, the alignment of which is better and the plastering smoother than usual. There are seventeen rooms in this cave.

Upon the cañon bottom just below the White House there stands a ruined pueblo much larger, and apparently of much earlier date, than the cave ruin.

The largest group of ruins in this vicinity, and probably the largest of its class — cave-dwellings of masonry — in the world, is that discovered by Stevenson a year before my visit. It is found near the head of Cañon del Muerto, and is known as Mummy Cave, from the fact that its discoverer found near it an undisturbed cyst from which he removed a well-preserved mummy. The southern wall of the cañon here retreats, forming a wide, shallow bay, around which, at the height of about two hundred feet from the bottom, there extends a sloping shelf which was terraced by the ancients to make the foundation of their village. The crest of the precipice extends far enough to cover the entire group, which was probably the home of more than a thousand individuals. The terrace and all that stood upon it has fallen away, and now forms part of an immense mass of debris which makes the cave more easily accessible than formerly. Only those walls remain which were founded upon the solid rock at the back of the cave, and many of these show little more than the foundation lines.

The evidence of an aristocracy or controlling class is here very striking. The cave is shaped like two unequal crescents joined end to end, and the apartments, or rather cells, of the two portions are small and of irregular form, following the conformation of the rock. At the point of junction, however, covering almost entirely the narrower shelf, there stands a rectangular tower three stories in height, the rooms of which, as well as those in its immediate neighborhood, are larger and the walls and floors much better in construction than those upon either side. The tower commands the village, as feudal towns were commanded by the castles of their lords.

This village contained several tanks, or "estufas," circular in form, and with walls of unusual strength, which were probably designed to hold a supply of water. It is impossible to discover how the ancients managed to fill them, but the water marks down the face of the precipice, above the village, suggested a way in which it may have been done. Conduits, or even ropes, stretched from the crest above to the tanks would have served the purpose in the rainy season. One of these structures, and that nearest to the tower, is unique both in form and ornamentation. It has a large rectangular recess at one side, while narrow ledges surround its interior, broken at two opposite points into steps, as if for descent from the river to the bottom. The inner coating of this apartment is of common clay, and was apparently put on by the later occupants of the village. Where this has peeled off a highly ornamental earlier coating of the interior is disclosed. It was frescoed in geometrical figures of brownish-red, white, and yellow, and the workmanship is such as would not be discreditable to modern artisans. The purpose of this apartment cannot be determined with certainty. Perhaps — nay, probably — it marks the last stage of development which began with the water tank and ended in the place of worship. The modern pueblos have nothing like it.

The Navajos have occupied this region for centuries, and in fact know no other home, although their dimmest tradition hints at a migration ages ago from the far north. They apply the term "Eua-suz-y" — the enemy — both to the ruins and to their builders; but its pertinency cannot be discovered, since their traditions do not tell of wars with the ancients. On the contrary, they account for the departure of the latter by superhuman agencies. The devil, say the Navajos, carried them away, and in his flight took the roofs of the houses with him — hence their roofless condition.

Late in the afternoon, before breaking camp No. 1, Ellison and I went out half a mile from camp to look again at a group we had barely glanced at as we entered the cañon. We found it inaccessible, but while studying it with the glass from the opposite side of the cañon we accidentally discovered another and smaller group which we thought could be reached. It required nearly half an hour of hard climbing to bring us to the spot. The structure proved to be a small one, having only two apartments; but one of them was sealed, showing not so much as the smallest peep-hole. Here was a mystery which we determined to solve at once. All the other ruins, we reasoned, had been subjected to the prying curiosity of the Navajos for centuries; but this had escaped because the savages possessed no glasses, such as by a fortunate accident had revealed its existence to us. That we were on the eve of interesting discoveries we could not doubt. I seized a stone, and attacking the mud cement of the wall soon effected a small hole, and then John relieved me and enlarged the hole to the size of his head. Dank odors, as of decaying mummies and long-entombed mysteries, seemed to come out. We thrust in lighted straw, but it went out as if put into water. John enlarged the hole somewhat and cautiously thrust in his head. He waited until his eyes had adjusted themselves to the gloom, and then said in tones which sounded sepulchral to me: "I see pottery with water in it." *Mirabile*

dictu! Had not pottery with water in it been found in the tombs of ancient Egypt? I pulled him away and thrust my own head into the place. It seemed an hour before I could make out anything, but then I saw just below me a circle with a shining interior. A minute later I had traced a shape, as of a portly human body, lying upon its back, and the circle was upon its chest. There too was a round thing, as its skull, lying near its neck. Then I slowly reached in my hand. "Look out for snakes," cried Ellison, and I drew back as if I already felt their sting. Again I reached in — touched the circle; it moved; my fingers closed upon it and slowly brought it out. "Great Scott, John Ellison! Have I come two thousand miles and turned grave robber for this?" I held in my hand a wooden shell with a fine wire bottom — a common sieve such as every New England kitchen was furnished with in my youth. Had the Euasuz-y come to this, and did they bury their kitchen ware with their fat men? I reached in again and pinched the "corpse." It proved to be a bag of corn. I felt for the "skull," but it rolled away, and in so doing disclosed a curious bottle-neck. I had now become more accustomed to the gloom, and could make out a variety of articles — hames, chains, hoes, and small ware. Enlarging the hole, I entered and made further discoveries. There were two pieces of ancient Indian pottery, and the round thing with the bottle-neck was a Pah-ute water-bottle of straw and varnish.

John came in and we soberly discussed the matter, reaching the conclusion that these were the hidden relics of some dire tragedy. Some early emigrant traveling with his family and property in a wagon had wandered hither, been murdered, and the evidence of the crime thus concealed. The theory did not quite meet the facts, for how account for the Indian pottery and the water jar? But we had done our best in its construction. The pottery and the bottle were at least curious, as ugly as anything in the National Museum at Washington, and I determined to carry them away as such. A week later a villainous-looking Navajo and his wife rode into camp a dozen miles distant and demanded pay for their property. We had robbed not the dead Euasuz-y, but the living Navajos, the place having been the "safe deposit" of an Indian family who wished to be absent from their home for a time.

F. T. Bickford.

IN DARK NEW ENGLAND DAYS.

THE last of the neighbors was going home; officious Mrs. Peter Downs had lingered late and sought for additional housework with which to prolong her stay. She had talked incessantly, and buzzed like a busy bee as she helped to put away the best crockery after the funeral supper, while the sisters Betsey and Hannah Knowles grew every moment more forbidding and unwilling to speak. They lighted a solitary small oil lamp at last as if for Sunday evening idleness, and put it on the side table in the kitchen.

"We ain't intending to make a late evening of it," announced Betsey, the elder, standing before Mrs. Downs in an expectant, final way, making an irresistible opportunity for saying good-night. "I 'm sure we 're more than obleeged to ye,— ain't we, Hannah? — but I don't feel 's if we ought to keep ye longer. We ain't going to do no more to-night, but set down a spell and kind of collect ourselves, and then make for bed."

Susan Downs offered one more plea. "I 'd stop all night with ye an' welcome; 't is gettin' late — an' dark," she added plaintively; but the sisters shook their heads quickly, and Hannah said that they might as well get used to staying alone, since they would have to do it first or last. In spite of herself Mrs. Downs was obliged to put on her funeral best bonnet and shawl and start on her homeward way.

"Close-mouthed old maids!" she grumbled as the door shut behind her all too soon and denied her the light of the lamp along the footpath. Suddenly there was a bright ray from the window, as if some one had pushed back the curtain and stood with the lamp close to the sash. "That 's Hannah," said the retreating guest. "She 'd told me somethin' about things, I know, if it had n't 'a' been for Betsey. Catch me workin' myself to pieces again for 'em." But, however grudgingly this was said, Mrs. Downs's conscience told her that the industry of the past two days had been somewhat selfish on her part; she had hoped that in the excitement of this unexpected funeral season she might for once be taken into the sisters' confidence. More than this, she knew that they were certain of her motive, and had

deliberately refused the expected satisfaction. "'T ain't as if I was one o' them curious busybodies anyway," she said to herself pityingly; "they might 'a' neighbored with somebody for once, I do believe." Everybody would have a question ready for her the next day, for it was known that she had been slaving herself devotedly since the news had come of old Captain Knowles's sudden death in his bed from a stroke, the last of three which had in the course of a year or two changed him from a strong old man to a feeble, chair-bound cripple.

Mrs. Downs stepped bravely along the dark country road; she could see a light in her own kitchen window half a mile away, and did not stop to notice either the penetrating dampness or the shadowy woods at her right. It was a cloudy night, but there was a dim light over the open fields. She had a disposition of mind towards the exciting circumstances of death and burial, and was in request at such times among her neighbors; in this she was like a city person who prefers tragedy to comedy, but not having the semblance within her reach, she made the most of looking on at real griefs and departures.

Some one was walking towards her in the road; suddenly she heard footsteps. The figure stopped, then came forward again.

"Oh, 't is you, ain't it?" with a tone of disappointment. "I cal'lated you 'd stop all night, 't had got to be so late, an' I was just going over to the Knowles gals'; well, to kind o' ask how they be, an'—" Mr. Peter Downs was evidently counting on his visit.

"They never passed me the compliment," replied the wife. "I declare I did n't covet the walk home; I 'm 'most beat out, bein' on foot so much. I was 'most put out with 'em for lettin' of me see quite so plain that my room was better than my company. But I don' know 's I blame 'em; they want to look an' see what they 've got, an' kind of git by their selves, I expect. 'T was natural."

Mrs. Downs knew that her husband would resent her first statements, being a sensitive and grumbling man. She had formed a pacific habit of suiting her remarks to his point of view to save an outburst. He contented himself with calling the Knowles girls hoggish, and put a direct question as to whether they had let fall any words about their situation, but Martha Downs was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Was Enoch Holt there after the folks come back from the grave?"

"He wa' n't; they never give him no encouragement neither."

"He appeared well, I must say," continued Peter Downs. "He took his place next but one behind us in the procession, 'long of Melinda Dutch, an' walked to an' from with her, give her his arm, and then I never see him after we got back; but I thought he might be somewhere in the house, an' I was out about the barn an' so on."

"They was civil to him. I was by when he come, just steppin' out of the bedroom after we 'd finished layin' the old Cap'n into his coffin. Hannah looked real pleased when she see Enoch, as if she had n't reelly expected him, but Betsey stuck out her hand 's if 't was an eend o' board, an' drawed her face solemner 'n ever. There, they had natural feelin's. He was their own father when all was said, the Cap'n was, an' I don't know but he was clever to 'em in his way, 'ceptin' when he disappointed Hannah about her marryin' Jake Good'in. She l'arned to respect the old Cap'n's foresight, too."

"Sakes alive, Marthy, how you do knock folks down with one hand an' set 'em up with t' other," chuckled Mr. Downs. They next discussed the Captain's appearance as he lay in state in the front room, a subject which, with its endless ramifications, would keep the whole neighborhood interested for weeks to come.

An hour later the twinkling light in the Downs house suddenly disappeared. As Martha Downs took a last look out of doors through her bedroom window she could see no other light; the neighbors had all gone to bed. It was a little past nine, and the night was damp and still.

II.

THE Captain Knowles place was eastward from the Downs', and a short turn in the road and the piece of hard-wood growth hid one house from the other. At this unwontedly late hour the elderly sisters were still sitting in their warm kitchen; there were bright coals under the singing tea-kettle which hung from the crane by three or four long pothooks. Betsey Knowles objected when her sister offered to put on more wood.

"Father never liked to leave no great of a fire, even though he slept right here in the bedroom. He said this floor was one that would light an' catch easy, you r'member."

"Another winter we can move down and take the bedroom ourselves—'t will be warmer for us," suggested Hannah; but Betsey shook her head doubtfully. The thought of their old father's grave, unwatched and undefended in the outermost dark field, filled their hearts with a strange tenderness. They had been his dutiful, patient slaves, and it seemed like disloyalty to have abandoned the poor shape, to be sitting there disregarding the thousand re-

quirements and services of the past. More than all, they were facing a free future; they were their own mistresses at last, though past sixty years of age. Hannah was still a child at heart. She chased away a dread suspicion, when Betsey forbade the wood, lest this elder sister, who favored their father's looks, might take his place as stern ruler of the household.

"Betsey," said the younger sister suddenly, "we 'll have us a cook stove, won't we, next winter? I expect we 're going to have something to do with?"

Betsey did not answer; it was impossible to say whether she truly felt grief or only assumed it. She had been sober and silent for the most part since she routed neighbor Downs, though she answered her sister's prattling questions with patience and sympathy. Now she rose from her chair and went to one of the windows, and, pushing back the sash curtain, pulled the wooden shutter across and hasped it.

"I ain't going to bed just yet," she explained. "I 've been a-waiting to make sure nobody was coming in. I don't know 's there 'll be any better time to look in the chest and see what we 've got to depend on. We never 'll get no chance to do it by day."

Hannah looked frightened for a moment, then nodded, and turned to the opposite window and pulled that shutter with much difficulty; it had always caught and hitched and been provoking — a warped piece of red oak, when even-grained white pine would have saved strength and patience to three generations of the Knowles race. Then the sisters crossed the kitchen and opened the bedroom door. Hannah shivered a little as the colder air struck her, and her heart beat loudly. Perhaps it was the same with Betsey.

The bedroom was clean and orderly for the funeral guests. Instead of the blue homespun there was a beautifully quilted white coverlet which had been part of their mother's wedding furnishing, and this made the bedstead with its four low posts look unfamiliar and awesome. The lamplight shone through the kitchen door behind them, not very bright at best, but Betsey reached under the bed, and with all the strength she could muster pulled out the end of a great sea chest. The sisters tugged together and pushed, and made the most of their strength before they finally brought it through the narrow door into the kitchen. The solemnity of the deed made them both whisper as they talked, and Hannah did not dare say what was in her timid heart — that she would rather brave discovery by daylight than such a feeling of being disapprovingly watched now in the dead of night. There came a slight sound outside the house which made her look anxiously at Betsey, but Betsey remained tranquil.

"It 's nothing but a stick falling down the woodpile," she answered in a contemptuous whisper, and the younger woman was reassured.

Betsey reached deep into her pocket and found a great key which was worn smooth and bright like silver, and never had been trusted willingly into even her own safe hands. Hannah held the lamp, and the two thin figures bent eagerly over the lid as it opened. Their shadows were waving about the low walls, and looked like strange shapes bowing and dancing behind them.

The chest was stoutly timbered, as if it was built in some ship-yard, and there were heavy wrought-iron hinges and a large escutcheon for the keyhole that the ship's blacksmith might have hammered out. On the top somebody had scratched deeply the crossed lines for a game of fox and geese, and this had a trivial, irreverent look, and might have been the unforgiven fault of some idle ship's boy. The sisters had hardly dared look at the chest or to signify their knowledge of its existence at unwary times. They had swept carefully about it year after year, and wondered if it was indeed full of gold as the neighbors used to hint; but no matter how much found a way in, little had found the way out. They had been hampered all their lives for money, and in consequence had developed a wonderful facility for spinning and weaving, mending and making. Their small farm was an early example of intensive farming; they were allowed to use its products in a niggardly way, but the money that was paid for wool, for hay, for wood, and for summer crops had all gone into the chest. The old captain was a hard master; he rarely commended and often blamed. Hannah trembled before him, but Betsey faced him sturdily, being amazingly like him, with a feminine difference; as like as a ruled person can be to a ruler, for the discipline of life had taught the man to aggress, the woman only to defend. In the chest was a fabled sum of prize-money, besides these slender earnings of many years; all the sisters' hard work and self-sacrifice were there in money and a mysterious largess besides. All their lives they had been looking forward to this hour of ownership.

There was a solemn hush in the house; the two sisters were safe from their neighbors, and there was no fear of interruption at such an hour in that hard-working community, tired with a day's work that had been early begun. If any one came knocking at the door, both door and windows were securely fastened.

The eager sisters bent above the chest, they held their breath and talked in softest whis-

pers. With stealthy tread a man came out of the woods near by.

He stopped to listen, came nearer, stopped again, and then crept close to the old house. He stepped up on the banking, next the window with the warped shutter; there was a knothole in it high above the women's heads, towards the top. As they leaned over the chest an eager eye watched them. If they had turned that way suspiciously the eye might have caught the flicker of the lamp and betrayed itself. No, they were too busy: the eye at the shutter watched and watched.

There was a certain feeling of relief in the sisters' minds because the contents of the chest were so commonplace at first sight. There were some old belongings dating back to their father's early days of seafaring. They unfolded a waistcoat pattern or two of figured stuff which they had seen him fold and put away again and again. Once he had given Betsey a gay China silk handkerchief, and here were two more like it. They had not known what a store of treasures might be waiting for them, but the reality so far was disappointing; there was much spare room to begin with, and the wares within looked pinched and few. There were bundles of papers, old receipts, some letters in two not very thick bundles, some old account books with worn edges, and a blackened silver can which looked very small in comparison with their anticipation, being an heirloom and jealously hoarded and secreted by the old man. The women began to feel as if his lean, angry figure were bending with them over the sea chest.

They opened a package done up in many layers of old soft paper — a worked piece of Indian muslin, and an embroidered scarf which they had never seen before. "He must have brought them home to mother," said Betsey with a great outburst of feeling. "He never was the same man again; he never would let nobody else have them when he found she was dead, poor old father!"

Hannah looked wistfully at the treasures. She rebuked herself for selfishness, but she thought of her pinched girlhood and the delight these things would have been. Ah yes! it was too late now for many things besides the sprigged muslin. "If I was young as I was once there 's lots o' things I 'd like to do now I 'm free," said Hannah with a gentle sigh; but her sister checked her anxiously — it was fitting that they should preserve a semblance of mourning even to themselves.

The lamp stood in a kitchen chair at the chest's end and shone full across their faces. Betsey looked intent and sober as she turned over the old man's treasures. Under the India mull was an antique pair of buff trousers, a waistcoat of strange old-fashioned foreign stuff, and a blue coat with brass buttons, brought home from over seas, as the women knew, for their father's wedding clothes. They had seen him carry them out at long intervals to hang them in the spring sunshine; he had been very feeble the last time, and Hannah remembered that she had longed to take them from his shaking hands.

"I declare for 't I wish 't we had laid him out in 'em, 'stead o' the robe," she whispered; but Betsey made no answer. She was kneeling still, but held herself upright and looked away. It was evident that she was lost in her own thoughts.

"I can't find nothing else by eyesight," she muttered. "This chest never 'd be so heavy with them old clothes. Stop! Hold that light down, Hannah; there 's a place underneath here. Them papers in the till takes a shallow part. Oh, my gracious! See here, will ye? Hold the light, hold the light!"

There was a hidden drawer in the chest's side — a long, deep place, and it was full of gold pieces. Hannah had seated herself in the chair to be out of her sister's way. She held the lamp with one hand and gathered her apron on her lap with the other, while Betsey, exultant and hawk-eyed, took out handful after handful of heavy coins, letting them jingle and chink, letting them shine in the lamp's rays, letting them roll across the floor — guineas, dollars, doubloons, old French and Spanish and English gold!

Now, now! Look! The eye at the window!

At last they have found it all; the bag of silver, the great roll of bank bills, and the heavy weight of gold — the prize-money that had been like Robinson Crusoe's in the cave. They were rich women that night; their faces grew young again as they sat side by side and exulted while the old kitchen grew cold. There was nothing they might not do within the range of their timid ambitions; they were women of fortune now and their own mistresses. They were beginning at last to live.

The watcher outside was cramped and chilled. He let himself down softly from the high step of the winter banking and crept towards the barn, where he might bury himself in the hay and think. His fingers were quick to find the peg that opened the little barn door; the beasts within were startled and stumbled to their feet, then went back to their slumbers. The night wore on; the light spring rain began to fall, and the sound of it on the house roof close down upon the sisters' bed lulled them quickly to sleep. Twelve, one, two o'clock passed by.

They had put back the money and the clothes and the minor goods and treasures

and pulled the chest back into the bedroom so that it was out of sight from the kitchen; the bedroom door was always shut by day. The younger sister wished to carry the money to their own room, but Betsey disdained such precaution. The money had always been safe in the old chest, and there it should stay. The next week they would go to Riverport and put it into the bank; it was no use to lose the interest any longer. Because their father had lost some invested money in his early youth it did not follow that every bank was faithless. Betsey's self-assertion was amazing, but they still whispered to each other as they got ready for bed. With strange forgetfulness Betsey had laid the chest key on the white coverlet in the bedroom and left it there.

III.

In August of that year the whole country side turned out to go to court.

The sisters had been rich for one night; in the morning they waked to find themselves poor with a bitter pang of poverty of which they had never dreamed. They had said little, but they grew suddenly pinched and old. They could not tell how much money they had lost, except that Hannah's lap was full of gold, a weight she could not lift nor carry. After a few days of stolid misery they had gone to the chief lawyer of their neighborhood to accuse Enoch Holt of the robbery. They dressed in their best and walked solemnly side by side across the fields and along the road, the shortest way to the man of law. Enoch Holt's daughter saw them go as she stood in her doorway and felt a cold shiver run through her frame as if in foreboding. Her father was not at home; he had left for Boston late on the afternoon of Captain Knowles's funeral. He had had notice the day before of the coming in of a ship in which he owned a thirty-second; there was talk of selling the ship, and the owners' agent had summoned him. He had taken pains to go to the funeral because he and the old captain had been on bad terms ever since they had bought a piece of woodland together and the captain declared himself wronged at the settling of accounts. He was growing feeble even then, and had left the business to the younger man. Enoch Holt was not a trusted man, yet he had never before been openly accused of dishonesty. He was not a professor of religion, but foremost on the secular side of church matters. Most of the men in that region were hard men; it was difficult to get money, and there was little real comfort in a community where the sterner, stingier, forbidding side of New England life was well exemplified.

The proper steps had been taken by the officers of the law, and in answer to the writ Enoch Holt appeared, much shocked and very indignant, and was released on bail which covered the sum his shipping interest had brought him. The weeks had dragged by, June and July were long in passing, and here was court day at last, and all the townsfolk hastening by high-roads and by-roads to the court-house. The Knowles girls themselves had risen at break of day and walked the distance steadfastly, like two of the three Fates: who would make the third, to cut the thread for their enemy's disaster? Public opinion was divided. There were many voices ready to speak on the accused man's side; a sharp-looking acquaintance left his business in Boston to swear that Holt was in his office before noon on the day following the robbery, and that he had spent most of the night in Boston, as proved by several minor details of their interview. As for Holt's young married daughter, she was a favorite with the townsfolk, and her husband was away at sea overdue these last few weeks. She sat on one of the hard court benches with a young child in her arms, born since its father sailed; they had been more or less unlucky, the Holt family, though Enoch himself was a man of brag and bluster.

All the hot August morning until the noon recess, and all the hot August afternoon, fly teased and wretched with the heavy air, the crowd of neighbors listened to the trial. There was not much evidence brought; everybody knew that Enoch Holt left the funeral procession hurriedly and went away on horseback towards Boston. His daughter knew no more than this. The Boston man gave his testimony impatiently, and one or two persons insisted that they saw the accused on his way at nightfall several miles from home.

As the testimony came out it all tended to prove his innocence, though public opinion was to the contrary. The Knowles sisters looked more stern and gray hour by hour; their vengeance was not to be satisfied; their accusation had been listened to and found wanting, but their instinctive knowledge of the matter counted for nothing. They must have been watched through the knothole of the shutter; nobody had noticed it until some years before Enoch Holt himself had spoken of the light's shining through on a winter's night as he came towards the house. The chief proof was that nobody else could have done the deed. But why linger over *pros* and *cons?* The jury returned directly with a verdict of "not proven," and the tired audience left the court-house.

But not until Hannah Knowles with angry eyes had risen to her feet.

The sterner elder sister tried to pull her back; every one said that they should have looked to Betsey to say the awful words that followed, not to her gentler companion. It was Hannah, broken and disappointed, who cried in a strange high voice as Enoch Holt was passing by without a look:

"You stole it, you thief! You know it in your heart!"

The startled man faltered, then he faced the women. The people who stood near seemed made of eyes as they stared to see what he would say.

"I swear by my right hand I never touched it."

"Curse your right hand then!" cried Hannah Knowles, growing tall and thin like a white flame drawing upward. "Curse your right hand, yours and all your folks' that follow you! May I live to see the day!"

The people drew back while for a moment accused and accuser stood face to face. Then Holt's flushed face turned white, and he shrank from the fire in those wild eyes, and walked away clumsily down the court-room. Nobody followed him, nobody shook hands with him or told the acquitted man that they were glad of his release. Half an hour later Betsey and Hannah Knowles took their homeward way, to begin their hard round of work again. The horizon that had widened with such glory for one night had closed round them again like an iron wall.

Betsey was alarmed and excited by her sister's uncharacteristic behavior, and she looked at her anxiously from time to time. Hannah had become the harder-faced of the two. Her disappointment was the keener, for she had kept more of the unsatisfied desires of her girlhood until that dreary morning when they found the sea chest rifled and the treasure gone.

Betsey said inconsequently that it was a pity she did not have that black silk gown that would stand alone. They had planned for it over the open chest, and Hannah's was to be a handsome green. They might have worn them to court. But even the pathetic facetiousness of her elder sister did not bring a smile to Hannah Knowles's face, and the next day one was at the loom and the other at the wheel again. The neighbors talked about the curse with horror; in their minds a fabric of sad fate was spun from the bitter words.

The Knowles sisters never had worn silk gowns and they never would. Sometimes Hannah or Betsey would stealthily look over the chest in one or the other's absence. One day when Betsey was very old and her mind had grown feeble she tied her own India silk handkerchief about her neck, but they never used the other two. They aired the wedding suit once every spring as long as they lived. They were both too old and forlorn to make up the India mull. Nobody knows how many times they took everything out of the heavy old clamped box and peered into every nook and corner to see if there was not a single gold piece left. They never answered any one who made bold to speak of their misfortune.

IV.

ENOCH HOLT had been a seafaring man in his early days, and there was news that the owners of a Salem ship in which he held a small interest wished him to go out as supercargo. He was brisk and well in health, and his son-in-law, an honest but an unlucky fellow, had done less well than usual, so that nobody was surprised when Enoch made ready for his voyage. It was nearly a year after the theft, and nothing had come so near to restoring him to public favor as his apparent lack of ready money. He openly said that he put great hope in his adventure to the Spice Islands, and when he said farewell one Sunday to some members of the dispersing congregation more than one person wished him heartily a pleasant voyage and safe return. He had an insinuating tone of voice and an imploring look that day, and this fact, with his probable long absence and the dangers of the deep, won him much sympathy. It is a shameful thing to accuse a man wrongfully, and Enoch Holt had behaved well since the trial; and, what is more, had shown no accession to his means of living. So away he went with a fair amount of good wishes, though one or two persons assured remonstrating listeners that they thought it likely Enoch would make a good voyage, better than common, and show himself forwarded when he came to port. Soon after his departure Mrs. Peter Downs and an intimate acquaintance discussed the ever-exciting subject of the Knowles robbery over a friendly cup of tea.

They were in the Downs kitchen and quite by themselves. Peter Downs himself had been drawn as a juror, and had been for two days at the county town. Mrs. Downs was giving herself to social interests in his absence, and Mrs. Forder, an asthmatic but very companionable person, had arrived by two o'clock that afternoon with her knitting work, sure of being welcome. The two old friends had first talked over varied subjects of immediate concern, but when supper was nearly finished they fell back upon the lost Knowles gold, as has been already said.

"They got a dreadful blow, poor gals," wheezed Mrs. Forder with compassion. "'T was harder for them than for most folks;

they 'd had a long stent with the ol' gentleman; very arbitrary, very arbitrary."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Downs, pushing back her tea-cup, then lifting it again to see if it was quite empty. "Yes, it took holt o' Hannah the most. I should 'a' said Betsey was a good deal the most set in her ways an' would 'a' been most tore up, but 't wa' n't so."

"Lucky that Holt's folks sets on the other aisle in the meetin' house, I do consider, so 't they need n't face each other sure as Sabbath comes round."

"I see Hannah an' him come face to face two Sabbaths afore Enoch left. So happened he dallied to have a word 'long o' Deacon Good'in, an' him an' Hannah stepped front of each other 'fore they knowed what they 's about. I sh'd thought her eyes 'd looked right through him. No one of 'em took the word; Enoch he slinked off pretty quick."

"I see 'em too," said Mrs. Forder; "made my blood run cold."

"Nothin' ain't come of the curse yit,"— Mrs. Downs lowered the tone of her voice,— "least, folks says so. It kind o' worries pore Phœbe Holt — Miss Dow, I would say. She was narved all up at the time o' the trial, an' when her next baby come into the world first thin' she made out t' ask me was whether it seemed likely, an' she gived me a pleadin' look as if I 'd got to tell her what she had n't heart to ask. 'Yes, dear,' says I, 'put up his little hands to me kind of wonted'; an' she turned a look on me like another creatur', so pleased an' contented."

"I s'pose you don't see no great of the Knowles gals?" inquired Mrs. Forder, who lived two miles away in the other direction.

"They stepped to the door yisterday when I was passin' by, an' I went in an' set a spell long of 'em," replied the hostess. "They 'd got pestered with that ol' loom o' theirn. 'Fore I thought, says I, ''T is all worn out, Betsey,' says I; 'why on airth don't ye git somebody to git some o' your own wood an' season it well so 't won't warp, same 's mine done, an' build ye a new one?' But Betsey muttered an' twitched away; 't wa' n't like her, but they 're dis'p'inted at every turn, I s'pose, an' feel poor where they 've got the same 's ever to do with. Hannah's a-coughin' this spring 's if somethin' ailed her. I asked her if she had bad feelin's in her pipes, an' she said yis, she had, but not to speak of 't before Betsey. I 'm goin' to fix her up some hoarhound an' elecampane quick 's the ground 's nice an' warm an' roots livens up a grain more. They 're limp an' wizened 'long to the fust of the spring. Them would be service'ble, simmered away to a syrup 'long o' molasses; now don't you think so, Miss Forder?"

OFFICIOUS MRS. DOWNS.

"Excellent," replied the wheezing dame. "I covet a portion myself, now you speak. Nothin' cures my complaint, but a new remedy takes holt clever sometimes, an' eases me for a spell." And she gave a plaintive sigh, and began to knit again.

Mrs. Downs rose and pushed the supper table to the wall and drew her chair nearer to the stove. The April nights were chilly.

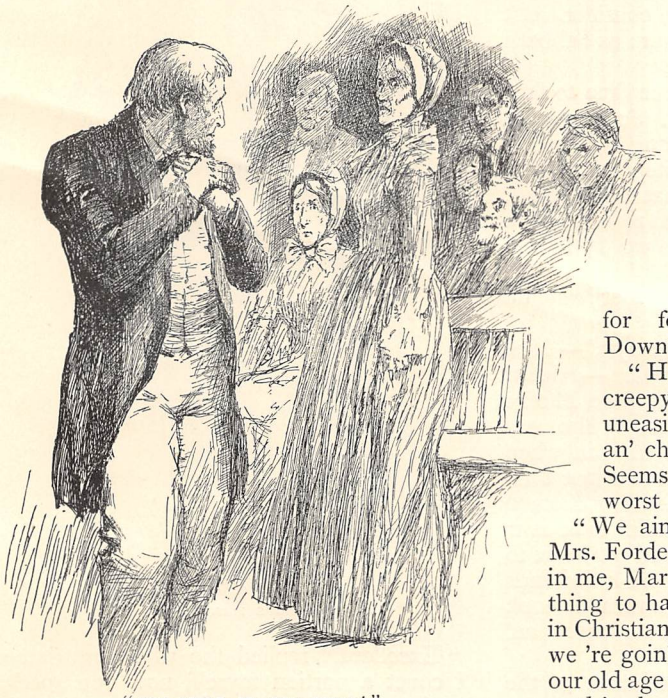
"The folks is late comin' after me," said Mrs. Forder, ostentatiously. "I may 's well confess that I told 'em if they was late with the work they might let go o' fetchin' o' me an' I 'd walk home in the mornin'; take it easy when I was fresh. Course I mean ef 't would n't put you out: I knowed you was all alone, an' I kind o' wanted a change."

"Them words was in my mind to utter while we was to table," avowed Mrs. Downs, hospitably. "I ain't reelly afeared, but 't is sort o' creepy fastenin' up an' goin' to bed alone. Nobody can't help hearkin', an' every common noise starts you. I never used to give nothin' a thought till the Knowleses was robbed, though."

"'T was mysterious, I do maintain," acknowledged Mrs. Forder. "Comes over me

sometimes p'raps 't was n't Enoch; he 'd 'a' branched out more in course o' time. I 'm waitin' to see if he does extry well to sea 'fore I let my mind come to bear on his bein' clean-handed."

"Plenty thought 't was the ole Cap'n come back for it an' sperited it away. Enough said that 't was n't no honest gains; most on 't was



"YOU STOLE IT, YOU THIEF!"

prize-money o' slave ships, an' all kinds o' devil's gold was mixed in. I s'pose you 've heard that said?"

"Time an' again," responded Mrs. Forder; "an' the worst on 't was simple ole Pappy Flanders went an' told the Knowles gals themselves that folks thought the ole Cap'n come back an' got it, and Hannah done wrong to cuss Enoch Holt an' his ginerations after him the way she done."

"I think it took holt on her ter'ble after all she 'd gone through," said Mrs. Downs, compassionately. "He ain't near so simple as he is ugly, Pappy Flanders ain't. I 've seen him set here an' read the paper sober 's anybody when I 've been goin' about my mornin's work in the shed-room, an' when I 'd come in to look about he 'd twist it with his hands an' roll his eyes an' begin to git off some o' his gabble. I think them wanderin' cheap-wits likes the fun on 't an' 'scapes stiddy work, an' gits the rovin' habit so fixed it sp'iles 'em."

"My gran'ther was to the South Seas in his young days," related Mrs. Forder, impressively, "an' he said cussin' was common there. I mean sober spitin' with a cuss. He seen one o' them black folks git a gredge against another an' go an' set down an' look stiddy at him in his hut an' cuss him in his mind an' set there an' watch, watch, until the other kind o' took sick an' died, all in a fortnight, I believe he said; 't would make your blood run cold to hear gran'ther describe it, 't would so. He never done nothin' but set an' look, an' folks would give him somethin' to eat now an' then, as if they thought 't was all right, an' the other one 'd try to go an' come, an' at last he hived away altogether an' died. I don't know what you 'd call it that ailed him. There 's suthin' in cussin' that 's bad for folks, now I tell ye, Miss Downs."

"Hannah's eyes always makes me creepy now," Mrs. Downs confessed uneasily. "They don't look pleadin' an' childish same 's they used to. Seems to me as if she 'd had the worst on 't."

"We ain't seen the end on 't yit," said Mrs. Forder, impressively. "I feel it within me, Marthy Downs, an' it 's a terrible thing to have happened right amon'st us in Christian times. If we live long enough we 're goin' to have plenty to talk over in our old age that 's come o' that cuss. Some seed 's shy o' sproutin' till a spring when the s'ile 's jist right to breed it."

"There 's lobeely now," agreed Mrs. Downs, pleased to descend to prosaic and familiar levels. "They ain't a good crop one year in six, and then you find it in a place where you never observed none to grow afore, like 's not; ain't it so, reelly?" And she rose to clear the table, pleased with the certainty of a guest that night. Their conversation was not reassuring to the heart of a timid woman alone in an isolated farm-house on a dark spring evening, especially so near the anniversary of old Captain Knowles's death.

V.

LATER in these rural lives by many years two aged women were crossing a wide field together, following a foot-path such as one often finds between widely separated homes of the New England country. Along these lightly traced thoroughfares the children go to play, and lovers to plead, and older people to companion one another in work and pleas-

ure, in sickness and sorrow; generation after generation comes and goes again by these country by-ways.

The foot-path led from Mrs. Forder's to another farm-house half a mile beyond, where there had been a wedding. Mrs. Downs was there, and in the June weather she had been easily persuaded to go home to tea with Mrs. Forder with the promise of being driven home later in the evening. Mrs. Downs's husband had been dead three years, and her friend's large family was scattered from the old nest; they were lonely at times in their later years, these old friends, and found it very pleasant now to have a walk together. Thin little Mrs. Forder, with all her wheezing, was the stronger and more active of the two; Mrs. Downs had grown heavier and weaker with advancing years.

They paced along the foot-path slowly, Mrs. Downs rolling in her gait like a sailor, and availing herself of every pretext to stop and look at herbs in the pasture ground they crossed, and at the growing grass in the mowing fields. They discussed the wedding minutely, and then where the way grew wider they walked side by side instead of following each other, and their voices sank to the low tone that betokens confidence.

"You don't say that you really put faith in all them old stories?"

"It ain't accident altogether, noways you can fix it in your mind," maintained Mrs. Downs. "Need n't tell me that cussin' don't do neither good nor harm. I should n't want to marry amon'st the Holts if I was young ag'in! I r'member when this young man was born that 's married to-day, an' the fust thing his poor mother wanted to know was about his hands bein' right. I said yes they was, but las' year he was twenty year old and come home from the frontier with one o' them hands — his right one — shot off in a fight. They say 't happened to sights o' other fellows, an' their laigs gone too, but I count 'em over on my fingers, them Holts, an' he 's the third. May say that 't was all an accident his mother's gittin' throwed out o' her waggin comin' home from meetin', an' her wrist not bein' set good, an' she, bein' run down at the time, 'most lost it altogether, but thar' it is stiffened up an' no good to her. There was the second. An' Enoch Holt hisself come home from the Chiny seas, made a good passage an' a sight o' money in the pepper trade, jest 's we expected, an' goin' to build him a new house, an' the frame gives a kind o' lurch when they was raisin' of it an' surges over on to him an' nips him under. 'Which arm?' says everybody along the road when they was comin' an' goin' with the doctor. 'Right one — got to lose it,' says the doctor to 'em, an' next time Enoch Holt got out to meetin' he stood up in the house o' God with the hymn-book in his left hand, an' no right hand to turn his leaf with. He knowed what we was all a-thinkin'."

"Well," said Mrs. Forder, very short-breathed with climbing the long slope of the pasture hill, "I don't know but I 'd as soon be them as the Knowles gals. Hannah never knowed no peace again after she spoke them words in the co't-house. They come back an' harnted her, an' you know, Miss Downs, better 'n I do, being door-neighbors as one may say, how they lived their lives out like wild beasts into a lair."

"They used to go out some by night to git the air," pursued Mrs. Downs with interest.

OLD PAPPY FLANDERS.

"I used to open the door an' step right in, an' I used to take their yarn an' stuff 'long o' mine an' sell 'em, an' do for the poor stray creatur's long 's they 'd let me. They 'd be grateful for a mess o' early pease or potatoes as ever you see, an' Peter he allays favored 'em with pork, fresh an' salt, when we slaugh-

tered. The old Cap'n kept 'em child'n long as he lived, an' then they was too old to l'arn different. I allays liked Hannah the best till that change struck her. Betsey she held out to the last jest about the same. I don't know, now I come to think of it, but what she felt it the most o' the two."

"They 'd never let me s' much as git a look at 'em," complained Mrs. Forder. "Folks got awful stories a-goin' one time. I 've heard it said, an' it allays creeped me cold all over, that there was somethin' come an' lived with 'em — a kind o' black shadder, a cobweb kind o' a man-shape that followed 'em about the house an' made a third to them; but they got hardened to it theirselves, only they was afraid 't would follow if they went anywheres from home. You don't believe no such a piece o' nonsense? — But there, I 've asked ye times enough before."

ON THE HILL.

"They 'd got shadders enough, poor cretur's," said Mrs. Downs with reserve. "Was n't no kind o' need to make 'em up no spooks, as I know on. Well, here 's these young folks a-startin'; I wish 'em well, I 'm sure. She likes him with his one hand better than most gals likes them as has a good sound pair. They looked prime happy; I hope no curse won't foller 'em."

The friends stopped again — poor, short-winded bodies — on the crest of the low hill and turned to look at the wide landscape, bewildered by the marvelous beauty and the sudden flood of golden sunset light that poured out of the western sky. They could not remember that they had ever observed the wide view before; it was like a revelation or an outlook towards the celestial country, the sight of their own green farms and the country-side that bounded them. It was a pleasant country indeed, their own New England: their petty thoughts and vain imaginings seemed futile and unrelated to so fair a scene of things. But the figure of a man who was crossing the meadow below looked like a malicious black insect. It was an old man, it was Enoch Holt; time had worn and bent him enough to have satisfied his bitterest foe. The women could see his empty coat-sleeve flutter as he walked slowly and unexpectantly in that glorious evening light.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE EMPTY HOUR.

IT held for me naught of power:
"Time lost!" was the world's decree;
And yet, 't is that empty hour
Has filled my life for me.

Julie M. Lippmann.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
That says my hand a needle better fits.
. . . . . .
Men can do best, and women know it well;
Preëminence in each and all is yours,
Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.
—*Anne Bradstreet, 1640.*

Let us be wise, and not impede the soul. Let her work as she will. Let us have one creative energy, one incessant revelation. Let it take what form it will, and let us not bind it by the past to man or woman.—*Margaret Fuller, 1844.*

IT is difficult to disengage a single thread from the living web of a nation's literature. The interplay of influences is such that the product spun from the heart and brain of woman alone must, when thus disengaged, lose something of its significance. In criticism a classification based upon sex is necessarily misleading and inexact. As far as difference between the literary work of women and that of men is created by difference of environment and training it may be regarded as accidental; while the really essential difference, resulting from the general law that the work of woman shall somehow subtly express womanhood, not only varies widely in degree with the individual worker, but is, in certain lines of production, almost ungraspable by criticism. We cannot rear walls which shall separate literature into departments, upon a principle elusive as the air. "It is no more the order of nature that the especially feminine element should be incarnated pure in any form, than that the masculine energy should exist unmingled with it in any form." The experiment which, Lowell tells us, Nature tried in shaping the genius of Hawthorne, she repeats and reverses at will.

In practice the evil effects which have followed the separate consideration of woman's work in literature are sufficiently plain. The debasement of the coin of criticism is a fatal measure. The dearest foe of the woman artist in the past has been the suave and chivalrous critic, who, judging all "female writers" by a special standard, has easily bestowed the unearned wreath.

The present paper is grounded, it will be seen, upon no preference for the Shaker-meeting arrangement which prevailed so long in our American temple of the Muses. It has seemed desirable, in a historical review of the work of women in this country, to follow the course of their effort in the field of literature; to note the occasional impediments of the stream, its sudden accessions of force, its general tendency, and its gradual widening.

The colonial period has, of course, little to give us. The professional literary woman was then unknown. The verses of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, called in flattery "the tenth Muse," were "the fruit but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments." The negro girl Phillis Wheatley, whose poetical efforts had been published under aristocratic patronage in England, when robbed of her mistress by death "resorted to marriage"—not to literature—"as the only alternative of destitution." Mrs. Mercy Warren was never obliged to seek support from that sharp-pointed pen which copied so cleverly the satiric style of Pope, and which has left voluminous records of the Revolution. She too wrote her tragedies "for amusement, in the solitary hours when her friends were abroad."

Miss Hannah Adams, born in Massachusetts in 1755, may be accepted as the first American woman who made literature her profession. Her appearance as a pioneer in this country corresponds closely in time with that of Mary Wollstonecraft in England. She wrote, at seventy-seven, the story of her life. Her account sets forth clearly the difficulties which in her youth had to be dealt with by a woman seriously undertaking authorship. Ill health, which forbade her attending school, was an individual disadvantage; but she remarks incidentally on the defectiveness of the country school, where girls learned only to write and cipher, and were in summer "instructed by females in reading, sewing, and other kinds of work. . . . I remember that my first idea of the happiness of heaven was of a place where we should find our thirst for knowledge fully gratified." How pathetically the old woman recalls the longing of the eager girl! All her life she labored against odds; learning, however, the rudiments of Latin, Greek, geography, and logic, "with indescribable pleasure and avidity," from some gentlemen boarding at her father's house. Becoming interested in religious controversy, she formed the plan of compiling a "View of Religions"; not at first hoping to derive what she calls "emolument" from the work. To win bread

she relied at this time upon spinning, sewing, or knitting, and, during the Revolutionary war, on the weaving of bobbin lace; afterwards falling back on her scant classical resources to teach young gentlemen Latin and Greek. Meanwhile the compilation went on. "Reading much religious controversy," observes Miss Adams, "must be extremely trying to a female, whose mind, instead of being strengthened by those studies which exercise the judgment and give stability to the character, is debilitated by reading romances and novels." This sense of disadvantage, of the meekly accepted burden of sex, pervades the autobiography; it seems the story of a patient cripple. When the long task was done her inexperience made her the dupe of a dishonest printer; and, although the book sold well, her only compensation was fifty copies, for which she was obliged herself to find purchasers, having previously procured four hundred subscribers. Fortunately she had the copyright; and before the publication of a second edition she chanced to make the acquaintance of a clerical good Samaritan, who transacted the business for her. The "emolument" derived from this second edition at last enabled her to pay her debts, and to put out a small sum upon interest. Her "History of New England," in the preparation of which her eyesight was nearly sacrificed, met with a good sale; but an abridgment of it brought her nothing, on account of the failure of the printer. She sold the copyright of her "Evidences of Christianity" for one hundred dollars in books.

This, then, is our starting-point — evident character and ability, at a disadvantage both in production and in the disposal of the product; imperfect educational equipment; and a hopeless consciousness of inferiority, amounting almost to an inability to stand upright mentally.

Susanna Rowson, who wrote the popular "Charlotte Temple," may be classed as an American novelist, though not born in this country. She appears also as a writer of patriotic songs, an actress, a teacher, and the compiler of a dictionary and other school-books. "The Coquette; or, the History of Eliza Wharton," by Hannah Webster Foster, was another prime favorite among the formal novels of the day.

Kind Miss Hannah Adams, in her old age, chanced to praise a certain metrical effort, unpromisingly labeled "Jephthah's Rash Vow," put forth by a girl of sixteen, Miss Caroline Howard. Here occurs an indicative touch. "When I learned," says this commended Miss Caroline, "that my verses had been surreptitiously printed in a newspaper, I wept bitterly, and was as alarmed as if I had been detected in man's apparel." Such was the feeling with which the singing-robes were donned by a maiden in 1810 — a state of affairs soon to be replaced by a general fashion of feminine singing-robes of rather cheap material. During the second quarter of the present century conditions somewhat improved, and production greatly increased. "There was a wide manifestation of that which bears to pure ideality an inferior relationship," writes Mr. Stedman of the general body of our literature at this period. In 1848 Dr. Griswold reports that "women among us are taking a leading part"; that "the proportion of female writers at this moment in America far exceeds that which the present or any other age in England exhibits." Awful moment in America! one is led to exclaim by a survey of the poetic field. Alas, the verse of those "Tokens," and "Keepsakes," and "Forget-Me-Nots," and "Magnolias," and all the rest of the annuals, all glorious without in their red or white Turkey morocco and gilding! Alas, the flocks of quasi swan-singers! They have sailed away down the river of Time, chanting with a monotonous mournfulness. We need not speak of them at length. One of them early wrote about the Genius of Oblivion; most of them wrote for it. It was not their fault that their toil increased the sum of the "Literature suited to Desolate Islands." The time was out of joint. Sentimentalism infected both continents. It was natural enough that the infection should seize most strongly upon those who were weakened by an intellectual best-parlor atmosphere, with small chance of free out-of-door currents. They had their reward. Their crude constituencies were proud of them; and not all wrought without "emolument," though it need hardly be said that verse-making was not and is not, as a rule, a remunerative occupation. Some names survive, held in the memory of the public by a few small, sweet songs on simple themes, probably undervalued by their authors, but floating now like flowers above the tide that has swallowed so many pretentious, sand-based structures.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the most prolific poetess of the period, was hailed as "the American Mrs. Hemans." A gentle and pious womanhood shone through her verse; but her books are undisturbed and dusty in the libraries now, and likely to remain so. Maria Gowen Brooks — "Maria del Occidente" — was, on the other hand, not popular at home; but put forth a far stronger claim than Mrs. Sigourney, and won indeed somewhat disproportionate praises abroad. "Southey says 'Zophiel; or, The Bride of Seven,' is by some Yankee woman," writes Charles Lamb; "as if there had ever been a woman capable of anything so great!" One is glad that we need

not now consider as the acme of woman's poetic achievement this metrical narrative of the loves of the angels; nevertheless, it is on the whole a remarkably sustained work, with a gorgeousness of coloring which might perhaps be traced to its author's Celtic strain.

As Mrs. Samuel Gilman, Caroline Howard, of whom we have already spoken, carried the New England spirit into a Southern home, and there wrote not only verses, but sketches and tales, much in the manner of her sisters who never left the Puritan nest, though dealing at times with material strange to them, as in her "Recollections of a Southern Matron." With the women of New England lies our chief concern, until a date comparatively recent. A strong, thinking, working race — all know the type; granite rock, out of its crevices the unexpected harebells trembling here and there. As writers they have a general resemblance; in one case a little more mica and glitter, in another more harebells than usual. Mrs. Sigourney, for instance, presents an azure predominance of the flowery, on a basis of the practical. Think of her fifty-seven volumes — copious verse, religious and sentimental; sketches of travel; didactic "Letters to Mothers," "Letters to Young Ladies"; the charmingly garrulous "Letters of Life," published after her death. Quantity, dilution, diffusiveness, the dispersion of energy in a variety of aims — these were the order of the day. Lydia Maria Child wrote more than thirty-five books and pamphlets, beginning with the apotheosis of the aboriginal American in romance, ending in the good fight with slavery, and taking in by the way domestic economy, the progress of religious ideas, and the Athens of Pericles, somewhat romanticized. Firm granite here, not without ferns of tenderest grace. It is very curious and impressive, the self-reliant dignity with which these noble matrons circumambulate the whole field of literature with errant feet, but with a character central and composed. They *are* "something better than their verse," and also than their prose. Why was it that the dispersive tendency of the time showed itself especially in the literary effort of women? Perhaps the scattering, haphazard kind of education then commonly bestowed upon girls helped to bring about such a condition of things. Efficient work, in literature as in other professions, is dependent in a degree upon preparation; not indeed upon the actual amount of knowledge possessed, but upon the training of the mind to sure action, and the vitality of the spark of intellectual life communicated in early days. To the desultory and aimless education of girls at this period, and their continual servitude to the sampler, all will testify. "My education," says Mrs. Gilman, "was exceedingly irregular, a perpetual passing from school to school. I drew a very little and worked 'The Babes in the Wood' on white satin, with floss silk." By and by, however, she "was initiated into Latin," studied Watts's "Logic" by herself, and joined a private class in French. Lydia Huntley (Mrs. Sigourney) fared somewhat better, pursuing mathematics, though she admits that too little time was accorded to the subject, and being instructed in "the *belles-lettres* studies" by competent teachers. Her school education ceased at thirteen; she afterwards worked alone over history and mental philosophy, had tutors in Latin and French, and even dipped into Hebrew, under clerical guidance. This has a deceptively advanced sound; we are to learn presently that she was sent away to boarding-school, where she applied herself to "embroidery of historical scenes, filigree, and other finger-works." (May we not find a connection between this kind of training and the production of dramatic characters as lifelike as those figures in floss silk? Was it not a natural result, that corresponding "embroidery of historical scenes" performed by the feminine pen?) Lydia Maria Francis (Mrs. Child), "apart from her brother's companionship, had, as usual, a very unequal share of educational opportunities; attending only the public schools," — the public schools of the century in its teens, — "with one year at a private seminary." Catherine Sedgwick, "reared in an atmosphere of high intelligence," still confesses, "I have all my life felt the want of more systematic training."

Another cause of the scattering, unmethodical supply may have been the vagueness of the demand. America was not quite sure what it was proper to expect of the "female writer"; and perhaps that lady herself had a lingering feudal idea that she could hold literary territory only on condition of stout pen service in the cause of the domestic virtues and pudding. "In those days," says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "it seemed to be held necessary for American women to work their passage into literature by first compiling a cookery book." Thus we have Mrs. Child's "Frugal Housewife"; and we find clever Eliza Leslie, of Philadelphia, putting forth "Seventy-five Receipts" before she ventures upon her humorous and satirical "Pencil Sketches." The culinary tradition was carried on, somewhat later, by Catherine Beecher, with her "Domestic Receipt Book"; and we have indeed most modern instances in the excellent "Common-sense Series" of the novelist "Marion Harland," and in Mrs. Whitney's "Just How." Perhaps, however, it is not fancy that these wear the kitchen apron with a difference.

In addition to lack of training, and to the

vague nature of the public demand, a third cause operated against symmetrical artistic development among the women of those electric days preceding the civil war. That struggle between the art instinct and the desire for reform, which is not likely to cease entirely until the coming of the golden year, was then at its height. Both men and women were drawn into the maelstrom of the antislavery conflict; yet to a few men the artist's single aim seemed still possible — to Longfellow, to Hawthorne. Similar examples are lacking among contemporary women. Essential womanhood, "*das Ewigweibliche*," seems at this point unusually clear in the work of women; the passion for conduct, the enthusiasm for abstract justice, not less than the potential motherhood that yearns over all suffering. The strong Hebraic element in the spiritual life of New England women in particular tended to withdraw them from the service of pure art at this period. "My natural inclinations," wrote Lydia Maria Child, "drew me much more strongly towards literature and the arts than towards reform, and the weight of conscience was needed to turn the scale."

Mrs. Child and Miss Sedgwick, chosen favorites of the public, stand forth as typical figures. Both have the art instinct, both the desire for reform: in Mrs. Child the latter decidedly triumphs, in spite of her romances; in Miss Sedgwick the former, though less decidedly, in spite of her incidental preachments. She wrote "without any purpose or hope to slay giants," aiming merely "to supply mediocre readers with small moral hints on various subjects that come up in daily life." It is interesting to note just what public favor meant materially to the most popular women writers of those days. Miss Sedgwick, at a time when she had reached high-water mark, wrote in reply to one who expected her to acquire a fortune, that she found it impossible to make much out of novel-writing while cheap editions of English novels filled the market. "I may go on," she says, "earning a few hundred dollars a year, and precious few too." One could not even earn the "precious few" without observing certain laws of silence. The "Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans" seriously lessened the income of Mrs. Child. That dubious America of 1833 was decided on one point — this was not what she expected of the "female writer." She was willing to be instructed by a woman — about the polishing of furniture and the education of daughters.

And now there arises before us another figure, of striking singularity and power. Margaret Fuller never appeared as a candidate for popular favor. On the polishing of furniture she was absolutely silent; nor, though she professed "high respect for those who 'cook something good,' and create and preserve fair order in houses," did she ever fulfil the understood duty of woman by publishing a cookery book. On the education of daughters she had, however, a vital word to say; demanding for them "a far wider and more generous culture." Her own education had been of an exceptional character; she was fortunate in its depth and solidity, though unfortunate in the forcing process that had made her a hard student at six years old. Her equipment was superior to that of any American woman who had previously entered the field of literature; and hers was a powerful genius, but, by the irony of fate, a genius not prompt to clothe itself in the written word. As to the inspiration of her speech all seem to agree; but one who knew her well has spoken of the "singular embarrassment and hesitation induced by the attempt to commit her thoughts to paper." The reader of the sibylline leaves she scattered about her in her strange career receives the constant impression of hampered power, of force that has never found its proper outlet. In "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" there is certainly something of that "shoreless Asiatic dreaminess" complained of by Carlyle; but there are also to be found rich words, fit, like those of Emerson, for "gold nails in temples to hang trophies on." The critical Scotchman himself subsequently owned that "some of her Papers are the undeniable utterances of a true heroic mind; altogether unique, so far as I know, among the Writing Women of this generation; rare enough, too, God knows, among the Writing Men." She accomplished comparatively little that can be shown or reckoned. Her mission was "to free, arouse, dilate." Those who immediately responded were few; and as the circle of her influence has widened through their lives the source of the original impulse has been unnamed and forgotten. But if we are disposed to rank a fragmentary greatness above a narrow perfection, to value loftiness of aim more than the complete attainment of an inferior object, we must set Margaret Fuller, despite all errors of judgment, all faults of style, very high among the "Writing Women" of America. It is time that, ceasing to discuss her personal traits, we dwell only upon the permanent and essential in her whose mind was fixed upon the permanent, the essential. Her place in our literature is her own; it has not been filled, nor does it seem likely to be. The particular kind of force which she exhibited — in so far as it was not individual — stands a chance in our own day of being drawn into the educational field, now that the "wider and more generous culture"

which she claimed has been accorded to women.

We may trace from the early publications of Lydia Maria Francis and Catherine Sedgwick the special line along which women have worked most successfully. It is in fiction that they have wrought with the greatest vigor and freedom, and in that important class of fiction which reflects faithfully the national life, broadly or in sectional phases. In 1821 Miss Francis, a girl of nineteen, wrote "Hobomok," a rather crude novel of colonial Massachusetts, with an Indian hero. Those were the times of the pseudo-American school, the heyday of what Mr. Stedman has called "the supposititious Indian." To the sanguine "Hobomok" seemed to foreshadow a feminine Cooper, and its author put forth in the following year "The Rebels," a novel of Boston before the Revolution. A more effective worker on this line, however, was Miss Sedgwick, whose "New England Tale"—a simple little story, originally intended as a tract—was published in 1822, and at once drew attention, in spite of a certain thinness, by its recognizable home flavor. The plain presentation of New England life in "Redwood," her succeeding book, interests and convinces the reader of to-day. Some worthless elements of plot, now out of date, are introduced; but age cannot wither nor custom stale the fresh reality of the most memorable figure — that manly soul Miss Deborah, a character as distinct as Scott himself could have made her. "Hope Leslie," "Clarence," and "The Linwoods" followed; then the briefer tales supplying "small moral hints," such as the "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man." All are genuine, wholesome, deserving of the hearty welcome they received. "Wise, clear, and kindly," one must echo the verdict of Margaret Fuller on our gentle pioneer in native fiction; we may look back with pride on her "speech moderate and sane, but never palsied by fear or skeptical caution"; on herself, "a fine example of the independent and beneficent existence that intellect and character can give to women." The least studied among her pathetic scenes are admirable; and she displays some healthy humor, though not as much as her charming letters indicate that she possessed. A recent writer has ranked her work in one respect above that of Cooper, pronouncing it more truly calculated to effect "the emancipation of the American mind from foreign types."

Miss Sedgwick, past threescore, was still in the literary harness when the woman who was destined to bring the novel of New England to a fuller development reached fame at a bound with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At last the artist's instinct and the purpose of the reformer were fused, as far as they are capable of fusion, in a story that still holds its reader, whether passive or protesting, with the grip of the master-hand. The inborn powers of Mrs. Stowe were fortunately developed in a home atmosphere that supplied deficiencies in training. Fate was kind in providing occasional stimulants for the feminine mind, though an adequate and regular supply was customarily withheld. Miss Sedgwick attributes an especial quickening force to the valuable selections read aloud by her father to his family; Miss Francis, as we have seen, owed much to the conversation of her brother. To Harriet Beecher was granted, outside her inspiring home circle, an extra stimulus in the early influence of the enthusiastic teacher whose portrait she has given us in the Jonathan Rossiter of "Oldtown Folks." A close knowledge of Scott's novels from her girlhood had its effect in shaping her methods of narration. She knew her Bible — perpetual fountain feeding the noblest streams of English literature — as Ruskin knew his. Residence for years near the Ohio border had familiarized her with some of the darkest aspects of slavery; so that when the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law roused her to the task of exhibiting the system in operation, she was as fully prepared to execute that task as a woman of New England birth and traditions well could be. Since the war Southern writers, producing with the ease of intimacy works steeped in the spirit of the South, have taught us much concerning negro character and manners, and have accustomed us to an accurate reproduction of dialect. The sublimity of Uncle Tom has been tried by the reality of the not less lovable Uncle Remus. But whatever blemishes or extravagances may appear to a critical eye in the great antislavery novel, it still beats with that intense life which nearly forty years ago awoke a deep responsive thrill in the repressed heart of the North. We are at present chiefly concerned with its immense practical success. It was a "shot heard round the world." Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days; over three hundred thousand in a year; eight power presses were kept running day and night to supply the continual demand. The British Museum now contains thirty-five complete editions in English, and translations exist in at least twenty different languages. "Never did any American work have such success," exclaims Mrs. Child, in one of her enthusiastic letters. "It has done much to command respect for the faculties of woman." The influences are, indeed, broad and general which have since that day removed all restrictions tending to impress inferiority on the woman writer, so that the distinction of sex is lost in the distinction

of schools. Yet a special influence may be attributed to this single marked manifestation of force, to this imposing popular triumph. In the face of the fact that the one American book which had stormed Europe was the work of a woman, the old tone of patronage became ridiculous, the old sense of ordained and inevitable weakness on the part of the "female writer" became obsolete. Women henceforth, whatever their personal feelings in regard to the much-discussed book, were enabled, consciously or unconsciously, to hold the pen more firmly, to move it more freely. In New England fiction what a leap from the work of Miss Sedgwick, worthy as it is, to that of Mrs. Stowe! The field whence a few hardy growths were peeping seems to have been overflowed by a fertilizing river, so rich is its new yield. It is "the soul of Down East" that we find in "The Minister's Wooing" and "Oldtown Folks." Things spiritual are grasped with the insight of kinship, externals are drawn with the certainty of lifelong acquaintance. If we glance at the humorous side of the picture, surely no hand that ever wrought could have bettered one smile-provoking line in the familiar figure of Sam Lawson, the village do-nothing. There is a free-handedness in the treatment of this character not often found in more recent conscientious studies of local types; it is as a painting beside photographs. A certain inequality, it may be admitted, appears in the range of Mrs. Stowe's productions. They form links, more or less shining, between a time of confused and groping effort on the part of women and a time of definitely directed aims, of a concentration that has, inevitably, its own drawbacks.

The encouragement of the great magazines, from the first friendly to women writers, is an important factor in their development. "Harper's" dates from 1850; "The Atlantic Monthly," in 1857, opened a new outlet for literary work of a high grade. Here appeared many of the short stories of Rose Terry, depicting the life of New England; unsurpassable in their fidelity to nature, their spontaneous flow, their grim humor, pathos, tragedy. In the pages of "The Atlantic," too, suddenly flashed into sight the brilliant exotics of Harriet Prescott, who holds among American women a position as singular as that of Poe among men. Her characters have their being in some remote, gorgeous sunset-land; we feel that the Boston Common of "Azarian" is based upon a cloud rather than solid Yankee earth, and the author can scarce pluck a May flower but it turns at her touch to something rich and strange. Native flavor there is in some of her shorter stories, such as "The South Breaker" and "Knitting Sale-Socks"; but a sudden waft of foreign spices is sure to mingle with the sea-wind or the inland lilac-scents. "The Amber Gods" and "The Thief in the Night" skillfully involve the reader in a dazzling web of deceptive strength.

In "Temple House," "Two Men," and "The Morgesons," the peculiarly powerful works of Mrs. Stoddard, the central figures do not seem necessarily of any particular time or country. Their local habitation, however, is impressively painted; with a few swift, vigorous strokes the old coast towns spring up before us; the very savor of the air is imparted. Minor characters strongly smack of the soil; old Cuth, in "Two Men," dying "silently and firmly, like a wolf"; Elsa, in the same book. There are scenes of a superb fierce power — that of the wreck in "Temple House," for instance. The curt and repressed style, the ironic humor of Mrs. Stoddard, serve to grapple her work to the memory as with hooks of steel; it is as remote as possible from the conventional notion of woman's writing.

The old conflict between the reformer's passion and the art instinct is renewed in the novels and stories of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who possesses the artist's responsiveness in a high degree, with but little of the artist's restraint. Exquisitely sensitive to the significant beauty of the world, she is no less sensitive to the appeal of human pain. In "Hedged In" and "The Silent Partner," in her stories of the squalid tenement and the storm-beaten coast, her literary work reflects, point for point, her personal work for the fallen, the toiling, and the tempted. Her passionate sympathy gives her a power of thrilling, of commanding the tribute of tears, which is all her own. An enthusiast for womanhood, she has given us in "The Story of Avis" and "Dr. Zay" striking studies of complementary themes; "Avis," despite certain flaws of style to which objection is trite, remaining the greater, as it is the sadder, book. All Miss Phelps's stories strike root into New England, though it is not precisely Mrs. Cooke's New England of iron farmers and stony farms; and none strikes deeper root than "Avis," a natural product of the intellectual region whence "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" sprang thirty years before. No other woman, among writers who have arisen since the war, has received in such fullness the spiritual inheritance of New England's past.

The changes brought about by the influx of foreigners into the factory towns of the East are reflected in the pages of Miss Phelps, particularly in "The Silent Partner." A recent worker of the same vein is Lillie Chace Wyman, whose short stories, collected under the symbolic title "Poverty Grass," are marked by sincerity and simple power. Sarah Orne

Jewett roams the old pastures, gathering many pungent handfuls of the familiar flowers and herbs that retain for us their homely preciousness. She is attracted also by the life of the coast. Without vigorous movement, her sketches and stories have always an individual, delicate picturesqueness, the quality of a small, clear water-color. "A Country Doctor" is to be noted for its very quiet and true presentation of a symmetrical womanhood, naturally drawn towards the large helpfulness of professional life.

A novel which has lately aroused much discussion, the "John Ward, Preacher," of Margaret Deland, is, although its scene is laid in Pennsylvania, a legitimate growth of New England in its problem and its central character. The orthodox idea of eternal future punishment receives a treatment somewhat similar to that applied by Miss Phelps in "The Gates Ajar" to the conventional heaven. The hero seems a revisitant Thomas Shepard, or other stern yet tender Puritan of the past, miraculously set down in a modern environment. The incisiveness of portions of "John Ward," as well as the grace of its side scenes, gives promise of still more valuable coming contributions to American fiction by the poet of the charming "Old Garden." A yet later New England production is the book of stories by Mary E. Wilkins, "A Humble Romance," a work brimful of vigor and human nature.

We need not now enter into the circumstances tending to the misdirection of intellectual effort which so affected the work of Southern women in literature that for some time they produced little of enduring value. These causes have been of late fully set forth by a writer of the new South, Thomas Nelson Page, who in naming the women of Southern birth or residence most prominent as novelists before the civil war places Mrs. Terhune in a class by herself. "Like the others, she has used the Southern life as material, but has exhibited a literary sense of far higher order, and an artistic touch." Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, a native of West Virginia, has chosen a Pennsylvanian background for some of her best work; producing, perhaps, nothing stronger than "Life in the Iron Mills," published long since in "The Atlantic" — a story distantly akin to those of Miss Phelps and the author of "Poverty Grass." The hopeless heart-hunger of the poor has seldom been so passionately pictured. A distinguishing characteristic of the work of Mrs. Davis is her Browning-like insistence on the rare test-moments of life. If, as in the complicated war-time novel "Waiting for the Verdict," — a work of high intention, — the characters come out startlingly well in the sudden lights flashed upon them, the writer's idealism is tonic and uplifting.

It was a woman of the North who pictured, in a series of brief tales and sketches full of insight, the desolate South at the close of the civil war — Constance Fenimore Woolson, the most broadly national of our women novelists. Her feeling for local color is quick and true; and though she has especially identified herself with the Lake country and with Florida, one is left with the impression that her assimilative powers would enable her to reproduce as successfully the traits of any other quarter of the Union. Few American writers of fiction have given evidence of such breadth, so full a sense of the possibilities of the varied and complex life of our wide land. Robust, capable, mature — these seem fitting words to apply to the author of "Anne," of "East Angels," of the excellent short stories in "Rodman the Keeper." Women have reason for pride in a representative novelist whose genius is trained and controlled, without being tamed or dispirited.

Similar surefootedness and mastery of means are displayed by Mary Hallock Foote in her picturesque Western stories, such as "The Led-Horse Claim: a Romance of a Mining Camp," and "John Bodewin's Testimony" — in which a certain gracefulness takes the place of the fuller warmth of Miss Woolson. One is apt to name the two writers together, since they represent the most supple and practiced talent just now exercised by women in the department of fiction.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, English by birth and education, and influenced by the Dickens tradition, though reflecting the tone of her environment wherever fate may lead her, touches American literature chiefly on the Southern side, through "Louisiana" and "Esmeralda." Despite the ambitious character of her novel of Washington society, "Through One Administration," her most durable work is either thoroughly English or belongs to the international school. This particular branch of fiction we cannot now pause to note, though conscious that such books as the beautiful "Guenn" of Blanche Willis Howard have their own distinct value.

A truly native flower, though gathered in a field so unfamiliar as to wear a seemingly foreign charm, is Mrs. Jackson's poetic "Ramona." A book instinct with passionate purpose, intensely alive and involving the reader in its movement, it yet contains an idyl of singular loveliness, the perfection of which lends the force of contrast to the pathetic close. A novel of reform, into which a great and generous soul poured its gathered strength, it none the less possesses artistic distinction. Something is, of course, due to the charm of atmosphere, the beauty of the background against

which the plot naturally placed itself; more, to the trained hand, the pen pliant with long and free exercise; most, to the poet-heart. "Ramona" stands as the most finished, though not the most striking, example that what American women have done notably in literature they have done nobly.

The magazine-reading world has hardly recovered yet from its shock of surprise on discovering the author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," a book of short stories projecting the lines on which the writer has since advanced in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" and "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove." Why did Miss Murfree prefer to begin her literary career under the masculine name of "Charles Egbert Craddock"? Probably for the same reason as George Sand, George Eliot, Currer Bell; a reason stated by a stanch advocate of women, in words that form a convenient answer to the common sneer, "Not because they wished to be men, but because they wished for an unbiased judgment as artists." The world has grown so much more enlightened on this point that the biased critic is now the exception, and the biased editor is a myth. The precaution of disguise cannot much longer remain a necessity, if, indeed, it was necessary in the case of Miss Murfree.

From whatever cause adopted, the mask was a completely deceptive one. Mr. Craddock's vivid portrayal of life among the Tennessee mountains was fairly discussed and welcomed as a valuable and characteristic contribution from the South; and nobody hinted then that the subtle poetic element and the tendency to subordinate human interest to scenery were indications of the writer's sex. The few cherishers of the fading superstition that women are without humor laughed heartily and unsuspiciously over the droll situations, the quaint sayings of the mountaineers. Once more the *reductio ad absurdum* has been applied to the notion of ordained, invariable, and discernible difference between the literary work of men and that of women. The method certainly defers to dullness; but it also affords food for amusement to the ironically inclined.

This review, cursory and incomplete as it is, of the chief accomplishment of American women in native fiction, serves to bring out the fact that they have during the last forty years supplied to our literature an element of great and genuine value; and that while their productions have of course varied in power and richness, they have steadily gained in art. How wide the gap between "Hobomok" and "Ramona"! During the latter half of the period the product gives no general evidence of limitation; and the writers would certainly be placed, except for the purposes of this article, among their brother authors, in classes determined by method, local background, or any other basis of arrangement which is artistic rather than personal. In exceptional cases a reviewer perhaps exclaims upon certain faults as "womanish"; but the cry is too hasty; the faults are those of individuals, in either sex. It is possible to match them from the work of men, and to adduce examples of women's work entirely free from them. Colonel Higginson has pointed out that the ivory miniature method in favor with some of our masculine artists is that of Jane Austen. Wherein do Miss Sprague's "Earnest Trifler" or "The Daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse" display more salient indications of sex than works of similar scope by Mr. Henry James?

"The almost entire disappearance of the distinctively woman's novel" — that is, the novel designed expressly for feminine readers, such as "The Wide, Wide World" and "The Lamplighter" — has lately been commented upon. It is to be observed that this species — chiefly produced in the past by women, as the Warner sisters, Maria S. Cummins, Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, the excellent Miss McIntosh — has become nearly extinct at the very time when women are supplying a larger proportion of fiction than ever before; and, further, that the comparatively few "domestic semi-pious" novels, very popular in late years, have been of masculine production. The original and suggestive, though perhaps at times over-subtle, work of Mrs. Whitney, thoroughly impregnated with the New England spirit, and portraying with insight various phases of girlhood, takes another rank. Whatever may be concluded from the decadence of fiction, written of women, for women, by women, it is certainly probable that women will remain, as a rule, the best writers for girls. In connection with this subject must be mentioned the widely known and appreciated stories of Louisa M. Alcott, "Little Women" and its successors, which "have not only been reprinted and largely sold in England, but also translated into several foreign languages, and thus published with persistent success." We are told that when "Little Men" was issued "its publication was delayed until the publishers were prepared to fill advance orders for fifty thousand copies."

A like popularity is to be noted of the spirited and artistic "Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates," of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, which "has had a very large circulation in America; has passed through several editions in England; and has been published in French at Paris, in German at Leipsic, in Russian at St. Petersburg, and in Italian at Rome. . . . The crowning tribute to its excellence is its perennial sale in Holland in a Dutch edition." No

name in our juvenile literature so "brings a perfume in the mention" as that of Mrs. Dodge, who for years has been as "the very pulse of the machine" in the making of that magazine for children, which is not only an ever new delight, but a genuine educational power.

In poetry the abundant work of women during the last half-century shows a development corresponding to that traced in the field of fiction. As the flood of sentimentalism slowly receded hopeful signs began to appear — the rather vague tints of a bow of poetical promise. The varying verse of Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Kinney, Elizabeth Lloyd Howell, and Harriet Winslow Sewall represents, in different degrees, a general advance. The "little vagrant pen" of Frances Sargent Osgood, as she confessed, "wandered lightly down the paper," but its fanciful turns had now and then a swift, capricious grace. The poems of Sarah Helen Whitman, belonging to the landscape school of Bryant, are of marked value, as are also the deeply earnest productions of Mrs. Anna Lynch Botta, which display a new distinctness of motive, possibly attributable to the influence of Longfellow. The same influence is felt in some of the early work of Alice Cary, whose individual strain of melancholy melody clings to remembrance, its charm stubbornly outliving our critical recognition of defects due, in great measure, to overproduction. Emily Judson sometimes touched finely the familiar chords, as in the well-known poem of motherhood, "My Bird." The tender "Morning Glory" of Maria White Lowell, whose poems are characterized by a delicate and childlike simplicity, will be remembered.

In 1873 a critic, not generally deemed too favorable to growths of the present day, recorded the opinion that there was "more force and originality — in other words, more genius — in the living female poets of America than in all their predecessors, from Mistress Anne Bradstreet down. At any rate there is a wider range of thought in their verse, and infinitely more art." For the change first noted by Mr. Stoddard there is no accounting; the tides of genius are incalculable. The other gains, like those in fiction, are to be accounted for partly by the law of evolution working through our whole literature, by the influence of sounder models and of a truer criticism, and by the winnowing processes of the magazines; partly, also, by the altered position and improved education of women in general — not necessarily of the individual, since change in the atmosphere may have important results in cases where other conditions remain unchanged.

The poems of Mrs. Howe express true womanly aspiration, and a high scorn of unworthiness, but their strongest characteristic is the fervent patriotism which breathes through the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The clear, hopeful "orchard notes" of Lucy Larcom,—it is impossible to refrain from quoting Mr. Stedman's perfect phrase,—first heard long since, have grown more mellow with advancing years.

The dramatic lyric took new force and naturalness in the hands of Rose Terry Cooke, and turned fiery in those of Mrs. Stoddard, whose contemplative poems also have an eminent sad dignity of style. The fine-spun subjective verse of Mrs. Piatt flashes at times with felicities, as a web with dewdrops. Many names appear upon the honorable roll: Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Spofford,—whose rich nature reveals itself in verse as in the novel,— Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend; Elizabeth Akers Allen, Julia C. R. Dorr, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Moulton; Mrs. Thaxter,— the sea's true lover, who has devoted herself to the faithful expression of a single phase of natural beauty,— Mrs. Mary E. Bradley, Kate Putnam Osgood, Nora Perry, Mary N. Prescott, and Harriet McEwen Kimball; Mary Clemmer Hudson, Margaret E. Sangster, Miss Bushnell, "Susan Coolidge," "Howard Glyndon," "Stuart Sterne," Charlotte Fiske Bates, May Riley Smith, Ella Dietz, Mary Ainge de Vere, Edna Dean Proctor, the Goodale sisters, Miss Coolbrith, Miss Shinn, "Owen Innsly," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Alice Wellington Rollins. There is a kind of white fire in the best of the subtle verses of "H. H."— a diamond light, enhanced by careful cutting. Generally impersonal, the author's individuality yet lives in them to an unusual degree. We may recognize also in the Jewish poems of Emma Lazarus, especially in "By the Waters of Babylon," and the powerful fourteenth-century tragedy, "The Dance to Death," "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." The poems of Edith M. Thomas, with their exquisite workmanship, mark the high attainment of woman in the mastery of poetic form, and exhale some breath of that fragrance which clings to the work of the young Keats. Miss Hutchinson's "Songs and Lyrics" have also rare quality. The graceful verse of Mrs. Deland has been quick to win the ear of the public. Louise Imogen Guiney, sometimes straining the voice, has nevertheless contributed to the general chorus notes of unusual fullness and strength.

In other branches of literature, to which comparatively few women have chosen to devote themselves, an increasing thoroughness is apparent, a growing tendency to specialism.

The irresponsible feminine free lance, with her gay dash at all subjects, and her alliterative pen name dancing in every mêlée like a brilliant pennon, has gone over into the more appropriate field of journalism. The calmly adequate literary matron of all work is an admirable type of the past, no longer developed by the new conditions. The articles of the late Lucy M. Mitchell on sculpture, and of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer on art and architecture; the historical work of Martha J. Lamb and of the lamented Mary L. Booth, the latter also an indefatigable translator; the studies of Helen Campbell in social science; the translations of Harriet Waters Preston — these few examples are typical of the determination and concentration of woman's work at the present day. We notice in each new issue of a magazine the well-known specialists. Miss Thomas has given herself to the interpretation of nature, in prose as in verse; "Olive Thorne" Miller to the loving study of bird life. Mrs. Jackson, the most versatile of later writers, possessed the rare combination of versatility and thoroughness in such measure that we might almost copy Hartley Coleridge's saying of Harriet Martineau, and call her a specialist about everything; but her name will be associated with the earnest presentation of the wrongs of the Indian, as that of Emma Lazarus with the impassioned defense of the rights of the Jew.

The just and genial Colonel Higginson expresses disappointment that woman's advance in literature has not been more marked since the establishment of the women's colleges. "It is," he says, "considerable and substantial; yet in view of the completeness with which literary work is now thrown open to women, and their equality as to pay, there is room for some surprise that it is not greater."

The proper fruit of the women's colleges in literature has, in fact, not yet ripened. It may at first seem strangely delayed, yet reflection suggests the reasons. An unavoidable self-consciousness hampers the first workers under a new dispensation. It might appear at a casual glance that those released from the burden of a retarding tradition were ready at once for the race, but the weight has only been exchanged for the lighter burden of the unfamiliar. College-bred women of the highest type have accepted, with grave conscientiousness, new social responsibilities as the concomitant of their new opportunities.

> Pealing, the clock of Time
> Has struck the Woman's hour;
> We hear it on our knees,

wrote Miss Phelps for the graduates of Smith College ten years ago. That the summons has indeed been reverently heard and faithfully obeyed, those who have followed the work of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ can testify. The deed, and not the word, engages the energy of the college woman of to-day; but as these institutions grow into the life of our land that life will be everywhere enriched, and the word must follow in happy time. Individual genius for literature is sure, sooner or later, to appear within the constantly widening circle of those fairly equipped for its exercise. It would be idle to expect that the cases in which native power and an adequate preparation go hand in hand will be frequent, since they are infrequent among men. The desirable thing was, that this rare development should be made a possibility among women. It is possible to-day; some golden morrow will make it a reality.

Helen Gray Cone.

ELF-SHOT.

ON a wild morning, at a highway's bend,
Three arrows pierced him through.
They meant no hurt; they only left my friend
No more to dream or do.

By what fierce wrong this came — what law or luck,
Ask not; his annals all
In the sharp summary: *the arrows struck!*
Arise, converge, and fall.

Faith broke, adventure's wing was overwrought,
Desire's bright spring decayed;
Upon the curious eye that long had sought
Too much of sight was laid.

Since then, when wit of his doth make a feast,
His strength a shelter, know
His footsteps sound about; and yet he ceased,
How softly, years ago!

He is secure. A history wraps him close
To no skilled guess attuned:
Still smiling, still uncatalogued, he goes
With his immortal wound.

Oft as you meet my gracious fugitive,
Salute him, from your strife:
To you the victory, men who work and live,
Peace to that ended life!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL OUT OF DIXIE.

IT was past noon of the first day of the bloody contest in the Wilderness. The guns of the Fifth Corps, led by Battery D of the 1st New York Artillery, were halted along the Orange turnpike, by which we had made the fruitless campaign to Mine Run. The continuous roar of musketry in front and to the left indicated that the infantry was desperately engaged, while the great guns filling every wooded road leading up to the battlefield were silent. Our drivers were lounging about the horses, while the cannoneers lay on the green grass by the roadside or walked by the pieces. Down the line came an order for the center section, under my command, to advance and pass the right section, which lay in front of us. General Warren, surrounded by his staff, sat on a gray horse at the right of the road where the woods bordered an open field dipping between two wooded ridges. The position we were leaving was admirable, while the one to which we were ordered, on the opposite side of the narrow field, was wholly impracticable. The captain had received his orders in person from General Warren, and joined my command as we passed.

We dashed down the road at a trot, the cannoneers running beside their pieces. At the center of the field we crossed by a wooden bridge over a deep, dry ditch, and came rapidly into position at the side of the turnpike and facing the thicket. As the cannoneers were not all up, the captain and I dismounted and lent a hand in swinging round the heavy trails. The air was full of minié-balls, some whistling by like mad hornets, and others, partly spent, humming like big nails. One of the latter struck my knee with force enough to wound to the bone without penetrating the grained-leather boot-leg. In front of us the ground rose into the timber where our infantry was engaged. It was madness to continue firing here, for my shot must first plow through our own lines before reaching the enemy. So after one discharge the captain ordered the limbers to the rear, and the section started back at a gallop. My horse was cut on the flanks, and his plunging, with my disabled knee, delayed me in mounting, and prevented my seeing why the carriages kept to the grass instead of getting upon the roadway. When I overtook the guns they had come to a forced halt at the dry ditch, now full of skulkers, an angle of which cut the way to the bridge. Brief as the interval had been, not a man of my command was in sight. The lead horse of the gun team at my side had been shot and was reeling in the harness. Slipping to the ground, I untoggled one trace at the collar to release him, and had placed my hand on the other when I heard the demand "Surrender!" and turning found in my face two big pistols in the hands of an Alabama colonel. "Give me that sword," said he. I pressed the clasp and let it fall to the ground, where it remained. The colonel had taken me by the right arm, and as we turned towards the road I took in the whole situation at a glance. My chestnut horse and the captain's bald-faced brown were dashing frantically against the long, swaying gun teams. By the bridge stood a company of the 61st Alabama Infantry in butternut suits and slouch hats, shooting straggling and wounded Zouaves from a Pennsylvania brigade as they appeared in groups of two or three on the road in front. The colonel as he handed me over to his men ordered his troops to take what prisoners they could and to cease firing. The guns which we were forced to abandon were a bone of contention until they were secured by the enemy on the third day, at which time but one of the twenty-four team horses was living.

With a few other prisoners I was led by a short detour through the woods. In ten minutes we had turned the flank of both armies and reached the same turnpike in the rear of our enemy. A line of ambulances was moving back on the road, all filled with wounded, and when we saw a vacant seat beside a driver I was hoisted up to the place. The boy driver was in a high state of excitement. He said that two shells had come flying down this same road and showed where the trace of the near mule had been cut by a piece of shell, for which I was directly responsible.

The field hospital of General Jubal Early's corps was near Locust Grove Tavern, where

the wounded Yankees were in charge of Surgeon Donnelly of the Pennsylvania Reserves. No guard was established, as no one was supposed to be in condition to run away. At the end of a week, however, my leg had greatly improved, although I was still unable to use it. In our party was another lieutenant, an aide on the staff of General James C. Rice, whose horse had been shot under him while riding at full speed with despatches. Lieutenant Hadley had returned to consciousness to find himself a prisoner in hospital, somewhat bruised, and robbed of his valuables, but not otherwise disabled. We two concluded to start for Washington by way of Kelly's Ford. I traded my penknife for a haversack of cornbread with one of the Confederate nurses, and a wounded officer, Colonel Miller of a New York regiment, gave us a pocket compass. I provided myself with a stout pole, which I used with both hands in lieu of my left foot. At 9 P. M. we set out, passing during the night the narrow field and the dry ditch where I had left my guns. Only a pile of dead horses marked the spot.

On a grassy bank we captured a firefly and shut him in between the glass and the face of our pocket compass. With such a guide we shaped our course for the Rapidan. After traveling nearly all night we lay down exhausted upon a bluff within sound of the river and slept until sunrise. Hastening to our feet again, we hurried down to the ford. Just before reaching the river we heard shouts behind us and saw a man beckoning and running after us. Believing the man an enemy, we dashed into the shallow water, and after crossing safely hobbled away up the other side as fast as a man with one leg and a pole could travel. I afterwards met this man, himself a prisoner, at Macon, Georgia. He was the officer of our pickets, and would have conducted us into our lines if we had permitted him to come up with us. As it was, we found a snug hiding-place in a thicket of swamp growth, where we lay in concealment all day. After struggling on a few miles in a chilling rain my leg became so painful that it was impossible to go farther. A house was near by, and we threw ourselves on the mercy of the family. Good Mrs. Brandon had harbored the pickets of both armies again and again, and had luxuriated in real coffee and tea and priceless salt at the hands of our officers. She bore the Yankees only good-will, and after dressing my wound we sat down to breakfast with herself and her daughters.

After breakfast we were conducted to the second half-story, which was one unfinished room. There was a bed in one corner where we were to sleep. Beyond the stairs was a pile of yellow ears of corn, and from the rafters and sills hung a variety of dried herbs and medicinal roots. Here our meals were served, and the girls brought us books and read aloud to pass away the long days. I was confined to the bed, and my companion never ventured below stairs except on one dark night, when at my earnest entreaty he set out for Kelly's Ford, but soon returned, unable to make his way in the darkness. One day we heard the door open at the foot of the stairs, a tread of heavy boots on the steps, and the clank, clank of something that sounded very much like a saber. Out of the floor rose a gray slouch hat with the yellow cord and tassel of a cavalryman, and in another moment there stood on the landing one of the most astonished troopers that ever was seen. "Coot" Brandon was one of "Jeb" Stuart's rangers, and came every day for corn for his horse. Heretofore the corn had been brought down for him, and he was as ignorant of our presence as we were of his existence. On this day no pretext could keep him from coming up to help himself. His mother worked on his sympathies, and he departed promising her that he would leave us undisturbed. But the very next morning he turned up again, this time accompanied by another ranger of sterner mold. A parole was exacted from my able-bodied companion and we were left for another twenty-four hours, when I was considered in condition to be moved. Mrs. Brandon gave us each a new blue overcoat from a plentiful store of Uncle Sam's clothing she had on hand, and I opened my heart and gave her my last twenty-dollar greenback — and wished I had it back again every day for the next ten months.

I was mounted on a horse, and with Lieutenant Hadley on foot we were marched under guard all day until we arrived at a field hospital established in the rear of Longstreet's corps, my companion being sent on to some prison for officers. Thence I was forwarded with a train-load of wounded to Lynchburg, on which General Hunter was then marching, and we had good reason to hope for a speedy deliverance. On more than one day we heard his guns to the north, where there was no force but a few citizens with bird guns to oppose the entrance of his command. The slaves were employed on a line of breastworks which there was no adequate force to hold. It was our opinion that one well-disciplined regiment could have captured and held the town. It was several days before a portion of General Breckinridge's command arrived for the defense of Lynchburg.

I had clung to my clean bed in the hospital just as long as my rapidly healing wound would permit, but was soon transferred to a prison where at night the sleepers — Yankees,

Confederate deserters, and negroes — were so crowded upon the floor that some lay under the feet of the guards in the doorways. The atmosphere was dreadful. I fell ill, and for three days lay with my head in the fireplace, more dead than alive.

A few days thereafter about three hundred prisoners were crowded into cattle cars bound for Andersonville. We must have been a week on this railroad journey when an Irish lieutenant of a Rochester regiment and I, who had been allowed to ride in the baggage car, were taken from the train at Macon, Georgia, where about sixteen hundred Union officers were confined at the Fair-Grounds. General Alexander Shaler, of Sedgwick's corps, also captured at the Wilderness, was the ranking officer, and to him was accorded a sort of interior command of the camp. Before passing through the gate we expected to see a crowd bearing some outward semblance of respectability. Instead, we were instantly surrounded by several hundred ragged, barefooted, frowzy-headed men shouting "Fresh fish!" at the top of their voices and eagerly asking for news. With rare exceptions all were shabbily dressed. There was, however, a little knot of naval officers, who had been captured in the windings of the narrow Rappahannock by a force of cavalry, and who were the aristocrats of the camp. They were housed in a substantial fair-building in the center of the grounds, and by some special terms of surrender must have brought their complete wardrobes along. On hot days they appeared in spotless white duck, which they were permitted to send outside to be laundered. Their mess was abundantly supplied with the fruits and vegetables of the season. The ripe red tomatoes they were daily seen to peel were the envy of the camp. I well remember that to me, at this time, a favorite occupation was to lie on my back with closed eyes and imagine the dinner I would order if I were in a first-class hotel. It was no unusual thing to see a dignified colonel washing his lower clothes in a pail, clad only in his uniform dress-coat. Ladies sometimes appeared on the guard-walk outside the top of the stockade, on which occasions the cleanest and best-dressed men turned out to see and be seen. I was quite proud to appear in a clean gray shirt, spotless white drawers, and moccasins made of blue overcoat cloth.

On the Fourth of July, after the regular morning count, we repaired to the big central building and held an informal celebration. One officer had brought into captivity, concealed on his person, a little silk national flag, which was carried up into the cross-beams of the building, and the sight of it created the wildest enthusiasm. We cheered the flag and applauded the patriotic speeches until a detachment of the guard succeeded in putting a stop to our proceedings. They tried to capture the flag, but in this they were not successful. We were informed that cannon were planted commanding the camp, and would be opened on us if we renewed our demonstrations.

Soon after this episode the fall of Atlanta and the subsequent movements of General Sherman led to the breaking up of the camp at Macon, and to the transfer of half of us to a camp at Charleston and half to Savannah. Late in September, by another transfer, we found ourselves together again at Columbia. We had no form of shelter, and there was no stockade around the camp, only a guard and a dead-line. During two hours of each morning an extra line of guards was stationed around an adjoining piece of pine woods, into which we were allowed to go and cut wood and timber to construct for ourselves huts for the approaching winter. Our ration at this time consisted of raw corn-meal and sorghum molasses, without salt or any provision of utensils for cooking. The camp took its name from our principal article of diet, and was by common consent known as "Camp Sorghum." A stream of clear water was accessible during the day by an extension of the guards, but at night the lines were so contracted as to leave the path leading to the water outside the guard. Lieutenant S. H. M. Byers, who had already written the well-known lyric "Sherman's March to the Sea," was sharing my tent, which consisted of a ragged blanket. We had been in the new camp but little more than a week when we determined to make an attempt at escape. Preparatory to starting we concealed two tin cups and two blankets in the pine woods to which we had access during the chopping hours, and here was to be our rendezvous in case we were separated in getting out. Covering my shoulders with an old gray blanket and providing myself with a stick from the woodpile about the size of a gun, I tried to smuggle myself into the relief guard when the line was contracted at six o'clock. Unfortunately an unexpected halt was called, and the soldier in front turned and discovered me. I was now more than ever determined on getting away. After a hurried conference with Lieutenant Byers, at which I promised to wait at our rendezvous in the woods until I heard the posting of the ten o'clock relief, I proceeded alone up the side of the camp to a point where a group of low cedars grew close to the dead-line. Concealing myself in their dark shadow, I could observe at my leisure the movements of the sentinels. A full moon was just rising above the horizon to my left, and in the soft, misty

light the guards were plainly visible for a long distance either way. An open field from which the small growth had been recently cut away lay beyond, and between the camp and the guard-line ran a broad road of soft sand — noiseless to cross, but so white in the moonlight that a leaf blown across it by the wind could scarcely escape a vigilant eye. The guards were bundled in their overcoats, and I soon observed that the two who met opposite to my place of concealment turned and walked their short beats without looking back. Waiting until they separated again, and regardless of the fact that I might with equal likelihood be seen by a dozen sentinels in either direction, I ran quickly across the soft sand road several yards into the open field, and threw myself down upon the uneven ground. First I dragged my body on my elbows for a few yards, then I crept on my knees, and so gradually gained in distance until I could rise to a standing position and get safely to the shelter of the trees. With some difficulty I found the cups and blankets we had concealed, and lay down to await the arrival of my companion. Soon I heard several shots which I understood too well; and, as I afterwards learned, two officers were shot dead for attempting the feat I had accomplished, and perhaps in emulation of my success. A third young officer, whom I knew, was also killed in camp by one of the shots fired at the others.

At ten o'clock I set out alone and made my way across the fields to the bank of the Saluda, where a covered bridge crossed to Columbia. Hiding when it was light, wandering through fields and swamps by night, and venturing at last to seek food of negroes, I proceeded for thirteen days towards the sea.

In general I had followed the Columbia turnpike; at a quaint little chapel on the shore of Goose Creek, but a few miles out of Charleston, I turned to the north and bent my course for the coast above the city. About this time I learned that I should find no boats along the shore between Charleston and the mouth of the Santee, everything able to float having been destroyed to prevent the escape of the negroes and the desertion of the soldiers. I was ferried over the Broad River by a crusty old darky who came paddling across in response to my cries of "O-v-e-r," and who seemed so put out because I had no fare for him that I gave him my case-knife. The next evening I had the only taste of meat of this thirteen days' journey, which I got from an old negro whom I found alone in his cabin eating possum and rice.

I had never seen the open sea-coast beaten by the surf, and after being satisfied that I had no hope of escape in that direction it was in part my curiosity that led me on, and partly a vague idea that I would get Confederate transportation back to Columbia and take a fresh start westward bound. The tide was out, and in a little cove I found an abundance of oysters bedded in the mud, some of which I cracked with stones and ate. After satisfying my hunger, and finding the sea rather unexpectedly tame inside the line of islands which marked the eastern horizon, I bent my steps towards a fire, where I found a detachment of Confederate coast-guards, to whom I offered myself as a guest as coolly as if my whole toilsome journey had been prosecuted to that end.

In the morning I was marched a few miles to Mount Pleasant, near Fort Moultrie, and taken thence in a sail-boat across the harbor to Charleston. At night I found myself again in the city jail, where with a large party of officers I had spent most of the month of August. My cell-mate was Lieutenant H. G. Dorr of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, with whom I journeyed by rail back to Columbia, arriving at "Camp Sorghum" about the 1st of November.

I rejoined the mess of Lieutenant Byers and introduced to the others Lieutenant Dorr, whose cool assurance was a prize that procured us all the blessings possible. He could borrow frying-pans from the guards, money from his brother Masons at headquarters, and I believe if we had asked him to secure us a gun he would have charmed it out of the hand of a sentinel on duty.

Lieutenant Edward E. Sill, of General Daniel Butterfield's staff, whom I had met at Macon, during my absence had come to "Sorghum" from a fruitless trip to Macon for exchange, and I had promised to join him in an escape when he could secure a pair of shoes. On the 29th of November our mess had cut down a big pine tree and had rolled into camp a short section of the trunk, which a Tennessee officer was to split into shingles to complete our hut, a pretty good cabin with earthen fireplace. While we were resting from our exertion, Sill appeared with his friend Lieutenant A. T. Lamson of the 104th New York Infantry, and reminded me of my promise. The prisoners always respected their parole on wood-chopping expeditions, and went out and came in at the main entrance. The guards were a particularly verdant body of back country militia, and the confusion of the parole system enabled us to practice ruses. In our present difficulty we resorted to a new expedient and forged a parole. The next day all three of us were quietly walking down the guard-line on the outside. At the creek, where all the camp came for water, we

found Dorr and Byers and West, and calling to one of them in the presence of the guard asked for blankets to bring in spruce boughs for beds. When the blankets came they contained certain haversacks, cups, and little indispensable articles for the road. Falling back into the woods, we secured a safe hiding-place until after dark. Just beyond the village of Lexington we successfully evaded the first picket, being warned of its presence by the smoldering embers in the road. A few nights after this, having exposed ourselves and anticipating pursuit, we pushed on until we came to a stream crossing the road. Up this we waded for some distance and secured a hiding-place on a neighboring hill. In the morning we looked out upon mounted men and dogs, at the very point where we had entered the stream, searching for our lost trail. We spent two days during a severe storm of rain and sleet in a farm barn where the slaves were so drunk on applejack that they had forgotten us and left us with nothing to eat but raw turnips. One night, in our search for provisions, we met a party of negroes burning charcoal who took us to their camp and sent out for a supply of food. While waiting a venerable "uncle" proposed to hold a prayer meeting. So under the tall trees and by the light of the smoldering coal-pits the old man prayed long and fervently to the "bressed Lord and Massa Lincoln," and hearty amens echoed through the woods. Besides a few small potatoes, one dried goat ham was all our zealous friends could procure. The next day, having made our camp in the secure depths of a dry swamp, we lighted the only fire we allowed ourselves between Columbia and the mountains. The ham, which was almost as light as cork, was riddled with worm holes, and as hard as a petrified sponge.

We avoided the towns, and after an endless variety of adventures approached the mountains, cold, hungry, ragged, and footsore. On the night of December 13 we were grouped about a guide-post, at a fork in the road, earnestly contending as to which way we should proceed. Lieutenant Sill was for the right, I was for the left, and no amount of persuasion could induce Lieutenant Lamson to decide the controversy. I yielded, and we turned to the right. After walking a mile in a state of general uncertainty we came to a low white farm-house standing very near to the road. It was now close upon midnight and the windows were all dark, but from a house of logs, partly behind the other, gleamed a bright light. Judging this to be servants' quarters, two of us remained back while Lieutenant Sill made a cautious approach. In due time a negro appeared, advancing stealthily, and, beckoning to my companion and me, conducted us in the shadow of a hedge to a side window, through which we clambered into the cabin. We were made very comfortable in the glow of a bright wood fire. Sweet potatoes were already roasting in the ashes, and a tin pot of barley coffee was steaming on the coals. Rain and sleet had begun to fall, and it was decided that after having been warmed and refreshed we should be concealed in the barn until the following night. Accordingly we were conducted thither and put to bed upon a pile of corn-shucks high up under the roof. Secure as this retreat seemed, it was deemed advisable in the morning to burrow several feet down in the mow, so that the children, if by any chance they should climb so high, might romp unsuspecting over our heads. We could still look out through the cracks in the siding and get sufficient light whereby to study a map of the Southern States, which had been brought us with our breakfast. A luxurious repast was in preparation, to be eaten at the quarters before starting, but a frolic being in progress, and a certain negro present of questionable fidelity, the banquet was transferred to the barn. The great barn doors were set open, and the cloth was spread on the floor by the light of the moon. Certainly we had partaken of no such substantial fare within the Confederacy. The central dish was a pork pie, flanked by savory little patties of sausage. There were sweet potatoes, fleecy biscuits, a jug of sorghum, and a pitcher of sweet milk. Most delicious of all was a variety of corn-bread, having tiny bits of fresh pork baked in it, like plums in a pudding.[1]

Filling our haversacks with the fragments, we took grateful leave of our sable benefactors and resumed our journey, retracing our steps to the point of disagreement of the evening before. Long experience in night marching

[1] Major Sill contributes the following evidence of the impression our trio made upon one, at least, of the pickaninnies who looked on in the moonlight. The picture of Lieutenants Sill and Lamson which appears on page 937 was enlarged from a small photograph taken on their arrival at Chattanooga, before divesting themselves of the rags worn throughout the long journey. Years afterwards Major Sill gave one of these pictures to Wallace Bruce of Florida, now United States consul at Glasgow. In the winter of 1888–89 Mr. Bruce, at his Florida home, was showing the photograph to his family when it caught the eye of a colored servant, who exclaimed: "O Massa Bruce, I know those gen'men. My father and mother hid 'em in Massa's barn at Pickensville and fed 'em; there was three of 'em; I saw 'em." This servant was a child scarcely ten years old in 1864, and could only have seen us while we were eating our supper in the barn door, and that in the uncertain moonlight. Yet more than twenty years thereafter he greeted the photograph of the ragged Yankee officers with a flash of recognition.

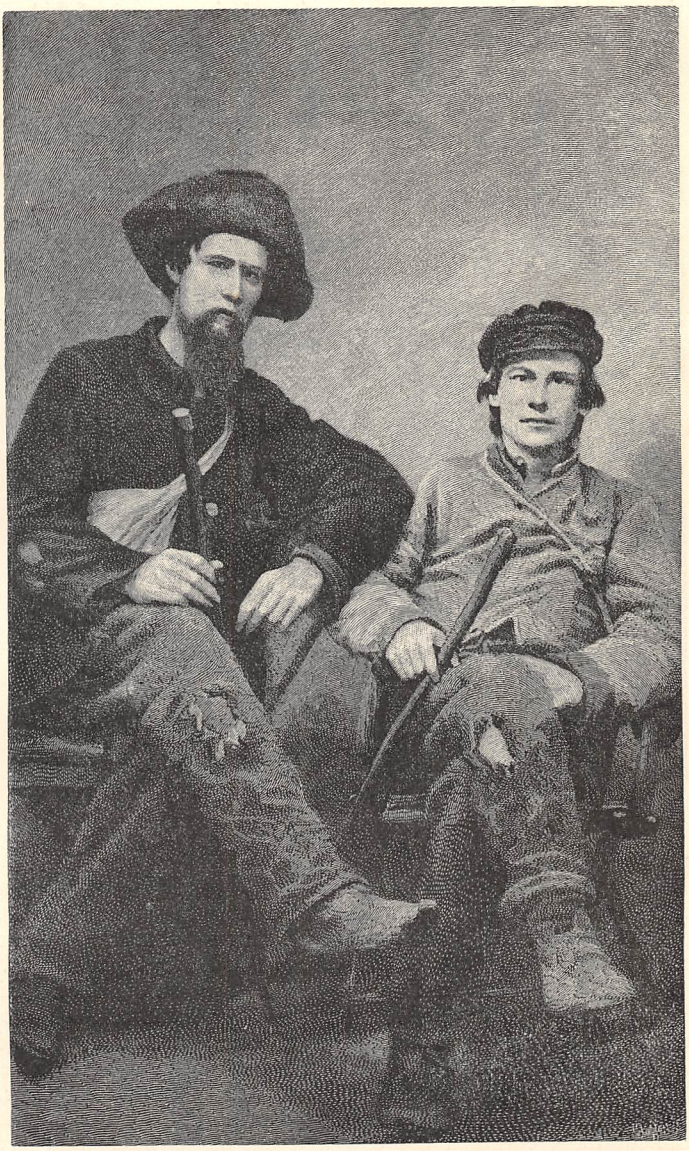
had taught us extreme caution. We had advanced along the new road but a short way when we were startled by the barking of a house dog. Apprehending that something was moving in front of us, we instantly withdrew into the woods. We had scarcely concealed ourselves when two cavalrymen passed along, driving before them a prisoner. Aware that it was high time to betake ourselves to the cross-roads and describe a wide circle around the military station at Pickensville, we first sought information. A ray of light was visible from a hut in the woods, and believing from its humble appearance that it sheltered friends, my companions lay down in concealment while I advanced to reconnoiter. I gained the side of the house, and looking through a crack in the boards saw, to my horror, a soldier lying on his back before the fire and playing with a dog. I stole back with redoubled care. Thoroughly alarmed by the dangers we had already encountered, we decided to abandon the roads. Near midnight of December 16 we passed through a wooden gate on a level road leading into the forest. Believing that the lateness of the hour would secure us from further dangers, we resolved to press on with all speed, when two figures with lighted torches came suddenly into view. Knowing that we were yet unseen, we turned into the woods and concealed ourselves behind separate trees at no great distance from the path. Soon the advancing lights revealed two hunters, mere lads, but having at their heels a pack of mongrel dogs, with which they had probably been pursuing the coon or the possum. The boys would have passed unaware of our presence, but the dogs, scurrying along with their noses in the leaves, soon struck our trail and were instantly yelping about us. We had possessed ourselves of the name of the commanding officer of the neighboring post at Pendleton, and advanced boldly, representing ourselves to be his soldiers. "Then where did you get them blue pantaloons?" they demanded, exchanging glances, which showed they were not ignorant of our true character. We coolly faced them down and resumed our march leisurely, while the boys still lingered undecided. When out of sight we abandoned the road and fled at the top of our speed. We had covered a long distance through forest and field before we heard in our wake the faint yelping of the pack. Plunging into the first stream, we dashed for some distance along its bed. Emerging on the opposite bank, we sped on through marshy fields, skirting high hills and bounding down through dry watercourses, over shelving stones and accumulated barriers of driftwood; now panting up a steep ascent, and now resting for a moment to rub our shoes with the resinous needles of the pine; always within hearing of the dogs, whose fitful cries varied in volume in accordance with the broken conformation of the intervening country. Knowing that in speed and endurance we were no match for our four-footed pursuers, we trusted to our precautions for throwing them off the scent, mindful that they were but an ill-bred kennel and the more easily to be disposed of. Physically we were capable of prolonged exertion. Fainter and less frequent came the cry of the dogs, until, ceasing altogether, we were assured of our escape.

At Oconee, on Sunday, December 18, we met a negro well acquainted with the roads and passes into North Carolina, who furnished us information by which we traveled for two nights, recognizing on the second objects which by his direction we avoided, like the house of Black Bill McKinney, and going directly to that of friendly old Tom Handcock. The first of these two nights we struggled up the foothills and outlying spurs of the mountains, through an uninhabited waste of rolling barrens, along an old stage road, long deserted, and in places impassable to a saddle mule. Lying down before morning, high up on the side of the mountain, we fell asleep, to be awakened by thunder and lightning and to find torrents of hail and sleet beating upon our blankets. Chilled to the bone, we ventured to build a small fire in a secluded place. After dark, and before abandoning our camp, we gathered quantities of wood, stacking it upon the fire, which when we left it was a wild tower of flame lighting up the whole mountain side in the direction we had come, and seeming, in some sort, to atone for a long succession of shivering days in fireless bivouac. We followed the same stage road through the scattering settlement of Casher's Valley in Jackson County, North Carolina. A little farther on, two houses, of hewn logs, with verandas and green blinds, just fitted the description we had received of the home of old Tom Handcock. Knocking boldly at the door of the farther one, we were soon in the presence of the loyal mountaineer. He and his wife had been sleeping on a bed spread upon the floor before the fire. Drawing this to one side, they heaped the chimney with green wood and were soon listening with genuine delight to the story of our adventures.

After breakfast next day, Tom, with his rifle, led us by a back road to the house of "'Squire Larkin C. Hooper," a leading loyalist, whom we met on the way, and together we proceeded to his house. Ragged and forlorn, we were eagerly welcomed at his home by Hooper's invalid wife and daughters. For several days

we enjoyed a hospitality given as freely to utter strangers as if we had been relatives of the family.

Here we learned of a party about to start through the mountains for East Tennessee, guided by Emanuel Headen, who lived on the crest of the Blue Ridge. Our friend Tom was to be one of the party, and other refugees were coming over the Georgia border, where Headen, better known in the settlement as "Man Heady," was mustering his party. It now being near Christmas, and the 'squire's family in daily expectation of a relative, who was a captain in the Confederate army, it was deemed prudent for us to go on to Headen's under the guidance of Tom. Setting out at sunset on the 23d of December, it was late in the evening when we arrived at our destination, having walked nine miles up the mountain trails over a light carpeting of snow. Pausing in front of a diminutive cabin, through the chinks of whose stone fireplace and stick chimney the whole interior seemed to be red hot like a furnace, our guide demanded, "Is Man Heady to hum?" Receiving a sharp negative in reply, he continued, "Well, can Tom get to stay all night?" At this the door flew open and a skinny woman appeared, her homespun frock pendent with tow-headed urchins.



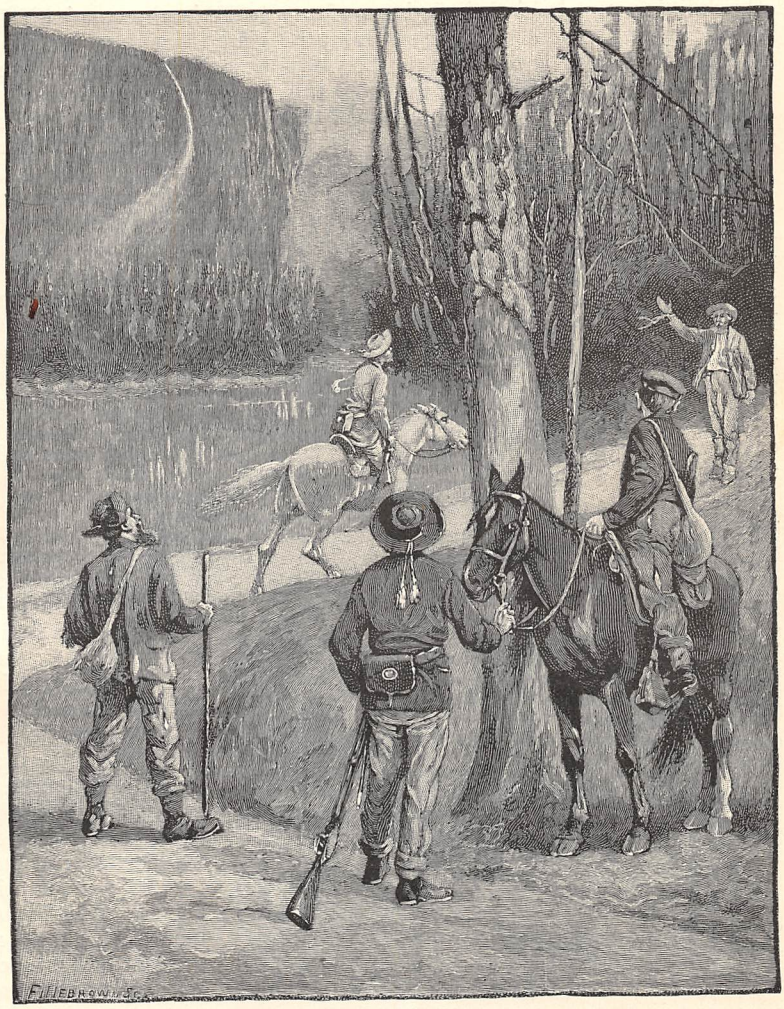
LIEUTENANTS E. E. SILL AND A. T. LAMSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA.)

"In course you can," she cried, leading the way into the cabin. Never have I seen so unique a character as this voluble, hatchet-faced, tireless woman. Her skin was like yellow parchment, and I doubt if she knew by experience what it was to be sick or weary. She had built the stake-and-cap fences that divided the fields, and she boasted of the acres she had plowed. The cabin was very small. Two bedsteads, with a narrow alleyway between, occupied half the interior. One was heaped with rubbish and in the other slept the whole family, consisting of father, mother, a daughter of sixteen, and two little boys. When I add that the room contained a massive timber loom, a table, a spinning wheel, and a variety of rude seats, it will be understood that we were crowded uncomfortably close to the fire. Shrinking back as far as possible from the blaze, we listened in amused wonder to the tongue of this seemingly untamed virago, who, nevertheless, proved to be the kindest-hearted of women. She cursed, in her high-pitched tones, for a pack of fools, the men who had brought on the war. Roderic Norton, who lived down

the mountain, she expressed a profane desire to "stomp through the turnpike" because at some time he had stolen one of her hogs, marked, as to the ear, with "two smooth craps an' a slit in the left." Once only she had journeyed into the low country, where she had seen those twin marvels, steam cars and brick chimneys. On this occasion she had driven a heifer to market, making a journey of forty miles, walking beside her horse and wagon, which she took along to bring back the corn-meal received in payment for the animal. Charged by her husband to bring back the heifer bell, and being denied that musical instrument by the purchaser, it immediately assumed more importance to her mind than horse, wagon, and corn-meal. Baffled at first, she proceeded to the pasture in the gray of the morning, cornered the cow and cut off the bell, and, in her own picturesque language, "walked through the streets of Walhalla cussin'." Rising at midnight she would fall to spinning with all her energy. To us, waked from sleep on the floor by the humming of the wheel, she seemed by the light of the low fire like a witch in a sun-bonnet, darting forward and back.

WE ARRIVE AT HEADEN'S.

We remained there several days, sometimes at the cabin and sometimes at a cavern in the rocks such as abound throughout the mountains, and which are called by the natives "rock houses." Many of the men at that time were "outliers"—that is, they camped in the mountain fastnesses, receiving their food from some member of the family. Some of these men, as now, had their copper stills in the rock houses, while others, more wary of the recruiting sergeant, wandered from point to point, their only furniture a rifle and a bedquilt. On December 29, we were joined at the cavern by Lieutenant Knapp and Captain Smith, Federal officers, who had also made their way from Columbia, and by three refugees from Georgia, whom I remember as Old Man Tigue and the two Vincent boys. During the night our party was to start across the mountains for Tennessee. Tom Handcock was momentarily expected to join us. Our guide was busy with preparations for the journey. The night coming on icy cold, and a cutting wind driving the smoke of the fire into our granite house, we abandoned it at nine o'clock and descended to the cabin. Headen and his wife had gone to the mill for a supply of corn-meal. Although it was time for their return, we were in no wise alarmed by their absence, and formed a jovial circle about the roaring chimney. About midnight came a rap on the door. Thinking it was Tom Handcock and some of his companions, I threw it open with an eager "Come in, boys!" The boys began to come in, stamping the snow from their boots and rattling their muskets on the floor, until the house was full, and yet others were on guard without and crowding the porch. "Man Heady" and his wife were already prisoners at the mill, and the house had been picketed for some hours awaiting the arrival of the other refugees, who had discovered the plot just in time to keep out of the toils. Marshaled in some semblance of military array, we were marched down the mountain, over the frozen ground, to the house of old Roderic Norton. The Yankee officers were sent to an upper room, while the refugees were guarded below, under the immediate eyes of the soldiery. Making the best of our misfortune, our original trio bounced promptly into a warm bed, which had been recently deserted by some members of the family, and secured a good night's rest.



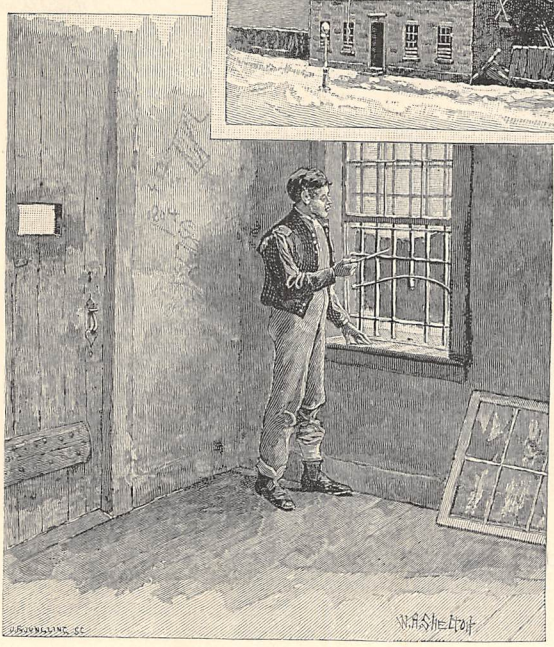
THE ESCAPE OF HEADEN.

Lieutenant Knapp, who had imprudently indulged in frozen chestnuts on the mountain side, was attacked with violent cramps, and kept the household below stairs in commotion all night humanely endeavoring to assuage his agony. In the morning, although quite recovered, he cunningly feigned a continuance of his pains, and was left behind in the keeping of two guards, who having no suspicion of his deep designs left their guns in the house and went out to the spring to wash. Knapp, instantly on the alert, possessed himself of the muskets, and breaking the lock of one, by a powerful effort he bent the barrel of the other, and dashed out through the garden. His keepers, returning from the spring, shouted and rushed indoors only to find their disabled pieces. They joined our party later in the day, rendering a chapfallen account of their detached service.

We had but a moderate march to make to the headquarters of the battalion, where we were to spend the night. Our guards we found kindly disposed towards us, but bitterly upbraiding the refugees, whom they saluted by the ancient name of Tories. Lieutenant Cogdill, in command of the expedition, privately informed us that his sympathies were entirely ours, but as a matter of duty he should guard us jealously while under his military charge. If we could effect our escape thereafter we had only to come to his mountain home and he would conceal us until such time as he could despatch us with safety over the borders. These mountain soldiers were mostly of two classes, both opposed to the war, but doing home-guard duty in lieu of sterner service in the field. Numbers were of the outlier class, who, wearied of continual hiding in the laurel brakes, had embraced this service as a compromise. Many were deserters, some of whom had coolly set at defiance the terms of their furloughs, while others had abandoned the camps in Virginia, and, versed in mountain craft, had made their way along the Blue Ridge and put in a heroic appearance in their native valleys.

That night we arrived at a farm-house near the river, where we found Major Parker, commanding the battalion, with a small detachment, billeted upon the family. The farmer was a gray-haired old loyalist, whom I shall always remember, leaning on his staff in the middle of the kitchen, barred out from his place in the chimney-corner by the noisy circle of his unbidden guests. Major Parker was

a brisk little man, clad in brindle jeans of ancient cut, resplendent with brass buttons. Two small piercing eyes, deep-set beside a hawk's-beak nose, twinkled from under the rim of his brown straw hat, whose crown was defiantly surmounted by a cock's feather. But he was exceedingly jolly withal and welcomed the Yankees with pompous good humor, despatching a sergeant for a jug of apple-jack, which was doubtless as inexpensive to the major as his other hospitality. Having been a prisoner at Chicago, he prided himself on his knowledge of dungeon etiquette and the military courtesies due to our rank.



GREENVILLE JAIL.

We were awakened in the morning by high-pitched voices in the room below. Lieutenant Sill and I had passed the night in neighboring caverns of the same miraculous feather-bed. We recognized the voice of the major, informing some culprit that he had just ten minutes to live, and that if he wished to send any dying message to his wife or children then and there was his last opportunity; and then followed the tramping of the guards as they retired from his presence with their victim. Hastily dressing, we hurried down to find what was the matter. We were welcomed with a cheery good morning from the major, who seemed to be in the sunniest of spirits. No sign of commotion was visible. "Step out to the branch, gentlemen; your parole of honor is sufficient; you 'll find towels—been a prisoner myself." And he restrained by a sign the sentinel who would have accompanied us. At the branch, in the yard, we found the other refugees trembling for their fate, and learned that Headen had gone to the orchard in the charge of a file of soldiers with a rope. While we were discussing the situation and endeavoring to calm the apprehensions of the Georgians the executioners returned from the orchard, our guide marching in advance and looking none the worse for the rough handling he had undergone. The brave fellow had confided his last message and been thrice drawn up towards the branch of an apple tree, and as many times lowered for the information it was supposed he would give. Nothing was learned, and it is probable he had no secrets to disclose or conceal.

Lieutenant Cogdill, with two soldiers, was detailed to conduct us to Quallatown, a Cherokee station at the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains. Two horses were allotted to the guard, and we set out in military order, the refugees two and two in advance, Headen and Old Man Tigue lashed together by the wrists, and the rear brought up by the troopers on horseback. It was the last day of the year, and although a winter morning, the rare mountain air was as soft as spring. We struck the banks of the Tuckasegee directly opposite to a feathery waterfall, which, leaping over a crag of the opposite cliff, was dissipated in a glittering sheet of spray before reaching the tops of the trees below. As the morning advanced we fell into a more negligent order of marching. The beautiful river, a wide, swift current, flowing smoothly between thickly wooded banks, swept by on our left, and on the right wild, uninhabited mountains closed in the road. The two Vincents were strolling along far in advance. Some distance behind them were Headen and Tigue; the remainder of us following in a general group, Sill mounted beside one of the guards. Advancing in this order, a cry from the front broke on the stillness of the woods, and we beheld Old Man Tigue gesticulating wildly in the center of the road and screaming, "He 's gone! He 's gone!

Catch him!" Sure enough the old man was alone, the fragment of the parted strap dangling from his outstretched wrist. The guard, who was mounted, dashed off in pursuit, followed by the lieutenant on foot, but both soon returned, giving over the hopeless chase. Thoroughly frightened by the events of the morning, Headen[1] had watched his opportunity to make good his escape, and as we afterwards learned, joined by Knapp and Tom Handcock, he conducted a party safely to Tennessee.

At Webster, the court town of Jackson County, we were quartered for the night in the jail, but accompanied Lieutenant Cogdill to a venison breakfast at the parsonage with Mrs. Harris and her daughter, who had called on us the evening before. Snow had fallen during the night, and when we continued our march it was with the half-frozen slush crushing in and out, at every step, through our broken shoes. Before the close of this dreary New Year's day we came upon the scene of one of those wild tragedies which are still of too frequent occurrence in those remote regions, isolated from the strong arm of the law. Our road led down and around the mountain side, which on our right was a barren, rocky waste, sloping gradually up from the inner curve of the arc we were describing. From this direction arose a low wailing sound, and a little farther on we came in view of a dismal group of men, women, and mules. In the center of the gathering lay the lifeless remains of a father and his two sons; seated upon the ground, swaying and weeping over their dead, were the mother and wives of the young men. A burial party, armed with spades and picks, waited by their mules, while at a respectful distance from the mourners stood a circle of neighbors and passers-by, some gazing in silent sympathy, and others not hesitating to express a quiet approval of the shocking tragedy. Between two families, the Hoopers and the Watsons, a bitter feud had long existed, and from time to time men of each clan had fallen by the rifles of the other. The Hoopers were loyal Union men, and if the Watsons yielded any loyalty it was to the State of North Carolina. On one occasion shortly before the final tragedy, when one of the young Hoopers was sitting quietly in his door, a light puff of smoke rose from the bushes and a rifle ball plowed through his leg. The Hoopers resolved to begin the new year by wiping out their enemies, root and branch. Before light they had surrounded the log cabin of the Watsons and secured all the male inmates, except one who, wounded, escaped through a window. The latter afterwards executed a singular revenge, by killing and skinning the dog of his enemies and elevating the carcass on a pole in front of their house.

After a brief stay at Quallatown we set out for Asheville, leaving behind our old and friendly guard. Besides the soldiers who now had us in charge, a Cherokee Indian was allotted to each prisoner, with instructions to keep his man constantly in view. To travel with an armed Indian, sullen and silent, trotting at your heels like a dog, with very explicit instructions to blow out your brains at the first attempt to escape, is neither cheerful nor ornamental, and we were a sorry looking party plodding silently along the road. Detachments of prisoners were frequently passed over this route, and regular stopping-places were established for the nights. It was growing dusk when we arrived at the first cantonment, which was the wing of a great barren farm-house owned by Colonel Bryson. The place was already occupied by a party of refugees, and we were directed to a barn in the field beyond. We had brought with us uncooked rations, and while two of the soldiers went into the house for cooking utensils, the rest of the party, including the Indians, were leaning in a line upon the dooryard fence; Sill and Lamson were at the end of the line, where the fence cornered with a hedge. Presently the two soldiers reappeared, one of them with an iron pot in which to cook our meat, and the other swinging in his hand a burning brand. In the wake of these guides we followed down to the barn, and had already started a fire when word came from the house that for fear of rain we had best return to the corn-barn. It was not until we were again in the road that I noticed the absence of Sill and Lamson. I hastened to Smith and confided the good news. The fugitives were missed almost simultaneously by the guards, who first beat up the vicinity of the barn, and then, after securing the remainder of us in a corn-crib, sent out the Indians in pursuit. Faithful dogs, as these Cherokees had shown themselves during the day, they proved but poor hunters when the game was in the bush, and soon returned, giving over the chase. Half an hour later they were all back in camp, baking their hoecake in genuine aboriginal fashion, flattened on the surface of a board and inclined to the heat of the fire.[2]

That I was eager to follow goes without saying, but our keepers had learned our slip-

1 A short time ago the writer received the following letter: "Casher's Valley, May 28, 1890. Old Manuel Headen and wife are living, but separated. Julia Ann is living with her mother. The old lady is blind. Old man Norton (Roderic), to whose house you were taken as prisoner, has been dead for years. Old Tom Handcock is dead.—W. R. HOOPER."

2 Sill and Lamson reached Loudon, Tennessee, in February. A few days after their escape from the Indian guard they arrived at the house of "Shooting John

pery character. All the way to Asheville, day and night, we were watched with sleepless vigilance. There we gave our parole, Smith and I, and secured thereby comfortable quarters in the court-house, with freedom to stroll about the town. Old Man Tigue and the Vincents were committed to the county jail. We were there a week, part of my spare time being employed in helping a Confederate company officer make out a correct pay-roll.

When our diminished ranks had been recruited by four more officers from Columbia, who had been captured near the frozen summit of the Great Smoky Mountains, we were started on a journey of sixty miles to Greenville in South Carolina. The night before our arrival we were quartered at a large farm-house. The prisoners, together with the privates of the guard, were allotted a comfortable room, which contained, however, but a single bed. The officer in charge had retired to enjoy the hospitality of the family. A flock of enormous white pullets were roosting in the yard. Procuring an iron kettle from the servants, who looked with grinning approval upon all forms of chicken stealing, we sallied forth to the capture. Twisting the precious necks of half a dozen, we left them to die in the grass while we pierced the side of a sweet-potato mound. Loaded with our booty we retreated to the house undiscovered, and spent the night in cooking in one pot instead of sleeping in one bed. The fowls were skinned instead of plucked, and, vandals that we were, dressed on the backs of the picture frames, taken down from the walls.

At Greenville we were lodged in the county jail to await the reconstruction of railway bridges, when we were to be transported to Columbia. The jail was a stone structure, two stories in height, with halls through the center on both floors and square rooms on each side. The lock was turned on our little party of six in one of these upper rooms, having two grated windows looking down on the walk. Through the door which opened on the hall a square hole was cut as high as one's face and large enough to admit the passage of a plate. Aside from the rigor of our confinement we were treated with marked kindness. We had scarcely walked about our dungeon before the jailer's daughters were at the door with their autograph albums. In a few days we were playing draughts and reading Bulwer, while the girls, without, were preparing our food and knitting for us warm new stockings. Notwithstanding all these attentions, we were ungratefully discontented. At the end of the first week we were joined by seven enlisted men, Ohio boys, who like ourselves had been found at large in the mountains. From one of these new arrivals we procured a case-knife and a gun screwdriver. Down on the hearth before the fire the screwdriver was placed on the thick edge of the knife and belabored with a beef bone until a few inches of its back were converted into a rude saw. The grate in the window was formed of cast-iron bars, passing perpendicularly through wrought-iron plates, bedded in the stone jambs. If one of these perpendicular bars, an inch and a half square, could be cut through, the plates might be easily bent so as to permit the egress of a man. With this end in view we cautiously began operations. Outside of the bars a piece of carpet had been stretched to keep out the raw wind, and behind this we worked with safety. An hour's toil produced but a few feathery filings on the horizontal plate, but many hands make light work, and steadily the cut grew deeper. We recalled the adventures of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and Sixteen-string Jack, and sawed away. During the available hours of three days and throughout one entire night the blade of steel was worrying, rasping, eating the iron bar. At last the grosser yielded to the temper and persistence of the finer metal. It was Saturday night when the toilsome cut was completed, and preparations were already under way for a speedy departure. The jail had always been regarded as too secure to require a military guard, although soldiers were quartered in the town; besides, the night was so cold that a crust had formed on the snow, and both citizens and soldiers, unused to such extreme weather, would be likely to remain indoors. For greater secrecy of movement, we divided into small parties, aiming to traverse different roads. I was to go with my former companion, Captain Smith. Lots were cast to determine the order of our going. First exit was allotted to four of the Ohio soldiers. Made fast to the grating outside were a bit of rope and strip of blankets, along which to descend. Our room was immediately over that of the jailer and his sleeping family, and beneath our opening was a window, which each man must pass in his descent. At eleven o'clock the exodus began. The first man was passed through the bars amid a suppressed buzz of whispered cautions. His boots were handed after him in a haversack. The

Brown," who confided them to the care of the young Hoopers and a party of their outlying companions. From a rocky cliff overlooking the valley of the Tuckasegee they could look down on the river roads dotted with the sheriff's posse in pursuit of the Hoopers. So near were they that they could distinguish a relative of the Watsons leading the sheriff's party. One of the Hooper boys, with characteristic recklessness and to the consternation of the others, stood boldly out on a great rock in plain sight of his pursuers (if they had chanced to look up), half resolved to try his rifle at the last of the Watsons.

rest of us, pressing our faces to the frosty grating, listened breathlessly for the success of the movement we could no longer see. Suddenly there was a crash, and in the midst of mutterings of anger we snatched in the rag ladder and restored the piece of carpeting to its place outside the bars. Our pioneer had hurt his hand against the rough stones, and, floundering in mid-air, had dashed his leg through sash and glass of the window below. We could see nothing of his further movements, but soon discovered the jailer standing in the door, looking up and down the street, seemingly in the dark as to where the crash came from. At last, wearied and worried and disappointed, we lay down in our blankets upon the hard floor.

At daylight we were awakened by the voice of Miss Emma at the hole in the door. "Who got out last night?" "Welty." "Well, you was fools you did n't all go; pap would n't 'a' stopped you. If you 'll keep the break concealed until night we 'll let you all out." The secret of the extreme kindness of our keepers was explained. The jailer, a loyalist, retained his position as a civil detail, thus protecting himself and sons from conscription. Welty had been taken in the night before, his bruises had been anointed, and he had been provisioned for the journey.

We spent the day repairing our clothing and preparing for the road. My long-heeled cowhides, "wife's shoes," for which I had exchanged a uniform waistcoat with a cotton-wooled old darky on the banks of the Saluda, were about parting soles from uppers, and I kept the twain together by winding my feet with stout cords. At supper an extra ration was given us. As soon as it was dark the old jailer appeared among us and gave us a minute description of the different roads leading west into the mountains, warning us of certain dangers. At eleven o'clock Miss Emma came with the great keys, and we followed her, in single file, down the stairs and out into the back yard of the jail. From the broken gratings in front, the bit of rope and strips of blanket were left dangling in the wind.

We made short work of leave-taking, Captain Smith and I separating immediately from the rest, and pushing hurriedly out of the sleeping town, by back streets, into the bitter cold of the country roads. We stopped once to warm at the pits of some negro charcoal burners, and before day dawned had traveled sixteen miles. We found a sheltered nook on the side of the mountain open to the sun, where we made a bed of dry leaves and remained for the day. At night we set out again, due west by the stars, but before we had gone far my companion, who claimed to know something of the country, insisted upon going to the left, and within a mile turned into another left-hand road. I protested, claiming that this course was leading us back. While we were yet contending we came to a bridgeless creek whose dark waters barred our progress, and at the same moment, as if induced by the thought of the fording, the captain was seized with rheumatic pains in his knees, so that he walked with difficulty. We had just passed a house where lights were still showing, and to this we decided to return, hoping at least to find shelter for Smith. Leaving him at the gate, I went to a side porch and knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman who proved to be friendly to our cause, her husband being in the rebel army much against his will. We were soon seated to the right and left of her fireplace. Blazing pine knots brilliantly lighted the room, and a number of beds lined the walls. A trundle-bed before the fire was occupied by a very old woman, who was feebly moaning with rheumatism. Our hostess shouted into the old lady's ear, "Granny, them 's Yankees." "Be they!" said she, peering at us with her poor old eyes. "Be ye sellin' tablecloths?" When it was explained that we were just from the war, she demanded, in an absent way, to know if we were Britishers. We slept in one of the comfortable beds, and as a measure of prudence passed the day in the woods, leaving at nightfall with well-filled haversacks. Captain Smith was again the victim of his rheumatism, and directing me to his friends at Cæsar's Head, where I was to wait for him until Monday (it then being Tuesday), he returned to the house, little thinking that we were separating forever.

I traveled very rapidly all night, hoping to make the whole distance, but day was breaking when I reached the head waters of the Saluda. Following up the stream I found a dam on which I crossed, and although the sun was rising and the voices of children mingled with the lowing of cattle in the frosty air, I ran across the fields and gained a secure hiding-place on the side of the mountain. It was a long, solitary day, and glad was I when it grew sufficiently dark to turn the little settlement and get into the main road up the mountain. It was six zigzag miles to the top, the road turning on log abutments, well anchored with stones, and not a habitation on the way until I should reach Bishop's house, on the crest of the divide. Half way up I paused before a big summer hotel, looming up in the woods like the ghost of a deserted factory, its broken windows and rotting gateways redoubling the solitude of the bleak mountain side. Shortly before reaching Bishop's, "wife's shoes" became quite unmanageable. One had climbed up my leg half way to the knee, and I knocked at the door with the wreck of the other in my hand. My visit had been preceded but a

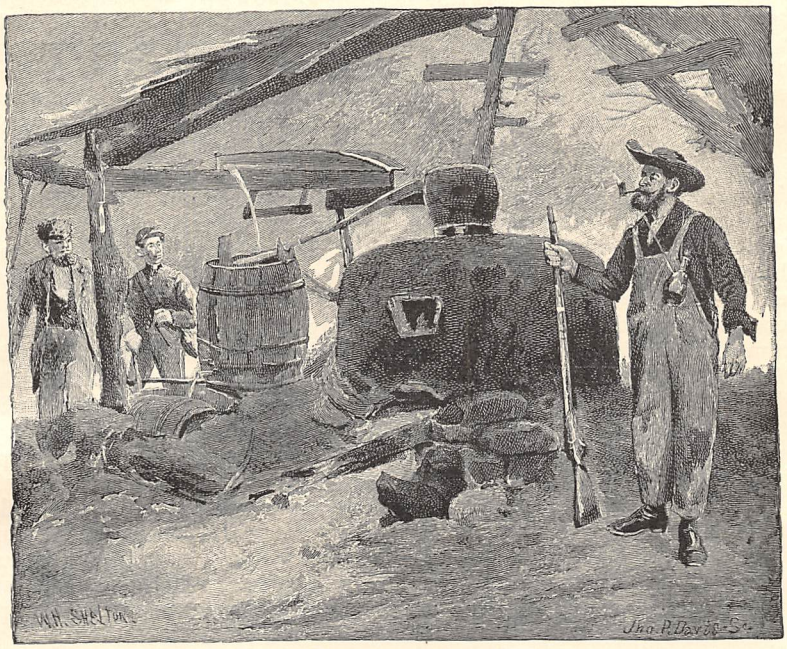
day by a squad of partisan raiders, who had carried away the bedding and driven off the cattle of my new friends, and for this reason the most generous hospitality could offer no better couch than the hard floor. Stretched thereon in close proximity to the dying fire, the cold air coming up through the wide cracks between the hewn planks seemed to be cutting me in sections as with icy saws, so that I was forced to establish myself lengthwise of a broad puncheon at the side of the room and under the table.

In this family "the gray mare was the better horse," and poor Bishop, an inoffensive man, and a cripple withal, was wedded to a regular Xantippe. It was evident that unpleasant thoughts were dominant in the woman's mind as she proceeded sullenly and vigorously with preparations for breakfast. The bitter bread of charity was being prepared with a vengeance for the unwelcome guest. Premonitions of the coming storm flashed now and then in lightning cuffs on the ears of the children, or crashed venomously among the pottery in the fireplace. At last the repast was spread, the table still standing against the wall, as is the custom among mountain housewives. The good-natured husband now advanced cheerfully to lend a hand in removing it into the middle of the room. It was when one of the table legs overturned the swill-pail that the long pent-up storm burst in a torrent of invective. The prospect of spending several days here was a very gloomy outlook, and the relief was great when it was proposed to pay a visit to Neighbor Case, whose house was in the nearest valley, and with whose sons Captain Smith had lain in concealment for some weeks on a former visit to the mountains. I was curious to see his sons, who were famous outliers. From safe cover they delighted to pick off a recruiting officer or a tax-in-kind collector, or tumble out of their saddles the last drivers of a wagon train. These lively young men had been in unusual demand of late and their hiding-place was not known even to the faithful, so I was condemned to the society of an outlier of a less picturesque variety. Pink Bishop was a blacksmith, and just the man to forge me a set of shoes from the leather Neighbor Case had already provided. The little still-shed, concealed from the road only by a low hill, was considered an unsafe harbor, on account of a fresh fall of snow with its sensibility to tell-tale impressions. So we set up our shoe factory in a deserted cabin, well back on the mountain and just astride of that imaginary line which divides the Carolinas. From the fireplace we dug away the cornstalks, heaping the displaced bundles against broken windows and windy cracks, and otherwise secured our retreat against frost and enemies. Then ensued three days of primitive shoemaking. As may be inferred, the shoes made no pretension to style. I sewed the short seams at the sides and split the pegs from a section of seasoned maple. Rudely constructed as these shoes were they bore their wearer triumphantly into the promised land.

I restrained my eagerness to be going until Monday night, the time agreed upon, when, my disabled companion not putting in an appearance, I set out for my old friend's in Casher's Valley. I got safely over a long wooden bridge within half a mile of a garrisoned town. I left the road, and turned, as I believed, away from the town, but I was absolutely lost in the darkness of a snow-storm, and forced to seek counsel as well as shelter. In this plight I pressed on towards a light, glimmering faintly through the blinding snow. It led me into the shelter of the porch to a small brown house, cut deeply beneath the low eaves and protected at the sides by flanking bedrooms. My knock was answered by a girlish voice, and from the ensuing parley, through the closed door, I learned that she was the daughter of a Baptist exhorter, and that she was alone in the house, her brother away at the village, and her father, having preached the day before at some distance, was not expected home until the next morning. Reassured by my civil-toned inquiries about the road, she unfastened the door and came out to the porch, where she proceeded to instruct me how to go on, which was just the thing I least desired to do. By this time I had discovered the political complexion of the family, and, making myself known, was instantly invited in, with the assurance that her father would be gravely displeased if she permitted me to go on before he returned. I had interrupted my little benefactress in the act of writing a letter, on a sheet of foolscap, which lay on an old-fashioned stand in one corner of the room beside the ink-bottle and the candlestick. In the diagonal corner stood a tall bookcase, the crowded volumes nestling lovingly behind the glass doors—the only collection of the sort that I saw at any time in the mountains. A feather-bed was spread upon the floor, the head raised by means of a turned-down chair, and here I was reposing comfortably when the brother arrived. It was late in the forenoon when the minister reached home, his rickety wagon creaking through the snow, and drawn at a snail's pace by a long-furred, knock-kneed horse. The tall but not very clerical figure was wrapped in a shawl and swathed round the throat with many turns of a woolen tippet. The daughter ran out with eagerness to greet her father and tell of the wonderful arrival. I was received with genuine delight. It was the enthusiasm of a patriot,

eager to find a sympathetic ear for his long-repressed views.[1]

When night came and no entreaties could prevail to detain me over another day, the minister conducted me some distance in person, passing me on with ample directions to another exhorter, who was located for that night at the house of a miller who kept a ferocious dog. I came first to the pond and then to the mill, and got into the house without encountering the dog. Aware of the necessity of arriving before bedtime, I had made such speed as to find the miller's family still lingering about the fireplace with preacher number two seated in the lay circle. That night I slept with the parson, who sat up in bed in the morning, and after disencumbering himself of a striped extinguisher nightcap electrified the other sleepers by announcing that this was the first time he had ever slept with a Yankee. After breakfast the parson, armed with staff and scrip, signified his purpose to walk with me during the day, as it was no longer dangerous to move by daylight. We must have been traveling the regular Baptist road, for we lodged that night at the house of another lay brother. The minister continued with me a few miles in the morning, intending to put me in the company of a man who was going towards Cashier's Valley on a hunting expedition. When we reached his house, however, the hunter had gone; so, after parting with my guide, I set forward through the woods, following the tracks of the hunter's horse. The shoe-prints were sometimes plainly impressed in the snow, and again for long distances over dry leaves and bare ground, but an occasional trace could be found. It was past noon when I arrived at the house where the hunters were assembled. Quite a number of men were gathered in and about the porch, just returned from the chase. Blinded by the snow over which I had been walking in the glare of the sun, I blundered up the steps, inquiring without much tact for the rider who had preceded me, and was no little alarmed at receiving a rude and gruff reception. I continued in suspense for some time until my man found an opportunity to inform me that there were suspicious persons present, thus accounting for his unexpected manner. The explanation was made at a combination meal, serving for both dinner and supper, and consisting exclusively of beans. I set out at twilight to make a walk of thirteen miles to



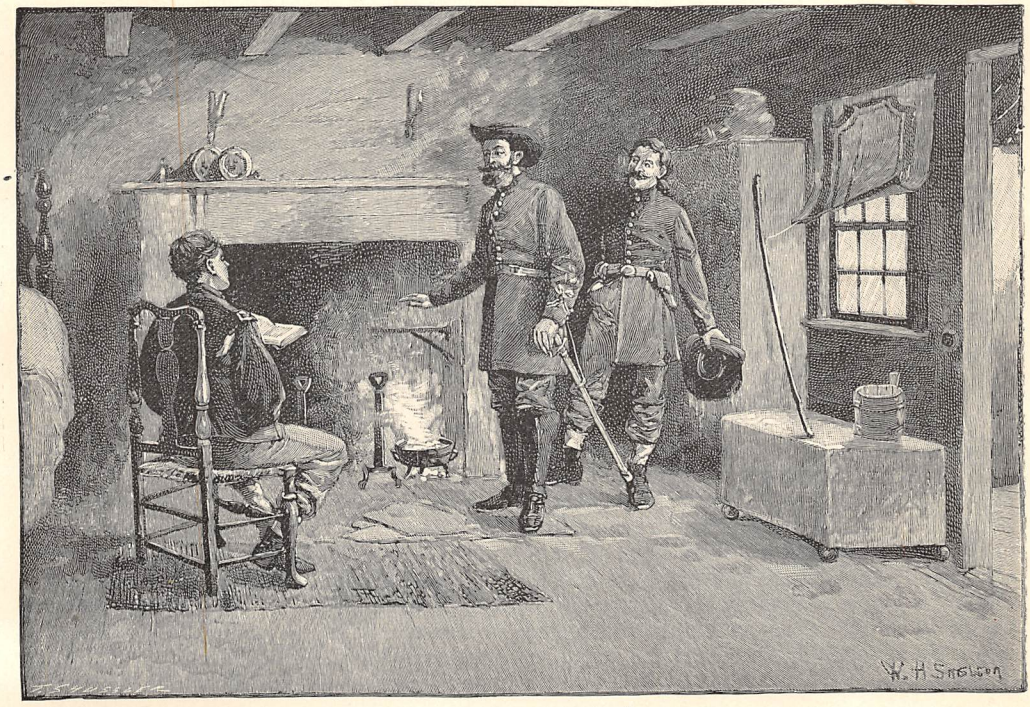
PINK BISHOP AT THE STILL.

[1] The Rev. James H. Duckworth, now postmaster of Brevard, Transylvania County, North Carolina, and in 1868 member of the State Constitutional Convention, in his letter of June 24, 1890, says: "I have not forgotten those things of which you speak. I can almost see you (even in imagination) standing at the fire when I drove up to the gate and went into the house and asked you, 'Have I ever seen you before?' Just then I observed your uniform. 'Oh, yes,' said I; 'I know who it is now.' . . . This daughter of whom you speak married about a year after, and is living in Morgantown, North Carolina, about one hundred miles from here. Hattie (for that is her name) is a pious, religious woman."

the house of our old friend Esquire Hooper. Eager for the cordial welcome which I knew awaited me, and nerved by the frosty air, I sped over the level wood-road, much of the way running instead of walking. Three times I came upon bends of the same broad rivulet. Taking off my shoes and stockings and rolling up my trousers above my knees, I tried the first passage. Flakes of broken ice were eddying against the banks, and before gaining the middle of the stream my feet and ankles ached with the cold, the sharp pain increasing at every step until I threw my blanket on the opposite bank and springing upon it wrapped my feet in its dry folds. Rising a little knoll soon after making the third ford, I came suddenly upon the familiar stopping-place of my former journey. It was scarcely more than nine o'clock, and the little hardships of the journey from Cæsar's Head seemed but a cheap outlay for the joy of the meeting with friends so interested in the varied fortunes of myself and my late companions. Together we rejoiced at the escape of Sill and Lamson, and made merry over the vicissitudes of my checkered career. Here I first learned of the safe arrival in Tennessee of Knapp, Man Heady, and Old Tom Handcock.

After a day's rest I climbed the mountains to the Headen cabin, now presided over by the heroine of the heifer bell in the absence of her fugitive husband. Saddling her horse, she took me the next evening to join a lad who was about starting for Shooting Creek. Young Green was awaiting my arrival, and after a brief delay we were off on a journey of something like sixty miles; the journey, however, was pushed to a successful termination by the help of information gleaned by the way. It was at the close of the last night's march, which had been long and uneventful, except that we had surmounted no fewer than three snow-capped ridges, that my blacksmith's shoes, soaked to a pulp by the wet snow, gave out altogether. On the top of the last ridge I found myself panting in the yellow light of the rising sun, the sad wrecks of my two shoes dangling from my hands, a wilderness of beauty spread out before me, and a sparkling field of frosty forms beneath my tingling feet. Stretching far into the west towards the open country of East Tennessee was the limitless wilderness of mountains drawn like mighty furrows across the toilsome way, the pale blue of the uttermost ridges fading into an imperceptible union with the sky. A log house was in sight down in the valley, a perpendicular column of smoke rising from its single chimney. Towards this we picked our way, I in my stocking feet, and my boy guide confidently predicting that we should find the required cobbler. Of course we found him in a country where every family makes its own shoes as much as its own bread, and he was ready to serve the traveler without pay. Not-

ARRIVAL HOME OF THE BAPTIST MINISTER.



SURPRISED AT MRS. KITCHEN'S.

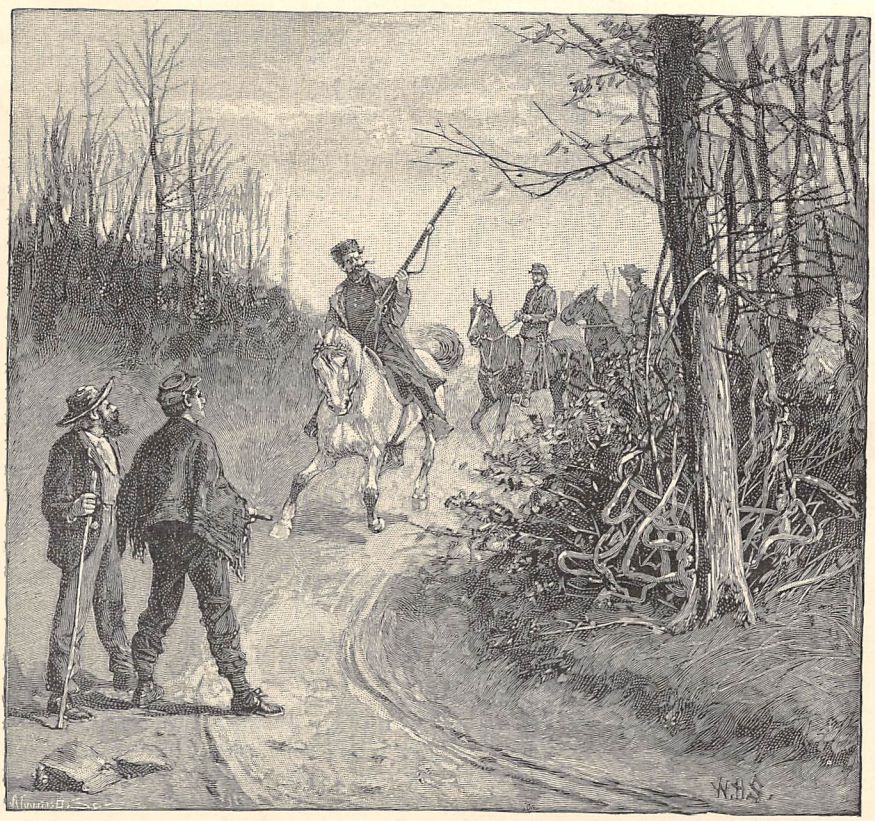
withstanding our night's work, we tarried no longer than for the necessary repairs, and just before sunset we looked down upon the scattering settlement of Shooting Creek. Standing on the bleak brow of "Chunky Gall" Mountain, my guide recognized the first familiar object on the trip, which was the roof of his uncle's house. At Shooting Creek I was the guest of the Widow Kitchen, whose house was the principal one in the settlement and whose estate boasted two slaves. The husband had fallen by an anonymous bullet while salting his cattle on the mountain in an early year of the war.

On the day following my arrival I was conducted over a ridge to another creek, where I met two professional guides, Quince Edmonston and Mack Hooper. As I came upon the pair parting a thicket of laurel, with their long rifles at a shoulder, I instantly recognized the coat of the latter as the snuff-colored sack in which I had last seen Lieutenant Lamson. It had been given to the man at Chattanooga, where these same guides had conducted my former companions in safety a month before. Quince Edmonston, the elder, had led numerous parties of Yankee officers over the Wacheesa trail for a consideration of a hundred dollars, pledged to be paid by each officer at Chattanooga or Nashville.

Two other officers were concealed near by, and a number of refugees, awaiting a convoy, and an arrangement was rapidly made with the guides. The swollen condition of the Valley River made it necessary to remain for several days at Shooting Creek before setting out. Mack and I were staying at the house of Mrs. Kitchen. It was on the afternoon of a memorable Friday, the rain still falling in torrents without, that I sat before the fire poring over a small Sunday-school book; the only printed book in the house, if not in the settlement. Mack Hooper was sitting by the door. Attracted by a rustling sound in his direction, I looked up just in time to see his heels disappearing under the nearest bed. Leaping to my feet with an instinctive impulse to do likewise, I was confronted in the doorway by a stalwart Confederate officer fully uniformed and armed. Behind him was his quartermaster sergeant. This was a Government party collecting the tax-in-kind, which at that time throughout the Confederacy was the tenth part of all crops and other farm productions. It was an ugly surprise. Seeing no escape, I ventured a remark on the weather; only a stare in reply. A plan of escape flashed through my mind like an inspiration. I seated myself quietly, and for an instant bent my eyes upon the printed pages. The two soldiers had advanced to the corner of the chimney nearest the door, inquiring for the head of the family and keeping their eyes riveted on my hostile uniform. At this juncture I was seized with a severe fit of coughing. With one hand upon my chest,

I walked slowly past the men, and laid my carefully opened book face down upon a chest. With another step or two I was in the porch, and bounding into the kitchen I sprang out through a window already opened by the women for my exit. Away I sped bareheaded through the pelting rain, now crashing through thick underbrush, and now to my waist in swollen streams, plunging on and on, only mindful to select a course that would baffle horsemen in pursuit. After some miles of running I took cover behind a stack, within view of the road which Mack must take in retreating to the other settlement; and sure enough here he was, coming down the road with my cap and haversack, which was already loaded for the western journey. Mack had remained undiscovered under the bed, an interested listener to the conversation that ensued. The officer had been assured that I was a friendly scout; but convinced of the contrary by my flight, he had departed swearing he would capture that Yankee before morning if he had to search the whole settlement. So alarmed were we for our safety that we crossed that night into a third valley and slept in the loft of a horse-barn.

On Sunday our expedition assembled on a hillside overlooking Shooting Creek, where our friends in the secret of the movement came up to bid us adieu. With guides we were a party of thirteen or fourteen, but only three of us officers who were to pay for our safe conduct. Each man carried his supply of bread and meat and bedding. Some were wrapped in faded bedquilts and some in tattered army blankets; nearly all wore ragged clothes, broken shoes, and had unkempt beards. We arrived upon a mountain side overlooking the settlement of Peach Tree, and were awaiting the friendly shades of night under which to descend to the house of the man who was to put us across Valley River. Premature darkness was accompanied with torrents of rain, through which we followed our now uncertain guides. At last the light of the cabin we were seeking gleamed humidly through the trees. Most of the family fled into the outhouses at our approach, some of them not reappearing until we were disposed for sleep in a half-circle before the fire. The last arrival were two tall women in homespun dresses and calico sunbonnets. They slid timidly in at the door, with averted faces, and then with a rush and



THE MEETING WITH THE 2D OHIO HEAVY ARTILLERY.

a bounce covered themselves out of sight in a bed, where they had probably been sleeping in the same clothing when we approached the house. Here we learned that a cavalcade of four hundred Texan Rangers had advanced into Tennessee by the roads on the day before. Our guides, familiar with the movements of these dreaded troopers, calculated that with the day's delay enforced by the state of the river a blow would have been struck and the marauders would be in full retreat before we should arrive on the ground. We passed that day concealed in a stable, and as soon as it was sufficiently dark we proceeded in a body to the bank of the river attended by a man and a horse. The stream was narrow, but the current was full and swift. The horse breasted the flood with difficulty, but he bore us all across one at a time, seated behind the farmer.

We had now left behind us the last settlement, and before us lay only wild and uninhabited mountains. The trail we traveled was an Indian path extending for nearly seventy miles through an uninhabited wilderness. Instead of crossing the ridges it follows the trend of the range, winding for the most part along the crests of the divides. The occasional traveler having once mounted to its level pursues his solitary way with little climbing.

Early in the morning of the fourth day our little party was assembled upon the last mountain overlooking the open country of East Tennessee. Some of us had been wandering in the mountains for the whole winter. We were returning to a half-forgotten world of farms and fences, roads and railways. Below us stretched the Tellico River away towards the line of towns marking the course of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. One of the guides who had ventured down to the nearest house returned with information that the four hundred Texan Rangers had burned the depot at Philadelphia Station the day before, but were now thought to be out of the country. We could see the distant smoke arising from the ruins. Where the river flowed out of the mountains were extensive iron-works, the property of a loyal citizen, and in front of his house we halted for consultation. He regretted that we had shown ourselves so soon, as the rear guard of the marauders had passed the night within sight of where we now stood. Our nearest pickets were at Loudon, thirty miles distant on the railway, and for this station we were advised to make all speed.

For half a mile the road ran along the bank of the river and then turned around a wooded bluff to the right. Opposite to this bluff and accessible by a shallow ford was another hill, where it was feared that some of the Rangers were still lingering about their camp. As we came to the turn in the road our company was walking rapidly in Indian file, guide Edmonston and I at the front. Coming around the bluff from the opposite direction was a countryman mounted on a powerful gray mare. His overcoat was army blue, but he wore a bristling fur cap, and his rifle was slung on his back. At sight of us he turned in his saddle to shout to some one behind, and bringing his gun to bear came tearing and swearing down the road, spattering the gravel under the big hoofs of the gray. Close at his heels rode two officers in Confederate gray uniforms, and a motley crowd of riders closed up the road behind. In an instant the guide and I were surrounded, the whole cavalcade leveling their guns at the thicket and calling on our companions to halt, who could be plainly heard crashing through the bushes. The dress of but few of our captors could be seen, nearly all being covered with rubber talmas, but their mounts, including mules as well as horses, were equipped with every variety of bridle and saddle to be imagined. I knew at a glance that this was no body of our cavalry. If we were in the hands of the Rangers the fate of the guides and refugees would be the hardest. I thought they might spare the lives of the officers. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" demanded the commander, riding up to us and scrutinizing our rags. I hesitated a moment, and then, throwing off the blanket I wore over my shoulders, simply said, "You can see what I am." My rags were the rags of a uniform, and spoke for themselves.

Our captors proved to be a company of the 2d Ohio Heavy Artillery, in pursuit of the marauders into whose clutches we thought we had fallen. The farmer on the gray mare was the guide of the expedition, and the two men uniformed as rebel officers were Union scouts. The irregular equipment of the animals, which had excited my suspicion most, as well as the animals themselves, had been hastily impressed from the country about the village of Loudon, where the 2d Ohio was stationed. On the following evening, which was the 4th of March, the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, we walked into Loudon and gladly surrendered ourselves to the outposts of the Ohio Heavy Artillery.

W. H. Shelton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter.

OF late years attention has been directed to a class of voters supposed to be unique. Party and partisan considerations have been so engrossing that the Independent Voter has seemed to the popular mind a new development. Investigation will prove, however, that the independent voter has been abroad from the earliest days of the Republic; that he is the natural product of free institutions and universal suffrage; and that his power has been felt with effect long before he was given a distinctive name.

A review of the course of party history ought to convince even the most bitter partisan that every party, whether in nation or state, has appealed to the independent voter for his support, and that party supremacy has generally been decided by this vote. By the independent voter we mean not only the voter who avows no party allegiance whatever, but also the thoughtful citizen who, while believing in parties as means of effective political action, still holds principle above the shibboleths of political nomenclature, and will bravely follow his convictions across the lines of partisan organization.

Our political history naturally divides itself into periods when important or vital issues have come up for settlement. Most of these have been of local or temporary interest. No single question has divided parties from the beginning, in 1787, down to the present. It is often asserted that some of the issues of Washington's or Jefferson's time still remain unsettled. But this is not true. Not one of these has remained without question the peculiar property of the various parties that have succeeded each other, and whose adherents at different periods and for different reasons have ranged themselves on one side or the other of the tariff question, the States' rights question, or the question of strengthening the national authority. The interests of persons or of sections have shifted from time to time, and have demanded a changed interpretation.

Besides, such issues have never presented the same face at different periods. So, while it is common to refer all our divergences of party opinion to these questions, the truth is, this has been a forced construction. Most of the temporary issues which have been settled in one way or another had only the remotest relation to rival fiscal theories, or to States' rights, or to centralization. In truth, these principles, supposed to lie at the basis of all the politics we have, and to be the cause of party division, have been lost sight of so constantly that men have often been compelled to cross party lines in order to find congenial associations or sympathy for their peculiar opinions.

The Federal party, organized as the bulwark of the Constitution, afforded the independent voter an opportunity to exercise his privilege. When the necessity of giving up the Confederation became apparent, public sentiment was far from being unanimous in favor of the proposed grant of power by the States to the Federal Government. As a majority could not be commanded, there was nothing to do but win it by appeal to the country. If the Federalists had refused to ask for aid, or to accept it when tendered, they could never have created a sentiment in favor of the Constitution, which, even with this assistance, was neither adopted nor ratified without a contest. Its friends did not hesitate to make their appeal to the people, and it is nowhere recorded that they asked any questions about the former opinions or affiliations of their converts. They not only used arguments, but they invoked aid in the names of Washington and the fathers of the Republic then living. They won, because they were able to get the support, not of their own followers or sympathizers alone, but of the independent voters of that day; and in doing this they created a precedent since followed.

In due time the influences that had surrounded Washington and the founders were no longer potent. The fortunes of the party were intrusted to leaders who lived in the past, or used their power unwisely, or put undue confidence in the affection and credulity of their followers. So a new appeal was made. The Republican or Jeffersonian party did not trust to its own resources, or give the least hint of an intention to drive voters away because of any previous differences of opinion; on the contrary, it asked patriotic, thinking, and independent men to come over and help it. Enough of them did so not only to give it the power and responsibility of the government, but to send a once victorious party to death and oblivion.

The independent voter was again appealed to during our second war with Great Britain, after Jefferson and Madison, by vacillation or mistake, had to some extent forfeited the united support of their own party followers. Especially in the Middle and Southern States the remnants of their old opponents, the Federalists, then came to the support of Madison during his second term, and thus created a public sentiment which not only carried the war to a successful conclusion, but completed the enfranchisement of the country. The remainder of the Jeffersonian régime — the eight years of Monroe — is the history of commonplace, or of drifting with the tide, only to be followed by the four years of John Quincy Adams, too brief and unsubstantial greatly to impress the country.

The popular impression seems to be that the Jackson period was a purely partisan one. Filled as his administration was with things to be criticized, it must be admitted that voters were attracted to the man who could formulate a decided policy and carry it out with courage and perseverance. Owing partly to the fact that he was fiercely challenged, he could command for himself the most loyal support ever given a President of the United States, and bequeathed his power to his chosen successor unimpaired.

But General Jackson was not without rivals in his appeal for general or independent support. The great Whig leaders of that day, by ability and character, drew to themselves and their party thousands of the former supporters of Jackson and his party. These

men had not only their own strong personalities, but they conjured in the name of the American system, internal improvements, and the enlargement of the powers of government, all of which were potent to fascinate. So in that time, as in others of activity, or passion, or strong leadership, the independent voter was compelled to give heed to the demands and the promises of a vigorous partisan.

The next period of interest to show the value of the independent voter may be termed the era of national expansion. Great personalities had disappeared or lost their power and influence, and great national policies were to be settled. This was the period from 1845 to 1860, when the admission of Texas, the Mexican war, the discovery of gold in California, Manifest Destiny, fiscal reform, and industrial development became engrossing. It was during this time that the abolition of slavery, a great moral question, competed with questions of purely material import for the support of the independent voter. This competition broke down or reconstructed party lines, and carried even leading men from the ranks of one party into those of the other. At no period in our history has party discipline been more severe, and yet there has been none when men of intelligence and independence broke away from these trammels in greater numbers, or responded with more zeal and alacrity to the appeals made to them.

The Lincoln period, or the era of national preservation, gave the independent voter a golden opportunity. A President elected by the votes of less than two-fifths of the people was dependent for the success of his administration upon men who had voted against him and his party. He was able to command support from these voters, not because he bought it with offices, or gave pensions to them or the class they represented, or recommended large appropriations for rivers and harbors or public buildings. He gained them because he represented the conscience of the country, because he stood for its preservation and safety. When the crisis had passed, many who had come to his assistance returned to their old allegiance. They had done their work as independent voters, and having supported a cause deemed it their duty to renew their old associations.

It was not until the last two periods mentioned that the party platform came to have its modern authority. Appeal was made to the intelligence or independence of voters upon the action of parties in Congress and the utterances of leaders. About the time that the slavery question began to project itself into discussion the distinctive declaration of principles became more and more important. It is interesting to note how the great political parties which between them have divided the allegiance of Americans for more than a generation have appealed to the independent voter. Putting entirely out of the account those third party movements which have caused many voters to break away from old attachments, it will be found that existing political organizations, instead of contemning the voter with real independence, have at all times, in both national and State conventions, vied with each other in asking his help.

The National Democratic Convention held in Baltimore in 1848 nominated Lewis Cass as its candidate for President, and declared that it placed its trust "in the intelligence, the patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people." In 1856, when the convention was held at Cincinnati, James Buchanan was nominated as its candidate, and it made its appeal anew in the same language.

The Republicans at their first national convention, in 1856, nominated the late General Frémont as their candidate, and in their platform invited "the affiliation and coöperation of *the men of all politics*, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared." The convention of 1860, by which Abraham Lincoln was nominated, made its declaration of principles and invited "the coöperation of *all citizens, however differing on other questions*, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support."

In 1868, when the issues of the war period were still unsettled, the Democrats in national convention appealed to patriots and conservative men for their support, and declared that "to all such, *to whatever party they may have heretofore belonged*, we extend the right hand of fellowship, and hail all such, coöperating with us, as friends and brethren."

The Liberal Republican Convention of 1872 invited and cordially welcomed "the coöperation of all patriotic citizens, *without regard to previous political affiliations*."

In 1876 the Democrats emphasized the urgent need of reform, and in order to secure it appealed to their "*fellow-citizens of every former political connection*" to undertake with them this duty.

In 1880 the Greenbackers asked the "coöperation of all fair-minded people," and the Prohibitionists in national convention in the same year invited "all voters, without regard to former party affiliations, to unite with us in the use of the ballot for the abolition of the drinking system."

The Democrats in 1884 declared that "the great issue of reform and change is submitted to the people in calm confidence that the popular voice will pronounce in favor of new men and new and more favorable conditions for the growth of industry, the extension of trade, the employment and due reward of labor and capital, and the general welfare of the whole country."

In 1888 the Democratic party submitted "its principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people." In the same presidential canvass the Republicans invited "the coöperation of patriotic men *of all parties*."

Not only has appeal been made to the independent voter in the platforms, but he has been invited in the formal calls for these conventions. In 1876, 1880, and 1884 the National Democratic Committee asked all "Democratic, conservative, and other citizens of the United States, *irrespective of past political associations*, . . . to join in sending delegates to the national convention."

But if such appeals have been made by the national representatives of the parties, those in the States have been even more solicitous to gain independent support. This is due to the fact not only that political initiative must begin in State conventions, but that, in addition to questions of national policy, those of State interest must be considered and settled there. In many cases a party finds that the policy of its leaders on a given local or State issue has had a tendency

to imperil its success in what are generally deemed the more important questions of national policy; and in order to overcome this defection it must draw votes from other elements.

The appeal to the independent voter, which has been answered so emphatically during late years, had its first open development just after the close of the presidential canvass of 1872, when the war issues began to pall on the public mind. The party then in power had been forced to meet an open revolt, in which many of its ablest and best men had taken part. It had succeeded in overcoming this and had barely escaped defeat. Even this was due to the refusal of a large number of men in the Democratic party to cast their votes for a lifelong opponent. But it had scarcely won the victory when its leaders in many States recognized that it could not long maintain power unless it corrected the abuses which had developed within it. In order to do this it became both necessary and desirable to bring back to its ranks the men who had deserted it. No effort was made to do this by subjecting them to severe criticism, or by refusing them recognition. Just the opposite policy was adopted, and what was known as "reform within the party" was attempted. Once begun, this movement soon extended to both parties, and the highest professions of morality became the fashion in party platforms at State conventions.

The credit of beginning this movement must be given to the Republicans of Connecticut, under the leadership of Joseph R. Hawley, now a United States senator. On February 5, 1873, they incorporated in their platform the following sweeping condemnation of their own party:

> We denounce corruption of men of all parties in high places. We have no apology for those of our own, but desire the fullest investigation and demand the punishment of the guilty, conscious that the Republican party is strong enough to purify its own ranks, that it cannot be strong if it neglects its duty in this respect, and that it can only continue to commend itself to the confidence of the country by purging itself of unworthy elements.

The Republicans of Ohio followed on May 21, with the sweeping declaration: "We demand pure official conduct, and the punishment of unfaithful public men, State and national, who, having betrayed the confidence freely extended to them, shall not be shielded from the disgrace of their acts by any partisanship of ours." And the Republicans of Minnesota, two months later, adopted as their own the same declaration.

On June 25 the Republicans of Iowa went a step beyond their brethren in other States, and announced that, "to make an end to bad men forcing their elections by securing a party nomination, we declare it the duty of every Republican to oppose the election of a bad and incompetent candidate, whether he be a candidate upon our own or upon any other ticket."

The Democrats, not to be outdone by their opponents, adopted the same policy. It first found expression in the West. On July 30, 1873, the Democrats of Ohio came together in convention, in response to a call issued by the Democrats of Allen County. Among the declarations of party doctrine was the following: "We declare against the infallibility of party, and that when the caucus or the convention fails to present fit candidates for office it is the high privilege, as well as the bounden duty, of all good citizens to withhold their votes from such candidates, and, regardless of party affiliations, to support the best men presented for official position."

This had a decided effect upon the regular organization, which, in its convention on August 6th, resolved, "We earnestly appeal to the patriotic men of every class, *without regard to party names or past differences*, to unite with us on terms of perfect equality, in the struggle to rescue the Government from the hands of dishonest men." The Democrats of Maine and Pennsylvania adopted this sentiment as expressive of their opinions.

The Democrats of Maryland, then, as now, in power in their State, pledged themselves to "a careful scrutiny of official conduct, and the prompt and vigorous punishment of all official delinquencies." The Democrats of Iowa declared, "We will not knowingly nominate any bad man to office, . . . and will at the polls repudiate any candidate known to be unfit or incompetent." In Massachusetts the Democrats resolved, "We invite the coöperation and welcome to full fellowship in political action all patriotic citizens who agree with us in these principles."

The habit of appealing directly to the conscientious and independent voter was not dropped. In nearly every State, South as well as North, he was made to know his own power. The Democrats of New York in 1875 again invited "the coöperation of every true Democrat, every Liberal Republican, and *all our fellow-citizens, of whatever party name.*" The Republicans of the same State in their convention to choose delegates to the national convention of 1876 asked everybody to unite with them in carrying out their declared purposes. In the same year the Democrats of South Carolina resolved, "We call upon all patriot sons of South Carolina to join us"; and in the following year the representatives of the same party in Mississippi declared, "We invite the coöperation of citizens, *without regard to past differences*, in support of the candidates nominated by this convention." The Massachusetts Democrats appealed to "all good citizens, *regardless of their politics or party associations*"; while the New York Republicans issued a summons to "all good citizens" to unite with them.

In 1878 the Democrats of Connecticut asked the support of "all voters," and those of Massachusetts called upon "all citizens, *of whatever political views*," to unite with them. In 1879 the Maryland Democrats, after commending their ticket to their own followers, asked the "approval of all other good citizens." In 1882, when, after many years of exclusion from power, the Democrats of Pennsylvania elected their State ticket, they did so after having formally invited "the coöperation of all honest citizens."

It is not necessary to quote further from party utterances to show that the independent voters have not come unbidden to the political feast. Their course needs no defense. At many a crisis in the politics of the separate States and of the United States these same voters, the men who have refused slavishly to follow corrupt or designing party leaders, have proved themselves the saving power.

Whenever the dominance of a party depended merely upon the momentum given it by some great leader, or

attachment to some great principle, formulated under past conditions, then a large and influential body of voters have been ready for independent political action. So long as parties have remained intelligent as well as active and aggressive, they have been able to divide the allegiance of thoughtful and unselfish voters; but when an earnest and living patriotism in one party has been met by supineness or trust in party traditions in the other, the independent voter has uniformly disturbed the balance of politics. It is this, universally recognized above all the clamor of partisans, though not always confessed, that has made ours the most conservative government in the world.

A Test of Good Citizenship.

THE people of New York are so used to having their city elections and their city government run for them by groups of interested persons; they are so accustomed to the expert rule of the Bosses and the Boys, that it affords a good deal of amusement, even outside of the Boys themselves, when a company of reputable citizens go to work, in an entirely disinterested spirit, to try to get fit men elected and appointed to the public offices — in other words, to rescue the city government from private to public uses.

"Reformers" are always sneered at by the professional politicians and their friends (and sometimes by people who would not like to be classed among the "friends" of the Boys) as nothing but "amateurs"; somewhat as if an honest citizen called upon to defend his house against a burglar should be gibed at by the burglar as nothing but an "amateur" who ought to be sleeping quietly in his bed, and not thus clumsily interfering with the accomplished industry of "professionals."

It may be suspected that neither the ridicule nor the mirth of the professional politician, and of his journalistic, business, or social partner, is quite as self-comforting and hilarious as it seems; for though the cynic is always underestimating the virtue inherent in the individual and in the community, he yet occasionally has an unexpected lesson as to the weight of the kick of that mysterious beast Public Opinion, and thus a thread of anxiety is often woven in the warp of his happy humor.

The gibing cynic with his sense of humor is, moreover, quite apt to underestimate the sense of humor of others. Indeed, the reformer himself may be possessed of quite as much of this saving sense as his critic; and then the public, too, have a funny-bone which if struck by the Boy, or the Boss, may result in sudden and terrible disaster to the striker. There is no more "practical" element in a campaign than the deadly humor of the cartoonist — and there is a humorous aspect to such "rings" as those which have at various times possessed our city government, which the cartoonist and the newspaper wit have brought out with tremendous effect.

At the time of writing this the programme of the People's Municipal League of New York has not been fully announced, but it would seem probable that every voter in the city will be forced at the next municipal election to a test of his public spirit, and often of his moral courage. The rogues alone could never debauch our city, State, or national politics; they get their opportunity and power through the weak acquiescence of "respectable" citizens. So if the government of New York remains, as now, largely in the hands of a sordid group who run it for what they can make out of it, it will be by the action of men who claim to be "good citizens," but who are, in point of fact, the efficient allies of the most depraved elements of the community. We confess to more respect for the "toughs" who fight in politics only as they have been taught from youth up, than for their "gentlemen" allies who fear lest their own personal success may be interfered with should they seem to break with their party or party friends, or stand opposed to some influential ring, by voting on city affairs without regard to national issues. But until such voting is the rule in New York our municipal government will be a reproach to republican institutions.

The Merit System in the Fifty-first Congress.

NOT since the passage of the Pendleton bill, in 1883, have there been such important legislative contests over the merit system of making appointments in the civil service as have just occurred in the first session of the present Congress. There are now nearly a hundred and fifty thousand offices in the gift of the National Government; and under the old vicious spoils or patronage system there are, in whichever party is dominant for the time being, for every one such office at least three or four office-seekers, clamorously demanding the reward of their political activity. In other words, there are half a million office-brokers and office-seekers, patronage-mongers and patronage-cravers, who are directly interested in breaking down and discrediting the merit system as the chief obstacle in their way. Taken as a whole, they believe that "the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics" — in other words, that lying, theft, and bribery are legitimate adjuncts of what ought to be the great and noble work of national self-government. They trust much to the indifference and apathy of the great mass of voters, whose interest in the maintenance of the reform legislation is merely that which all good citizens feel in seeing any just and righteous law upheld.

This half-million or so of men who wish to treat the Government service as so much plunder are of course especially active when the administration at Washington is changed. It is at such a time that they are sure to make their chief efforts to overturn the law. Naturally, therefore, during the present session of Congress these adherents of the old spoils system — the self-seeking politicians, both on and off the floor, and their allies among the newspapers, together with all the honest men who were puzzle-headed, and all the men whose instincts inclined them to go wrong even when they had no interest in the matter — united to make a resolute push against the merit system. They had neither the power nor the courage to attempt an open repeal of the law; and so they made their attack in two ways — they attempted to defeat the annual appropriation of money to carry the law into effect, and they attempted by charges as false as they were foolish to discredit the commissioners to whose hands its execution was intrusted.

The battle was thus joined in the lower House of Congress. In both attacks the enemies of the merit system suffered complete defeat. They were beaten

two to one in the fight over the appropriation bill; and they failed, utterly and ignominiously, to sustain their charges of corruption and wrong-doing when an investigation was ordered. Under the circumstances the composition of the House Committee on the Reform of the Civil Service was of the utmost importance, and Speaker Reed deserves great credit for having made up an excellent committee, of whose members more than a working majority were stanch upholders of the law. Moreover, the cause was very fortunate in the standing and ability of the congressmen who were its especial champions in committee and on the floor.

The Massachusetts and South Carolina members supported the law and its administration with practical unanimity. The leading part in its defense was taken again and again by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who was the first to take the floor on its behalf, and to stem the tide which, at the moment, seemed to be flowing strongly against it. His colleagues from the same State, Messrs. Greenhalge and Andrew, likewise gave it hearty support. That Mr. Dargan of South Carolina should be one of its foremost champions was to be expected.

To no one, however, is a greater debt due than to Mr. Butterworth of Ohio, his exceptional brilliancy as a debater, his parliamentary skill, and the high regard in which he is held by the entire House rendering him able to do invaluable service. Space does not permit the mention of the many others who stood up manfully for a clean and non-partisan system of governmental administration; but particularly effective work must be credited to Mr. Bayne of Pennsylvania, Mr. Lehlbach of New Jersey, Mr. McKinley of Ohio, Mr. Henderson of Iowa, Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, Mr. Moore of New Hampshire, Mr. McComas of Maryland, Mr. Tracey of New York, Mr. Blount of Georgia, Mr. Boatner of Louisiana, and Mr. Dockery of Missouri.

The defenders of the merit system on the floor of Congress represented in their attitude on this question both the virtue and the common sense of the country. The spoils system is as absurd and unreasonable as it is demoralizing. As Mr. Lodge ably shows in his CENTURY article, it really has no right to exist in a free country. Personally, we cannot agree with every comment made by Mr. Lodge in his present article, but we think it contains one of the strongest, most spirited and convincing statements yet made in favor of the merit system and in opposition to the system of spoils; which he clearly proves to be "a system born of despotisms and aristocracies," "a system of favoritism and nepotism, of political influence and personal intrigue," and "as un-American as anything could well be."

The remarks of this Republican leader are most interestingly supplemented by the Open Letter by the Democratic member of the United States Civil Service Commission, the Hon. Hugh S. Thompson of South Carolina, who was twice governor of that State, and who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland. Every disinterested citizen who reads these powerful pleas for fair play and business-like dealing in connection with our public service will wish to put his shoulder to the wheel and push forward the reform to its utmost limit.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Merit System.

AN OPEN LETTER BY COMMISSIONER THOMPSON.

THE civil service, as the expression is now generally used, is taken to mean that portion of the public service to which entrance is obtained under the provisions of "An act to regulate and improve the civil service of the United States," which was approved January 16, 1883.

This use of the term civil service is misleading. All branches of the Government except the military and the naval service are in the civil service, without regard to whether appointments in them are filled under the patronage system or the examination system. The proper term to designate the latter is the merit system. The service covered by this system includes all places in the classified civil service—about thirty thousand in number—to which admission is obtained through examinations intended to test the merits of applicants regardless of their personal or political influence. This service now embraces the ordinary clerkships in the departments at Washington, in eleven of the largest customs districts, in forty-five post-offices, and in the railway mail service.

It is not proposed in this article to discuss the relative merits of the patronage system and of the merit system. It may safely be assumed that whatever modifications may be made in the merit system as it now exists its essential features will remain unchanged. It may suit the taste and temper of the opponents of the merit system to decry it and denounce it as un-American; but the people at large, who are more interested in the purity and efficiency of the public service than in the individuals who fill the offices, will rebuke sternly every attempt to return to the spoils system. Hereafter no political party will dare enter a contest for the Presidency avowing as its purpose in the event of success to restore the patronage system, the inevitable tendency of which is to corrupt the public service. A distinguished opponent of the merit system said recently that his confidence in the members of the Cabinet was such that he preferred to trust appointments to them rather than to have them made through the machinery of the Civil Service Commission. The fact is, however, that under the spoils system selections for appointment are made not by cabinet ministers, but by influential persons in sympathy politically with the party in power, and usually as a reward for zealous party services. It would be impossible for any member of the Cabinet to give the time and attention needed for the selection of his subordinates, even if the place-hunters and their friends permitted him to do so. A correct understanding of the merit system will contribute to its growth, to the great benefit of the public service and therefore of the people of the country. A brief statement of the methods and of some of the results of this system will, it is believed, be useful at this time.

The Civil Service Commission is composed of three persons, appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, not more than two of whom shall be adherents of the same political party. The giving representation on the board to both political parties is a wise provision, intended to insure non-partisan action by the Commission. It is essential to the proper working of the merit system that the examinations be fair and impartial as well as practical, so as to test the fitness of applicants for the work which will be required of them. There are three steps in the examination. First, the application, which must be in the handwriting of the applicant, giving in answer to carefully prepared questions a brief history of himself, accompanied by satisfactory evidence that he is a citizen of the State or Territory in which he claims residence, and by certificates of persons residing in the same State or Territory as to his character and reputation. An applicant for the position of railway mail clerk must also file the certificate of a physician as to his physical condition. The second step is the scholastic examination, which is wholly in writing. Each applicant signs his examination papers with a number, and the name of any applicant who makes known his number before his papers are marked by the examiners is stricken from the rolls. The papers of all applicants are marked by a board of examiners composed of members of both political parties, the names of those who obtain eligible averages — seventy per cent. — being entered upon the register in the order of merit as shown by the marks. When vacancies occur in the classified service they are filled by promotion, or by selection from the eligible lists of the Commission. In the latter case, upon requisition of the appointing officer the names of the three persons standing highest upon the register from which certification is made are submitted to him from which to make a selection. From these names he must choose one, though he may, if the needs of the service require it, appoint all three. Each eligible is entitled to three certifications during the period of his eligibility, that period being one year, except in certain special cases. The third step in the examination is the probationary appointment, which forms the practical test of the fitness of the applicant. The officer under whom a probationer is serving is required to keep a record and to make a report of his punctuality, industry, habits, ability, and aptitude, and if the probationer's conduct and capacity are satisfactory he receives absolute appointment at the close of his probationary term, which is six months. No probationer can receive absolute appointment until all these requirements have been complied with, but he may be dismissed at any time if he should prove incompetent or his service is unsatisfactory. That the three steps thus described have been found in practice well adapted to testing the qualifications of applicants is shown by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of the probationers certified by the Civil Service Commission have received absolute appointments. The utmost vigilance is exercised to prevent fraud in each step of the examination. The chances that fraud will be practiced successfully are very small, and are certainly no greater than in any other department of the Government in which important transactions are made daily, based upon the confidence which superior officers must repose in their subordinates. Fraud in the examinations can rarely, if ever, be committed except by collusion between an applicant and all the members of a board of examiners. These boards are composed of men carefully selected because of special fitness for their work, whose character and qualifications furnish every guarantee that their duties will be discharged honestly and efficiently. Besides the well-devised checks against deception which the Commission and the examiners employ, there is another and a very strong one furnished by the applicants themselves, who will be quick to discern and ready to expose any wrong-doing by those with whom they compete. Between the vigilance of the examiners on the one hand and the jealous watchfulness of the candidates on the other, fraud will rarely escape detection.

What has been said of the examinations refers specially to those held at Washington. It does not apply equally to the examinations held at the custom-houses and post-offices. This arises not from fraud, but from the fact that it is not possible to select the members of the local examining boards with the same care as is exercised in choosing the central board at Washington. The local boards are generally composed of clerks who, even if they have the ability and training, seldom have the time for the satisfactory performance of the duties of examiners. The remedy for this evil is to increase the clerical force of the Commission so as to permit the marking of all examination papers at Washington. In this way alone can accuracy and uniformity in marking the papers of applicants for positions in custom-houses and post-offices be attained. This additional force would cost about $32,000 a year, an insignificant sum when compared with the importance of the work.

There is probably nothing in the merit system which gives its opponents more apparent concern than the character of the questions asked of applicants. On this subject no joke is too old to meet with hearty favor, no story too absurd to find willing believers. The constant aim of the Commission is to make the questions practical, and the best evidence that in this respect a good measure of success has been attained is found in the fact that the questions of which complaint is made generally have no existence except in the imagination of the complainants. In the Sixth Annual Report of the Civil Service Commission is a frank and fair statement of the character of the examinations, and a complete answer to those who charge that the questions used are not "practical."

Exceptionally good opportunities for observation justify me in asserting that the following are among the benefits to the public service resulting from the merit system.

(1) It has taken the appointment of about 30,000 of the minor clerical positions out of politics. The appointing officer does not know who will be certified to him to fill vacancies, and therefore he can have no motive except the good of the service for making removals.

(2) It secures a fair distribution of appointments on the basis of population. Under the spoils system appointments were made because of personal or political influence without regard to population. The unfair distribution of the offices now existing in the departments at Washington is one of the evil results of the spoils system which the merit system was designed to correct, and which it is gradually correcting.

(3) It furnishes a better class of clerks, and consequently a better public service. This is especially true of those branches of the service requiring technical skill and knowledge.

The average age of those who pass the ordinary departmental examination is twenty-eight years. This fact is the best answer to the oft-repeated assertion that the examinations are especially suited to boys fresh from school or college. Through the merit system the Government secures the services of persons who to at least a fair common-school education have added some experience in business.

(4) It insures that permanence in office which is essential to good administration. An officer of high character who has been for many years in the civil service of the Government recently gave it as the result of his observation that under the patronage system the period intervening between the election and the inauguration of a President was marked by demoralization of the service which diminished the efficiency of the ordinary clerk at least fifty per cent. Employees of the Government, uncertain of their future, neglected their duties to seek influence to secure their retention or promotion. What percentage of removals usually followed a change of administration cannot be stated, but it may safely be asserted that it was greater under the spoils system when the different administrations were of the same party than under the merit system, which within the last five years has stood the crucial test of two changes as between the two great political parties. The records show that of those who entered the classified service through the merit system the removals and resignations under the administration of President Cleveland averaged from three to eight per cent. a year, and that in one year of the administration of President Harrison similar changes averaged a little less than eight per cent. These figures teach the valuable lesson that retention and promotion in the classified departmental service depend upon merit, and not upon the personal or political influence which employees can bring to bear upon an appointing officer. The resulting benefit to the public service is obvious. Mr. Secretary Windom in his last annual report to Congress found time amid the exacting duties of his great office to bear testimony to the value of the merit system. I quote only a part of what he said on this subject.

"It is my belief that the personnel and efficiency of the service have been in no way lowered by the present method of appointments to clerical positions in the department. The beneficial influences of the civil service law in its practical workings are clearly apparent. Having been at the head of the department both before and after its adoption, I am able to judge by comparison of the two systems, and have no hesitation in pronouncing the present condition of affairs as preferable in all respects. Under the old plan appointments were usually made to please some one under political or other obligations to the appointee, and the question of fitness was not always the controlling one. The temptation to make removals only to provide places for others was always present and constantly being urged by strong influences, and this restless and feverish condition of departmental life did much to distract and disturb the even current of routine work. Under instrumentalities which are now used to secure selections for clerical places the department has some assurance of mental capacity, and also of moral worth, as the character of the candidates is ascertained before examination."

I trust it will be deemed pardonable State pride if I call attention to the record of my own State with reference to the merit system. On the 22d of December, 1884, both houses of the legislature of South Carolina adopted the following resolution:

Whereas the general assembly of the State of South Carolina did, at the regular session of 1880, adopt a concurrent resolution, to wit:

"*Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring*, That our senators and representatives in the Congress of the United States be requested to urge Congress to take such measures as may be expedient for the reformation of the civil service, so that the tenure of office under the General Government may no longer be dependent upon party success nor subject to levy by means of forced pecuniary contributions to any political party, and so that capacity and character shall be the test of fitness for office and the sole but certain guarantee of its tenure";

And whereas this general assembly, in view of the change in the administration of the National Government, desires to reiterate and reaffirm the principles and policy of the said resolution:

Be it now resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That this general assembly adheres to the same, and tenders to the administration of the President-elect the approval and support of the people of this State in carrying out the provisions of the law in regard to civil service reform.

Resolved, That his Excellency the governor is hereby requested to forward a copy of this resolution to President Cleveland when he shall have been inaugurated.

These resolutions were passed after the election and before the inauguration of President Cleveland by a legislature a majority of whose members in both branches were politically in sympathy with him. They express briefly and forcibly the cardinal principles of the merit system. I do not claim that the opponents of that system are necessarily corrupt politicians, nor that its advocates have a monopoly of the political virtues, but I do claim that it is thoroughly American and in perfect harmony with the theory of our government, in that it recognizes the equality of all men before the law, and makes merit the sole test for public office.

Hugh S. Thompson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Does Vivisection Help?

IT may not be out of place to reëxamine the foundation for some of the great claims now made for recent advances in medicine and surgery. Some light may be thrown upon this subject by other discoveries — the discovery, for instance, in Sanskrit and classical literature of full descriptions of certain medical and surgical methods and appliances in use among the ancients.

In some cases, as, for instance, from the excavations at Pompeii, instruments have been found, both surgical and dental, almost identical with our own. In others, as in the works of Hippocrates and in the "Susruta," a commentary on the "Yajur Veda" of the Hindus, full descriptions are given of more than a hundred surgical instruments of steel; of many kinds of bandages; and the specifications for a splint, like the patented bamboo splint now in use by British army surgeons. Susruta also describes surgical operations which are claimed as crowning glories of nineteenth-century surgery. The

surgical operation for the stone, and the rhinoplastic, or that which consists in making an artificial nose from flesh and skin taken from the patient's own forehead, were fully known and practiced by the ancient Hindus.

And finally, the antiseptic treatment of wounds, one of the glories of modern surgery, is proved to be a rediscovery. Hippocrates, in his book on wounds, which is a small manual on this method of treatment, describes it, and calls it by the Greek word for non-putrescible. The plain truth seems to be that the ancients knew pretty nearly as much as we do about surgery and medicine; for it unfortunately happens that with all our increased scientific knowledge of disease, its etiology, its diagnosis and prognosis, we have arrived at the conclusion that the "expectant treatment," or the art of letting the disease severely alone, is the most scientific way of curing it — in other words, nature will effect the cure herself if we do not meddle with her. Certainly we run less risk of being killed by the doctors nowadays than at any other period of the world's history, but this can scarcely be claimed to the physicians' credit. The success of homeopathy is simply the success of the expectant treatment, just as the success of the so-called antiseptic treatment is due to the high ritual of perfect and microscopic cleanliness. Even educated surgeons could not be brought to see the necessity for absolute cleanliness in their operations till Professor Lister, with the genius of a great discoverer, elevated it into a dogma with a Greek name, and elaborated a ritual as complicated and significant as that of the Roman Church. Looking round the dirty wards of the ill-managed hospitals, where patients lay festering and rotting in their own discharges, where noxious emanations from ill-dressed wounds poisoned the atmosphere and penetrated all the walls and ceilings, Professor Lister made up his mind that doctors and patients should be compelled to wash and be clean; to ventilate, scour, purify, and scrub, though a ceremonial as troublesome and costly as the Jewish should have to be invented for the purpose.

If, however, this microscopic cleanliness can be reached more simply and directly, so much the better; the point is that absolute cleanliness shall be secured, the means by which it is attained being comparatively unimportant.

All the nonsense talked about the experiments upon living animals which enabled Lister to discover and perfect his new system did not blind the eyes of the great surgeons of the old school to the fact that plain water efficiently used was every whit as good as the carbolic-acid dressings, which killed the wonderful "germs" said to be the cause of the pyæmia and surgical fever which kills the patients. The plain truth is that experiments on animals had no more to do with these improvements in modern surgery than they had to do with the successful means used by the farmer's wife in securing the best results of her churn and milk dishes. Experience taught her that the scrubbing-brush and soap must unremittingly be used on all her vessels and implements, or her butter and cheese would infallibly spoil. The microscope taught the doctors that microbes and bacteria must be ruthlessly fought with similar weapons. Vivisection had no more to do with turning out the dirty surgeon, with his contaminated tools and ligatures, than it had to do with washing the pails and tiling the walls of the dairies of the Aylesbury Dairy Company. Hear Mr. Lawson Tait, the greatest abdominal surgeon in the world, on this.

BIRMINGHAM, October 9, 1889.

DEAR DR. BERDOE: You may take it from me that instead of vivisection having in any way advanced abdominal surgery, it has, on the contrary, had a uniform tendency to retard it. This I show to be particularly the case in operations upon the gall bladder, and refer you to the current number of the "Edinburgh Medical Journal," where in an article I point to the fact. As to the use of the antiseptics of Lister, it increased our mortality, prevented recoveries, and did a vast deal of harm by retarding true progress.

Yours very truly,
LAWSON TAIT.

Hear also Sir William Savory, late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, than whom no better surgical authority exists. Speaking at the Medical Congress held in London in 1881 he said: "If you examine the records of surgery in recent years, the fact that most impresses you is the very sudden and prodigious improvement which has taken place in certain quarters. At a single spring, as it were, they have passed from a frightful mortality to a very fair amount of success, and this because the mischief of filth and foulness from putrefaction has been recognized. Surgical wards, not long ago hotbeds of poison, are now made fairly safe for patients. . . . Still, no doubt, some startling novelty of practice was necessary, or at least greatly advantageous, to this end, yet I cannot doubt that the same end might have been reached by an adequate improvement in simple sanitary arrangements." ("Transactions of the International Medical Congress." Vol. II., p. 347. London, 1881.)

The great improvements during the last twenty years in the manufacture of the microscope, coupled with precise methods of cultivating minute organisms — microbes and bacteria,— have enormously increased our knowledge of diseases caused by "germs"; and though doubtless many experiments have been performed on animals in this connection, it is not correct to attribute to such methods successes which have been achieved through quite other means. It seems, however, that with what is known as the scientific school of doctors no practice or mode of treatment which is not founded on experimental research on the lower animals is worth much attention.

To the general public, not versed in the peculiar methods of controversialists, especially of those who, to use an American phrase, have "an ax to grind," nothing is more surprising or annoying than the way experts have of manipulating facts and figures to suit their particular contentions. The world was rather startled the other day to read some statistics which went to prove that drunkards live longer than total abstainers; but even this barefaced attempt to "make the worse appear the better reason" has been eclipsed within the past few months by an attempt to make the wonderful success of Mr. Lawson Tait's operations in abdominal surgery the result of experiments on living animals. In a late article on "Recent Progress in Surgery" the author says, "The most remarkable statistics recently published are those of Mr. Tait, and a mere statement of his percentages will go far to convince the non-medical public of the correctness of the above statements, startling as they appear to one unfamiliar with modern surgical progress." To drag in Mr. Tait as a witness in a long and elaborate argument

on behalf of vivisection, as the letter just quoted as well as his published articles will prove, is about as honest as to make Luther speak in defense of the Papacy. Mr. Tait is unwearying in protesting that none of his successes can in any way be attributed to experiments on living animals. He published a few years ago an exceedingly clever treatise entitled "The Uselessness of Vivisection upon Animals as a Method of Scientific Research." He says that he never witnessed a single experiment on a living animal in the whole course of his medical education, and to the present moment has never found it necessary to instruct his pupils by any such method. He is equally skeptical as to the advantages of Listerism, and thinks cleanliness *plus* carbolic acid and high ritual no whit better than cleanliness plus common sense. Yet his statistics are so important in every argument relating to the triumphs of modern surgery that they must be made to do duty on the other side whether he will or no. Happily abdominal tumors, the kidney, spleen, and gall-stones can now be removed with every promise of success, and because Gross and others experimented on dogs in this direction it is the fashion to say that suffering humanity owes its relief from abdominal maladies to the operations on the animals; but the *real* history of surgery — not the romance history — teaches us that it was by Baker Brown and Keith, working by experience on the indications offered by human patients, that the mortality of the abdominal operations was so reduced that surgeons were emboldened to attempt what they now so nobly and bravely carry out. It is not because spleens, kidneys, and portions of intestines were successfully removed from dogs that surgeons learned to operate on these organs in man, but because the bold dexterity of Keith and others in dealing with abdominal tumors suggested the practicability of dealing successfully with organs lying in the region of the abdomen. We should have been precisely where we are now in this respect if a surgeon had never opened the peritoneal cavity of dog or rabbit. It is the fashion to deny this, but there is plenty of proof for the statement.

Then, as to the surgery of the brain, it is constantly stated "that without vivisection the exact localization of cerebral tumors and other such lesions, which is one of the chief glories of the present day, would be impossible." And then we are told of the wonderful works in localization of brain functions done by Ferrier, Schafer, and Horsley in England, and Fritsch, Hitzig, and Goltz in Germany. What we are not told is that these vivisectors are not at all in harmony with each other, and that it is highly improbable that either would allow another to localize his brain functions for him with a view to operating in case of necessity for surgical interference with his skull and its contents. Dr. Watts said that "Birds in their little nests agree," but nothing of the sort could be said of the physiologists we have named, for they anathematize one another like rival theologians, though, like them, they endeavor to conceal their disagreements before the heathen, with more or less success. Between the speaking brain of man and the dumb brain of the animal there can be but little analogy, as Professor Charcot has pointed out. Even if there were an actual similarity, it would still be useless to use the brains of animals for experiment, as accidents and injuries to the human head have afforded surgeons abundant opportunity of localizing brain function, with sufficient approximation to precision, so far as operations for the relief of abscess, tumors, and injuries are concerned. It required no experiments on monkeys to teach the ancients to use the trephine for relieving pressure of depressed fracture of the skull; the symptoms were carefully noted, and the position of the depressed bone indicated the area with whose interference they were concerned. MacEwen of Glasgow achieved astonishing success in this department of surgery long before Ferrier's cruel experiments on monkeys set surgeons to work on the lines of his localizations. Surgery has advanced with giant strides: how much credit is due to the makers of surgical instruments, whose activity and ingenuity have done so much to aid its progress, we are not likely to learn from the transactions of any medical society or congress, but the fact remains that we are indebted to a great number of very humble artificers for much of it; and for the rest let the patient workers in methods which do not dazzle by their fashionable appeal to vulgar preconceptions have a place in the history of medicine, though their names are not yet recorded in its calendar.

Edward Berdoe.

An Anecdote of Sheridan.

WHILE the United States was engaged in the great civil war, France and Austria took advantage of our comparatively helpless condition to attempt the conquest of Mexico, with a view to construct a new empire there under Maximilian. General Grant was strongly opposed to this policy, and after Appomattox sent Sheridan with an army to the lower Rio Grande to observe the movements of the foreigners and to be in readiness to intervene whenever Congress gave permission. A colonel who was present with that portion of our army which was posted at Brownsville, opposite Matamoras, related the following incident, which can be recorded now; but which, if it had found its way into the newspapers of that day, would probably have led to international complications.

An orderly woke the colonel soon after daylight one morning and urged him to go down to the bank of the river, as something remarkable was going on there. The colonel did so, and had the gratification of seeing a combat — it could hardly be called a battle — between the national troops, the adherents of Juarez, and the Mexicans who were serving under the banner of Maximilian and who were in possession of Matamoras. The object of the Juarez troops was, of course, to drive the enemy from Matamoras and hold the place, as, owing to its proximity to the United States forces, it was a very important point. Each side seemed to be fortified, and was engaged in a contest at long range, which was neither very exciting nor destructive. The next morning the orderly came again to wake the colonel, and assured him that he would see some genuine fighting. The colonel hurried down to the bank, and there he saw the Juarez men leave their intrenchments, advance with the utmost intrepidity, storm the works at Matamoras, and drive the adherents of Maximilian through the town and far beyond out into the open country. Of course Sheridan could not send a force to the other side of the river without the authority of

Congress and the War Department. That would have been an unheard-of proceeding. *What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence*, and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.

A few days afterwards an Austrian staff officer came over and paid our troops a visit. After a critical examination he went back and reported to his chief that there was nothing to be done but to give up the contest and go back to Austria.

Abner Doubleday,
Bvt. Major-General, United States Army.

MENDHAM, MORRIS CO., N. J.

McClellan's Candidacy with the Army.

REFERENCE having been made to General McClellan as a presidential candidate in 1864, on page 638 of the February CENTURY, I ask a few words in which to express the feeling in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac.

No one denies that while the army was commanded by McClellan the rank and file hurrahed at every appearance of a major-general, and particularly so when the "little general" appeared, but no more so than afterwards at the sight of Meade, Sheridan, and Grant. The name of McClellan gradually dropped, other names grew brighter, and Lincoln's name was revered.

When the two parties had their candidates before the people in 1864 provisions of law had been made giving the soldiers the privilege of voting, and many would cast their first vote. They remembered that in legislative bodies the supporters of McClellan had voted against the "soldier suffrage." They had read of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and they knew every one of them advocated McClellan and was an enemy of Lincoln. They had read of the draft riots in New York, and had seen regiments leaving the army to enforce the laws in the chief commercial city of the Union. They read of the burning of negro orphan asylums, of the dragging through the streets and hanging to lamp-posts of citizens of that city, and the soldiers knew that they who led the mob were supporters of McClellan.

They knew that Governor Seymour protested against the enforcement of the draft to fill their thinned ranks. They read the proceedings of Congress, and knew that the minority who voted against appropriations and levies of men were hurrahing for "Little Mac." They had read how the governor of Indiana was obliged to prorogue the legislature and borrow money from friends of the Administration to supply Indiana soldiers with ration and uniforms, and that every filibuster was vociferous for the Chicago candidate.

They knew that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution failed of a two-thirds vote, and that every "nay" was by a clamorous friend of McClellan. The Wisconsin soldiers knew that the legislative appropriation of their State to organize and equip new regiments, and to give the soldiers in the field the right to vote, was opposed by legislators who were noisy for McClellan.

They read the daily papers in camp and on the picket line in close proximity to the Confederate vidette, describing McClellan processions with banners bearing the motto, "The war is a failure," and exhibiting Lincoln painted as a baboon.

The soldiers knew of General Sheridan's successes in the Valley, that General Sherman had reached Atlanta, that Admiral Farragut had passed the forts guarding the harbor of Mobile, that Grant was extending his lines to the left; they knew that the thinned ranks made by the battles in the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and all along the line in front of Petersburg were not in vain, and that all the sacrifice of human life that summer was necessary, and that the war was not a failure.

The writer spent a day late in October, 1864, in hospitals in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with comrades from Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and other States; and every one with whom he spoke, lying on cots, emaciated and weak with fever and with wounded bodies, was anxious to vote for Lincoln. They could read the signal from the army, "We are all right"; that with a "little more grape" the war would end; that the flag they had followed so long and fought for and suffered for and bled for would float everywhere, with the Union cause triumphant and the war not a failure.

The night after the election news of the result was wired to army headquarters. It soon reached the negro quarters, where loyal and fervent prayers went out for the great emancipator. Quickly the news went from tent to tent, from camp to camp; the glad tidings were carried to the picket line, where the sentinels in their loneliness commenced firing, and in language unmistakable informed the Confederates that Lincoln was elected.

The following is a summary of the vote of Wisconsin soldiers in the Army of the Potomac: Lincoln, 1408, McClellan, 266. The 2d Wisconsin, which had fought from the first Bull Run, cast one vote for McClellan.

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN. *Earl M. Rogers.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To my Lost Luray.

IN a box with his brother,
Each solacing the other,
The puppy left Virginia by express,
A gift to me. He knew my first caress,
And made me love him by his puppy pranks,
His roguish bites and barks and kissing thanks.

The pretty little fellow
Had paws of tawny yellow,
And nose and chops the same; and two tan spots
Above his hazel eyes, that seemed like dots
Of thought upon his forehead; and for the rest,
In sable, shiny black, Luray was dressed.

I thought him so much better
Than any puppy setter,
I took him to the Dog Show; with his eyes—
I know it was his eyes—he won the prize.
(He was the only entry in his class,
Some friends took pains to say—but let that pass.)

As soon as he grew older
His fluffy puppy shoulder
Stood high and gaunt; his loins began receding;
In every line and point he showed his breeding.
The time has come, said I, to test his grain,
And now, if ever, to begin to reign.

I improvised a quarry
And made him fetch and carry,
And "charge" and "heel" and "find"; do all, in short,
To fit a setter for a life of sport.
He did not learn his lesson in a day,
And often sought to shirk his work for play.

I tried not to upbraid him,
Though often, when I made him
Do this or that, he taxed my patience much;
For if I held a bone in careless clutch,
Which I would think to hide and make him find,
He 'd steal up soft and snap it from behind.

And then to see him scamper
Was something of a damper
On training. How he 'd frisk and twist and bound,
And toss the bone and catch it off the ground,
And wait, crouched low before, with hips held high
Till I approached him, when away he 'd fly!

And then I 'd shout: "Charge down, sir!
You 'll never win renown, sir,
Behaving so." But by and by he came
To understand me and to find my game
More fun than his: he 'd watch my wave of hand,
Or stop and listen to my least command.

So he was wise and sober
Some time before October,
When dogs and hunters take their tramps afield.
The first day he was puzzled, nor revealed
His sense; the next he nosed about; the third
He trailed, he pointed, and he fetched his bird.

He never made a blunder,
But hunted to the wonder
Of all who knew him. When another gun
Than mine had killed, and other dogs were done
With searching for the bird, my side he 'd leave,
Go far within the bush, and then retrieve.

There never was a cartridge
More sure to find a partridge
Than he. What pride he took to fetch his bird —
The puppy with his partridge! Wilding heard
It all at night, I fancied, when Luray
Crept in his stall and close beside him lay.

They always slept together
In frosty autumn weather.
They loved each other. Wilding munched his hay
And breathed warm kisses on the dog; Luray
Coiled in the straw where Wilding put his nose
And gently licked it after every doze.

The next day, when the pony
Was in his cart, his crony
Before we started always rushed to kiss him;
He never failed, but Wilding seemed to miss him
Until he jumped and licked his face; the start
Thus authorized, he ran beneath the cart.

Alas! all that is ended:
An illness came, attended
With pain and poison; I have lost Luray.
'T is said that every dog must have his day;
Oh! why did not Luray have his? Two years —
So much for loving; all the rest for tears.

And now I 've told my story,
I must tell you how I glory
In having loved Luray. What better than
Such love for such a dog? I loathe the man
Who snarls at dogs: his very soul 's agog.
God made the world; God also made the dog.

John Eliot Bowen.

Mammy's Churning Song.

SET still, honey, let ole Mammy tell yer 'bout de churn,
Wid de cream en clabber dashin',
En de buttermilk er-splashin'.
Dis de chune hit am er-singin' 'fore hit 'gin ter turn:
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.

(Jump down, honey, en fotch me dat rag fum de table, fer ter wipe off dis hyah led. Tole yer so, dat milk gwine ter splatter up hyah 'reckly! Dar now, dat 's er good chile, git back in mer lap.)

Now de cream, en milk, en clabber 's churnin' up so fas',
Hyah hit splatterin' en er-splutterin',
En er-mixin', en er-mutterin',
In de churn en roun' de dasher, singin' ter de las':
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Massa gib ole nigger some.

(Uh-er! Teck kyah, honey, keep dem fingers way fum dar! Butter mos' come now: set still jis er leetle w'ile longer.)

Soon de lumps ob butter 'll be er-floatin' on de top —
Now de ole churn 's fa'rly hummin',
Tell yer wot, de butter comin'—
Done come! Mammy's arm so ti-yerd, now she 's gwine ter stop.
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery, jum,
Bum-bum-bum,
But-ter-come,
Mammy 'll gib de baby some.

(Dar now! [removing the top and giving the dasher a circular motion] jis peep in dar en see de lumps ob yaller butter er-huddlin' tergedder. Now run fotch yer leetle blue mug, en Mammy 'll gib yer some nice sweet buttermilk right outen dis hyah churn.)

Edward A. Oldham.

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